Murray's

HAND-BOOK

SPAIN

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A

HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS

IN

SPAIN.

BY RICHARD FORD, F.S.A.

PART II.

ESTREMADURA, LEON, GALLICIA, THE ASTURIAS, THE CASTILES (OLD AND NEW), THE BASQUE PROVINCES, ARRAGON, AND NAVARRE—A SUMMER TOUR.

QUIEN DICE ESPAÑA—DICE TODO.

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PART II.

SECTION VII.

ESTREMADURA.

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The chief objects in this too little visited province are the battle-fields of Badajoz, Arroyo Molinos, and Almaraz; the Roman antiquities of Merida, Alcantara, Coria, and Capara; the geology at Logrosan; the convents of Guadalupe, Yuste, the valley of the Batuecas, and scenery near Plasencia. The Springs and Autumns are the best seasons for travelling.

THE province of *Estremadura* was so called (like Etruria—the ἑλερα ὄρια) from being the *Extrema Ora*, the last and *extreme* conquest of Alonso IX. made in 1228. It lies to the W. of the Castiles, on the Portuguese frontier. The average length is some 190 miles, and breadth 90. The Tagus and Guadiana, flowing E. and W., both noble rivers, which might be rendered navigable, and would be made so in any other country, divide it into two; the former passing through Estremadura *Alta* or upper, the latter through Estremadura *Baja* or lower. The upper province is a continuous layer of slates intercalated with beds of fine quartzite and granite. In both, vast districts of land fertile in themselves, and under a beneficent climate, are abandoned to sheep-walks, or left as uninhabited wastes overgrown with aromatic underwood, yet the finest

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wheat might be raised here, and under the Romans and Moors this province was both a granary and a garden, and it is still called by the gipsies *Chin del Manro*, "the land of corn." The Spaniards have pretty well converted this Arabia Felix into a desert: its very existence seems to be forgotten by the government at Madrid. Except in the immediate vicinity of towns, so few labourers appear that production, be it of weed or grain, seems rather the caprice or bounty of Nature than the work of man; meantime the lonely *dehesas y despoblados* are absolute preserves for the naturalist and sportsman: everything displays the exuberant vigour of the sun, and a soil teeming with life and food, and neglected, as it were, out of pure abundance. The swampy banks of the Guadiana offer good wild-fowl shooting in winter, but in summer they are infected with fever and agues, mosquitos, and other light militia of the air and earth.

In proportion as the animal creature abounds, man is rare, and the scanty population of Estremadura ranges at about 600,000, which is scarcely at the rate of 350 souls to the square league. The *Estremeños* live in little intercommunication with the rest of mankind. Easily contented, and with few wants, the peasants have hardly any motives to better their condition; indifferent even to the commonest comforts, the half-employed population vegetates without manufactures or commerce, except in the bacon and the smuggler line.

The cities are few and dull; the roads are made by sheep, not men; and the inns mere stables for beasts; yet the *Estremeños* are simple, indolent, kind-hearted, and contented; civil and courteous, they offer a mixture between the gay swaggering Andalucian and the serious proud Castilian. Nevertheless, when urged by an adequate stimulant, avarice for instance, they are capable of great exertion. Thus, from the swineherds of Trujillo and Medellin, Pizarro and Cortes—great men, called for and created by great times—sallied forth to conquer and christianise a new world; and thousands of their *paisanos*, or fellow-countrymen, allured by their success and by visions of red gold, followed their example, insomuch that Spanish authors, who did not dare hint the truth, ascribed the depopulated condition of the province to this outpouring; but colonization never thins a vigorous well-conditioned mother state. *Bad government*, civil and religious, was the real cause of this abomination of desolation, which all who run in Estremadura may read.

A peculiar curse was superadded to Estremadura in the *Mesta* or migratory system of Merino sheep; these are the true flocks of the nomade Bedouin, and to wander about without house or home, check or hindrance, suits the Oriental habits alike of men and beasts. The origin is stated to have been after this wise: when the Spaniards in the thirteenth century expelled from these parts the industrious Moors, they razed the cities and razzia'd the country, while those inhabitants who were not massacred were driven away to die in slavery, thus the conquerors made a solitude calling it pacification. Vast tracts previously in cultivation were then abandoned, and nature, here prolific, soon obliterating the furrows of man, resumed her rights, covered the soil with aromatic weeds, and gave it up to the wild birds and beasts. Such were the *talas*, a true Moorish word *talah*, "death, extermination;" and where an Oriental army sets its foot the earth is seared as by a thunderbolt, and the grass will never grow. Only a small portion of the country was recultivated by the lazy, ignorant, soldier conquerors; and the new population, scanty as it was, was almost swept away by a plague in 1348, after which fifty whole districts were left unclaimed; these were termed *Valdios*—from *Baledo*, uncultivated—a truly Moorish term, *Batele* signifying "worthless" in the Arabic, whence the Spanish term *de Valde*. These unclaimed, uninhabited pasturages attracted the highland shepherds of Leon and the Castiles, who drove down their flocks to them

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as to a milder winter quarter, returning to their cool hills on the return of scorching summer; hence by degrees a prescriptive right of agistment was claimed over these *commons*, and the districts were *retazados*, or set apart and apportioned. This system, suggested naturally by the climate and country, like that of the *trattari* in the Abruzzi which existed in the time of the Romans, is of remote antiquity. As the owners of the flocks were powerful nobles and convents, the poor peasants in vain opposed such overwhelming influence; and however Spanish political economists may find fault it is very questionable, supposing this lucrative wool-system had been put down, whether there would have been more stacks of corn: certainly there would have been fewer flocks of sheep and less wool, as now is the case.

As infinite disputes arose between the wandering shepherd and the fixed cultivator, a compromise was effected in 1556, whereby the privileges of a few sheep proprietors, like the hunting laws of our Norman tyrants, prevailed. The peculiar jurisdiction, the *Consejo de la Mesta*, one coeval with the monarchy, was finally suppressed in 1834, when the General Cattle Association was placed under the ordinary tribunals. The term *Merino* is said to be derived from *Marino*—quasi ultra-marine—because the original breed of sheep was imported by sea from England, under our Henry II., while others derive it from *Imri*, the far-famed flocks of Palestine. Sheep certainly formed part of the primitive portion—*pecus unde pecunia*—given in 1394 by John of Gaunt when his daughter Catherine married the heir of Enrique III. The Bætican wools, however, were long before celebrated, and a ram sold for a talent in the days of Strabo, iii. 213, but no doubt the breed was improved by the English cross. The sheep, *Ganado* (Arabicè *Ganam*, cattle), were called *trashumantes*, from the ground they go over. These flocks were generally divided into detachments, *Cabañas* (Arabicè a tent), of about 10,000 each. Their highland summer quarters, *Agostaderos*, were quitted about October for their *Invernadores*, or winter ones, in the warm plains. Each *Cabaña* was managed by a *Mayoral*, a conductor—the Italian fattore—who had under him 50 shepherds and 50 huge dogs. Some flocks travelled more than 150 leagues, performing from 2 to 4 leagues a day, and occupying 40 days in the journey. At the "folding star of eve," they were penned in with rope-nettings of *esparto*, and a most picturesque Oriental "watching of flocks by night" took place. By the laws of the Mesta a *Cañada de Paso*, or free sheep-walk, 90 paces wide, was left on each side of the highway, which entirely prevented enclosure and good husbandry. The animals soon knew their quarters, and returned year after year of their own accord to the same localities. In April their migratory instinct rendered them restless, and if not guided, they set forth unattended to the cooler hills. When they first arrived at their ground, salt was placed on flat stones at the rate of a *fanega*, or about a cwt., for every 100 sheep. This they licked eagerly, and it improved their appetites. They were shorn, *trasquilados*, about May: the shearing, *el Esquilmo*, was an epoch of primitive and Oriental festivities. The sheep which migrated had the finest fleece; those that remained at home produced a coarser wool, a *lana basta*. The rams gave the most; three fleeces averaged 25 lbs. The names of the animals numerous as those of Irish pigs, varied with the age: thus, the lambs were called *Corderos;* the two-year olds, *Borros;* the three, *Andruscos;* the four, *Tras-andruscos*. Their ages were ascertained by the number of teeth or *Palas;* at the fifth year they were called *Cerrados*, and after that *Reviejos*, and useless. The rams lost their teeth at eight years, and the ewes at five. In September the flocks were *Almagrados*, or daubed with a red earth from *Almarrazon*, which conduced to the fineness of the wool. In keeping up stock great care was taken in selecting rams with round bellies, and white soft wool, and the clean-faced ewes, *las Calvitas*, were

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preferred. The ewes were put to the rams, *Morruecos* (possibly so called from having been imported from Morocco—*Marrekosh*), about the end of June, when six rams sufficed for 100 ewes: they remained together a month. They lambed in their winter quarters: March was a very busy month with the shepherds, who then marked their flocks, cut the lambs' tails, and tipped their rams' horns. The sheep were always on the move, as they sought grass, which was scarce, and would not touch thyme, which is abundant. The flesh was bad, as no Estremenian ever has dreamed of putting a Merino fleece on a Southdown carcass, for however curious in pork, they just take their mutton as the gods provide it. The shepherds are mere brutes, like the animals with whom they live, and in whose skins they are clothed. They refute those pastorals in which the sentiments of civilization are placed in the mouths of the veriest clods of earth. These shepherds never dwell in cities, seldom marry, and thus in nowise contribute to population, which is so much wanted, or to any arts that refine, which are so scarce. When not asleep or eating they stand still, fixed, silent, and silly as their own sheep, leaning on their episcopal crooks, and only good for an artist's foreground or a poet's stanza; and in truth they have a most patriarchal appearance, and form the very type of a St. John in the Wilderness or the National Gallery. Their talk is about rams and ewes: they know every one of their sheep, although lambs, like babies, appear all alike except to a nurse's eye, and the sheep know them: all this is very Oriental; and this idle avocation and pasturage in general, is more popular in these districts than tillage, for the latter requires a fixed residence, foresight, some machinery, much bodily labour, while in pastorals, Nature, which provides the green herb, does the chief work; therefore to tend cattle is the joy of the roving nomad, whether of those living in the *Dehesas* of Estremadura, or of the *Bedowi* of Arabia. For the Mesta consult '*Libro de las Leyes del Consejo de la Mesta*,' folio, Madrid, 1609; also Bowles, '*Sobre el Ganado Merino*,' p. 501; and the '*Viaje*' of Ponz (let. 7).

Second only to the sheep are the swine of Estremadura, for this province is a porcine paradise, and the Hampshire of Spain; and here again Nature lends her aid, as vast districts are covered with woods of oak, beech, and chestnut. These parklike scenes have small charms for the eyes of the natives, who, blind to the picturesque, only are thinking of the number of pigs which can be fattened on the mast and acorns. The *Jamones*, hams, the bacon, *Tocino* (Arabicè *Tachim*, fat), and the sausages of Estremadura have always and deservedly been celebrated. They were περνη διαφορη of classical eulogy. This is the *Perna* by which Horace, too, was restored (ii. S. 4, 61); but Anacreon, like a vinous Greek, preferred for inspiration the contents of the pig-skin to the pig. Lope de Vega, according to his biographer Montalvan, never could write poetry unless inspired by a rasher. "*Toda es cosa vil*," said he, "*adonde falta un pernil*." Be that as it may, the *Matanza* or pig-slaughter takes place about the 10th and 11th of November, at their particular saint's day, *el San Andres*, for *á cada pueroo su San Martin*, and they have then been fattened with the sweet acorn, *Bellota* (Arabicè Bollŏta Bollŏt). Belot Belotin is the Scriptural term both for the tree and the glands, and the latter, with water, formed the primitive dietary of the poor Iberians (Tibullus ii. 3, 71). Bread was also made out of them when dry and ground (Strabo iii. 223). When fresh they were served at dinner in the second course (Pliny, 'N. H.' xvi. 5). Sancho Panza's wife was therefore quite classical when she sent some to the duchess, and they furnished the text to Don Quixote's charming discourse on the golden age, and joys of a pastoral life. Now the chief consumers are the juvenile Estremenians and the pigs; the latter are turned out in legions from the villages, which more correctly may be termed coalitions of pigsties: they

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return from the woods at night,—glande sues læti redeunt,—and of their own accord, like the cattle of Juno (Livy xxiv. 3). On entering the hamlet, all set off at a full gallop, like a legion possessed by devils, in a handicap for home, into which each single pig turns, never making a mistake; there he is welcomed like a prodigal son or a domestic father. These homesick droves will really sometimes in their runs carry an unwary stranger off his legs, as befell Don Quixote (ii. 68) when swept away by the *piára gruñidora*. These pigs are the pets of the peasants, they are brought up with their children, and partake, as in Ireland, in the domestic discomforts of their cabins; they are universally respected, and justly, for it is this animal—propter convivia natum—who pays the "rint." They, in truth, as at Sorrento, are the citizens, while Estremenian man in fact is a secondary formation, and was created to tend these swine; these animals lead the once happy life of the Toledan cathedral dignitaries, with the additional advantage of becoming more valuable when dead. The bacon of Catholic Spain is most orthodox: abhorred by Jew and infidel, it was the test of the true Christian.

The quantities of *Chorizo* and *Pimentesco* eaten in Estremadura produce carbuncles. The Spaniards, however, although tremendous consumers of the pig, whether in the salted form or from the skin, have to the full the Oriental abhorrence to the unclean animal in the *abstract*. In delicate parlance he never was named except with an excuse, *con perdon sea dicho*. *Muy puerco* (like the Moslem *Haluf*) is their last expression for all that is most dirty, or disgusting. *Muy cochina* never is forgiven, if applied to woman. It is equivalent to *vacca* or cow of the Italians, or to the canine feminine compliment bandied among our fair sex at Billingsgate, nor does the epithet imply moral purity or chastity. Montanches is the chief place for the ham and bacon commerce of Estremadura, refer therefore to it for prices current, &c.

The geology and botany of Estremadura are little known, and this remote province is generally made the *habitat* of all unknown animals—*omne ignotum pro Extremense;* insects and wild animals breed securely in the *montes dehesas y jarales*, where no entomologist or sportsman destroys them. Thus the locust, *langosta*, and all the tuneful tribe of *Cicalas*, enliven the solitudes with their rejoicings at the heat, insomuch that the phrase indicative of their chirping, *canta la chicharra*, whose song serves but to make the silence heard, is synonymous with our expression the "dog-days." Here the insect is indigenous. Instinct teaches the female never to deposit her eggs in ground that has been cultivated. Their gaudy, delicate, rose-coloured wings seem painted by the sun, and rustle like dry leaves. The Arabs imagine that they can read in the transparent fibres the words, "We are the destroying army of Allah." A "garden of Eden lies before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness." The Spaniards also imagine they can read *Ira de Dios* in the fibres of the wings, that wrath of God, which they execute with their mouths. These insects destroy more even than they consume; sparing no green herb except the red *tomato*, which is providential, as Spaniards half live on it. The Spaniards on their part will not eat the locust in retaliation, which the Moors do, especially the female with eggs, either pickled or boiled in salt water. This is an old Arab delicacy, and was accounted among the Jews (Levit. xi. 22) as a "clean meat," a sort of white bait. The taste is something like bad shrimps; some think this with wild honey formed the food of John the Baptist. But Spaniards prefer the *locust*-tree to the insect, and the pods and "husks" of the *Algarrobo* (see p. 362) fill the bellies of both the swine, the prodigal and the prudent sons of Valencia; the pigs of Estremadura eat both pod and insect; their masters wage war to the knife against the latter, sweeping them up and burning them in heaps like heretics; their holy church assists. San Gregorio of Ostia is the special advo-

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cate. The Virgin's image also scares them, and generally some relic which the curate brings out, drives the invaders into the next parish, or usque in partibus infidelium: see '*Compendio de la Rioja*,' M. Anguiano, p. 323. Bowles (p. 238) has treated on some of their natural habits. The parents die after impregnation and incubation. As wet destroys the viscid matter in which the eggs are enveloped, and as heat is required to hatch them, these dry and arid plains are their natural breeding-ground, nor is there any agriculture to disturb the deposits.

Birds of prey of all kinds abound; and in the summer, flights of turtle-doves come over from Barbary to breed, and, as they are seldom molested, scarcely avoid man's approach, but coo about in pairs, images of connubial felicity. They alight in the wild olives, like the one sent forth from the ark by Noah. They are the doves of the West, who brought ambrosia to Jupiter (Ov. M. 63), and who retired to Africa to visit the temple of Venus. No man who has any poetry in his soul will make a pie of these pretty pigeons. Among other birds of rich colour may be cited the blue pie (*Pica cuanea*), *Mohiño;* the bee-eater (*Meriops apiaster*), *Abejaruco;* and the hoopoe (*Upupa*), *Abubilla.*

The entomology of Estremadura is equally endless and uninvestigated; the heavens and earth teem with the minute creation, and in these lonely wastes nature seems most busy where man is most idle; she is at work reproducing; and while no human voice disturbs the stillness, the balmy air resounds with the buzzing hum of multitudinous insects, which career about on their business of love or food without settlements or kitchens; happy in the fine weather, the joy of their tiny souls and short-lived pleasant existence. How sweet the air, how striking the silence and loneliness! A human being every now and then is seen, as if to show that the country is just not uninhabited. This province is very hot in the summer. The roads or sheep-tracks are solitary and safe: where there are few travellers except Merinos, why should there be robbers? Attend to the "provend." All fleshly comforts, barring *porcine* ones, are rare. The cities are poor and unsocial. The chief high roads run from Badajoz to Madrid and to Seville. The horse is elsewhere the best means of locomotion. Railroads are projected, *on paper*, from Madrid, through Toledo to Badajoz, and thence branching to Lisbon and Seville.

BADAJOZ, a dull unsocial town, pop. about 11,000, is the capital of its province. The best *fonda* is *de las Tres Naciones*, No. 30, Calle de la Moraleja. There are two *posadas* in the Calle de la Soledad; one *del Caballo Blanco*, the other *de Caballeros.* The best cafés are on the Plaza and near the theatre: consult '*Dialogos, patrios*,' &c. Rodrigo Dosma Delgado, 4to. Mad. 1601. The diligence between Madrid and Seville passes through Badajoz.

Badajoz is the see of a bishop, suffragan to Santiago, and the residence of a captain-general of the province. This strong city rises about 300 ft. above the Guadiana, near the confluence of the streamlet Rivillas. The highest portion is crowned by a ruined Moorish castle. Long lines of walls descend to the river, while formidable bastions defend the land side. The river is crossed by a superb granite bridge, finished in 1596, from designs by Herrera, and strengthened by a *tête du pont*, and by the fortified height San Cristobal, which commands a fine view of Badajoz. The name was corrupted by the Moors from the Roman "Pax Augusta," Πεζαυγουστα (Strabo iii. 225). Some wiseacres derive Badajoz from "Belad Aix," Arabicè the "land of health," it being that of ague; others prefer "Babgeuz," or "goz," Arabicè the "gate of walnuts," of which there are none.

Badajoz, distant about 5 m. from Portugal, is an important frontier-

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place, and owes its chief interest to military events. Alonso IX. took it from the Moors in 1235. The Portuguese besieged it in 1660 and 1705. Kellermann and Victor failed before it in 1808 and 1809; Buonaparte, in 1810, ordered Soult to advance on Estremadura, to relieve Massena when arrested before Torres Vedras; the Duke, having foreseen the move, cautioned the Spanish Junta to be prepared. But Ballesteros, as if in mockery, was recalled by them into the South on the very day that Soult left Seville; soon the fortress of *Olivenza* was surrendered without a struggle by Manuel Herk; but *Badajoz* was commanded by Rafael Menacho, a brave man, and the strong garrison was assisted outside by an army under Gabriel Mendizabal; this blunderer also unfortunately neglected every suggestion of the Duke, and was surprised on the Gevora, "in the strongest position in the country," by Soult, who with only 5000 men utterly routed 11,000 Spaniards in an hour, losing himself only 400 men. As a trait of Spanish character it may be mentioned, that when the report was brought to Mendizabal that Soult had thrown a bridge across the Guadiana, he was playing at cards, and observed, "Then we will go and look at it *to-morrow!*" but *Mañana*, that morrow, saw the procrastinator surprised and crushed, for he had before neglected to entrench his position, although repeatedly urged to do so by the Duke. "All this would have been avoided had the Spaniards been anything but Spaniards. They oppose and render fruitless every measure to set them right or save them." "The presumption, ignorance, and misconduct of these people are really too bad." "They have not done anything that they were ordered to do, and have done exactly that against which they were warned" (see Disp. vol. vii. *passim*). On the 4th of March Menacho was unfortunately killed, when José Imaz, his successor in command, sold the place to Soult, who, when he first beheld the tremendous defences, quietly remarked, "There are few forts so strong but what a mule laden with gold can get in," as his one soon did: *Aurum per medios ire satellites:* but Buonaparte and his sect, who railed so eloquently against *l'or de la perfide Albion*, never scrupled in war or peace to work against places or press with this metallic pickaxe, which our rulers, either too honest or too unread in Horace, most systematically neglect. Accordingly, when the purchase was handed over to Soult on the 10th, it included the city, citadel, 7155 men in garrison, provisions, &c. Yet the traitor Imaz knew, even on the 6th, that Massena was in full retreat before the English, and that Beresford was hastening with 20,000 men to his relief. Instead of availing himself of this intelligence, of which Soult was ignorant, he communicated the information to the French, and thus rescued them from ruin, and this at the precise moment when his coward-like countryman, La Peña, was saving Victor from disgrace at Barrosa. Had Badajoz been held by the Spaniards but a few short days only, Andalucia must have been evacuated by the French, and "*we*," as the Duke said, "should have saved Spain." "Its fall was certainly the most fatal event in the war" (Disp. Dec. 4, 1811). Soult's besieging Badajoz at all was a military error; he ought to have marched day and night to aid Massena before Torres Vedras, but jealousy of a brother marshal made him loiter halfway; and had Imaz been true, and Badajoz held out, Soult himself, like Massena, must have been crushed by the Duke. No sooner had the fortress been surrendered to Soult, than Beresford attempted its recovery. He failed, as even the indulgent Duke said, from "his unfortunate delay" (Disp. April 10, 1811); and when he had given the French time to render success impossible, he risked the needless battle of *Albuera*, and thus, as Napier proves, caused two subsequent years of most harassing operations to the Duke.

The Duke then determined to try what he could do himself, and, after

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he had taken Ciudad Rodrigo, made his preparations with such secrecy that neither friend nor foe divined his plan. He pounced, March 16, 1812, on Badajoz, while Soult and Marmont were both too far separated to relieve it. The place, much strengthened, was defended by the brave Philippon and 5000 men. The French defence was splendid; there was no traitor Imaz now: but "no age," says Napier (xvi. 5), "ever sent forth braver troops than those who stormed and carried Badajoz." The operations were so nicely calculated that Soult imagined the Duke must have intercepted some dispatch of Marmont's. He was delayed eleven precious days by unusually unfavourable weather and the misconduct of the Portuguese; the town of Elvas, although so close by, refusing to afford even means of transport.

The trenches were opened before Badajoz on March 16th; the *Picurina* outwork was heroically carried on the 24th by Gen. Kempt. Sheer British valour was left to do the work, for, from the neglect of our ministry at home, the army, as the Duke wrote, "was not capable of carrying on a regular siege." He sued Badajoz, said Picton, *in formâ pauperis*, beseeching not breaching; every day was precious, as Soult was advancing from Seville, and Marmont from Castile; thus, placed between two fires, the prize was to be snatched before they could effect a junction. April 6, the breaches in the bastions *Santa Trinidad* and *Santa Maria*, to the S.E., were declared practicable: at ten o'clock that night the assault, so well described by Napier (xvi. 5), was made; the obstacles were found to be so much more formidable than the engineers had reported, that no human force could have succeeded. Unfortunately too the hour fixed for the assault was obliged to be put back, whereby the brave troops, headed by Colville and Barnard, were mowed down by the French, secure behind new entrenchments and defences; even the scaling-ladders were found to be too short; but meanwhile the 5th division, under Walker, got in at the *San Vicente* bastion, which lies close on the river to the W.; and Picton, converting a feint into a real attack, carried the castle to the N.E., which Philippon had left comparatively undefended, never dreaming that it would be attempted. This possession decided the conflict. The French, now assailed both in flank and front, were lost, and Badajoz was won. The town, according to the usages of war and successful storm, was sacked, the Duke and the officers doing every thing to prevent excesses, until obliged himself to retire to escape being shot at by the infuriate soldiers. These sad events, deplorable, although unavoidable, are now coupled with San Sebastian by our calumniators, as horrors which a "barbarous, uncivilised" nation like the English alone could perpetrate; yet not a tithe of the atrocities of Lérida, Tarragona, Ucles, &c., was committed, nor did any British *Victor*, as at those and other places, set himself the example of lust, fire, rapine, and murder.

The English lost in killed and wounded 5000 men. Philippon retired to San Cristobal, and surrendered the next day, being treated by the Duke with the honour due to a brave opponent. The baffled and out-generaled marshals had now no safety but in retreat, so Marmont fell back on Salamanca, and Soult on Seville; then Hill advanced on *Almaraz*, and destroyed the forts, the enemy flying before him to Navalmoral. The British bayonet had thus again cleared a road to Andalucia, and the Duke prepared to rush on Soult at Albuera, where he would not have handled him à la Beresford, but his plans were marred by his *allies*. Ciudad Rodrigo was not provisioned, as the Spaniards had neglected even to move in the stores provided by the English! Thus, as at Talavera and elsewhere, he was baulked, thanks to *nosotros*, of his whole victory, and Soult was again rescued from annihilation. Now-a-days Madoz (iii. 26) deals with this splendid capture of Badajoz, in which no Spaniard took a

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part except first to sell it to Soult, and next save him from perdition, in two words: "Logró occuparla,"—the Duke "managed to gain possession!"

The traveller should next cross the bridge, turn to the r. and ascend to the *San Cristobal*. The town presents a noble front, you may either pass the Guadiana in a boat near some lime-kilns, or return by the bridge to Badajoz and go out by the Merida gate; in front to the r. is the *Picurina;* whence the view is excellent, and between it and *las Pardeleras* are the quarries where the Duke stood during the unsuccessful murderous assault on the opposite very strong bastions of *Santa Maria* and *Trinidad;* to the l. is the *Sierra del Viento*, from whence Soult made his previous attack; at the W. extremity is *San Vicente*, by which Walker entered. Ascend the castle, which was the site of the ancient city. The *Plaza* underneath is a mixture of ruined Moorish and Spanish works, an abomination of desolation: part of the mosque with red brick arches, resembling those of Cordova, exists in the neglected crumbling castle: a lofty thin tower in the upper keep commands a view of the whole of what was the English position.

The cathedral, which has survived so many sieges, is heavy inside and outside, and was begun in 1248 by Alonso el Sabio; the façade is later, and was built in the Græco-Romano style, with Ionic pillars, and a statue of the Baptist: at a side portal is fixed, on a marble stone, the hammer which, when a canon was dying, used to be knocked before the passing-bell was introduced, the exact Σημανδρον Σημειον of the Greek Church. Observe a hard and indifferent picture of the Magdalen, by Mateo Cerezo: here considered a Vandyke. The *Capilla Santa Ana* has some damaged paintings by Luis de Morales, called *El Divino*, more from his painting subjects of divinity than from any divinity of painting: he was born at Badajoz early in the sixteenth century, and a street bears his name; here he was living in 1581, when Philip II., on his way to Lisbon, sent for him and said, "You are very old, Morales." "And very poor, sire," was the reply; when Philip, a true patron of art, gave him an annual pension of 300 ducats, which he enjoyed until his death in 1586. He chiefly painted Saviours crowned with thorns, and Madonnas dolorosas; he finished highly, and was the Parmigianino of Spain, being defective in his lengthy drawing, and often dark and cold in colouring. Meantime in Spain, and still more out of it, every lanky small head of Christ with a brown skin and suffering expression, is ascribed to Morales, just as most old castles are to the Moors. He painted many large pictures also, which, from lying out of the way, are scarcely known (see *Puebla de la Calzada*, *Arroyo del Puerco*, and *Alcantara*). The French took away his four best from the cathedral, and those which they left have been repainted; observe a Crucifixion, with a Parmigianino-like old man. The cloister of the cathedral contains some singular arches and twisted pillars.

In the *Parroquia de la Concepcion* is a retouched Saviour with the Cross, and an injured Virgin and Child, painted in 1546 by Morales. In the *San Agustin* is the ludicrous tomb of the Marquis de Bai, the general of Philip V., who was so soundly beaten by Stanhope at Zaragoza, in 1710. The heroic deceased's effigy resembles a baboon in a periwig.

Manuel Godoy, the Prince of the Peace—mark the blasphemy of such a creature taking such a name in vain—was born at Badajoz in 1768. Thus Estremadura, which once could furnish a Pizarro and Cortes to gain worlds, now, what a falling off! has become the cradle of an Imaz to barter its capital, and of a Godoy to bargain away its kingdom: to this thing of avarice and extravagance, Spain owes the impoverishment of her hospitals and charitable institutions, whose funds he seized, giving them government securities, which proved worthless, and while none were benefited save courtier sharks, the sick and orphan were despoiled. Godoy, like a foul beast of

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prey, always craving and swallowing, yet always gaunt, needy, and hungry, plundered without scruple, and spent without advantage, *alieni appetens et sui profusus.* This Spanish Sejanus had the rare lot of being loved alike by Charles the dotard and by his Messalina wife, who indeed selected a vigorous *garde de corps* for her *minion* with more judgment than her husband did for his minister. Godoy made the sneaking peace with the French regicides, and became the tool of Buonaparte, who, by flattering the upstart's vanity, used him for his own purposes; and so entirely that the superstitious Spaniards believed it to be the effect of witchcraft. The king delegated to him his power and prestige in a country where, like a sultan, the king is everything. So the vizier aped the pride of birth, and flattering heralds, being well paid, soon derived his name from the illustrious Goth; Godoy quasi *Godo soy;* nobilitant me, orti Gothorum ex sanguine reges. After an exile and obscurity of thirty-six years, he was recalled to Madrid, in 1844, by Christina, the widow of Ferd. VII. whose bitterest enemy he had been, even aiming at his life and throne. This Godoy wrote his memoirs, which, translated into French by d'Esmenard, were published at Paris by Lavocat, in 5 vols.

The arms of *Badajoz* are the pillars of Hercules, and the motto *Plus Ultra.* This *beyond* has yet to be accomplished: Portugal is still the *angulus iste* of Spanish ambition; the want of this rounding corner is a real source of weakness, since its possession, with the outlets of the Tagus and Minho, would have done more for Spain than that of Italy or the Low Countries; now, instead of being a buttress to her, Portugal is a thorn in her side, and a vulnerable frontier. Philip II. knew this well, and pounced upon the prey, which was lost by his grandson Philip IV. when the clay-footed Colossus of Spain was tottering rapidly to its fall.

ROUTE 56.—BADAJOZ TO LISBON.

Elvas	3	
Alcaraviza	4 ..	7
Estremoz	2 ..	9
Venta del Duque	3 ..	12
Arrayolos	3 ..	15
Montemor novo	3 ..	18
Vendas novas	4 ..	22
A los Pegoes	3 ..	25
Aldea Gallega	5 ..	30
Lisboa	5 ..	35

This route, although not belonging to Spain, may be useful to those who wish, at Badajoz, to return to England by Lisbon; or, *vice versâ*, to those who, having landed in Portugal, desire to visit Seville or Madrid. A French company has started a diligence between Badajoz and Lisbon, and profess to run it in 24 hrs.: they generally take 30. There is a sort of "refreshment room" at Vendas Novas. Attend to the provend: the roads and accommodations are Spanish. The Portuguese have never been anxious to facilitate the approaches of a dreaded neighbour. This journey, over wild aromatic dehesas, is to be ridden by a well-girt traveller in 3 days, sleeping at *Estremoz* and *Montemor*, both perched on their picturesque hills. There is an excellent inn at Lisbon, the hotel of Braganza, No. 36, Rua Do Thezouro Velho: it is kept by Charles Dyson, is clean, and has fireplaces; charges 9*s.* a-day. The "*Durand Hotel*," both here and at Cintra, is also well spoken of.

Those who only want just to set their foot in Portugal may ride over to *Elvas*, an imposing looking place on its garden-fringed height. Notice the noble aqueduct, and the N.W. bastion, with the graves of English officers. No Chinese wall of art, no natural Pyrenees, no deep Tagus, divides the antipathetic kingdoms, nor do the geography, geology, and botany indicate any separation: a small rivulet, the *Caya*, here called *Calle*, is the Rubicon, and parts those who speak the sonorous Castilian from the squeaking Lusitanian. The incompatible neighbours love not each other; their intense hatred and rivality was sung

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by Byron (Childe Harold, i. 33) and felt by Wellington:—

"But these between a silver streamlet glides,
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;
For, proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave the lowest of the low."

"I have," says the Duke (Disp. June 12, 1811), "had to contend with the ancient enmity between the Spaniards and Portuguese, which is more like that of cat and dog than anything else, and which no sense of common danger or common interest, or anything, can get the better of, even in individuals. The Spanish muleteers would rather serve a French division than convey provisions for a Portuguese division allied to us and them." When the Peninsular war began, the English expected nothing from the one and everything from the other; for Spain, ignorant even of her own decay, and whose "national disease," says the Duke, "is to boast of her strength," took a high tone, and spoke as if Charles V. still presided at her councils; while Portugal, a smaller state, and always accustomed to rely on England for national existence, had the better sense to place her sons more fully in the arms of her great deliverer, until, in the words of the Duke (Disp. May 2, 1812), they were the next best troops in Spain to the British. His secret was, "Discipline and a system of good order, which can only be founded on regular pay, *food*, good care and clothing: hence the Portuguese are now the *fighting cocks* of the army; we owe their merits more to the care we have taken of their pockets and *bellies* than to the instruction we have given them" (Disp. July 25, 1813).

These English fed and led Portingals faced and beat back even the French: what greater honour could they desire? Now that they have neither English beef, pay, nor leaders, they and their country are truly inefficient and *hors de combat;* and yet this paltry port-wine kingdom, which in a week would become either a Spanish or a French province, except backed by the alliance of England, occasionally out-Herods even her neighbour in ingratitude, contumely, and violation of treaties; but her very weakness is her safeguard, and England, great and generous, passes over these offences as beneath her notice, and continues her forbearance and protection to prevent the common enemy of both becoming master; meanwhile the Spaniard despises the Portuguese, as God (says he) first made the Castilian, and then the Portuguese to wait upon him, the truth being just the reverse, as the Gallician Spaniards actually are the slaves and white niggers of the Portuguese.

From Badajoz you can ride to Alcantara, cross the Gevora to Villar del Rey, 5 L., thence to Aliseda, 6 L., a 13 hours' ride: Arroyo del Puerco, 2 L. (see p. 490).

ROUTE 57.—BADAJOZ TO MADRID.

Talavera la Real	3	
Lobon	2 ..	5
Perales	1 ..	6
Merida	3 ..	9
San Pedro	2 ..	11
Va. de la Guia	3 ..	14
Miajadas	3 ..	17
Puerto de Santa Cruz	3 ..	20
Trujillo	3 ..	23
Carrascal	2 ..	25
Jaraicejo	2 ..	27
Puerto de Miravete	2 ..	29
Almaraz	2 ..	31
Navalmoral	2 ..	33
Pajar del Rio	3 ..	36
Torralba	3 ..	39
Laguna del Conejo	3 ..	42
Talavera de la Reina	3 ..	45
Sotocochinos	2 ..	47
El Bravo	2 ..	49
Maqueda	3 ..	52
Santa Cruz del Retamar	2 ..	54
Valmojado	3 ..	57
Navalcarnero	2 ..	59
Móstoles	2 ..	61
Madrid	3 ..	64

This, the dilapidated *camino real* taken by the mail and diligence, is the best method of performing a long tiresome route. There is some talk of a new road from Badajoz to Trujillo, through Caceres; 2 L. will be saved, but then Merida, the great attraction to

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artists and antiquarians, will be left out. Meanwhile the traveller going to Madrid should secure his place 2 days before the coach leaves Badajoz, and then ride over to *Merida*, remain a day, which is enough if he does not sketch, and be taken up there. The rest of the journey is uninteresting, save the victory-field of *Talavera*. Our urgent advice is to mount horse and make a charming tour from Merida to Alcantara, Coria, Plasencia, Yuste, thence taking up the diligence at Miravete or Talavera. Better still, to lengthen the circuit, from Plasencia to the Batuecas, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Avila, Segovia, and the Escorial.

The first 5 L. from Badajoz are over a dreary plain. The city and castle, on looking back, reminds one of Stirling. *Royal* Talavera is full of ague and poverty. Lovers of Morales *el Divino* might proceed by the opposite bank of the Guadiana to *Puebla de la Calzada*, 6 L. from Badajoz, to see his ten pictures of the passion of the Saviour, in the parish church.

MERIDA is a clean, cheap, dull, and decaying town; pop. some 3500. There are two inns: one is in the town, *Posada de Las Animas*; the other, *P. de Sa. Eulalia*, outside, and on the Madrid road: at this we always put up, from the fine view, and in order to drink the excellent red wine, which is something between claret and burgundy. *Merida* is the Rome of Spain in respect of stupendous monuments of antiquity—at every step we tread on some vestige of the past. There is perhaps but a day's work here for ordinary tourists, but antiquarians and architects may halt much longer. *Emerita Augusta* was built by the Legate Publius Carisius, in the year 23 B.C. Augustus here settled the veteran *Emeriti* of the 5th and 10th Legions, who had served in Cantabria. The city became the capital of Lusitania. Its splendour, as existing down to the 4th century, is described by Prudentius (Peris. iii. 3, 186), in his hymn on the death of the patroness Eulalia; this Ευλαλιεα, Olalla, O'Lalor, she of good discourse, must not be confounded with her namesake, the tutelar of Barcelona; the Eulalia, born here in 292, was one of the earliest female martyrs of Spain. Florez (*'Esp. Sag..'* xiii. 266) gives her biography. She was put to death when quite a child, but her miracles are worthy of a grown-up saint; for in the year 453, according to San Isidoro (Chron. Æra. 491), Theodoricus the Goth was deterred from plundering her city, from his fears that she might treat him as Ceres did the troops of Alexander at Miletus (Val. Max. i. 2). Santa Eulalia failed in our times, alas! when Merida was so often sacked by the invaders.

The real Goths used Emerita more kindly. Thus Sala, Duke of Toledo, repaired the Roman bridge in 686, at the request of Zenon the bishop. They here fixed the metropolitan see, a dignity which was transferred to Santiago in 1120. The town remained purely Roman; and such was its solid magnificence, and so unlike Oriental filigree, that Musa and the Moors who came to attack it, exclaimed, "All the world must have been called together to build such a city." "Who," says their Rasis, "can tell the marvels of Merida?" The place resisted the infidel, because the inhabitants, seeing the white hairs of Musa, said he never could live to take it. Thereupon he dyed his locks, and appeared to them as a youth. Terrified at this miracle, the Emeritans surrendered Oct. 23, 715, on fair terms, and they retained their temples, creed, and bishops, for the Moors observed a good faith, never afterwards shown to them. They built the Alcazar in 835. The town was taken from them, Nov. 19, 1229, by Alonso el Sabio: from that day province and city date their decline; and now this locality, which under Roman and Moor was "Urbe potens, populis locuples," has under the sway of the Spaniard become poor and almost depopulated. Merida retains little but its name and the *ruins* of the past, and these are here considered as "*useless old stones*,"

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and made a quarry by the corporation. Philip II., in 1580, going to Portugal, had, however, the good taste to see their merit, and ordered the celebrated architect *Juan de Herrera* to take admeasurements and make drawings, which were burnt in the palace at Madrid in 1734. In vain, again, at the instigation of the English ambassador at Lisbon, did Florida Blanca employ a Portuguese, one Manuel Villena, to excavate: the thing dropped, and nothing was done, for Charles III., although the excavator of Pompeii, when king of Spain, caught the apathetic influence of the climate. However, some 104 inscriptions have been copied, and are preserved in the Academy of History at Madrid. 36 different coins were struck here (Cean Ber. 'S.' 393; Florez, 'Med.' i, 384). The common reverse is a "turreted gate," with the words "*Augusta Emerita*," which constitute the city arms. Observe over the prison door a curious ancient sculpture of this charge. Merida has been strangely neglected by our artists, architects, and authors, who too often only go over and over again the same beaten track: thus Beckford congratulates himself on "his happiness in sleeping through this journey;" while Southey, who could devote pages in his 'Letters' to reiterated details of his own bad eating and being eaten up himself by bugs, passed Merida by moonlight. "Ne l'imitez pas," as Voltaire said to the Padre Pediculoso; but Southey, then very young, was much in love with a "milliner of Bath," whom these letters were meant to *amuse*, so not a flea escaped him. Baretti, also, when travelling in these parts, was so scarified by these tormentors that he likened them to the gentle craft of *Reviewers*, a boldish comparison for an author to make, and which Heaven forfend that we should imitate.

Merida, unique in Spain, in some points a rival of the eternal city itself, rises on the r. bank of the Guadiana, which is crossed by a Roman bridge of 81 arches, 2575 feet long, 26 broad, and 33 above the river: this is indeed a bridge, and worthy of its builder, Trajan, a true Pontifex Maximus. From its long, low, and flat proportions, it has somewhat the air of a causeway. Repaired by Goth and Moor, it was not neglected by Philip III. in 1610, as the inscription in the portico on it records: it is built of granite with *bossage* work, *almohadillado*, or "pillowed." On an island in the river-bed up stream, is a Roman dyke of masonry, called *el tajamar*, and erected to protect the arches against inundations. This singular enclosure, said to have served as a market, is now given up to squeaking pigs and garrulous washerwomen. The Roman and Moorish Alcazar, or *tête du pont*, towers proudly with its palm-tree over the bank, as seen from this spot. Some of the arches of the bridge were destroyed, April, 1812, during the siege of Badajoz, in order to impede Marmont's advance to the relief. Here, in 1808, 800 gallant French kept at bay the entire forces of Cuesta for a month, although the river was fordable; and, to make the contrast more marked, this very same strong point was abandoned Jan. 8, 1811, by Mendizabal and his whole army, at the first sight of only the advanced guard of Soult, a feat which the Duke considered to be "surpassing anything that the Spaniards had yet done;" and this took place in Estremadura, where their local hero Paredes, according to Cervantes, stopped entire legions with his single sword.

Recrossing the bridge to the r. is the castle, built by the Romans, and added to by the Moors: afterwards it became the episcopal palace, then that of the Knights Templars, whence its present name, *el conventual*. In 1305, at their suppression, it was granted to the order of Santiago, whose *Provisor* resided in this frontier outpost. This edifice was gutted and ruined by the French, by whom Merida was constantly garrisoned, from its vicinity to Portugal, and by whom it was repeatedly injured, particularly by Gen. Reynier, who cut down even the ornamental Alameda; nor were even

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the olives spared, although the source of existence to the poor peasantry. Then perished the ancient chapel in the *conventual;* the colossal thickness of the shattered walls is evidence of the villanous saltpetre of this Gaul, who destroyed what time and Goth had spared. There are now only the remains of a temple, and a court of granite pillars: in the centre of the enclosure is a square tank, and a descent to some ancient baths. The staircase is ornamented with Corinthian pillars and friezes, of inferior Roman sculpture. The gateway near the river has a marble tablet with an Arabic inscription.

The arch of Santiago, of vast size, 44 ft. high, built in the town by Trajan, is now a mere shell, having been stripped of its marble casing. Around, and heaped like a stonemason's yard, is some mutilated and neglected sculpture, *etiam periere ruinæ.* Near this arch is the half-Roman, half-Moorish palace of the Conde de la Roca, a diplomat of Philip IV., and author of the '*Conquista de Sevilla*,' a poor aping in verse of Tasso: observe the granite blocks in the tower, and the Roman portions, now degraded into a stable. In the open patio is a painting, fast perishing, of the Conde presenting, in 1630, his credentials to the Doge of Venice: that of his colleague, Sir Henry Wooton, by Fialetti, is better preserved at Hampton Court. In the *Calle del Portillo*, No. 47, is a Roman mosaic pavement; at *la Casa de los Cerdos* is a well built up out of Corinthian fragments; so at the *Descalzos* and *Calvario* former temples have been used up by the monks as mere old stones. The *Casa de los Corvos* is constructed out of a temple dedicated to Diana: it was peripteral, with fluted granite pillars and Corinthian capitals; the interstices have been built in; the best view is from the garden. The granite of Estremadura is perishable: thus the angles are worn away like half-melted lumps of sugar, while the brick remains perfect. The modern house is also much dilapidated: thus all is going to a common ruin. The absentee lord consigns it to the neglect of an unjust steward, who occupies a few rooms, as a mean insect creeps into the untenanted shell of the larger animal. *Cosas de España.*

The Forum was near the convent of *Descalzos;* the area and some shafts of columns only remain, for this huge convent was erected at the expense of antique remains; below ran the *Via lata, πλατεια, ὁδος πλατος,* the broad way to Salamanca, now called *Camino de Plata,* a corruption common in Spain. The Roman bridge of 4 arches which still crosses the rivulet *Albarregas*—Alba regia,—is quite perfect, 450 ft. long by 25 ft. wide; thus built for eternity the original pavement exists in spite of a traffic of 17 centuries. It runs close to the great aqueduct, and is one of the grandest remains of antiquity in the Peninsula: 10 arches with 37 shafts remain, some 90 ft. high; they are arched in 3 tiers, and made of brick and granite, the latter worked in bossage, the former in string courses. The magnitude of these colossal monuments is very impressive; they are the standards which the Romans have left whereby to measure their ambition, power, and intellect. Below still trickles the streamlet, *labitur et labetur,* and so will it flow gently on, when even these gigantic ruins shall have crumbled away. There is indeed a sermon in these stones, and the idea of the once mistress of the world rules even in decay. How, when all this greatness has vanished, can any one fret about the petty griefs of his brief hour? This indeed is a lonely scene, a thing of the past; the wild figs amid the weeds and crumbling ruins attest the fertility of nature and the neglect of man: all is silent save when the frog croaks in the swamp, and the stork * clicks his bill from the top

* The stork is a common visitor in the warm localities of Spain, and, as among the ancients and orientals, is a privileged guest bird, and is never disturbed. It usually builds on the church belfries, tuto ciconia nido, and therefore is held out by the priests to the people as an example to be followed in selection of abodes; but *detras de la cruz está el diablo.*

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arches, on which his unmolested nest is built: well may the natives call these *los Milagros;* as to them indeed they are *miracles* and the works of giants, which they can scarcely even destroy.

Here let the stranger sit and muse of a still evening, as we have often done—these monuments, like himself, have nothing to do with the present Emeritan, on whom their poetry and attractions are lost; these mighty relics, which have defied ages, are of a different age and people, and have outlived the names of their founders, yet there they stand gray and shattered, but upright and supporting nothing now but the weight of centuries. Above them is spread, like a curtain, the blue sky, beautiful and bright as at the first dawn of the creation, for nature decays not; yet perhaps these arches never, even when perfect, were so touchingly picturesque as now; the Vandal has destroyed their proportions, but time—and who paints like it?—has healed the scars with lichens, and tinted the weather-beaten fragments; their former glory is indeed subdued, but how tender the pity which the past conjures up. Woe to him who disenchants this scene by measuring proportions with line and rule or geologising materials! Thankfully let all the poetry be enjoyed for itself and in the bliss of ignorance, unworried by the jargon of Ciceronis and professors prosy: the charm of antiquity, the privilege of the ancient of days, and the one denied to man, whose life is but a span, here satisfies.

This was only one of the many Roman aqueducts of Merida which poured in rivers; another crosses the Madrid road, of which only 3 shafts remain, as if to shame, by prodigal solidity, the rambling make-shift modern aqueduct built out of its relics by the Maestro Esquivel under Philip II., in which poverty of material keeps pace with the decay of power and taste. It conveys water from *el Borbollon*, a spring which rises about 2 L. from *Merida*, near the village *Truxillanos*.

The Romans perfectly understood that water conveyed in pipes would rise to its level (Pliny, 'N. H.' xxxi. 6). Pipes, however, are more easily cut off by besiegers, and utility and solidity were the principles of the Roman architecture; the construction of roads and aqueducts "made a name" to generals, whose severe, unpliable character delighted in defying and conquering natural difficulties, and the work gave occupation to their soldiers, *propter otium castrense*. Many aqueducts exist in thirsty Spain, as their public utility has led to their preservation, and to their repair when broken from military reasons.

Beyond these 3 shafts, and passing the hermitage of *San Lazaro*, the *Circus Maximus* lies in a hollow to the rt. of the Madrid road, and is so well preserved that a chariot-race might easily be given there. The area of this hippodrome is now a corn-field, but the central elevation on which the *spina*, *metæ*, &c., were elevated, is perfect with its original pavement. The whole length is some 1356 ft. by 335. The outer walls are of prodigious thickness: the 8 tiers or rows of seats for spectators still remain. The view of *Merida* from the hillock above is charming.

Continuing outside the town to the E. is the theatre, called *las siete Sillas*, from the seven divisions of the seats: it is also almost perfect, nothing is wanting but the proscenium. The vomitories are quite uninjured; observe the singular holes cut in the stones. The Spaniards, by adding to the stern solidity of the Roman work another half-circle in paltry brick nogging, had turned this theatre into a *Plaza de Toros;* this the French destroyed, and the modern portion is now a worse ruin than the ancient one: near it is what was the amphitheatre, or, as some contend, the Naumachia: it has been much used up both by the Moors and Spaniards as a quarry. When last we were there, a bacon-eating keeper of pigs had constructed in it a sort of shed, and was a living type of the oriental idea of an outcast, "who

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lodges in monuments and eats swine's flesh" (Isaiah lxv. 4).

Opposite to the *posada*, on the Madrid road, is the convent of Santa Eulalia. *El Hornito*, the "little oven," in which the good little martyr girl was baked, was converted into a chapel in 1612. The portico is low and disproportioned: observe the peculiar purple-streaked truncated pillars: an ancient inscription runs thus, "Marti Sacrum Vetilla Paculi;" while a modern one records the easy transfer from the Pagan to the Papal system, "Jam non Marti sed Jesu Christo, D. Op. M. ejusque *sponsæ*, Eulal. VR. MR. denuo consecratum." The pillar in the *Campo de San Juan* was raised in 1646: all these works are made in bad taste out of the *disjecta membra* of ancient temples and fragments, brought from the temple of Mars on the Plaza now dedicated to Santiago, and of other Roman capitals and altars piled one above another. As is the creed, so are the temples, a pasticcio; and thus are the crumbs of Paganism served up again, thus Mars and Diana are now displaced, or metamorphosed into Santiago and Eulalia, in principle the same, *mutato nomine tantum*. The adjoining church, dedicated to Santa Eulalia, is said to be of the 4th century: observe the Gothic portal and singular capitals of pillars; on each side of the high altar are ancient chapels. That to the l. belongs to the *de Roca* family. There are other antiquities in the neighbourhood of Merida: first, those mighty "pools" or water reservoirs, *el lago de Proserpina*, or the *Charca de la Albufera*, which lies about 1 L. N. The granite wall which dams up the water is gigantic. The towers, by which staircases lead down into the huge tank, are called *los Bocines*. There is another Roman reservoir near *Truxillanos* 2 L., which is called *Albuera de Cornalvo*; it is smaller than the *Charca*, but equally colossal in style of execution. The rows of steps have induced some antiquarians to imagine that Naumachiæ were performed here.

There is a local history, a thick 4to. of 672 pages, '*Historia de la Ciudad de Merida*,' Barnabe Moreno de Vargas, Mad. 1633, by whom (its Corregidor) also was edited in 4to. Mad. 1633, the '*Emeritensis Liber*,' written by Paulus Diaconus. Consult also '*Advertencias de Merida*,' Juan Gomez Bravo, 4to., Florencia, 1638. The different antiquities are carefully described by Cean Bermudez, 'Sum°.' 384.

Those who wish to visit the phosphorite deposit at *Logrosan* and the convent of *Guadalupe* (see Rte. 58) will only take their places from *Merida* on to *Trujillo*. Those who proceed at once to Madrid may sleep, like Beckford, if they can, or if the *mala gente* will let them, for the first stage is usually called "*El confessionario de S^n. Pedro*," from the number of travellers sent by bandits to that bourn from whence none return, with and without previous confession. The Duke soon settled them: "I hear there is a band of robbers between Trujillo and Merida, who are playing the devil: desire Penne Villemur to destroy this people." Those who are riding may make an excursion to *Medellin*, which lies about 5 L. to the rt.: those who do not will pass on to page 482.

Medellin, before it was sacked by Victor, one of the most flourishing towns of this district, is now wretched and decayed: pop. about 800. There is a large but ruined castle on the hill, which commands a most extensive panorama; below flows the Guadiana, which has a bridge built in 1636, now much out of order. The remains of an old Roman one are visible: consult '*Historia y Santos*,' Juan Solano de Figuerroa, 4to., Mad. 1650. Hernando Cortes was born here in 1485, for whose life and deeds see Prescott's excellent work, the 'Conquest of Mexico,' i. 208. His dispatches have been translated and published at New York by G. Folsom. His family chapel remains at *Medellin* in the San Francisco.

The rise, career, and end of Cortes, were truly Moorish. Elevated from nothing, he, like Musa or Tarik, con-

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quered kingdoms, trampled on foreign kings, and was rewarded by his own one with ingratitude. After 40 years passed, to use his own words, with little food, less sleep, his arms constantly at his side, he applied, when old, infirm, and embarrassed with debt, to Charles V. for aid: but his petition was not even answered, for Charles, dazzled by the gold of Peru, which Pizarro was sending home, undervalued the past services of a worn-out servant, and barely would give an audience to a man who had conquered for him more provinces than he before owned cities. But well did Humboldt remark, "We may traverse Spanish America from Buenos Ayres to Monterey, and in no quarter shall we meet a national monument which the public gratitude has raised either to Columbus or Cortes." Both, indeed, died broken-hearted at cutting coldness of neglect and thankless breach of promises.—*Cosas de España.*

Cortes was a fine specimen of a Spanish *Guerillero*: his types were Sertorius, Al-Mansúr, and the Cid. He was deeply impregnated with the combined principles of the Moslem conquest and propagandism. He began life as an adventurer, greedy only of gold, of the precious metal for itself; but he rose, when successful, to higher notions of glory and religion. Reckless, devoid alike of mercy, justice, or good faith, no laws, human or divine, ever arrested him in his advance. His system combined the Spanish *Algara*, or foray, with the Moorish *Algihad*, or crusade. He forced his Christianity on the conquered by the sword, but he was satisfied, like the Moslem, with mere nominal conversion, content with the admission of the new faith, and the mere passing from one creed to another, without any regard to the spirituality or real belief of the neophyte. His dispatches, oriental in language, breathe the stately tone of a cruel, arbitrary propagandist of the sword. This true representative of a Peninsular worthy, whether in turban, cowl, or plumed hat, carried out the besetting sins of both Moor and Spaniard—avarice, cruelty, bloodshed, bigotry, and bad faith, gilded by a chivalrous, bold, lofty, adventurous daring and talent; and as he sowed, his descendants have reaped. Look on the picture and contrast presented by Spanish and English America; the former a Frankenstein abortion of a corrupted and corrupting parent, ignorant, superstitious, treaty-breaking, poverty-stricken, and turning its suicidal hand upon itself; the other rich, powerful, free, and intelligent, and giving birth to works which would do honour to the science and literature of the mother country.

Marshall Victor arrived at Medellin to avenge the manes of pillaged Mexicans, and to soothe the ghost of Montezuma by pulling down the natal house of Cortes, his murderer. In the fatal plain below, Cuesta risked, March 28, 1809, a battle, and was instantaneously put to indescribable rout. He had drawn up his forces in a line of 3 miles long, with no reserve, intending to "catch Victor in a net," and re-enact Baylen; but at the first charge 3 Spanish regiments turned, the whole cavalry following, Echevarri, of Alcolea disrepute, again leading the way in flight. According to Belmas (i. 68) the French loss in killed and wounded was only 240, while that of the Spaniards exceeded 10,000; for no quarter was given, indeed, the "épouvantable massacre" (Laborde, i. 124) and Victor's ferocious treatment of his prisoners led to the cant expression, "*à la Medellin.*" "Le cruel Maréchal fit encore après la bataille fusiller 403 prisonniers" (Schep. ii. 307); "et l'infanterie, remplissant l'ouvrage déshonorant de bourreau, massacrait les blessés." The results of this day were unimportant, as Victor neglected military advantages in order to plunder *Guadalupe*, and to gratify a personal pique against his rival marshals: by not advancing rapidly into the now open Portugal, he contributed to the defeat of Soult at Oporto, and to his flight to Lugo, as also to the abandonment of Gallicia and the Asturias by Ney.

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The bodies of Victor's victims were left to the vulture, the Iberian undertaker (see p. 281), and the plains were for long years afterwards covered with bleaching bones. The central Junta, aping the Roman Senate after the defeat at Cannæ, showered honours on the defeated; Cuesta was made a Captain General, and to encourage future officers to fight foolish battles and lose them, all the survivors obtained a step in rank; while for the rank and file, an express order of merit was instituted.

Continuing the high road from Badajoz to Madrid, a little before reaching *Miajadas*, 5 L. from Medellin, the hill and castle of *Montanches* rises to the l. The desolate *Camino Real* then continues to *Trujillo*, Turris Julia, because said to have been founded by Julius Cæsar. Near the high road is a clean *Parador de S. Isidoro*, and a decent inn, the *Posada de los Caballeros*, kept by a widow, up in the town, through which the road does not pass, as it is carried below under it. The ancient city, rising as it does to the l., has from its position a very imposing effect, which going into it immediately dispels. The streets are narrow and ill-paved, yet some of the dilapidated houses mark the former opulence of those adventurers who returned laden with the spoil of Peruvian conquest. The granite knoll on which Trujillo is built has protruded from the slate basis; the site is fine, and domineers over the country: the healthy town, on the eastern slope of the ridge, which to the N. and W. is rugged and precipitous, is divided into two portions; the *Villa*, the acropolis, the upper and most ancient, once the seat of the aristocracy and garrison, is now abandoned, and consigned to the dead and their burial. The entrance is by the arch of Santiago, who appears mounted in sculptured relief: near is a tower of Norman character, connected to a small church; observe the doorway and circular windows. On the opposite side of the gateway another (a Moorish) tower, attributed here to Julius Cæsar, contrasts with the modern classical portico close by, a poor academical affair of Ventura Rodriguez. The *Villa* itself is bounded by a wall which crests the ridge: at the N. end is what was the Roman fortress, of which that of Merida is clearly the type: the flanking towers are of granite. Walk over the open esplanade before the entrance. This castle has been much added to in modern times, since Trujillo from its position commands these plains, and is an important strategic point, supposing it were well kept and garrisoned: all is now neglect and dilapidation. The narrow paths and streets in the *Villa*, cut out of the granite, will delight the artist, as abounding in ancient gateways of cyclopean Roman work and Moorish-looking towers. The *Santa Maria mayor* has a Lombard-like tower older than the church; observe the rose window to the W. and the two lancet windows to the N. The natives ascribe the tower to Julius Cæsar. Observe inside the tomb of Diego de Paredes—James Wall. "He (says the Curate in Don Quixote, i. 32) was a gentleman of note, a very brave soldier, and of such great natural strength that he could stop a windmill, in its greatest rapidity, with a single finger, as easily as Hercules did the wheel of Ixion; and, being once posted, with a two-handed sword (now preserved at Madrid), at the entrance upon a bridge, he repelled a prodigious army of Frenchmen, killed 400, and prevented their passage over it." Now-a-days the lively French sneer at all this lion "Moonshine and Wall." There is a Life of this Hercules and Samson of Estremadura, appended to the '*Coronica del Gran Capitan*,' Alcalá de Henares, folio, 1584; and another '*Relacion breve*,' by Tamayo de Vargas, 4to. Mad. 1621. Near *Trujillo* is shown the well, 30 ft. wide, over which Diego jumped forwards and backwards: he died at Bologna in 1534, aged 64, and his bones were moved to Trujillo in 1545. Diego, unrivalled in personal prowess and daring, served as a boy at the capture of Granada, became a

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general of Alexander VI., and was one of the 11 champions at Trani, in the *Paso de Armas* with the French, where he himself overthrew three of his opponents; he was the right arm of the "Great Captain," and at the victory of Cerignola alone defended the bridge—his favourite feat—against a whole company of French knights: he fought also at Pavia, when François I. was taken: in short, wherever Moor or Gaul were to be beaten he was present.

In the upper portion of Trujillo, near the *Villa*, is the *Plaza*, a picturesque jumble of buildings public and private. The ch. of *San Martin*, in one corner, has a fine rose window, a single nave supported by noble arches, and a stone roof of singular beauty and construction. It contains curious tombs, one of a Cardinal Gaeta, while another has reliefs sculptured in granite of combats with the Moor.

Trujillo was the granite cradle of the fierce, false, cruel, yet energetic Pizarro, a "slate" as hard as Spain itself. Oh! dura tellus Iberiæ! He was one of that caste described by the soldier-poet Ercilla—

> "De aquellos Españoles esforzados
> Que á la cerviz de Arauco no domado
> Pusieron *duro* yugo por la espada."

Fr°. Pizarro, born in 1480, was, like Milosch, the recent Prince of Servia, the son of a swineherd; he was suckled, it is said, not by a Romulean wolf, but by an Estremenian sow, a very proper and local wet nurse; but these theriotrophical legends are of all countries; thus, Habis, king of Spain, was reared by a doe: Justin, xliv. 4. Pizarro, again, like Milosch, was scarcely able to read or write, but, like Cortes also, he was a true guerrillero, bold, cunning, false, cruel, avaricious, indeed, and capricious as an Oriental Pasha, but endued with a temper of mind no less daring than his body was robust; foremost in every danger, patient under hardship, unsubdued by fatigue, unrestrained by any scruples, he was successful in every operation that he conducted. His end was that of a rocket, which bursts at its highest elevation. He was assassinated, like Sertorius, June 26, 1541, by the traitor Herrera. Pizarro's house on the Plaza was let go to decay by his unworthy descendant, the M°. de la Conquista. At the corner are figures of manacled Indians, fit badges of the bloody "*Conquest*," of the plunder and murder of Atahualpa. His history and character have been exhausted by Mr. Prescott.

Pizarro lies buried in the *Sa. Maria de la Concepcion*: his armed effigy kneels in a niche; the helmet in front is said to have been actually his.

In the Plaza is the *Casa del Ayuntamiento*, with some damaged paintings in the salon. Near *San Martin* is the vast palace of the Duke of San Carlos, with a patio of pompous pretension, to which, as in the palace of Charles V. in the Alhambra, interior comfort has been, or rather would have been, sacrificed, for both are unfinished monuments of mighty promise and beggarly performance. Visit also the house of the *Conde del Puerto*, with a good staircase; observe the granite *Retablo* in the parish church of *Santiago*, and the titular carved by Gregorio Hernandez, the *patio* of *San Francisco*, and the fine house and gardens of the Martilla family, destroyed to use the materials to construct a fort by the French, who, under Gen. Foy, made this wretched city a "heap" of ruins. (See Madoz, xv. 169). The *Alberca*, from its Arabic name ascribed to the Moors, is probably, from its form and construction, a Roman reservoir, of which such fine types exist at Merida. The population of Trujillo is agricultural—mere tillers of the earth, or tenders of swine. The land is neglected and uncultivated; much indeed is stony and poor, hence the saying—"*Por do quiera que á Trujillo entrares, andarás una legua de berrocales.*" Those curious to verify this may ride to Placencia (Rte 59).

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ROUTE 58.—EXCURSION TO ALMADEN.

Herguijuela	3		
Zorita	2	..	5
Logrosan	3	..	8
Cañamero	2	..	10
Guadalupe	3	..	13
Logrosan	5	..	18
Casas de Don Pedro	3½	..	21½
Tallarubias	3½	..	25
Espiritu Santo	2	..	27
Almaden	7	..	34

This, a rough excursion, is most interesting to the naturalist. Meantime, Rte. 57 is continued to Madrid at p. 482. As this detour is wild and ill-provided with fleshly comforts, attend to the provend and take a local guide; there is some difficulty in procuring horses or mules even at Trujillo. The first day's ride to *Logrosan* threads a lonely, partially cultivated country; *La Conquista* is a ruined *cortijo* with a fine-sounding name, on an estate granted to the Pizarro family. So proceed on to the *Ermita*, where there is a clear fresh well and an obliging hermit; passing through *jarales y encinares*, at *Zorita*, the road branches off S. E. to *Almaden*, through *Madrigalejo*, 3 L., a miserable village, where Ferdinand, the husband of Isabella, died, (see the inscription in the chapel of the *Casa Sa. Maria*) Jan. 23, 1516, aged 64. "Tot regnorum, dominus, totque palmarum cumulis ornatus, Christianæ religionis amplificator et prostrator hominum, rex in rusticanâ obiit casâ, et pauper contra hominum opinionem obiit;" so wrote his faithful friend, Peter Martyr (Ep. 566).

Logrosan—Posada bad; pop. about 3,000; stands in a narrow valley of the *Pollares*, at the beginning of the Guadalupe range, which consists of clay-slate, alternating with quartzite, and occasionally pierced by masses of granite. The presence of phosphorite of lime is almost a solitary instance in Europe; the vein, or rather deposit, lies about half a mile to the N.N.E. and S.S.W., and occurs amid clay and slate, except in the centre, where it is intermixed with quartz: made out for about two miles, sometimes it occurs emerging above the loamy soil, and at other times below it, in a bed in some places from 6 to 10 feet wide. It may be traced by its general light straw colour, but the finer parts have a purple and white laminated reniform structure, like some depositions of carbonate of lime: it is extremely phosphorescent when pulverised and thrown on lighted charcoal; as no ingredient of organic life is to be found, it is presumed to be of primitive formation. It contains about 14 per cent. of fluoride of calcium; thus nature has here provided amply for that material which enters into the bones of animals, both of this and of a former age. This vein was first noticed by the Irishman Bowles in his '*Historia Natural*' (p. 56); his statements were exaggerated by Spanish and French authors, who descanted very learnedly thereon, until Mons. Proust reported that whole hills were composed of phosphorite of lime: unfortunately, from never having been on the spot, his remarks were extremely clever, but altogether inaccurate.

Logrosan, chiefly built out of a mass of very hard and compact black schist, with veins of quartz, is placed, like Trujillo, on a granite knoll, with an extensive view. The protruding slates add to the inconvenience of this wretched poverty-stricken hamlet, which, however, has a fine unfinished church, rising like a cathedral, with a beautiful *absis* and a pointed *retablo*.

The Jeronomite convent of *Guadalupe*, once one of the richest and most venerated in Spain, lies about 5 L. distant, about half of which are over the plain and half over the *Sierra*, and are equivalent to seven at least. After passing a wide *jaral*, the picturesque village of *Cañamero* stands at a rocky gorge, through which the beautiful *Ruecas* flows, while a bold ridge towers to the E. Soon the defiles of the Sierra are entered, amid exquisite scenery and wild aromatic herbs; then a lofty table-land is ascended, commanding a sweeping panorama. The *posadas* of *Guadalupe* are iniquitous, but the muleteer generally can obtain lodging in some pri-

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vate house on the Plaza. The dirty narrow wynds are built on a slope, with the ground-floor of the houses under colonnades given up to stabling. The convent towers grandly above the *Plaza*, once lord of all it surveyed: degraded now into a barrack, the splendid chapel has escaped, preserved as a parish church; the Virgin of Guadalupe, the great patroness of Estremadura, guided the invaders of the new world to victory and spoil, and to her a share was always apportioned: hence the number of her shrines in Mexico, to which Cortes transported his local recollections; his first act on returning in 1538 was a pilgrimage to this convent, where he worshipped her image for nine days. He and his followers hoped, by offering at her altar the *spolia opima* of their strangely achieved wealth, to purchase deathbed pardons for lives spent in the commission of wholesale murder and every sin.

Diego de Montalbo, in his 4to. History, Lisbon, 1631, treats of this image, the second in holiness of the myriads of her images in Mariolatrous Spain. In 1330, one Giles, a cow-keeper of Caceres, discovered a statue, which turned out somehow to have been carved by St. Luke, to have been given to San Leandro, the Gothic uprooter of Arianism, by Gregory the Great, and miraculously preserved during the six centuries of Moorish invasion. A hermitage was built on the spot, and in 1340 Alonso XI. raised a chapel, which Juan I., in 1389, converted into a convent, subject to the Pope alone. The site, a warm southern fertile slope, abounding in fruit, water, and trout-streams, was, with the whole *Sierra de Altamira*, granted to the holy Jeronomite monks. This order, peculiarly agricultural, formerly possessed 80,000 Merinos, and were so rich that the proverb ran—

> "*Quien es conde, y desea ser duque,*
> *Metase fraile en Guadalupe.*"

Navagiero, who went there with Charles V., describes in his '*Viaggio*' (p. 12) the place as rather a city than a monastery, with a tower said to be filled with gold; the cellars for wine were proportionate. The strong castellated walls, like in the convents in Syria, proved the necessity of a defence against the infidel.

The first view from the *plaza* is very imposing, yet one regrets that the ancient balustrade should never have been finished; the pointed front of the chapel contrasts with the old towers, turrets, buildings, and library, to which new works were added when the Carlist Palillos held it during the civil war: the grand entrance is by a noble ascent and vestibule, with a Moorish arch to the l.; here is the *Sagrario*, and to the l. the Gothic tomb of Alonso de Velasco; the walls were hung with the votive chains of captives delivered by the Virgin. Hence Cervantes (Pers. y Sig., iii. 5) calls this "Santisima imagen, Libertad de los cautivos, lima de sus hierros y alivio de sus prisiones;" and compare Horace, Catenam, ex voto Laribus. In an adjoining chapel observe a representation of a general council held here in 1415; ascending to the Gothic church, to the l. lies buried the architect Juan Alonso, *Maestro que fizó esta Santa Iglesia*. The three naves are built in a massy pointed style, but the extension of the *coro* has destroyed the symmetry. The superb lofty *reja* which divided the monks from the populace is a masterpiece of Francisco de Salamanca and Juan de Avila. The cupola above the transept is octagonal, with gilt capitals. The classical *Retablo*, designed by Juan Gomez de Mora, and executed by Giraldo de Merlo, imposing in itself, is out of keeping in a Gothic church, modernised in the worst taste, filled in 1618 with paintings relating to the Virgin and Saviour by Vicente Carducho and Eugenio Cajes.

The walls of the *Capilla Mayor* were ornamented in marble by Juan Bautista Semeria, a Genoese, and by Bartolomé Abril, a Swiss. Observe the royal sepulchres, statues, and carvings; and in *la Capilla de los cuatro altares*, the effigies of Prince Dionisio of Portugal, and Doña Juana his wife, erected

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in 1461, and moved to their present place under Philip II. Notice also the tomb of Doña Maria de Guadalupe Lancaster y Cardenas, Duchess of Aveyro; but this convent once was a sort of Escurial, and a tomb-house of illustrious dead. A jasper staircase leads up to the *Camarin* of the Virgin, or treasury, with some sketchy paintings by Luca Giordano, in vile taste. The dresses and wealth in it once were prodigious. The silver lamps, &c., the glorious Custodia made by Juan de Segovia, were plundered by Victor; now disappeared the silver throne of the image, the silver angels, the 85 silver lamps, the gilt lamp taken at Lepanto, the diamonds, pearls, gold, and jewels, the offerings of kings. He also carried off nine cart-loads of silver; but this Victor was an adept at this art, having in 1797 pillaged the real Loretto of Italy; he, however, piously left the wooden image behind, although carved by St. Luke himself. The wonderful relics of this sanctuary are referred to '*Historia de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*,' folio, Gabriel de Talavera, Toledo, 1597: the scrolly title page is curious.

The splendid *Sacristia* contains 8 fine Zurbarans, representing the life of St. Jerome, which from monkish neglect are pure and uninjured. There has been some talk of moving them to a *museo* at *Caceres*. The church is surrounded by an assemblage of buildings, once extensive and sumptuous. The *hospederia*, or house of reception for strangers, was built out of the confiscated goods of burnt heretics. Visit the two noble cloisters, one of a Gothic pointed, the other of a Moorish style. Notice an elegant Gothic shrine, or temple, and an extremely beautiful double arcade, one above the other. Observe in an angle the injured tomb of Gonzalo de Illescas, Bishop of Cordova. *La Botica*, or medicinal dispensary, yet remains; and the library, from whence the best books have disappeared. This splendid pile, placed in an out-of-the-way situation, is passing away, like the monks for which it was raised; both have served their turn: they it was who made roads and introduced agriculture into these former forests and "valleys of wolves:" and it was in order to facilitate the approach of pilgrims to this shrine that Pedro Tenorio, Archbishop of Toledo, built, in 1338, his magnificent bridge over the Tagus, about 7½ L. below *Talavera de la Reina*. He also gave to the convent that remarkable bronze font, which used to be near the refectory.

The *Serrania* of Guadalupe is a continuation of the *Montes de Toledo*. The highest range, behind the convent, rises 7000 feet. These mountains divide the basins of the Tagus and Guadiana. In the cistus-clad plains game of every kind is most abundant. Those who propose to visit *Almaden* must return to *Logrosan;* which is a wild ride of guess-work distances over aromatic *dehesas y despoblados*. The first day's midday halt will be at *Casas de Don Pedro*, half a league, beyond which the Guadiana is crossed at a ferry. Sleep at *Talarrubias*, Lacipea, pop. 2,000, a pretty town, with iniquitous accommodations. Here the sandstone and quartz cease. The next day's ride to *Almaden* is more lonely. The first and only village, *Espiritu Santo*, is too near the starting-place to be of any use for a midday halt: rest, therefore, at a streamlet before ascending the Sierra beyond *La Puebla de Alcocer*. After leaving the pasture-land the hills become wild and solitary, with a wide moor on their summit, and thence descend to *Chillon*, a dependency, as it were, of Almaden, although separated by a steep hill. For *Almaden*, and the Route to Cordova, see R. 8.

ROUTE 57—(CONTINUED).

Those continuing to Madrid must return from *Logrosan* to *Trujillo*. The high-road, after crossing the Monte by a good bridge, ascends to *Jaraicejo*, a miserable hamlet, which commands the plain, where the conical hill of Santa Cruz and Trujillo form fine objects.

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Here the Duke lingered after the battle of Talavera, until famine and the breach of every Spanish promise forced him to withdraw his starving troops to the agues of Merida and Badajoz. Now, as then, all this Punic bad faith is blinked, and the old pretext put forth that political motives, and a desire to secure Portugal for England, were the Duke's real reasons (Schep. ii. 415).

Hence to the *Puerto de Miravete*, the culminating point, whence the eye sweeps over interminable plains, studded here and there with conical hills. The Tagus is crossed at the picturesque bridge of *Almaraz*, which spans from its cistus-clad rocks the deep sea-green river, muddy, alas! sometimes. It was built in 1552 by Pedro de Urias, and paid for by the city of *Plasencia*, as connecting it with the province of La Mancha. Lower down is another bridge, built by a Plasencian, the Cardinal Juan de Carvajal, and hence called *el Puente del Cardenal*, which opens communications with Trujillo. The bridge of *Almaraz*, 580 ft. long, 25 wide, and 134 high, consists of two arches, one of which was destroyed by Cuesta in 1809, and remained so for many years, to the disgrace of the Government, to the annual loss of life, and interruption of communication between Madrid and Portugal. It was rebuilt by an ex-monk, Ibanez, in 1845, at the expense of the locality. Lord Hill took his title from *Almaraz*, as here, May 18, 1812, he conducted "with consummate ability one of the most brilliant actions in the war." Following the Duke's instructions, he passed the intricate defile of *La Cueva* with such secrecy, that both Drouet and Foy were deceived. He next assaulted Fort Napoleon, about ½ a mile from the bridge, which, although guarded by 1000 French and 18 guns, while he was without any artillery himself, he carried by the bayonet, the garrison leaping down froglike into the river from sheer panic at such unheard-of gallantry; *Fort Ragusa*, although the Tagus flowed between, followed the example, and was abandoned by the scared enemy. By this splendid affair Soult was cut off from Marmont, and the Duke then wrote home that he should try the latter single-handed, "no man in the army entertaining a doubt of the result;" that result was Salamanca. Hill, with a mere handful of men, was the terror of Drouet and the French in Estremadura; and Buonaparte, writing *privately*, and then telling the truth to Soult, for he knew the real state of things, inquired, "Comment est-il possible que *six mille Anglais* et quatre ou cinq mille Portugais aient enlevé les magasins de Merida, se soient avancés jusque sur les débouchés de l'Andalousie, et y soient restés un mois, et cela devant votre armée composée des meilleures troupes du monde, pouvant présenter plus de soixante mille hommes présents sous les armes, et une cavalerie si supérieure en nombre?"

Leaving the Tagus, the road turns inland to *Navalmoral*, and enters the province of New Castile. *Oropesa*, cresting its ilex and olive-clad hill (*Posada del Navarro*), gives a title to the Duke of Frias, who has here an irregular dilapidated palace, and a fine castle with round towers and keep. N.B. Those riding from *Madrid to Juste* may turn off at *Navalmoral*, to the rt., to *Zarzahuete*, 6 L.; thence to *El Barco del Rio Xerte*, 1 L.; then 3½ on, through aromatic wastes, to *Cuacos* and the convent. From *Oropesa* the road continues through oak woods to *Talavera de la Reina*, or *Reyna*, of "the Queen," because given by Alonso XI. as an appanage to the royal consort. There are two other Talaveras; one, *la Real*, is near Badajoz, and the other, *la Vieja*, which lies 10 L. from that of *la Reina*, on the l. bank of the Tagus. The remains of this last old Roman town have served to build the modern hamlet. The pillars and arch of a temple, however, have escaped. See two papers in the '*Mem. de la Acad. de Historia*,' i. 345; and Cean Ber. 'Sum°.' 115.

Those riding from Madrid might,

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before entering Talavera, go to the *Casa de Salinas*, ascend the hill, and visit the battle-field, passing to Talavera by the ridge on which our troops were posted.

Talavera de la Reina—Tala-Briga—once flourishing, is now a most decayed place, but charmingly situated on the Tagus, in a verdurous *vega; Posada de las Postas*, and another, *del Fresco*, on the Plaza. The town is ancient, straggling, ill-paved, and inconvenient, but full of nice bits for the sketch-book; remains exist of a triple circumvallation, the oldest is Roman; the *Torres Albarranas* were built in 937 by the Moors: these old girdles rise picturesquely among the houses; notice the arch of San Pedro, and the irregular Plaza, with red houses, porticos, and balconies. There is a fine but dilapidated bridge and a pleasant *Alameda*, whose groves are tenanted by nightingales. Another pleasant and favourite *paseo* is on the Madrid road, leading to *Nuestra Señora del Prado*, a hermitage built on a Pagan temple, and where Pagan rites continued to be celebrated down to 1807. These *floralia* were called *las Mondas de Talavera*, and were akin to the Helston May "*Furry*," the Flora of Cornwall: a sort of chief magistrate was chosen for the day, who was called *Justicia de Mogiganga*, because he presided over the large images then paraded about. A complete *lectisternia* also took place, and idols were "borne on men's shoulders" with curious rites.

The population of Talavera is about 5500; the former leather, silk, and hat manufactures have much declined; that of coarse earthenware, *alfareria*, made from a clay brought from *Calera*, still languishes. The Gothic *Colegiata* is not remarkable: begun in 1211, repaired in 1389, it afterwards was modernised. The noble Jeronomite convent near the river, and now a manufactory! was begun in 1389, by the Archbishop Pedro Tenorio, and altered in 1549 and 1624; the staircase and Ionic façade are excellent; the views charming. The *Dominicos* contained three grand sepulchres — Cardinal Loaisa, and Pedro Loaisa, with Catalina his wife. Mariana, the historian, and Alonso de Herrera, the writer on agriculture, were both born here. The bridge over the Tagus, dedicated to St. Catherine, and built in the 15th century by the great Cardinal of Toledo, Pedro Mendoza, is much dilapidated from neglect.

On the hill to the l. and on the plain on the Madrid road was decided, July 27 and 28, 1809, what the truthful Duke justly calls "the long and hard-fought action against the French, with more than double our numbers," and commanded by Jourdan, Victor, and Joseph in person. The royal arithmetic is most delectable: — "J'avais pu réunir 50,000 hommes, et nous avions affaire a près de 80,000 hommes ('men in buckram'), dont la moitié Anglais ou Portugais" ('Mémoires,' x. 324). This was the first time that Wellington, relying on the co-operation of Spanish generals and the promises of Spanish juntas, advanced into Spain, and it was the last. The Spanish army was commanded by Cuesta, a brave man personally, but a mere "child in the art of war," and too old, proud, and obstinate to be taught. Never were the two nations more truly represented than by their respective leaders; the decrepid formal Don coming in a coach and six, and keeping his ally waiting, when minutes were winged with destinies; while the other, the very personification of eagle-eyed power, iron in mind and frame, was of lightning decision. Cuesta, rather than take a hint from a younger officer, twice lost the tide of affairs, and thus, the first time, saved Victor from defeat, and the second almost ensured it to himself. Had he advanced on the Alberche on the 22nd, as the Duke entreated him to do, Victor single-handed must have been crushed; but during his procrastination the French, warned by traitors in the very tent of Cuesta, fell back, the Spaniards thinking that they were running away

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from them; and now Cuesta, just when the Duke wished him to remain still, would advance. He imagined that he was following "flying deer, but found that he was hunting tigers." This conceit was so inveterate in the ancient Iberians, that the Romans constantly shammed a flight, and then turned round on their pursuers, "effusé sequentes," and scattered them to the winds. See Livy, xxxiv. 14; xl. 48.

The allies then took up a position before Talavera. The situation of Sir Arthur Wellesley, now far advanced in the heart of the peninsula, was full of peril. With inefficient allies, an incumbrance rather than an aid, and with starvation staring him in the face, while a French army of 55,000 veterans menaced his front, and larger forces gathered in his rear and around. Then, had the French only remained on the defensive, his escape was hardly possible; but over-confidence in numerical superiority, and the jealousy of rival Marshals, induced Joseph, Victor, and Jourdan to hurry an attack before the junction of the other French forces had enveloped the English in a net, past redemption. Sir Arthur, on the 27th, drew up the Spaniards in two lines on his right, in a position secured by the river and very strong from enclosures, ditches, and plantations; his centre, in front of Talavera, was intersected by roads and ravines. He placed the British troops on the sloping hills to the l., the real key of the position. His whole English and German handful was under 19,000, with 30 guns; while the Spaniards ranged about 34,000. The French mustered upwards of 50,000 men, of whom 7000 were cavalry. Numerically the contending hosts were equal; intrinsically, most unequal. While the Spaniards were incapable of performing the simplest operation, the French force consisted of splendid veterans, highly disciplined, and flushed with victory. Victor concentrated all his forces against the English, by whom he was everywhere beaten back. Night terminated the contest, the Duke sleeping on the ground in his cloak. Victor's second attack failed from Sebastiani's neglecting to assist him now, as he did again afterwards at Barrosa (see p. 145). Victor himself had risked this battle prematurely; jealous of Soult, and wishing to monopolise the glory of a victory, he hurried it on before that marshal could arrive after his defeat at Oporto. The French finally abandoned the field, having lost 20 cannon, and 10,000 killed and wounded: the English lost 6200. They alone did the deed, for "the Spanish army," wrote the Duke (Disp. Aug. 25, 1809), "with very trifling exceptions, was not engaged, yet whole corps threw away their arms, and ran off in my presence, when they were neither attacked, nor threatened with an attack, but frightened, I believe, by their own fire." "When these dastardly soldiers run away they plunder everything they meet, and in their flight from Talavera they plundered the baggage of the British army, which was at that time bravely engaged in their cause."

Cuesta, insensible to shame and untaught by experience, next neglected, in spite of the Duke's urgent request, to secure the passes of Baños, and thus left a path open to Soult to fall on our flank; yet in spite of his imminent danger the old blockhead continued to linger, risking the loss of both himself and ally; then in the nick of time the Duke passed the bridge of the Arzobispo,* and thus saved Cuesta and Andalucia from ruin; and even as it was, such was the slowness and carelessness of the Spaniard, that the dotard was surprised by Mortier, and routed, flying even to Guadalupe, abandoning 30 guns and all his baggage, and this before one squadron of French dragoons.

After the battle the town of *Talavera*, which refused bread to the starving English *ally* when offering money for it, was found by the French *enemy*

* This bridge lies about 7½ L. below Talavera, and is so called because built in 1338 by Pedro Tenorio, *Archbishop* of Toledo.

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to contain corn enough for their army for three months (Schep. ii. 424). Twice did the invaders sack the town. "Victor assembled his troops to pillage: every man was provided with a saw and a *hammer* (proverbial in French armies as was the *poker* of Augereau); willing troops filed off by the beat of *drum* (Victor originally was a drummer-boy) in regular parties to their work, a business with which they were well acquainted; nothing escaped their search" (Southey, 24).

"Had Spaniards in any way kept their word, and if I could have been fed," said the Duke, "I should after Talavera have turned and struck a brilliant blow on Soult at Plasencia." He was justly raised to the peerage for this splendid battle, although Mr. Whitbread affirmed that "it would have been better for Sir Arthur if he had never changed his name;" and Lord Grey criticised his "want of capacity and skill." But the Whigs never lost an opportunity of thwarting his efforts or of underrating his genius, which they could not even understand. Thus encouraged old Cobbett cut coarse jests, and vented out his anti-English treason on Baron Talavera and his wars; and luckily Buonaparte believed them, and never, until too late, found out that the crisis had produced the *man* by whom he was doomed to be crushed. Buonaparte was so pleased with the sayings and writings of these worthies that he had them translated into the Paris papers, but even the French thought them to be only his usual lies and forgeries. "The truth is," said Lord Dudley, "that the Whig Opposition had staked everything upon Napoleon's success, and are grieved at his failure." Ever ready to endanger throne and country for their own advancement, they were glad, said Wilberforce, "to see just so much mischief befall their country as would bring themselves into *office*." So party spirit, the bane of England, arrested Marlborough in his career of victory, and saved Louis XIV.

According to the Whigs, the French were *not* beaten at Talavera; according to Buonaparte, the English are too stupid to know when they are beaten; M. Thiers is clever enough to do as much for his countrymen, and now-a-days (Lib. 36) calls Talavera "undecided." How great must that reverse be which is not claimed as a victory!

Talavera taught Wellington two important facts: *first*, that an English army need never fear the Buonaparte's "invincibles;" *secondly*, that no trust could ever be placed on Spanish words or co-operations in field or cabinet. He here learnt that if Spain was to be saved it must be done by himself, and alone he did it.

To complete this narrative, Belmas (i. 92), writing but the other day, and under Soult's eye and patronage, gives Cuesta 38,000 men, Venegas 28,000, and Sir Arthur 22,000 English and 5000 Portuguese; thus drawing up on paper 113,000 "men in buckram" against only 40,000 French. Thus is written what our ingenious neighbours call *history;* the real numbers of the English being only 16,000 raw troops, who most signally repulsed 34,000 superb French veterans.

But then as at Albuera, Barrosa, elsewhere and everywhere and always, where all was nearly *lost* by their misbehaviour, the chief glory was and is claimed for *Nosotros*. Nay, Cuesta, in his bulletin, while all Europe knew the falsehood, affirmed that "the terrific fire of the *Spaniards* overwhelmed the French!!" And Lord Byron, then at Cadiz, wrote that the dispatch and the people called the victory Cuesta's, and made "no great mention of the Viscount." "These reports and insinuations," wrote Wellington, "may do very well for the people of Seville, but the British army will not soon forget the treatment it has received" (Disp. Aug. 31, 1809).

Quitting *Talavera*, the dreary country resembles *La Mancha*, a wide expanse of corn-plains, denuded of trees, with here and there miserable villages. To the l. rise the snowy Avila and Guadarrama chains. At *Maqueda* is

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a ruined tower, called *la Torre de las Infantas*, where Berenguela resided while guardian to her nephew Henrique I. *Fuensalida*, which gives the title of Count, and is so well known to readers of ballad romance, lies to the r. of the road between *Maqueda* and *Santa Cruz del Retamar*. The mangy wearisome country continues to *Navalcarnero*, "the *plain* of sheep," where a tolerable wine is made; then crossing the Guadarrama river at *Mostoles*, and soon after the Manzanares, we reach the mud walls of Madrid (see Sect. xi.)

Artists and Antiquaries may diverge from *Maqueda* either to the r. or l. As this was once a frontier line, it contains many fine but ruined castles of the former great nobility, who guarded the marches. And first for the l., ride to *Avila*, and thence by the Escorial to Madrid: attending to the provend. *Escalona*, founded by the refugee Jews from Ascalon, who came to Spain with Nebuchadnezzor! distant from *Maqueda* about 9 miles, rises nobly on a hill above the trout-stream, Alberche, crossed by a good bridge. Portions of the old walls of this ruinous abode of dirt and picturesque poverty remain; the once most splendid *palacio* of the counts, with a chapel, built in 1442 by the great Alvaro de Luna, in rich decorated semi-Saracenic taste of the age, was reduced by Soult to a wreck. Visit also the *Colegiata:* hence to *Cadalso* a pleasant ride, amid vines, olives, and covers abounding in game: pop. 1000: placed on an eminence the view over the champaign plains is fine. This town is also called *de los Vidrios*, from some rude glass manufactories. The old castle and walls are all a painter can wish. Visit the palace and gardens of the Duque de Frias. Here Isabella met her brother Henrique IV. after their reconciliation at *Guisando*, where he had declared her to be his heiress to the crown. 1½ L. through a country of fruit-trees and pines, leads to the monastery of Guisando, so celebrated for those strange relics of antiquity, the stone *Toros*, and so on to *Avila*.

Those who ride to the r. for *Toledo*, 12 L., which can be done in a summer's day, will pass through *Torrijos*, 7 long L.; it is placed in the fertile Sagra, *Posada de la Flora*, pop. 1500. This dilapidated hamlet owes its noble buildings, now so disproportionate to its size, to the proprietors, the Dukes of Maqueda, who, like the Ferias at *Zafra*, delighted in adorning their place of residence. Don Gutierre de Cardenas was a favourite of Isabella, who, in 1491, granted him an orle of eight shells, or, which are placed everywhere in his palace decorations. The once magnificent but now ruined Franciscan convent was founded by Teresa Enriquez, daughter of the great admiral of Castile and wife to Don Gutierre; and the remains of past magnificence in the churches and palace mock the present poverty of the denizens, becoming, however, every day more delectable in form and colour to the artist: in the long street are a superbly decorated Gothic church with fine façade, a plateresque portal, and pretty cloister; there is also a convent going to ruin, a grand semi-Moro *palacio*, with rich *artesonado* ceilings and relics of former state now abandoned to the usual fate which broods over the provincial mansions of the absentee nobles of Spain. Hence, passing *Barcience*, 1 L., where there is another ruined castle with square tower and quadrangular girdle of walls, 1 L. on to *Rielves*, and 3 more to Toledo. It is better to branch off from *Torrijos* S.W. to *Escalonilla*, 1 L., pop. 2000. There is a fine ruined castle, a good *Parroquia*, dedicated to the Magdalen, with a grand relic, the body of St. Germain de Auxerre. The artist should manage to be here July 31, when the chapel is visited by all the picturesque peasantry of the Sagra. Outside the town, about 1 mile E. near *Casas Albas*, is the hermitage of *Nuestra Señora de la Estrella*, Our Lady of the Star, where a grand festival is held every Easter Monday. At 1 L. from *Escalonilla* is the large hamlet of *la Puebla de Montalban*, pop.

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4000, in a fertile corn and wine country, with a good bridge over the Tagus. It contains a *Palacio* of the Duques de Uceda on the *plaza*, a handsome decorated hospital, two noble parish churches, one with three grand naves, the other, *San Miguel*, with a fine brick tower, raised in 1604 by Cristobal Ortiz. The imposing masonry façade of the Franciscan nunnery was built, in 1543, by Laurencio de Ilachoa: observe also the ruined hermitage de *Nuestra Señora de la Soledad*. Toledo lies distant 5 L. and *Rielves* 2.

Visit the castle of Montalvan, distant about 6 m. from *La Puebla*, and overhanging a ravine, as if put there on purpose for artists. The ruin, very large, square in form, and moated, belonged to the Condes de Fuensalida, and in position is scarcely less picturesque than even our Warwick Castle: three sides look over a precipitous cleft, through which a river boils along. The Tagus is seen in the distance. Of the many beautiful points of view one of the most striking is the *Despeñadera de la Mora*, the lover's leap of the Moorish girl. There are other fine castles in this district, such as *Guadamur*, *Orgaz*, *Almonacid* (see Index).

Those who have ever performed this tiresome Route 58, will never do it twice; accordingly, on our second visit to *Merida* we struck off on horseback to *Alcantara*, continuing indeed our pilgrimage to *Santiago* and the Asturias, and riding down to Madrid through Leon and Valladolid, a route we strongly recommend to those who have leisure.

From *Merida* to *Plasencia* there are different routes. You can ride through *Montanches*, 6 L. (the longest way is by the *Camino Carretero*, the shortest but rather intricate cut is by the *Hoyanco*. Sleep 1st night at *Montanches;* 2nd night at *Arroyo del Puerco*, 8 long leagues, at about 4 L. notice two curious old castles; 3rd night *Alcantara*, 7 L.; 4th night, *Coria*, 8 L.; 5th night, *Plasencia*, 8 L. See Index for these places.

ROUTE 59.—MERIDA TO PLASENCIA.

Alcuescar	6	
Arroyo de Molinos	1 ..	7
Montanches	1 ..	8
Caceres	6 ..	14
Malpartida	2 ..	16
Arroyo del Puerco	1 ..	17
Brozas	4½ ..	21½
Alcantara	3 ..	24½
Garrovillas	5 ..	29½
Canaveral	2 ..	31½
Coria	4½ ..	36
Plasencia	9 ..	45

This must be ridden: take a local guide, as the country is lonely, and the accommodations bad; attend, therefore, to the commissariat. There is a shorter cut by *Casas de Don Antonio*, 6 L.; but *Caceres*, lying to the rt., is left out, without going to it.

On quitting *Merida* and the *Charca*, a cistus-clad waste commences: here and there Roman military columns, about 7 feet high, in some places admirably preserved, still stand in their original positions, and mark the *Via lata*, from Merida to Salamanca. This road, a *Regina Viarum*, was laid down like a cyclopæan wall, with Appian solidity. The *summum dorsum*, or raised centre rising amid the wastes, looks like the backbone of some extinct megalotherium. This road, necessary for the military communications of the Romans, is no longer wanted. Here and there huge trees, growing out of the pavement, show how long it has been abandoned, and how surely nature will recover her own. The muleteer and carrier who convey the petty commerce of Spain creep by a side-path, as if ashamed to foot the great road of a mightier people. An excellent work on Roman roads is the '*Histoire des Grands Chemins*,' Nic. Bergier, 4to., Paris, 1622.

At 4½ L., after an ascent, *Montanches* appears on its hill; *Alcuescar* lies to the r., and below it the hamlet *Arroyomolinos*, where, Oct. 28, 1811, Lord Hill routed Gen. Girard, who with 5,000 men had been sent there by Soult on a plundering foray. Hill halted the night of the 27th at *Al-*

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cuescar; and the honest villagers kept the secret so well, that the enemy remained ignorant of their danger. Early the next morning, during some rain, Hill, with the 71st and 92nd, surprised Girard, whose men fled, throwing away their packs, arms, and everything that constitutes a soldier: and yet they were some of the "finest French troops" in Spain, lusty and strong, filled with wine and meat, while the English, who, according to Mons. Foy, cannot fight unless stuffed with beef and rum, were hungry and foot-sore: had not our cavalry missed their way, not a Frenchman could have got off: as it was, 1300 prisoners were taken, all their artillery, colours, baggage, and plunder. Girard narrowly escaped. M. Dumas (iii. 234) accounts very satisfactorily for this affair: "Les Français, surpris, attaqués avec impétuosité, *durent céder au nombre;*" "quoique les Anglais fussent *dix* fois supérieurs en nombre, le Gén. Girard conserva tout son sang froid."!! Meanwhile, no Spaniards having been there, Señor Madoz (iii. 32) omits the astounding surprise and *sauve qui peut* altogether.

Arroyomolinos may be avoided by taking a bad but shorter road to the l., which leads up to *Montanches* (Mons Anguis). *Posada de la Plaza de San Fernando;* pop. 5500. The place itself, hidden in a saucer of hills, nestles under a castle which was the prison of Rodrigo Calderon, the ill-fated minion and protégé of Lerma, minister to Philip III. This place is renowned in the bacon district; the pork is superlative. It was on this *Mons Anguis* that the Duque de Arcos fed "ces petits jambons vermeils," which the Duc de St. Simon ate and admired so much; "ces jambons ont un parfum si admirable, un goût si relevé et si vivifiant qu'on en est surpris: il est impossible de rien manger si exquis" (Mem. xx. 30). His grace used to shut up the pigs in places abounding in vipers, on which they fattened.

Naturalists have remarked that the rattlesnakes in America retire before their consuming enemy the pig, who is thus the *gastador* or pioneer of the new world's civilization, just as Pizarro, who was suckled by a sow, and tended swine in his youth, was its conqueror. Be that as it may, Montanches is illustrious in pork, in which the *Estremeños* go the whole hog. Pigs are everywhere, and everything. We strongly recommend *Juan Valiente* to the lover of delicious hams; each *jamon* averages about 12 lb.; they are sold at the rate of 7½ *reales* for the *libra carnicera*, which weighs 32 of our ounces. The duties in England are now very trifling. The fat, when they are properly boiled, looks like melted topazes, and the flavour defies language, although we have dined on one this very day, in order to secure accuracy and inspiration. The flesh of pork, a test of orthodoxy, as being eschewed by Jew and Moslem, enters largely into the national metaphors and stewpots. The Montanches hams are superb; it would perplex a gastronomic Paris to which to adjudge the prize, whether to the *jamon dulce* of the Alpujarras, the *tocino* of Galicia, the *chorizos* of Vique, or to the transcendental hams of this locality. The nomad habits of Spaniards require a provision which is portable and lasting; hence the large consumption of dried and salted foods, *bacalao*, *cecina*, &c.; while their backward agriculture, which has neither artificial grasses nor turnips, deprives them of fresh meats and vegetables during many months: so rice and *garbanzos* supply green herbs, and appropriately accompany salted fish and bacon. But as this is not a Hambook, lovers of Bacon must turn for details to our "Gatherings," ch. xi. N.B. The so-called Montanches hams sold in London are for the most part positive libels on the *sin par* originals.

Montanches is a central and almost equi-distant point between Merida, Medellin, Trujillo, and Caceres, halfway to which is Torremocha, and there is a project of opening a new road to Madrid and Badajoz, which is to join the *camino real* at *Trujillo*.

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Caceres—Castra Cæcilia, Cæsaris—is the capital of its swinish district. *Posadas: de los Caballeros; La Nueva; la de Gennaro Iorato.* Pop. 12,000. It is the residence of provincial *hidalgos y hacendados*, who fatten and get rich by the saving and selling their popular bacon. The climate, like the bacon, is delicious, and the environs very fertile in corn, fruit, and wine. The elevation keeps the tidy town cool, while the rivulets which flow from *el Marco* irrigate the gardens. *Caceres* is full of feudal architecture—of baronial massive houses, decorated with granite doorways and armorial bearings. Heraldry and hams, indeed, run riot here. The order of the *Vanda* is very prevalent. The upper town retains its ancient walls and tower; observe the two *algibes* and the *Arco de Estrella*, and the communication with the *Plaza*: the granite *templete* is by Churriguera, 1726. On the airy *Plaza*, shaded by acacias, is a mutilated Roman Ceres, and a Diana with a modern head. The lover of old houses will notice that of the *Veletas*, the Moorish Alcazar, that of the *Golfines*, with mosaics; one of the Counts *de la Torre*, and especially the mansion of the *Duque de Abrantes*; observe the windows.

For ecclesiologists there is a fine suppressed Jesuit convent, and a *Seminario*, founded in 1603. The Gothic *Parroquia* of *San Mateo*, built by Pedro de Ezquerra, has a striking tower, and a tomb of the Marques de Valdepuentes. Observe in the *Santa Maria* the *retablo* carved by Maestre Guillen, 1556, with her Assumption, Coronation, &c. Some of the sepulchres, the Figueroas, Paredes, &c., are remarkable. The church of Santiago, outside the walls, and once Musarabic, is buttressed up with Doric pillars. The *reja*, 1563, is fine, and the Paso of *Jesus Nazareno* much revered: but in times of public calamities an image of the Virgin is brought down from her hill convent, La Montana. The new bull-ring, built of granite, is of a first-rate class: meantime, antiquities are constantly turning up in the environs, especially in the *dehesa de los Arrogatos*, 3 L. off, and are as constantly reburied or destroyed.

It was near *Caceres*, according to his flattering eulogists, that Mons. Foy covered himself with glory by a superb *sauve qui peut.* Surprised by some Spaniards, March 14, 1810, he and his troops got over "six lieues d'Espagne en cinq heures: cette retraite fit le plus grand honneur au Gén. Foy" ('V. et C.,' xx. 11). "L'Europe," says the modest hero himself, "a vu la célérité de nos mouvemens de stratégie et de tactique, et elle a été saisie d'épouvante, car le secret de la guerre est dans les jambes" (i. 89). As to the glory of the local *jambons* none will here differ: *Don Quixote*, 'tis true, thinks (ii. 24), "Mas bien parece el soldado muerto en la batalla, que vivo y salvo en la huida."

Those who do not wish to go either to *Montanches* or *Caceres*, will turn off at 4½ L., before reaching *Alcuescar*, and proceed through oak woods to *Casas de Don Antonio*, a poor place. A 6 hours' ride next day, over a treeless, granite-strewed porcine plain, leads to *Arroyo del Puerco*, "Pig's Brook;" for here the unclean animal is the joy and wealth of rich and poor. *Posada de la Cacerana.* In the plain gothic parish church are 16 pictures painted by Morales; 12 are very large, and although chilled, dirty, and neglected, are at least pure. The altar divides them into two portions, which again are subdivided into two tiers, each tier containing four pictures, three large and one small. The subjects are "Christ in the Garden;" "Bearing the Cross;" the "Annunciation;" "Nativity;" "Christ in Limbo," very fine; "St. John," three-quarter length, and a "Saviour bound," both very fine; the "Descent," fine; the "Burial;" the "Christ and Joseph of Arimathæa" are grand; "Adoration of Kings;" "Circumcision" (of which there is a repetition in the Museo at Madrid, No. 110); "Ascension of Christ;" the "Pentecost;" "Saviour with the reed;" and "St. Jerome."

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A six hours' lonely ride, amid *dehesas* of wild oaks, leads to *Alcantara*, by *Brozas*, which stands with an old castle, and the *Torre de Belvis*, on a naked hill. In the house of the Conde de Canilleros was the sword of the redoubtable Garcia Paredes. 3 L. of a treeless, miserable country, with a stone wall, Oxfordshire look, now extends to *Alcantara*, Arabicè Al-Kantarah, the Bridge. It was the *Lancia* of the Vettones, the Norba Cæsarea of the Romans. Present pop. about 4000; *Posada Nueva de la Viuda*, near the bridge, bad: but there is a decent casa *de Pupilos*, kept by Don Cesto Peña, near the Plaza de Toros.

The town, with its crumbling old walls, towers, castle, and steep, dirty, tortuous streets, crowns an eminence over the Tagus. Although a frontier *Plaza*, it is altogether *hors de combat*, and in every respect the picture of decay, poverty, and ruin, gutted churches and roofless houses bear record of Gen. Lapisse, sent to his dread account at Talavera: he remained here only one night, in April, 1809, but that night was employed in plunder, and in the commission of every crime by which humanity can be disgraced and outraged."—Southey, chap. xx. Neither the living or dead escaped him, for the very tombs were rifled (Madoz, i. 408).

Alcantara formerly belonged to a military order of Benedictine monks, founded in 1156 by Sucro Rodriguez Barrientos, to defend the frontier; a principle borrowed from the Moorish *Rábitos*. The order, at first called *de San Julian de Pereyro*, like the Templars, soon became too rich and powerful; their wealth was coveted by the crown, as much as their influence was dreaded, so both were absorbed in 1495, by appointing the King the "Master." Their noble granite-built convent, *San Benito*, almost ruined by the invaders, was built in 1506 by Pedro de Larrea, and improved by Philip II. The church is lofty and grandiose, the slim pillars elegant. The decaying altar *colateral* contains some injured pictures of Morales, a fine "San Miguel," a "St. John," a "Pentecost," an "Apostle" reading, and a "Transfiguration"—doubtful. The granite cinque cento chapel, *de Piedra Buena* was erected by Pedro de Ibarra in 1550, for Francisco Bravo, Commendador de Piedra Buena. Observe his fine marble sepulchre. The pictures—if still here—have been shamefully treated. Many knights are buried in the church, *e. g.* Diego de Santillan, 1503; Nicolas de Ovando, 1511; also many others in the solemn cloister, now made into a stable! In a small temple is some injured sculpture, a "Resurrection," an "Adam and Eve." Notice the wooden tattered chest in which Pelayus floated down 250 miles from Toledo. For this legend consult *Morgado*, Seville, p. 22, and Southey, *Don Roderick*, Note 51. But the preservation of future legislators and rulers in arks is of older date, for thus, among other examples, Osiris was saved in Egypt, as Adonis was by Venus; so Ion was rescued by Creusa, and also in a "well-made" ark, according to Euripides. This exposure the Greeks called Κυφισμος, in a pipkin, or an "*olla*," which would have suited a Spaniard exactly. But they took legends ready made: thus the Pagans showed the box in which Cypelus (Κυφελος, a coffer) was similarly saved, and hung it up in the temple of Juno at Olympia (Paus. v. 17. 5). The legend of Pelayus, his exposition in a boat, and his preservation in order to found a dynasty, is neither more nor less than giving a new name to the older Spanish tale, as detailed by Justin (xliv. 4) in regard to Habis, and so in the authentic romance *Amadis de Gaula* the babe Esplandia is floated down the Thames in a case.

For the order and town of Alcantara consult '*Cronica de las Tres Ordenes*,' Rades y Andrada, fol. Toledo, 1572; '*Historia de las Ordenes Militares*,' Francisco Caro de Torres, fol. Mad. 1629. For the town and its saints,

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'*Antigüedades y Santos de Alcantara*,' Jacinto Arias Quintana de Dueñas, 4to. Mad. 1661; '*Origen de la Orden de Alcantara*,' Juan Calderon de Robles, fol. Mad. 1662; and by the same author, '*Privilegia Selectiora Militiæ San Juliana de Pereiro*,' J. C. de Robles, fol. Mad. 1662; '*Retrato Politico de Alcantara*,' Leandra Santibañez, 8vo. Mad. 1779; '*Cronica de la Orden de Alcantara*,' Alonso de Torres y Tapia, 2 vols. fol. Mad. 1763.

El Puente de Alcantara, "the bridge of the bridge," worth going 100 L. to see, stems the rock-walled lonely Tagus, striding across the wild gorge.

"Dove scorre il nobil Tago, e dove
L'aurato dorso Alcantara gli preme."

Filicaia and other poets have clothed the barren crags with imaginary flowers, and stranded the fierce bed with gold: but all this is a fiction, which avarice readily believes in regard of distant unvisited regions. The deep sullen river rolls through a desolate arid country; and here resembles a mountain-enclosed narrow lake; the bridge, the soul of the scene, looms like a huge skeleton, the work of men when there were giants on the earth, and who built with colossal stones commensurate in size with their conceptions: loneliness and magnitude are the emphatic features; tinted grey with the colouring of 17 centuries, during which it has resisted the action of the elements, and the worse injuries of man. The bridge consists of 6 arches, the 2 central the widest with a span of 110 ft.; its length is some 670 feet, and height 210. The usual depth of the river is about 37 feet, rising, however, in floods to 176, for the narrow pass is a funnel: the best point of view is from the other side, turning down the rocks to the l. Built for Trajan, A.D. 105, it is worthy of an emperor. The architect, Caius Julius Lacer, was buried near his work, but barbarians have demolished his tomb. At the entrance of the bridge a chapel yet remains with a dedication to Trajan and some verses: one couplet gives the name of the architect:

"Pontem perpetui mansurum in sæcula mundi,
Fecit divinâ nobilis arte Lacer."

The granite of which it is constructed is worked in *bossage*, pillowed, *almohadillado:* no cement was used. The centre arch has sunk: one arch, destroyed in 1213, remained repaired with woodwork until 1543, when Charles V. restored it, as an inscription given by Cean Ber. ('Sumo·' 398), records; the 2nd arch on the r. bank was blown up June 10, 1809, by Col. Mayne, who had been directed to do so if the enemy advanced. This order, when the danger was past, was unfortunately either not rescinded by Cuesta, or the bearer of the message was killed; for Mayne had not kept his instructions secret, whereupon Victor menaced the bridge, "with no other view than to cause its destruction" (Napier, viii. 3), a Vandalism of no use to him in a strategic point of view, solely done to throw the odium on the English. See the Duke's Dispatch to Cuesta, June 11, 1809. The bridge was again repaired with woodwork in 1812 by Col. Sturgeon, continued so until again destroyed during the civil war in 1836, and so remains to this day, however easily it might be made serviceable. Now it is approached by paths which puzzle even Spanish mules, and the indolent natives, ferried over in a lumbering boat, smoke and yawn under the very shadow of arches raised by a race of the past, with whom they have little in common.

Ciudad Rodrigo lies some 19 direct L. from *Alcantara*: they are very long—4 to 5 miles each—through *La Zarzia*, 3; *Perales*, 5; *Peña parda*, 4; *Fuente Guinaldo*, 2; *El Bodon*, 2; *Ciudad Rodrigo*, 2. The sole interest lies in the associations with our Great Duke.

There is a direct road to *Coria*, 7 L., by *Ceclavin* 3 L., *Pescuenza* 2 L., and thence 2 L. more: this longish ride is without interest, and is to be avoided. We made the following charming cir-

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cuit along the l. bank, over hill and dale, to *Garrovillas*, and thence descended to the river, which here pours through a more level country a tranquil deep blue stream, reflecting the azure sky, and not the dun tints of calcined rocks; pass over at *La Barca;* at this ferry, too, are the remains of a noble Roman bridge, *de Alconetar*, or *del Mandible*, for the high road from Merida to Salamanca crossed the Tagus here: all is now a ruin, save 5 arches on the r. bank: the masonry resembles that of Alcantara: to the r. the rivulet Monte enters the Tagus: a shaft of a *Roman* bridge and a military stone remain: above is a ruined castle. This, indeed, is a lovely spot and scene, made for poet and artist, and especially avoided by Spaniards:

Yet have I loved thy wild abode,
Unknown, untrodden silent shore,
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar.

For man's neglect I love thee more;
Nor art nor avarice intrude
To tame thy torrent's thunder stroke,
Or prune the vintage of the rock,
Magnificently rude.

A stony *Rambla* now leads up to *Cañaveral*, a poor village, where we slept; hence to *Coria* the hills throughout the ride command glorious views, especially after passing the convent *San Pedro de Alcantara* and the cork-woods. *Coria* rises sweetly over the Alagon, crossed also by a ferry, for the bridge with 5 arches stands high and dry in the meadow; the river has changed its course, or *ha salido de madre*, and deserted its mother, which never seems to "know that it is out" nor care; the Corians, on their part, take no steps to get it in again, but trust to the proverbial habit of unfaithful rivers returning to their old beds like repentant husbands: *Despues de años mil, vuelve el rio á su cubil.* Many Spanish rivers want bridges, while occasionally bridges want rivers: but Spain is the land of the anomalous and of contrasts, and these *Pontes asinorum*, —superfluous luxuries—are plentiful as blackberries (see Olloniego, Dueñas, Zaragoza, &c.); yet the poor Corians alone are called *Los Bobos*, bridge boobies: Bovo is an Arabic word for fool. Some who love Greek derivations connect *Coria* with *καυρος*, *quasi καπος*, which also is hardly a compliment.

Coria, Caurium, *Posada Nueva del Tio Joaquin, calle de las Monjas*, a dull decayed town of some 2500 souls, is the see of a bishop, suffragan to Santiago. The walls are said to be among the few which escaped the order of Witiza, by which the cities of Spain were dismantled: constructed of simple solid granite, without cement, and averaging 30 feet high by 19 thick, they are defended by towers placed at intervals, and disfigured by paltry houses built up against them. Here the walls are considered Roman, in Italy they would be called Pelasgian. Walk on them on the *Paredon* for the view, and also on the pretty Alameda near San Francisco. Observe the modern aqueduct and the huge Castilian *Torre de San Francisco*, with corner bartizan turrets and machicolations, constructed out of ancient materials. The old city gates have been modernised; in that of *La Guia* is some mutilated sculpture. The cathedral is Gothic, built of granite, with buttresses and a pepperbox steeple; the principal entrance is ornamented with elaborate cinquecento plateresque work: the cardinals' heads, in the open gallery to the r., are finely designed. The interior, without aisles, resembles a large college hall. The *silleria del coro* is very old and curious, of the rude but bold carving of 1489. The *retablo* is all gilding and churrigueresmo. Observe the highly enriched sepulchre of Catalina Diaz, obt. 1487, and wife of the architect, Martin Caballero, obt. 1495, and the kneeling figure of Bishop Garcia de Galarza in his magnificent tomb, on the Gospel side of the high altar; and near it another kneeling effigy of another prelate, Pedro Ximenez de Prexamo, obt. 1495. The Alva family have a palace here, and portions of an ancient synagogue remain.

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Coria, in 1812, was the winter-quarters of Lord Hill, whose kindness, coupled with valour, strict discipline, and punishment of plunderers, won golden opinions, when contrasted with the misconduct of the invader. The whole country to Plasencia was ravaged by Soult; for the dreadful details see Toreno ix. and Durosoir 231; *Coria* was sacked August 15, 1809, "the heavens blushing by night at their fires, while columns of smoke by day marked their progress." The bishop of Coria, aged 85, was sick in bed at Hoyos, where, Aug. 29, a detachment of French were hospitably received by him, and the officers entertained by his clergy at table. This they repaid by murdering six of their hosts and a servant; and to conclude, after plundering the house, they tore the sick prelate from his bed and shot him (Schep. ii. 432).

Quitting *Coria*, the first 4 L. to *Plasencia* run on the r. bank of the Alagon, through desolate *encinares* to the ferry at *Galisteo:* and in case (as it was with us) the boatmen happen to be absent, you may ford the stream just below the town to the r., probatum est. Ruined *Galisteo*, rising with its castle and long lines of battlemented walls, which conceal the town, looks imposing. Pop. 1200. The palace, belonging to the Arcos family, contains a superb *patio* with open galleries and granite columns, a fine staircase, and medallions of the time of Charles V.; all is sadly abandoned. Observe also outside the walls a fantastic Dominican convent with two brick towers and a handsome portal, founded in 1545 by a Count Osorio, by whom also was built the fine bridge which crosses the Yerte, a tributary of the Alagon; 3 L. over bleak undulating hills lead to sweet Plasencia. Whatever Spaniards may say it is not worth while to make a détour to *Malpartida* to see the Corinthian Parroquia, designed in 1551 by Pedro de Ezquerra; they vastly admire the cornice and candelabra, the granite statues of St. Peter and Paul: the interior was completed in 1603. The sculpture of the chief *retablo* is by Agustin Castaño, 1622. The fine materials of this church came from the quarry near the town *de Los cinco Hermanos*. A *long* league leads to Plasencia, placed on the last knoll which descends from a snow-clad sierra.

PLASENCIA. *Inns — Posada de las tres Puertas—Parador Nuevo.* In the *Calle del Sol* also, Doña Francisca Arenal has a tidy little house. This town is girdled by the sweet clear Xerte, while the two valleys separated by the snow-capped Sierras de Bejar and de la Vera are bosoms of beauty and plenty: that to the N.W. is called *el Valle*, that opposite is justly named *la Vera*, ver ibi purpureum et perpetuum. The picturesque town is defended by crumbling walls, 68 semicircular towers, with a ruined Alcazar to the N. and a long connecting line of aqueduct. Plasencia, seen from outside, is indeed most *pleasing* on all directions: here river, rock, and mountain,—city, castle, and aqueduct, under a heaven of purest ultra-marine, combine to enchant the artist; the best points of view are from the granite-strewed hill, opposite the *Puerta del Postigo*. The valley to the S.W. is charming, and the bridges artistical. The families of Monroy, and especially that of Carvajal, have done much for this city. Consult '*Historia y Anales de Plasencia*,' Alonso Fernandez, folio, Mad. 1627.

Here, it is said, stood the Roman Ambracia, and on *Ambroz*, its deserted site, Alonso VIII., in 1190, founded the present city, which he called, in the nomenclature of that devout age, "*Ut Deo placet;*"—the *Een-shallah*, the "*Si Dios quiere*," the "If the Lord so will." Made a bishopric, suffragan to Santiago, it rose to be a flourishing town. Now decayed, it scarcely contains 6000 souls, having never recovered the fatal August, 1809, when Cuesta, neglecting the Duke's repeated request, omitted to secure the passes of Baños and Perales, and thus let Soult come down on Talavera, neu-

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tralize that hard-fought victory, and plunder Plasencia as he passed through. The ornate Gothic cathedral, begun in 1498, is unfinished in some portions, and has been altered and disfigured in others. The S. entrance is granite built and noble. Observe the windows, the open-worked railing and platere sque façade and candelabra: the Berruguete *Puerta del Enlosado*, to the N., is grand and serious, with Julio Romano-like medallions and arms of Charles V. and of the Carvajals. The *Capilla Mayor*, commenced by Juan de Alava, was completed by Diego de Siloe and Alonso de Covarubbias. The *silleria del coro*, carved in 1520 by Rodrigo Aleman, is most elaborate, although somewhat *tedesque*; in it sacred, profane, serious, ridiculous, bachanal, and amatory subjects are incongruously jumbled together. Observe the two stalls near the *Coro alto*, and the Gothic spire: Aleman also carved the throne of the bishop, and the confessional of the *Penitenciario*. The retablo of the high altar, with the Assumption of the Virgin, and statues, are by Gregorio Hernandez, 1626. The chief subject is the Assumption of the Virgin, to which assumption this cathedral is dedicated; the gaudy colours and gilding, and frittered drapery, are unpleasing, but it forms a grand whole. Some of the cherubs are quite Murillesque. The *reja*, in which the Assumption figures again, is a masterpiece of Juan Bautista Celma, 1604. The fine arts seem to have been ill-fated in this cathedral, for the pictures of Francisco Rici, given by the Bishop Lozano for the high *altar mayor*, have been retouched, the Marriage of St. Catherine, by Rubens, stolen, and the Nativity, by Velazquez, burnt with the chapter-house in April, 1832. Observe among the fine sepulchres that of the kneeling prelate Pedro Ponce de Leon, obiit 1753, wrought in the Berruguete style. The portal to the *Sacristia* is in rich platere sque; here is treasured up an image of the Virgin, which is only exhibited on the 15th of August, or on very great public calamities; a noble staircase leads to the roof; ascend it for the panoramic view.

The bishop Pedro de Carvajal lies in the *San Nicolas;* observe his kneeling effigy: this powerful Plasencian family rose high in the church, under the Valencian Borgia popes: one member, a cardinal, lies buried in Santa Croce at Rome. In the *Monjas de San Ildefonso* is the noble tomb of Cristobal de Villalba; the effigy is armed and kneeling. In *San Vicente* is another armed one, now cruelly mutilated, of Martin Nieto, 1597, and was one of the finest things in Estremadura; attached to this Dominican convent is *la Casa de las Bovedas*, built for the Marques de Mirabel in 1550. Observe the patio and pillars, and the saloons painted in fresco with the wars of Charles V. In the cloistered terrace, *el Pensil*, were arranged some antiquities found at Capara and elsewhere, and among them a colossal foot. The gardens are pretty. The superb armoury disappeared with the French. Just outside the gate towards the bridge is an elegant cross with light spiral support, and in the *S. Juan Bautista*, near the river, the recumbent statue of the founder, *Almaraz*.

From Plasencia there is a wild but picturesque ride to *Avila*, 26 L. by the *Puerto de Tornavacas*. The angler and artist may at least make an excursion to the *Puerto*, 8 L., by the charming valley of the Xerte, which winds up amid fruit and verdure, walled in on each side by the snow-capped *Sierras de Bejar* and *Vera;* he might put up at *Cabezuela*, distant 6 L.

ROUTE 60.—PLASENCIA TO TRUJILLO.

Those who wish to know what a *despoblado* and *dehesa* mean, may ride this rough route, 14 L., it is characterised by the smell of aromatic herbs, the silence of solitude, and the undisturbed happy existence of the ferænaturæ. The *Puerto de la Serrana*, whence robbers are said to spy the traveller, is distant 3 L.; hence to *San Carlos*, 2 L., near which

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the Tietar enters the Tagus; the latter is crossed by a noble bridge built by the Cardinal Juan de Carvajal, and hence called *Puente del Cardenal*. The castle now seen about 2 m. below, is that of *Monfragüe*, Monsfagorum; hence to *Torrejon el Rubio*, where a former palace is now degraded into a poor posada; the Vid is next crossed by a good bridge into a country given up to game and rabbits; then again crossing the Monte and Magasca by stone bridges, all the work of the cardinal, we reach *Aldea del Obispo*, and the oak woods in which Pizarro fed his pigs. Crossing the Tojos by another bridge, *Trujillo* terminates this wild ride.

Plasencia to Madrid.

This ride, 41 L. altogether, is very wild and picturesque to *Avila*, 26 L.; from whence the *Escorial* may be visited. First night sleep at *Tornavacas*, 8 L.—*Posada de Coluras*—a picturesque village halfway up the *Puerto;* second night sleep at *Piedrahita*, riding through *Caberuela*, 6 L., *Posada de Calisto*. N.B. eat the *tortuga* melons. Crossing the Xerte enter *Piedrahita*, *Posada de la Tia Polomi*; look at the once superb granite palace of the great Duke of Alba, ruined by the French: third night *Avila*, 10 L. The alpine road continues through *El Barco*, 4 L., a walled village on the *Tormes*, engulphed in the sierras, with a fine castle with machicolated towers: hence through *Villatoro* to *Avila*, 6 L. See index.

Route 61.—Plasencia to Yuste and Talavera de la Reina.

Those who are fond of fishing, shooting, sketching, geologizing, and botanizing, may ride to *Yuste*, 8 L., and thence taking a local guide over the *dehesas*, either to *Miravete* to the r. or to *Talavera* to the l.; but whether going to Madrid or on to Salamanca, let none when at *Plasencia* fail making the excursion to this convent, to which Charles V. retired, an old man wearied with the cares of state. It lies on the S.W. slope of the *Sierra de Vera*, about an 8 hours' pleasant ride from Plasencia. The charms of this happy Rasselas valley are described in '*Amenidades de la Vera*,' Gab. Acedo, 8vo. Mad. 1667.

Pilgrims intending to sleep at the sequestrated convent had better write beforehand to prepare the lessee, a worthy farmer, who can provide bed and board; direct to *Señor Don Patricio Bueno, Arrendador del Monasterio de San Geronimo de Yuste, Cuacos;* this post town is a poor village, where there is a decent Venta kept by a widow. The sportsman will find near Yuste deer, wild boar, roebuck, *Cabras montaneses*, and may-be wolves.

On leaving Plasencia cross the Xerte and ascend the steep hill *Calzones*, thence through olives and vineyards to the *Vera*, a sweet valley of some 9 L. in extent; after 4 L. of *dehesas y matos* the road ascends to the l. to quaint red-tiled *Pasaron*, a picturesque old town of Prout-like houses, with toppling balconies hanging over a brawling brook. Observe a turreted palace of the Arcos family. The road next clambers up a steep hill, amid oaks and fruit trees. As we rode on our cheerful companions were groups of sunburnt daughters of labour, whose only dower was health and cheerfulness, who were carrying on their heads in baskets the frugal dinner of the vine-dressers. Springy and elastic was their sandaled step, unfettered by shoe or stocking, and light-hearted their laugh and song, the chorus of the sheer gaiety of youth full of health and void of care. These pretty creatures, although they did not know it, were performing an opera ballet in action and costume: how gay their short *sayas* of serges red, green, and yellow; how primitive the cross on their bosoms, how graceful the *pañuelo* on their heads: thus they tript wantonly away under the long-leaved chesnuts. Soon the beautiful *Vera* expands, with the yellow line of the Badajoz road running across the cistus-clad distance to *Miravete;* then

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the Jeronomite convent appears to the l. nestling in woods about half-way up the mountain, which shelters it from the wind. Below is the farm *Magdalena*, where in the worst case the night may be passed; thence ascend to the monastery, keeping close to a long wall. This Spanish Spalatro, to which the gout-worn empire-sick Charles retired, to barter crowns for rosaries away, was founded in 1404, on the site where a covey of fourteen Gothic bishops had been killed at one swoop by the Moors, and took its name from the streamlet, the *Yuste*, which trickles behind it. Charles, May 24, 1554, sent his son Philip, (when on his way to England to marry our Mary) to inspect this place, which he had years before selected as a nest for his old age: he himself had planned, while in Flanders, the additional buildings, erected by Antonio de Villa Castin; these lie to the warm S.W. of the chapel; but on the 9th of August, 1809, 200 of Soult's foragers clambered up, pillaged and burnt the convent, leaving it a blackened roofless ruin. The precious archives were then consumed, all except one volume of the conventual title-deeds and documents, written out in 1620 by Fray Luis de Santa Maria. The prior was consulting these about some rights disputed by the *Cuacos* peasants, and, seeing the enemy, threw the tome into some bushes, and so it escaped for a time, and was lent us to read; now it no doubt is lost. Here we met also Fray Alonso Cavallero, an aged monk, who took the cowl Oct. 17, 1778, and remembered Ponz and his visit. For the foundation consult Sigüenza's History of the Order of St. Jerome, ii. 1, 29; and 1, 36, for a minute account of Charles when here; see also the History of Plasencia, by Fernandez, i. 25.

The convent is entered by the most patriarchal walnut-tree under which Charles used to sit, and which even then was called *el nogal grande*. Passing to the *Botica*, the few vases which escaped Soult's hordes were carried off in 1820 by one Morales, a liberal apothecary, for his own shop in *Garandilla*, for the solid granite-built chapel, from its thick walls, which resisted the fire of the invaders, only saved the imperial quarter to be finally gutted by the constitutionalists: a door to the r. of the altar opened to Charles's room, whence he came out to attend divine service: his bedroom, where he died, has a window through which, when ill, he could see the elevation of the Host. Here hung the *Gloria* of Titian, which he directed in his will to be placed wherever his body rested, and accordingly the painting was moved with it to the Escorial. Philip II. sent a copy of it to Yuste, which was in 1823 carried off to *Texada*, near *Navalmoral*, by the patriots, and when the monks returned they were too poor even to pay for bringing it back. The *Coro Alto* was carved in a quaint tedesque style by Rodrigo Aleman: in a vault below the high altar remains the rude chest in which the Emperor's body was kept sixteen years, until removed in 1574.

Charles built four principal rooms, each, as usual, with large fire-places, for he was a chilly Fleming. From the projecting alcoves the views are delicious. At the W. end is a pillared gallery, *la Plaza del Palacio*, overhanging a private garden, and connected with a raised archway, *el Puente*, by which the Emperor went down: below remains the sun-dial, erected for him by Juanuelo Turriano, and the stone step by which he mounted his horse, and an inscription records the spot where he was seated, Aug. 31, 1558, when he felt the first approach of death. Charles arrived here Wednesday, Feb. 3, 1557 at one in the afternoon, and here he died Sept. 21 the next year, of premature old age, dropping like the ripe fruit from the shaken tree. Philip II. revisited the convent in 1570, and remained two days, but declined, from respect, sleeping in the room where his father died. "Guardando el respeto al aposento en que murió su padre, no queriendo dormir sino en el retrete, del mismo apo-

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sento, y tan estrecho que apenas cabe una cama pequeña." So we read the record in the old book; Δεινα γαρ κοιται, και απειχουμενοις λειποις. Philip did little for the monks, and when they begged of him, replied, "You never could have had my father here a year without feathering your nest."

The larger pleasure-grounds lay on the other side; nature has now resumed her sway, yet many a flower shows that once a garden smiled, and still an untrimmed myrtle and box edge leads to *El cenador de Belem* (Bethlehem): this exquisite gem of a cinquecento summer-house remained perfect until destroyed by Soult's vandals, as they did that other old soldier's nest, Abadia. Charles lived here half like a monk and half like a retired country gentleman. He was plagued by the ill-conditioned villagers of *Cuacos* (Κακοι), who poached his trout in the *Garganta la olla*, drove away his milk-cows, and threw stones at his son, the future hero of Lepanto, for climbing up their cherry-trees. His was no morbid unsocial misanthropy or dotage, but a true weariness of the world with which he had done, and a wish to be at rest. This monastic turn, and a longing to finish a stormy soldier-life in the repose of the cloister—a wish entirely congenial to Spanish character and precedent—was one long before entertained by himself. Spanish soldiers, when life is on the wane, yearn to recolour it as it were, by pious heroism, and seek to find an altar whereon to make expiation, grasping at the hem of the Church's garment, as drowning men do at straws. See on this subject, *Monserrat*, p. 422. The Emperor did not, however, renounce all fleshly comforts. He brought with him his old servants, cooks especially (for our Cæsar was an epicure), who knew his wants and ways, and whose faces he knew: he had his ride, experiments, and his prayers. He had friends to whom he could make known sorrows, and thus divide them, or communicate his joys and double them; he had the play and prattle of his little boy. Phlegmatic and melancholy indeed he was by constitution, and from the inherited taint of his mother; he was also broken in health by gout and dyspepsia.

The true history of the much misrepresented retirement of Charles V. has at last been fully made known. Those curious to see the many errors of the careless Robertson, may turn to our notices of the "Cloister Life" in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 183. Long before, in 1845, it was stated in our Handbook that an accurate account of this interesting finale to the imperial career had been prepared from the original documents still existing in the archives of Simancas, by the Canon Thomas Gonzalez, their keeper. At his death this unpublished MS. was purchased of his nephew by M. Mignet, for the Archives of the French Foreign Office, of which he then had the management. On Mr. Stirling's application to see this MS. in 1850, all the purchase having appeared in print, M. Mignet just told him, that "he did not know where it was;" and when he applied again in 1851, was rudely treated by the then Archiviste, M. Cintrat: armed, however, with an order from Louis Napoleon, which would take no denial, the unwilling officials at last produced the MS. for his examination. But before that, some papers in '*Frazer's Magazine*' were put forth by Mr. Stirling as a pilot balloon to his racy and exhaustive '*Cloister Life*,' published in October 1852. This work, having run to a third edition, led to the lively 'Charles Quint,' &c., by Amadée Pichot, an 8vo. published at Paris, Feb. 7, 1854. That same month the original documents were printed at Bruxelles in their own language with an excellent preface, a signal service done to history by the accurate Gachard; and then, to conclude these curiosities of literature, the aforesaid Mons. Mignet, last if not least in the field, came forth in June with his 'Charles Quint,' &c., 8vo. Paris, 1854: this dry performance—peream male qui ante nos nostra dixerint

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—just contained one allusion only to the existence of the "*charmant volume*" of Mr. Stirling, which had taken the book and bread out of his mouth.

The convent of Yuste, after the death of Charles, soon became forgotten. Few travellers cared to visit a retreat far removed from the beaten path. Lord John Russell, we believe, was one of the few pilgrims who preceded our humble selves and Handbook. Nous avons changé tout cela; and now, when the long vacation begins, the solitude of the silent cell ceases, and Yuste has become a lion to be "done" by our nomade countrymen.

The ruin of this convent, commenced by Soult's hordes, was completed by the Church reformers *of Cuacos*, who, July 4, 1821, came, stole everything left by the invaders, kept horses in the church, and made the Emperor's room a place for silk-worms. The monastic sequestrations of 1835 have for a third and last time destroyed what the monks had partially restored, and chaos is come again.

Never, therefore, again will it be the lot of traveller to be welcomed, like ourselves, by the real and fit masters, the cowled friars, to whom news and a stranger from the real living world was a godsend. The day was passed in sketching and sauntering about the ruined buildings and gardens, with the goodnatured garrulous brotherhood: at nightfall supper was laid for the monks at a long board, but the *prior* and *procurador* had a small table set apart in an alcove, where "bidden to a spare but cheerful meal, I sat an honoured guest;" as the windows were thrown open, to admit the cool thyme-scented breeze, the eye in the clear evening swept over the boundless valley, the nightingales sang sweetly in the neglected orange-garden, and the bright stars, reflected in the ink-black tank below, twinkled like diamonds: how often had Charles looked out on a stilly eve on this self-same unchanged scene where he alone was now wanting! When supper was done, I shook hands all round with my kind hosts, and went to bed, in the very chamber where the Emperor slept his last sleep. All was soon silent, and the spirit of the mighty dead ruled again in his last home; but no Charles disturbed the deep slumber of a weary insignificant stranger; long ere daybreak next morning I was awakened by a pale monk, and summoned to the early mass, which the prior in his forethought had ordered. The chapel was imperfectly lighted: the small congregation consisted of the monk, my sunburnt muleteer, and a stray beggar, who, like myself, had been sheltered in the convent. When the service was concluded, all bowed a farewell to the altar on which the dying glance of Charles had been fixed, and departed in peace; the morning was grey and the mountain air keen, nor was it until the sun had risen high that its cheerful beams dispelled the cowl and relaid the ghost of Charles in the dim pages of history.

ROUTE 62.—PLASENCIA TO SALAMANCA.

Villar	3		
Aldea Nueva	3	..	6
Baños	2	..	8
Bejar	3	..	11
Pedro mingo	2	..	13
Fuente Roble	2	..	15
Monte Rubio	4	..	19
Salamanca	4	..	23

This, the direct route, is by no means recommended: at *Aldea Nueva* the Roman road from Merida is crossed; remains of its pavement and abandoned bridges everywhere may be traced. *Baños* is so called from its hot sulphur baths, which have recently been well arranged, and are much frequented. This town, pop. 1500, is beautifully situated, with its pretty walks and river Ambros; the fine belfry of the Santa Maria deviates from the perpendicular; the wines are excellent; about 1 L. up is the *Puerto* or pass in the Sierra, the backbone which divides Estremadura from Old Castile: here Sir Robert Wilson, with a few undisciplined Portuguese, made a bold stand against the French coming down from

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Gallicia and Oporto, while the Spanish troops abandoned the position without firing a shot. Thus Soult was enabled to reach the rear of the English at Talavera, which he never could have done had Cuesta attended to the Duke's urgent request to garrison these impregnable passes. The obstinate procrastinator only sent some troops the very day the French arrived at *Bejar;* but *mañana* is the curse of Iberia, and the Socorros de España, tarde o nunca, "late or never," never were a particular blessing. This Bejar is another of the steep fresh picturesque towns of this wooded Sierra. Pop. about 5000. The river *Cuerpo del Hombre* fertilizes the environs. The *alcazar* of the Duque is a striking feudal object, with a classical *patio*, fountain, and fine views. It was gutted by Soult's troops, when the pictures and fine armoury disappeared. Near *Bejar*, Feb. 20, 1813, M. Foy received a complete beating from Lord Hill. At *Calzada*, 4 L. from Salamanca, the Roman road is again crossed, and the vestiges deserve notice. Another route to Salamanca passes through Ciudad Rodrigo.

ROUTE 63.—PLASENCIA TO CIUDAD RODRIGO.

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Herguijuela	5	.. 14
Batuecas	1	.. 15
Alberca	3	.. 18
Mailo	5	.. 23
Tenebron		
Ciudad Rodrigo	3	.. 26

A visit to the convent of *Batuecas* is *very strongly recommended* to the artist; the localities are most picturesque: it will be well to write some time beforehand to Señor Don Manuel Becerro, *Arrendador del Convento de las Batuecas, Alberca, Provincia de Ciudad Rodrigo;* meantime provision for man and beast is always to be had from *Alberca*, nor is there any want of game and delicious trout. This circuitous route is sprinkled with Roman antiquities, although seldom visited: attend to the provend, as the accommodation is very alpine, and, without fail, take a local guide. The leagues to *Alberca* are given approximately, as they are very long, and the country intricate. You can sleep the first night at *Granadilla*, 5 L.; the second at the convent of *Batuecas*, 8 L.; passing through *Pesga*, 2 L., and *Las Mestas*.

We took the following route. On leaving Plasencia ascend to the *Nuestra Señora del Puerto*, whence the view is superb, and thence to *Oliva*, 2 L. In the courtyard of the Count's house are some Roman miliary stones. The costume of the peasants now changes: the males wear leather jerkins, open at the arms; the females short serge petticoats of greens, reds, and yellows, with handkerchiefs on their heads. About 1 L. on is *Capara*, the site of the ancient Ambracia, now a solitary farm. To the l. near it is a Roman bridge of 4 arches, quite uninjured. Masses of granite ruins lie to the l., and in a lonely road entangled with creepers is a noble Roman granite gateway, or arch; the sentiment inspired by this relic of past pomp, pride, and power, as it stands here alone in its glory uncared for and unobserved, is sad and solemn; each of the four sides has an open entrance, about twelve feet wide; the dome is falling in from decay. On each front which faces the road are two pillars without capitals, and between them and the pilasters of the arch are remains of pedestals on which statues once stood. The upper portion has been stripped of its facings. Now the route continues alongside of the Roman road to Salamanca. The solid convex paving and raised footpath are in excellent preservation, save that wild oaks grow out, a proof of long absence of traffic. The muleteers creep along by a broken mud track by the side, ashamed to tread on the mighty causeway. The whole line has been traced by Velazquez and others. (See Laborde, fol. edition, xi. 131.)

Abadia is a wretched hamlet, prettily situated on the Ambroz at the head of the valley under the Sierra de Be-

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jar: here is a square-built palace of the Duque de Alba, once an "*abbey*" of the Templars; some massy walls, battlements, and horseshoe arches may be traced in the more modern work. The alterations were made by the "Great Alva," "*The* Duke" of Spain (Don Quixote, ii. 25), who is held by foreigners to be a bloody perfidious bigot, and by Spaniards to be a model soldier of his king and the true faith; for the Moorish spirit of the Spaniard of that age was implicit devotion to the Kalif, and propagandism of creed by fire and sword: "God's enemies" were to be exterminated, by all means fair or foul, for Rome never held out any toleration, mercy, or good faith towards heretics. Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, born in 1508, was sent into the Low Countries by Philip II. the champion of the Papacy; there his viceroy became president of a *junta* of blood and *venganza*, under which some 18,000 persons were butchered. In 1573, when the Protestants cast off the iron yoke of Spain, Alva was recalled and disgraced. To be fairly judged, the spirit of his country and age must be taken into account; certainly he had that love of poetry and nature which indicating some tenderness, shines like a vein of silver in the rough granite; his tutor was Boscan, the Petrarch of Spain, and friend of Garcilazo de Vega. To *Abadia*, this loop-hole of a retreat, the old soldier, more weary of a king and country's ingratitude than of war's alarms, withdrew as Xenophon did to Scyllus, and like him passed his time in study, combining the healthy sports of the field with the recreations of social hospitality (Diog. Laert. ii. 52). So the great Condé reposed under his laurels at Chantilly, in the society of Boileau and Racine. The gardens of *Abadia* were Alva's joy and delight; he decorated them with fountains and terraces, with statues and marbles wrought at Florence in 1555 by Francisco Camilani; but the troops of Soult ravaged the parterres, breaking down balustrades and ornaments, and mutilating the Italian sculpture; some few fragments have since been collected together, among them a head of Trajan. The enclosed gardens were divided into two portions, an upper and lower: an inclined plain leads to a myrtle-overgrown spot where Alva loved to sit. The fountain, once supported by marble statues, is now dry, the ground is strewed with broken sculpture, which glistens, bleaching amid the thorns and thistles, legacies of the Gaul. Near a ruined pavilion a cypress—sole constant mourner of the dead—rises sadly out of the corn, for now the garden is ploughed up by the resident steward.

The Venta at *Abadia* is wretched; it will be better to apply for a bed at the palace. The next day is a very long ride. Start before sunrise and ascend to *Lagunilla* 2 L., and then through a wood of gigantic chesnuts to *Val de Nieve;* a streamlet which divides Leon from Estremadura, is crossed and recrossed until it joins the Alagon; ascending again ride on in 2 hours to *Herguijuela*—observe the *cenereros* or singular cloth mantillas and silver clasps of the women—next either pass to *Soto Serrano*, or avoid it by cutting off to the l. to *las Mestas* 2 L., a sickly miserable place, hanging with its cypresses over a sweet trout-stream. The fishing in this district is excellent, especially in the Rio Batuecas, the Cabezudo, and Cuerpo del Hombre, tributaries of the Alagon.

The road now continues for an hour and half, up and down purple Scotch-like hills, covered with heath and aromatic shrubs: the district on the r. bank of the Alagon is called the *Hoya* or *Tierra de las Hurdes* or *Jurdes*, a name derived by some from *Gurdus*, an old Iberian word, which, according to the Spaniard Quinctilian ('Inst. Or.' i. 5), signified doltish, stupid. The word, preserved in the Basque, means a pig; such may be the origin of *gordo*, engourdi, fat and heavy. The savage misery of this district, a disgrace to civilization, is strongly denounced by Madoz, ix. 362.

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The wild road soon turns to the r., and ascends the course of the *Rio Batuecas* into a most alpine gorge; soon the monastery is seen to the l. nestled below in a sheltered nook, with its white belfry, and rising amid chesnuts and cypresses. It was for a long time a refuge to travellers, a light of religion and civilization in this benighted district. The valley and the whole of *Las Jurdes* were believed, even by the wise men of Salamanca, although only 14 L. off, to be haunted by demons and inhabited by pagans. In 1599, Garzia Galarza, Bishop of Coria, in granting leave to found a convent, rejoiced that Satan and his legion, would be then expelled by the discalceate Carmelites. These idle tales about the Batuecas were credited by Monsieur Montesquieu, who gave deep offence to Spaniards by his statement, "Il y a dans leurs montagnes des nations qui leur sont inconnues;" much of this was quoted by Moreri, and worked into an embroidered novel by Madame de Genlis; the offended Spaniards published grave refutations; see on this valley '*Verdadera relacion de las Batuecas*,' Manuel de Gonzalez, 4to. Mad. 1693; Ponz, vii. 201; Padre Feijoo, '*Teatro Critico*,' iv. 241. In sober truth the Carmelite monks did their best to civilize the locality: they prepared a school for the peasants, and a lodging for all wayfarers. Their establishment in fact was a little town; a lofty wall, about a league in circumference, enclosed gardens and groves; the eminences were studded with hermitages, among which a cell in a cork tree, *el alconorque*, with the motto *Morituro satis*, was always pointed out. Another tree, a noble cypress, called from its stem *el baston*, is indeed a specimen. These and the wonders of alpine and ascetic nature were duly in our time lionised by the good fathers. To this valley of Rasselas far removed from everything connected with the world, state prisoners were sometimes sent and forgotten: and lonely indeed is this mountain nook; far away from the world's cities, with which it has nothing in common. Here nature, silent amidst her grandest forms, suggests retirement and repose, which seem associated with the localities, præsentiorem aspicimus Deum!

The name *Batuecas*, by those who see Greek in everything, has been derived from Βαθυς, because the valley lies *deep* in a funnel of hills; so do many other Spanish dells, without being called Batuecas; and it would be equally reasonable etymologically to derive our town *Deal* from δηλος, because the sea is there open and clear, or *Leith* from ληθη, because the Scotch in it *forget* their own interests.

The valley, about 3 m. long by 2 wide, is girdled by mountains, of which *La Peña de Francia* is the loftiest and wildest; on this "high place" is a *Santuario*, or chapel of the Virgin, whose image and shrine is visited by thousands on the 8th of every September. It is called the rock of France, because May 19, 1434, a Frenchman named Simon Vela, after travelling all over the world, discovered the miraculous image. Mons. Simon was a Parisian, and took the name of Vela because the Virgin bade him *watch* and search for this particular image. Others say the *Peña* was called after some French auxiliaries who retired here with Don Roderick after the battle of Xerez; at all events these localities, long the asylum of rogues, were considered to be haunted. During the war of independence the villagers concealed Mons. Simon's image, which only reappeared after the English had driven his countrymen out of Spain. For its miracles consult '*Historia y Milagros*,' 4to. Salamanca, 1567, or '*Historia de la Thaumaturga Imagen*,' &c., Domingo Caballeros, Salamanca, 1728. This work contains a fac-simile of the hand-writing of the revered Simon, and describes, in the 2nd part, 548 miracles worked by this graven image.

Quitting the deserted convent a steep road to the r. leads, commanding a succession of alpine views and amid walnuts and chesnuts, over the *Reventon* to *Alberca*, 1 long L.,

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Posada Nueva. This is a dark, dingy, dirty hamlet, with prison-like houses, partly built in granite, wood and plaster-work; hence next day by an uninteresting country, with the flat table-lands of central Spain stretching to the r., we enter the province of Salamanca, one of the six into which the ancient kingdom of Leon was divided.

There is a bad road from Alberca to *Salamanca*, 12 long L., through *Aldea Nueva* and *Carrascal del obispo*. At *Tamames*, 3 L. from Salamanca, the Spaniards under Del Parque, on Oct. 18, 1809, defeated the French commanded by Marchand and Maucune.

The route to Ciudad Rodrigo through *Tenebroz* is utterly uninteresting.

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SECTION VIII.

THE KINGDOM OF LEON.

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The kingdom of Leon, lying out of the hacknied track, and not visited as it deserves, abounds with sites of unrivalled military interest; the painted sculpture is of the first class; the scenery in the Vierzo and Sierras is magnificent. The chief cities, Salamanca, Valladolid, and Leon, are full of architectural and artistical interest, while to the historian the archives of Spain lie buried at Simancas. The Summer months are the best for the hills, the Springs and Autumns for the plains.

The Kingdom of Leon.

El Reino de Leon, which runs up from the plains of the Castiles into the spurs of the Gallician and Asturian Sierras, is one of the most ancient of the once separate and independent kingdoms of the Peninsula; the natives, being situated near the mountain-den from whence the Lion of the Goth first turned

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upon the Moor, were among the earliest to expel the infidel invader, whose hold was slight and whose resistance was feeble when compared to his deep-fanged retention and defence of Andalucia. Nor, when we behold the dreary steppes and rugged hills of Leon, and pass over the mountain barrier into the cold damp Asturias, can we be surprised that the Arab, the lover of the sun and plain, should turn readily to the more congenial south. The Christian dominion was extended by Alonso el Catolico, who, between A.D. 739-57, overran and reconquered the plains down to the Duero and Tormes. The Moors nevertheless continued to make annual *Algaras* or forays into these parts, more for purposes of plunder than reconquest. Thus this frontier arena was alternately in the power of Christian and Infidel, until about the year 910, when Garcia removed the court from Oviedo to Leon, and gave its name to his new kingdom, to distinguish it from those of Castile and Navarre, and other counties and lordships. Indeed, as the ranges of hills which from Catalonia to Gallicia separate district from district, had divided the country politically as well as geographically, so the dislocated land seemed to indicate distinct petty principalities, and to prevent national unity, and foster local partition and that *isolated independence* which is the inveterate tendency of this unamalgamating land; the early Christian counts, lords, dukes, or kings (sheikhs in reality), were rivals to each other, and when not at war with the Moor, quarrelled among themselves after the true Iberian fashion, "Bellum quam otium malunt; si extraneus deest, domi hostem quærunt" (Just. xliv. 2). The male line of Leon failed in 1037 with Bermudo III., whose daughter carried the crown to her husband Ferdinand of Castile, who redivided his domains by his will, which, however, his son Sancho reunited; Leon and Castile were finally joined in the person of St. Ferdinand, and have never since been separated.

The kingdom contains about 20,000 square miles, with a million inhabitants. These hardy, ill-educated agriculturists neither change their homes nor habits; creatures of routine and foes to innovation, they cling to the ways of their forefathers; yet although purely tillers of the earth, their practice is barbarously backward, and they plough in the primitive style of Triptolemus and the Georgics; most farmers are slow to improve, and these are no more to be hurried than are their mules. Their minds, like their cumbrous creaking wheels (see Index, *Chillo*), are blocked up with dirt and prejudices which have been accumulating since the deluge. Living in a province most of which is Swisslike, they are only beginning to make butter, while as regards mills and manufactories, the waste of water power is great even for Spain.

The Leonese are influenced by local differences, and modified by the nature by which they are surrounded. Thus near the Sil, they resemble the Gallician mountaineers, as in the Sierras, near the Asturias, they partake of the Asturians, while in the southern portions they differ very little from the old Castilians. The lofty cordillera, the back bone which separates Leon from the Asturias, and often covered with snow, is cold, and wind blown, some portions are well timbered; while the pastoral vallies are refreshed by infinite streams, the scorching plains below produce much corn and *garbanzos*, and a strong red wine is made near Toro. The marly fresh-water basin, or *tierra de Campos*, between Zamora, Leon, and Valladolid, is the land of Ceres; but although bread is a drug, nowhere is the population more scanty or miserable; they dwell in mud hovels made of unbaked bricks, or *adobes*, the precise Arabic *at-tob*, which vie with the wigwams of La Mancha in discomfort. This tract is as uninteresting as the ventas are uncomfortable; woe betide him who drives or rides across these interminable plains in winter or summer, the apologies for roads are then either axle or ankle deep in mud, or clouded in a salitrose dust, which seems ignited under the African sun.

Near Salamanca many of the yeomen are wealthy, and live in isolated farms,

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Montaracias, growing much corn, which is exported into Andalucia. They are also breeders of cattle on a large scale, which they manage with the primitive sling, or *honda*, as near San Roque (see p. 267). The *conocidores*, or herdsmen, ride down the animals, *los agorrachan á caballo*, just as their descendants do in South America. At their cattle-brandings and family feasts, *herraduras y fiestas de familia*, as at their marriages, they keep open house with much eating, drinking, singing, and dancing the *habas verdes*, after the fashion in Don Quixote at the wedding of Camacho. These are the unchanged convivia *festa* Carduarum of Martial (iv. 55. 17); and such were the Oriental sheep-shearings of Nabal (1 Sam. xxv. 36).

The houses of the humble Leonese, like their hearts, are always open to an Englishman; they have not forgotten the honesty, justice, and good conduct of our triumphant soldiers, which contrast with the rapine, sacrilege, and bloodshed of "Gaul's locust host." They remember Salamanca, and Him whom they call the "Great Lord," *El gran lor*, the Cid of England. Their houses are substantially furnished and clean, one peculiarity is the loftiness of the beds; the mattresses and pillows, *colchones y almohadas*, are often embroidered with the heraldic lions and castles, and the coarse but clean home-spun sheets are fringed with *flecos y randas*.

Costume naturally exists where there is so little communication with European civilization. These dresses, worn only on holidays, last long, and would last longer did they not smack of "picturesque barbarism" in the eyes of the *Español illustrado*; his wish is to efface these nationalities with cheap cotton and commonplace calico. Meantime notice the *Maragatos*, p. 537. The *Charro y Charra* of Leon are here what the *Majo y Maja* are in Andalucia. The *Charro** wears a low, broad-brimmed hat; his shirt, or *camison*, is richly worked in front, with a gold knob-brooch, or *boton*; his *chaleco*, or waistcoat of figured velvet, cut square, comes low down to the pit of the stomach, to display his shirt, and is garnished with square silver buttons and cross ribbons; his jacket is open at the elbow, and edged with black velvet; his sash is a broad belt, a *cinto* of leather not of silk; his long dark cloth gaiters are embroidered below the knee; with large silver buckles in his shoes, a stick in his right hand, and a cloak over his left shoulder, the rustic dandy is complete. The gay *charra* worthy of such a beau, wears a *caramba* in her hair, and a mantilla or hood of cloth cut square; this *cenerero* is fastened by a brooch or silver clasp, *el colchete*, and is richly embroidered; her red velvet boddice, *jubon*, is adorned with bugles, or *canutillo*, worked into fanciful patterns; her wrist-cuffs are wrought with gold, and her sash is tied behind; her petticoat, *manteo*, either of scarlet *de grana*, or with purple *morado*, the favourite colour, and like her apron, or *mandile*, is embroidered with birds, flowers, and stars. She has also a handkerchief, *rebocillo*, worked in gold, and wears many *joyas*, jewels and chains bedecked with coloured stones, which descend as heirlooms from mothers to daughters. But these fine clothes have not corrupted the wearers, whose honest simplicity of character, "*La honradez y sencillez de los Charros*," is proverbial; thus one of them being at a theatre, where in the play a traitor was deceiving the king, cried out, thinking the transaction a reality, "*Señor, Señor, no crea V. M. á ese!*"—"Sire! Sire! do not believe him." The Leonese rustic disputes with the *Sanchos* of La Mancha, for the palm of being the *Juan Español*, or Goody Gaffer of the Peninsula.

In the districts between *Benavente* and the capital *Leon* the men spin and the women delve. Their delight is telling ghost stories *el filanquiero*, and in offering at harvest-time to venerated images an amount of corn equal in weight to that of the local idol. In the mountain-chain, the *Arguellos* or *Mediana*, which separates Leon from the Asturias, the highlanders are wild as

* Charra, in the Basque, means Proletarius, serf.

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their country, agricultural and pastoral after the most antiquated and vicious system. The waste of water-power and wood is prodigious. Of the *encinas*, or oak trees, rude sticks, *shillelahs*, are made, and *gabuzos*, or wood candles constructed from the *Brero*. N.B. Among the apples eat the *Repinaldo*; the strawberries and arbutus, *Memendanos*, may also be remembered, and the mutton confection, the *Caldereta*. The young women in these parts delight in good-natured teasing and tormenting strangers, *le dan los cucharones*.

CIUDAD RODRIGO, *Posada de la Colada*, pop. about 4500, rises on a slight eminence above the Agueda, which flows under the walls to the W., being here intersected by small islands. It is crossed by a fine bridge, which leads to Portugal, distant over the plains a few miles. This fortified place although "weak in itself, is," says the Duke, "the best chosen *position* of any frontier town that I have seen." It is one of the keys of Spain, hence the important part that it played in the retreats and sieges during the Peninsular war, when its capture, succeeded by that of Badajoz, opened the way to the Duke to deliver Spain: and in these glorious recollections consist its present interest, for, it is now dull, poverty-stricken, and perfectly unprovided with any requisite for real defence.

Ciudad Rodrigo was so called after the Conde Rodrigo Gonzalez Giron, who founded it in 1150. Three Roman columns, brought from ancient Malabriga and preserved on the *Plaza*, are borne by the city for its arms. It is the see of a bishop, suffragan to Santiago. As this is a *Plaza de Armas*, all who wish to examine and make sketches had better apply for permission of the governor.

The cathedral was begun in 1190 by Ferdinand II. of Leon: the architect, Benito Sanchez, lies buried in the cloister. The edifice was enlarged in 1538 by Cardinal Tavera, Archb. of Toledo, and previously bishop here. An inner door of the old cathedral exists near the entrance, with curious statue-work and alto-relievos of the Passion. The quaint Gothic *silleria del coro* was carved by Rodrigo Aleman. The classical *Colegiata* or *Capilla* de Cerralvo, built in 1588 by Francisco Pacheco, Archbishop of Burgos, *was* very fine. Being converted into a powder-magazine, it was blown up in 1818 by *accident*—a thing almost of course in pococurante Spain and in the East. The shattered fragments were left for many years exactly as they fell, pictures flapping in the *retablo*, &c. The cardinal's leaden coffin had been torn from its sarcophagus by the invaders to furnish bullets against the living; the uncovered corpse was cast into a niche, and then moved to a loft, where it remained for years, lying in the tattered episcopal robes. The chaplain, on this indecency being pointed out by us, merely shrugged his shoulders: yet he was a descendant of this prelate, and enjoyed the revenues of his endowment; although he duly dined himself, he cared little about burying his dead. He at least was not neglectful of the conditions of the national proverb, *Los vivos á la mesa, los muertos á la huesa.*

The cathedral being placed at the N.W. angle of the town, and exposed to the *Teson*, has suffered much during the sieges.

The town walls were built by Ferdinand II., and the large square tower was erected by Henry II. in 1372. The Duke, when here, lodged at *La Casa de Castro;* observe its portal with spiral pillars. The costumes of the *Charro* and *Charra* are to be seen in Ciudad Rodrigo in great perfection on holidays.

Ciudad Rodrigo is a point of military interest in itself, while in the vicinity are *El Bodon, Sabugal, la Guarda, Fuentes de Oñoro*, and other sites where the moral and physical superiority of our chief and his troops

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over the enemy was signally tested and manifested. Near it also, are *Celorico*, *Fuente Guinaldo*, *Freneda*, and other head-quarters of the Duke, while hovering on the borders of Spain and patiently planning her deliverance. From these once obscure places some of his most remarkable dispatches were written: then and there, while all at home and abroad despaired, his prophetic eye saw in the darkest gloom the coming rays of his glory.

The first siege, undertaken in the spring of 1810 by Massena and Ney, was a gross mistake, as during it the Duke was given time to prepare his lines at Torres Vedras. Although anxious to relieve the place he refused to risk an action against an enemy "double his number in infantry, and three times so in cavalry." He disregarded alike the sneers of allies and enemies at "his cowardly selfish caution." He well knew, which they did not, that the fate of Spain did not depend upon this point, but on the preservation of the little English army, which eventually delivered the Peninsula.

After a most desperate resistance, the *accidental* (*i.e.* a *certainty* in careless Spanish and oriental citadels) explosion of a powder-magazine forced its governor, gallant Herrasti, to surrender July 10, when every article of the capitulation was dishonourably violated by Ney (Toreno, xii., Madoz, vi. 459).

After the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo the Duke continued patient. He waited through fair and foul report until his time for action was come. He knew that Buonaparte would never rest without making another attempt on Portugal, in the hopes of retrieving the misfortunes of Junot before Lisbon, and those of Soult at Oporto. The Duke was, therefore, prepared for the invasion of Massena in July, 1810; and the result was signally decided at Torres Vedras.

While Ney and Massena differed on the field of battle, Soult at a distance was influenced by those rivalries which so often sapped the French cause. Instead of hastening day and night, as he ought, to his comrade's relief, he never moved from Seville until December, when it was too late, and then loitered at Olivenza and Badajoz, where, but for the misconduct of Mendizabal at Gebora, of Imaz at Badajoz, and of Lapeña at Barrosa, both he and Victor would have been beaten at the same time as Ney and Massena. The Duke was thus robbed by Spanish misconduct of his full reward; he could deserve success, but 'tis not in mortals to command it.

The next year the Duke pounced upon Ciudad Rodrigo, and took it in 11 days, being in less than half the time which he himself had expected. His secresy and boldness of plan, rapidity of attack, and admirable strategics baffled both Soult and Marmont alike. Now, as afterwards at Badajoz, the French scarcely began to move before the deed was done, and yet this fortress, which when weak had defied Ney and Massena for three months, had in the meantime been rendered much stronger by General Barrie, an able officer who worthily commanded a most gallant garrison; he had thrown up new works, and fortified the two convents, S^a. Cruz to the N.W. and San Francisco to the N.E. into redoubts. The Duke, in spite of the winter season, appeared before the place Jan. 8, 1812, and at dusk that very evening took the strong fortified *teson* to the N.; Graham, with the light division, having converted a proposed reconnaissance into a real attack. This daring dash determined the rapid fall of the fortress, as precious time was gained, and breaching batteries securely established. On the 19th two practicable breaches to the N.E. were nobly carried by Picton and Crawfurd, the latter receiving his death-wound. After Ciudad Rodrigo was taken the Duke rode back to Gallegos; he outstripped his suite, and arrived alone and in the dark. Marmont was so taken aback by the rapidity and brilliancy of this capture, that in his official report he observed, "There is something so *incomprehen-*

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sible in all this, that until I know more I refrain from any remarks." What can be greater praise to those, who thus puzzled him? Yet Monsieur Foy (i. 259, 302) refuses to the Duke and our engineers even a knowledge of the "alphabet of their art," and sneers at their profound ignorance and bungling in every siege; and this when Cadiz, Tarifa, Gibraltar, and Alicante were attacked by the French, and *not* taken, because defended by the English, while Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Almaraz, S^{a}. Sebastian, &c., defended by the French, *were* taken, because stormed by the English. The captor was made an English earl, and the Cortes bestowed on him the rank of *grande*, making him duke of his recovered fortress; and by this title, *Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo*, Spaniards are fond of calling him, as it Españolises to *their* ears *our* victorious general, and thus blinks the *foreigner*, whose genius and success shamed the incapacity and failures of their own wretched chiefs.

Wellington gave over Ciudad Rodrigo to Castaños, but his confidence was miserably disappointed; for Don Carlos de España, who was placed in command, forthwith broke all promises of pay to his men, and as a mutiny ensued, the repairs were neglected, and even the stores furnished by England not even moved in! By this Spanish *co-operation* the Capture of Badajoz was neutralized, and ever lucky Soult again saved, as by Lapeña at Barrosa, from ruin. "If Ciudad Rodrigo had been provisioned as I—ipse dixit—had a right to expect, there was nothing to prevent me marching to Seville at the head of 40,000 men" (Disp. April 11, 1812).

Visit the English position, walking out to the suburb by the Alameda to San Francisco, then to the smaller *teson*, now called de Craufurd, and then to the larger *teson*, now termed *el fuerte de Wellington*; return by *Santa Cruz* and the Agueda, on whose banks, Oct. 11, 1811, Julian Sanchez, the *guerillero*, surprised Mons. Reynaud, the governor, while out riding, and carried him off. The Spaniard treated his French prisoner with hospitality, and yet the Don had taken up arms because his house had been burnt, his parents and sister murdered, and he himself at that very moment proscribed as a *brigand* by Gen. Marchand (Toreno, x.). Ciudad Rodrigo became in the hands of the Duke an important base for future operations, and its capture may be termed the first blow by which he struck down the invader. The Duke's capture of Ciudad Rodrigo is omitted altogether in Mons. Maison's French Handbook.

Excursions from Ciudad Rodrigo.

An interesting morning's ride may be made, taking a local guide and attending to the provend—first to *El Bodon*, 2 L., and to *Fuente Guinaldo*, 2 L., which lie to the S.W. up the basin of the Agueda. "Here," says Wellington, "the British troops surpassed every thing they had ever done before." In Sept. 1811, while the Duke was blockading *Ciudad Rodrigo*, Marmont and Dorsenne advanced with 60,000 men to its relief. Thereupon the Duke, whose forces barely reached 40,000, fell back towards *El Bodon*, in the plain to the r. Fifteen squadrons of superb French cavalry, under Montbrun, now charged our 5th and 77th in squares, attacking them on three sides at once: but they were repulsed at every point, and the two magnificent regiments retreated some miles in the plain with all the tranquillity and regularity of a parade. Marmont on that day proved his military incapacity, having failed to seize the most favourable moment of the war to crush the English army (Nap. xxiv. 6). On the 26th the Duke took up a position at *Fuente Guinaldo*, and Marmont, as if to amuse his opponent, went again through certain beautiful manœuvres in the plain below, like a ballet-master.

A little behind flows the Coa, and here, near the heights of Soito, the Duke again offerred Marmont battle,

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which, notwithstanding all his numbers, he politely and prudently declined. Remembering Massena's defeats and retreats, he was rather shy of advancing into Portugal.

Those who have leisure may prolong their excursion by making a circuit into Portugal, and coming back by Almeida, thus visiting many spots the scenes of the Duke's victories, and long his head-quarters. Take, however, a local guide, and attend to the provend. The distances are given approximately.

From *Fuente Guinaldo* you can, if you have time and inclination, strike W. to *Alfayates;* and entering Portugal, wind over the spurs of the Sierra de Meras, and by *Torre* to *Sabugal;* and thence N.W. to *Pega*, where, says Walter Scott, March 30, 1811, the enemy's rear-guard was overtaken by our cavalry; thinking themselves safe from the strong position, they played "God save the King" in derision, when their minstrelsy was deranged by the *obligato* accompaniment of our artillery, and the rout complete; they were pursued and cut up for four long miles.

Continuing, we reach *Guarda*, a picturesque Portuguese episcopal town on the *Sierra de Estrella*, about 6 L. from the Spanish frontier, with stout walls, and castle, which *guarded* the frontier against the Moors. These almost impregnable heights were abandoned, March 29, 1811, by Massena, who, with 20,000 men, retired without firing a shot, before Picton, who had only three English and two Portuguese regiments. Thence on by *Prades* and *Salgaraes*, over a hilly peninsula formed by a bend of the Mondego, to *Celorico*, pop. about 1500. Cross the river and strike N.E. by *Alverca* to *Valverde*, and then ride on over the Coa to *Almeida*, distant about ½ L.

This frontier fortress of Portugal, distant from the Spanish *raya* 1 L., rises on a gentle eminence, almost surrounded by a desert *plain*, or table, as the word signifies in Arabic. Pop. about 1200. The citadel, never properly repaired since the Peninsular war, and still one of the finest in Portugal, commands a full view of the surrounding country. The artist should sketch the castle. The first result of the Duke's victory at *Fuentes de Oñoro* was the capture of *Almeida*, to relieve which Massena had risked the battle; such was his fright and flight after its loss, that he left the garrison to shift for itself, without even communicating his retreat to Gen. Brennier, the able French governor; he, however, blew up the bastions on the night of May 10, and skilfully escaped, through the astounding negligence of Gen. Campbell and Sir William Erskine, a mishap which caused infinite vexation to the Duke, who said—"This is the most disgraceful military event that has occurred to us; I have never been so much distressed as by the escape of even a man of them" (Disp. May 15, 1811); but, as he then remarked, he could not be everywhere at once; whenever he was absent something went wrong.

The rivers Coa and Turones, at which the smuggler laughs, divide the two kingdoms; from *Almeida* you can ride S. by the ridge to *Freneda*, under Monte Cabrillas, and distant about 5 L. from *Ciudad Rodrigo;* thence by *Villa Formosa* to *Fuentes de Oñoro* (*de la Noria*); visit the village, cross the streamlet *Dos Casas*, and then make for *Alameda*, or for *Gallegos*, a poor hamlet about ½ L. from the Agueda.

The glorious history of *Fuentes de Oñoro* is soon told: after the first capture of Ciudad Rodrigo by the French, the Duke foresaw that Buonaparte would make a third attempt on Portugal, to "drown the leopard," and efface the disgraces of Junot and Soult: accordingly, in July, 1810, Massena crossed the frontier with overwhelming numbers. *Busaco*, which, Sept. 26, checked his fool-hardy advance, did not teach him wisdom; for he pushed on to *Sobral*, and there, Oct. 10, found out for the first time the deep pit which his greater rival had dug for him. Massena's whole campaign was a failure: begun in fanfaronade, carried

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out in rapine and butchery, it ended in total defeat, in the loss of 30,000 of his men, and of every pretension of his own to generalship. Massena's only strategics were rash, rapid advance, and reliance on great numerical superiority. "His retreat in March, 1811," says the quiet Duke, "was marked by a barbarity seldom equalled, and never surpassed." Women were foraged for and sold in the market, while the filthy slime of the foul French quarters was "degrading to human nature" (Pen. Camp. iii. 54).

Massena, after his *sauve qui peut* from Santarem, made another and his last desperate effort to restore his faded laurels, and crossed the Agueda, May 2, 1811, with 45,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry, to relieve *Almeida*, which the Duke was blockading with less than 36,000 infantry and 2000 horsemen. His object was, in spite of inferior numbers, to protect both his approaches to *Almeida*, and his line of communication with Portugal by *Sabugal;* hence he was obliged to overextend his line; his centre was the village on the ragged hill of *Fuentes de Oñoro*, a name derived probably from *Noria*, the Moorish water-wheel, but now most truly *Fountains of Honour;* this point, rising above the stream *de Dos Casas*, was made, May 5, the grand object of Massena's attack, whose repulse was most complete. Nothing ever surpassed the charge of the 71st and 79th Highlanders, who, their colonel being killed, raised the war-cry of the Camerons. The 88th cleared the streets, and bayoneted down the "finest body of French grenadiers ever seen." Our cavalry, feeble in number, caught the generous inspiration, and crushed the splendid horsemen under Montbrun, whose hesitation lost what Picton called their "golden moment," for they might have destroyed the whole light division. But Massena withdrew just at the critical moment when a real general would have pressed on; he retreated, having lost 5000 men and his entire military reputation. Our loss was 2000 men.

This day settled the "spoilt *child*" of victory," who under the Duke's tuition had grown up to be a finished *man* of defeat. Massena surrendered his command to Marmont on the 11th, and retired to Bordeaux, having carried off 800,000 dollars, "extorqués par le sang, et le pillage, une malédiction générale le suivit" (Schep. iii. 252). Plunder, indeed, says the Duke, was the original motive of Massena's Santarem expedition, "against every military principle, and at an immense sacrifice of men" (Disp. Dec. 29, 1810). He lived to prove false to both Buonaparte and the Bourbons. "Signalez-le," say his countrymen (Biog. Univ. xxvii. 407), "à l'horreur de la postérité, ses rapines lui ont acquis une honteuse célébrité." He died April 4, 1817, the disgusting death of a low debauchee, an end worthy of his origin. The son of a Jew pothouse-keeper at Nice, hooted out of the ranks for theft, he rose from being a fencing-master to be a favourite of Buonaparte; he obtained, as Suchet did in the E. of Spain, a great name by easy victories over feeble enemies; tested against the iron Duke, this potsherd, always found utterly wanting, was forthwith smashed to shreds.

ROUTE 64.—CIUDAD RODRIGO TO SALAMANCA.

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The road is bad and uninteresting. There is a sort of *galera* conveyance, and an isolated and tolerable *posada* near the church at *Boveda*. The battle-field of Salamanca may be visited the next morning by turning out of the high road to the r. through *Tura* and *Miranda de Azan;* coming out of which and the trees which fringe the brook *Azan* and the Zurguen, is the point at Porquerizos where Pakenham attacked the height and checked the extreme French left; instead of following the road straight on to *Torres,*

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keep now to the r.; in front of *Azan* was the scene of the grand cavalry charge which shivered the superb French lines, and decided their defeat. Thence descend to the poor village of *Arapiles*. About 1½ mile E. rise the two knolls, the *Arapiles*, one flattish, the other conical, by which name our lively neighbours call this "affaire" at Salamanca, an untoward event, *omitted* by M. Maison in his French Handbook.

Salamanca with its domes rises about 4½ miles N. The battle was the result of a false move made by Marmont, who commanded in these districts more than 100,000, the Duke having at his disposal less than 60,000 (Nap. xviii. 4), of which scarcely half were British. This numerical superiority gave Marmont the power of every initiative, and reduced Wellington to act on the defensive: his own account to Graham is short and sweet. "I took up the ground which you were to have taken during the siege of Salamanca. We had a race for the large Arapiles, which is the more distant of the two detached heights: this race the French won, and they were too strong to be dislodged without a general action. I knew that the French were to be joined by the cavalry of the army of the North on the 22nd or 23rd, and that the army of the centre was likely to be in motion. Marmont ought to have given me a *pont d'or*, and he would have made a handsome operation of it; but instead of that, after manœuvring all the morning in the usual French style, nobody knew with what object, he at last pressed upon my right in such a manner, at the same time without engaging, that he would have carried our *Arapiles*, or would have confined us entirely to our position; this was not to be endured, and we fell upon him, turning his left flank, and I never saw an army receive such a beating. I had desired the Spaniards to continue to occupy the castle of *Alba de Tormes;* Don Carlos de España had evacuated it, I believe, before he knew my wishes, and he was afraid to let me know that he had done so, and I did not know it till I found no enemy at the fords of the Tormes; when I lost sight of them in the dark, I marched upon *Huerta* and *Encinas*; if I had known that there had been no garrison in *Alba*, I should have marched there, and should probably have had them all" (Disp. July 25, 1812).

His position, July 22, 1812, was in the village of *Arapiles*. About three in the afternoon, Marmont over extended his line towards *Miranda de Azan*. When this was reported to the Duke, he with eagle-eyed intuition exclaimed, "Egad! I have them;" and so he had. He "fixed the fault with the stroke of a thunderbolt." A few orders issued from his lips like the incantations of a wizard, and the English masses advanced; Pakenham on our r. about five o'clock, breaking the head of Thomières's splendid column into fragments with the force of a giant. Then the 4th and 5th divisions attacked the enemy's centre, gaining manfully the crest of *La Cabaña*, on which hill some desperate fighting took place: but the English cavalry, under Le Marchant, had before trodden to the dust 1200 Frenchmen, "big men on big horses," says Napier, "trampling down the enemy with terrible clamour and disturbance, smiting mass after mass with downright courage and force." Marmont was wounded in the arm: then Clausel, with much skill, endeavoured to repair the battle by changing his front; but the Duke turned round and smote him so grievously, that he fled, having abandoned everything that can constitute an army, and writing in the first agony of truth that not 20,000 men could be reorganised. He retreated on Burgos, sending Col. Fabvrier to convey the news to Buonaparte, which reached him on the Borodino, Sept. 7, on the eve of that battle, and this untoward intelligence was the real cause of Napoleon's heaviness of soul that night, and of his strange hesitation and "want of alacrity" during the conflict (see *Quar. Rev.* No. 184, p. 528). The

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late time at which the battle of Salamanca began saved the enemy. "If we had had an hour more daylight the whole army would have been in our hands" (Disp. July 28, 1812). So wrote the Duke again when he crushed Soult at Nivelle. How wrote Marlborough at Oudenarde?—"If I had had two hours more of daylight the French army would have been irretrievably routed, and the greater part of it killed or taken." So again wrote Marlborough at Oudenarde, and so did Stanhope at Almenara, all using much the same words for the same great facts.

Salamanca was indeed a victory, nor have Messrs. Thiers and Co. yet claimed it as theirs; the Duke in 45 minutes beat 45,000 Frenchmen, although these lively historians are positive, had their general Marmont *not* been wounded that the victory must have been theirs; but so they said of the "untoward affair" of Malplaquet.

All, we are told, went on well for the French; according to Marmont, *Maucune culbuta les Anglais!* when the "cruel fatality" of the Marshal's wound (!) prevented a complete victory; nor did the Duke venture to move until he knew of this luck!! But Buonaparte knew better, and wrote, when Marmont's bulletin reached him, thus:—"Il est impossible de rien lire de plus insignificant; il y a plus de fatras, et plus de rouages que dans une horloge, et pas un mot qui fasse connoître l'état *réel* des choses" ('*Mémoires de Joseph*,' ix. 82; x. 104). The shortness and completeness of the affair arose from the combatants being nearly equal in numbers; the English and Portuguese amounting to 46,000, the French to 45,000, but in fact very superior, in being of one nation, and so much stronger in artillery and position, that Marmont was only afraid that the Duke would *escape* to *Ciudad Rodrigo:* the Marshal, in fact, made so sure of victory, and was so desirous of monopolising all the glory, like Victor at *Talavera*, that he would not wait for Joseph, who was coming up with 15,000 more men. The enemy lost 2 eagles, 11 cannon, and 14,000 men; our loss amounted to 5200, and their whole army would have been taken had it not been for the marplot Spaniard *Don Carlos de España*: all this misconduct is blinked now-a-days! nay, Madoz (xii. 869) now talks of the *serenidad y acierto*, with which Don Carlos executed the Duke's orders! Yet the victory was most important; Madrid and Andalucia were delivered, the Opposition was silenced in England, the traitor members of the Cortes of Cadiz were prevented from making terms with Joseph, while the recoil shook Buonaparte even in Russia, and raised the courage of the rejoicing world. Wellington now felt his growing power: "I saw him," says Col. Napier, a soldier portraying a soldier, "late in the evening of that great day, when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry, stretching as far as the eye could command, showed in the darkness how well the field was won. He was alone—the flush of victory was on his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful; but his voice was calm, and even gentle. More than the rival of Marlborough, since he had defeated greater warriors than Marlborough ever encountered, with a prescient pride he seemed only to accept this glory as an earnest of greater things."

The peasant who attended the Duke as guide was named Fr°. Sanchez; he lost a leg in the fight, and was therefore always called afterwards *El Coco*. He had a pension of six reals a day, which the *Liberals*, so he told us, took from him in 1820.

These plains, bleak, commonplace and such indeed as elsewhere would be hurried over without notice, are henceforward invested with an undying halo; and little is that Englishman to be envied who when standing on such sites does not feel his patriotism grow warmer. Now every vestige of the death-strife of giant nations has passed away, like the smoke of our triumphant artillery, or the memory of Spain for services done. Nature, ever serene, has repaired, like a bountiful parent,

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the ravages of these quarrelsome insects of a day. The corn waves thickly over soil fertilised by the blood of brave Britons who died for ungrateful Iberia; and the plain for twenty years afterwards was strewed with their bleaching bones, left to the national undertaker the vulture; nay, for want of cover in these denuded steppes, the sculls in our time were strangely tenanted:

"Beneath the broad and ample bone
That buckled heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The fieldfare built her lowly nest."

And, for another trait of character, the peasant *El Coco* assured us that although 6000 Spaniards, under even Sarsfield, in whose veins flowed Irish blood, had been quartered two months in Salamanca in 1832, not one Spanish man or officer had ever been to visit this battle-field; and truly, as at Barrosa, no single blow was struck there by Spanish sabre: nor has delivered Spain reared any chronicle of stone, or filled any niche at Salamanca with aught to record an English ally; nor does Mellado, in his Guia of 1843, even allude to the victory at all; yet he can devote pages to the paltry bush-fightings of Carlists and Christinists.

But there still bask those plains in a sunshine bright and enduring as our Duke's glory; and there they still stand, more enduring than brass, those gray Arapiles, those pillars of the Hercules Britannicus, engraved with his conqueror sword. They will exist for ever, silent but eloquent witnesses of a glorious truth, which none can ever rail from off the bond.

The results of the victory of Salamanca were again neutralised by misconduct of Ballesteros, which led to raising the siege of *Burgos*, and in November, three months after Marmont's disaster, the Duke stood again on these plains; then, as he had predicted, the relief of Andalucia threw on him the additional army of Soult, who, joining Jourdan on the Tormes, now commanded 100,000 infantry, 12,000 horse, with 120 cannon. The Duke and Hill were resting their weary forces, which did not exceed 52,000 men; but he knew his old ground, and wished to fight and to conquer again and again. Deprived by some absurd proceedings of the Cortes of his usual sources of information, he lingered at *Salamanca*, challenging the French to battle one day too long. Jourdan, who had forgotten *Talavera*, wished to engage at once; but Soult—*l'homme coupable des malheurs de l'Espagne*, according to Joseph ('*Mém.*' x. 395)—who remembered Oporto, hesitated, and his *discretion* was backed by Clausel, who disliked les souvenirs des Arapiles, and thus they lost the precious chance. Both, although brave and skilful, were cowed by the mere presence of the Duke, and hoped—relying on vast superiority of numbers—to cut him off from Ciudad Rodrigo, *par des savantes manœuvres*. Then it was that Wellington made that magnificent move, defiling, as at *Burgos*, in the very face of the enemy, who did not dare even to molest him. Thus he gained on them the advance, and, bringing his army to the river Valmuza, marched hence by the upper road through *Vitigudino* to Ciudad Rodrigo, a retreat unparalleled in daring and complete success, and more glorious than many aggressive campaigns.

After leaving these plains, and riding over a bleak, treeless, unenclosed country, cold in spring and winter, scorched and calcined in summer, we reach Salamanca, rising nobly, with dome and tower, on its hill crest over the Tormes, which is crossed by a long Roman bridge of 27 arches, one that becomes an ancient and wise university better than Folly Bridge does Oxford.

SALAMANCA. The inns very bad. *Posada de los Toros—De las Diligencias.* There is a *Casa de Pupilos* at Doña Inez Romero in the Plaza Santo Tomas. But gastronomy never was an Iberian science, and if Salamanca has produced 100,000 doctors, it never has reared one good cook. The food

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for body and mind, however copious in quantity, is unsatisfactory in quality, the *panes pintados* not excepted: it cannot even boast of the "brawn and puddings" of Oxford, which Heads of houses digest. However bad the inns, there are many *posadas secretas*, or "private lodgings," and *tiendas de Habaceria*, and *Botillerias*, where the undergraduates lodge, and drink bad aniseed or Castilian brandy with or without Castalian streams, as copiously as German Burschen do beer.

Salamanca is the capital of its modern department, the see of a Bishop, suffragan to Santiago; pop. 14,000. The town is dull, without learning, society, or commerce; the climate is cheerless and cold, for the air bites shrewdly, and as fuel is very scarce, the sun is the fireplace of the poor: hence "the South" takes precedence in the three "Marvels" of Salamanca: "*Medio dia, medio puente, y medio claustro de San Vicente.*"

Salamanca, built on three hills, and in a horse-shoe shape, stands with its ancient walls and domes over the Tormes, whose waters often disagree with strangers. This river rises in the Sierra de Gredos, near Tormelles, and after a course of 45 L. flows into the Duero near Fermosella; it contains fine trout, some have been caught weighing 18 lb; the best fishing is nearer the source: at Salamanca the dingy waters rather resemble the Cam than the Isis, and they are supposed to produce stupifying effects. The phrase "*Ha bebido de las aguas del Tormes*"—a compliment or a satire—alludes either to the waters of Castalia, or to those of oblivion, as the case may be, and generally to the latter; for Salamanca is presumed to be learned, because all bring to it something, and few take anything away: thus Fabricio advises Gil Blas not to go there, because having some natural cleverness he risked its loss.

Seen from outside Salamanca has an antique picturesque look; the beautiful creamy stone of which it is built comes from the quarries of Villa Franca, 1 L., and is infinitely superior in colour and duration to the perishable material used at Oxford. This university, although in a land of Alamedas is, however, altogether deficient in those academic groves and delightful gardens of her English rival.

Salamanca (Salmantica), a name some have derived from *Elman*, the Iberian god of war, was a large and ancient city of the *Vettones*. Plutarch (De Virt. Mul.) calls it μεγαλη πολις; he relates how, 532 B.C., Hannibal raised its siege, the Spaniards having "promised to pay" 300 talents of silver and give 300 hostages, but performed neither; thereupon the real Punic chief, not to be so done, came back and destined the place up to plunder, having ordered the male population to come out in jackets, and without arms or cloaks. The women, however, hid swords under their *sayas* (as their descendants the Madrid Manolas still do knives); and when the Massæsylian guard placed over the prisoners left their charge to join in the pillage, these Amazons armed the men, who killed many of the plunderers; Hannibal thereupon re-appeared, when the Spaniards ran to the hills, but he was so pleased with the *brave* women, and so anxious to do what would the most gratify them, that he allowed them to re-people Salamanca. The ladies only spoke Iberian, and Hannibal only Punic, but he had a bilingual interpreter named Bacon.

Under the Romans Salamanca became the ninth military station, on the *Via Lata*, the broad road from Merida to Zaragoza. Trajan built the bridge, of which the original piers exist. The Goths patronised Salamanca, and here coined money in gold, which they seldom did elsewhere (see Florez, 'Med.' iii. 272). Ravaged by the Moors, and finally reconquered by the Spaniards in 1095, the city abounds with early specimens of architecture; thus, the old cathedral is of 1102; *Santo Tome de los Caballeros* of 1136; *San Cristobal* of 1150; *San Adrian* of 1156; *San Martin* of 1173: *Santo*

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Tomas á Becket of 1179. Salamanca has been called *Roma la chica*, from its number of stately buildings, and is still a university to any *architect* who wishes to study style from the earliest periods; it contains superb specimens of the simple and florid Gothic, of the richest cinque-cento and plateresque, down to the most outrageous *Rococo;* for Josef Churriguera, the heresiarch of bad taste, and whose name is synonymous with absurdity in brick and mortar, was born here about 1660.

The pride of Salamanca was laid in the dust by the invaders, whose ravages were thus described by the Duke, June 18th, 1812:—"The enemy evacuated on the 16th, leaving a garrison in the fortifications which they have erected on the ruins of the colleges and convents which they have demolished." "It is impossible to describe the joy of the people of the town upon our entrance; they have now been suffering more than three years, during which time the French among other acts of violence and oppression, have destroyed 13 out of 25 convents, and 20 of 25 colleges which existed in this celebrated seat of learning." Again, Feb. 10, 1813, he writes: "I have received intelligence that the enemy have destroyed the remaining colleges and other large buildings which were at Salamanca, in order to use the timber for firewood." The western portion of Salamanca is consequently one heap of ruins. Conceive what Oxford would be were Christchurch, Corpus, Merton, Oriel, All Souls', the Ratcliffe, Bodleian, Brazennose, and St. Mary's reduced to mere shells. Life and spirit are now departed, for these architects of ruin while they levelled its material forms cut at the root of its moral existence. Now, in the new order of things, *Les écoles primaires*, &c., supersede *Salamanca*, and if the Bible be disbelieved, nothing better has been substituted. For what Salamanca was before Messrs. Ney and Marmont went into residence, consult '*Historia de Salamanca*,' Gil Gonzalez de Avila, 4to., Salamanca, 1606; and '*Compendio Historico*,' Bernardo Dorado, 4to., Salamanca, 1768, 1776; Ponz, xii.; Florez, '*Esp. Sag.*,' xii.; '*Historia*,' Pedro Chacon, 8vo.; the apologetical '*Reseña Historica*,' M. H. Davila; Salam. 8vo. 1849.

The first university in *Castile* was that founded at Palencia by Alonso VIII., which induced Alonso IX. of Leon to establish this one for his *Leon*. When the two kingdoms were united under his son St. Ferdinand, Palencia was incorporated with Salamanca, and he gave the united universities new statutes in 1243. Alonso el Sabio, his son, being learned, *not* wise, favoured this seat of learning, and endowed professorships in 1254. Oxford takes precedence of Salamanca, a question decided at the Council of Constance, 1414, when Henry de Abendon, warden of Merton, advocated our university, a decision the Spaniards never forgave. Salamanca was first governed by its own Rector, and by a code drawn up in 1300; this officer, one of great authority, was chosen for a year every 11th of September, and entered into his functions on the 25th. The discipline of the university was placed under his tribunal. The details of office, the *Maceros*, silver bedels, &c., will be found in Davila and Dorado, together with the niceties of tufts or gowns, *Roscas*, of those worn by graduates, of the *Borla* (the pileus of the pagan Flamen), the details of the *Becas*, the old cock crest emblematic of nobility and adopted by clerical dignitaries, &c. &c.; the particulars of the hoods that were worn with the gown, *Manto* or *Loba de Buriel*, a closely fitting cloth dress—quasi λοβος, the bark of the cork tree—and much more will be found in Salazar's chronicle of the '*Gran Cardenal*,' ii. 11, and in that quaint old 'Handbook' for Spain, '*Grandezas de España*,' Pedro de Medina, 1566, p. 97. In the matter of tufts it may be mentioned that a *white* tassel on a cap signified divinity; *green*, common law; *crimson*, civil law; *blue*, arts and philosophy: while *yellow* (biliously appropriate) betokened medicine.

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The colleges were divided into *Mayores* and *Menores:* at the *larger* were taught divinity, law, medicine, and the classics; at the smaller, grammar and rhetoric. The *Escuelas*, or schools, were three: first, the *Mayores*, or greater, teaching theology, canonical law, medicine, mathematics, philosophy natural and moral, languages, and rhetoric; next, the *Menores*, or smaller, whose province was grammar and music; and last, the *Minimos*, or smallest, destined to the mere accidence, reading and writing. The *larger* colleges were aristocratical foundations, and the rigid proofs of birth and purity of blood, *Hidalguia y limpieza de sangre*, rendered them a monopoly in the great families, insomuch that simply to be a member of one of these colleges ensured subsequent promotion in law and church. Of these *Colegios Mayores* there were only six in all Spain —one at Seville, one at Valladolid, and four at Salamanca, and those here were *San Bartolomé, Cuenca, del Arzobispo*, and *del Rey*. The other colleges are, or rather were, 21 in number, and by name, Monte Olivete, Santo Tomas, Oviedo, San Millan, Santa Maria, Santa Cruz, La Magdalena, Alcantara, y Calatrava, de los Angeles, Santa Susana, Guadalupe, San Pelayo, San Bernardo, Los Irlandeses, Santa Catalina, Las Viejas, San Juan, Jesus, San Miguel, San Pedro y San Pablo, and Burgos. The *Colegios Mayores* were first curtailed of their privileges by the minister de Roda, who, having when young been rejected at one from his low birth, persuaded Charles III., about 1770, to *reform* them; thus, they were deprived of their patronage and remodeled. Blanco White (Lett. 104) gives the secret history of this private revenge, cloaked under the disguise of public good.

Salamanca, which in the 14th century boasted of 17,000 students, had already, in the 16th, declined to 7000, and it continued to languish until the French invasion: now it is so comparatively a desert, that when the Term, *el curso*, was opened, Oct. 1, 1846, by the rector, attended by military bands! only 30 doctors and 400 students appeared; the establishment of local universities in large cities has broken up the monopoly which Salamanca enjoyed of granting degrees; and now this time-honoured university itself has been rendered subject to the modern one of central Madrid; the actual system of education in Spain, since the decree of Sept. 17, 1845, is modelled on that of France, while the power given to *Seminaries* to grant degrees injures the university; but to secularise education is the object of modern reformers, who hope to get that powerful lever out of the hands of the clergy, and make religion and theology—different as they are—an extra study, and optional, like dancing; so the glories of Salamanca are past.

Meanwhile, in Spain there are no public schools as in England, the students, day-pupils, return home to board with their parents; accordingly filial and parental relations are better maintained than with us, at the expense, however, of the sciences of boating, football, and cricket. Again, in Spain, as on the continent generally, the rising generations lack an early initiation into the miniature world, such as Eton and Winchester, where conceit is taken out, and all find their level; where *fair play and high principle* and true manliness are taught; where "*English gentlemen*" are formed, that first and best material for everything else.

The poorest students of Spain, who aspire only to be humble hard-working curates, have always been the subject of witticisms and satires: indeed, *un Estudiante* has long been synonymous with an *impertinente*. The inferior orders of them were simply beggars, "licensed by act of Parliament," just as our "poor scholars" were by 7 Richard II. The Spaniards were permitted by law (Recop. lib. i. tit. 12, ley 14) to vagabondize and finish their education by soliciting charity. They might be known by costume, by their "threadbare cope," as was the poure

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scolere of Chaucer by their tattered gown of shreds and patches:—

> La capa del Estudiante
> Parece un jardin de flores,
> Toda llena de remiendos
> De diferentes colores.

But, according to the proverb, *debajo de una capa rota, hay buen bebedor*, there is many a good drinker under a bundle of rags, and *l'habit ne fait pas le moine*. These students are or were among the boldest and most impertinent of the human race; full of tags and rags, fun, frolic, *licence*, and guitars, as of reckless youth and insolence of health. Their peculiar compliment was the throwing their cloaks of shreds and patches on the ground for well-dressed handsome women to walk over. Sir Walter Raleigh's similar delicate attention to Queen Elizabeth helped him to a better suit. This "spreading garments in the way" is truly oriental and classical (Matt. xxi. 8; Ovid. Am. iii. 13, 23, "veste jacente vias"). Thus the troops of Cato testified their respect to him (Plut. in vit.), as before had been done to Jehu (2 Kings ix. 13); and Roa (Singularia i. 144) mentions the usage as continued among the Moors of Granada. These students wore also a quaint oilskin cocked hat, in which a wooden spoon was placed, such a one as those with which paupers relieved at convent doors used to eat their gratuitous soup; hence these *Estudiantes* were also called *Sopones*, *Soperos*, *Sopistas*, soupers, not sophists; and few in sad truth were born with a silver spoon in their mouths, or with a superfluity of anything except impudence. But modesty is of no use to a beggar or monk; as *fray modesto nunca fue guardian*, and still less so if he be hungry, which these students proverbially are, and worse than hounds, *Hambre estudiantina peor que la canina*: they too are gregarious ragamuffins, generally hunting in packs, while one, the *gracioso*, or wag of the party, begs in verse, accompanying his improvisation with tambourines and guitars, *Panderos y guitarrillas*. These students figure in the picaresque novels of Spain (see 'Don Quixote,' i. 38; '*Marcos de Obregon*,' Des. xi.); the character was frequently assumed by young nobles as a mask for indulging in tricks upon travellers and in adventure; the real pauper students went their rounds with real beggars, and, according to Quevedo, frequented eating-houses as regularly as pilgrims. To such is usually applied the epithet *tunante*, rogue, a word derived from the Persian *tuni*, a vagabond beggar. They always loved low company, especially that of *muleteers*, who represent in Spain the blackguardism of our fraternity of the whip; hence the proverb *Estudiante sin recuero, bolsa sin dinero;* and their purses, whether from absence or impatience of coin, were, like Valentian stockings, open at the end. By the old hands the "*freshman*" was always victimised, and, among other summary initiations, crowned with a foolscap mitre; hence he was said to be *obispado*, "bishoped," a term equivalent in Spanish slang to being *done*. No tradesman in Salamanca was allowed to trust any student for anything without the previous authority of his tutor or parent, a hint our University Commissioners might have improved on.

The academical career of the better classes was dull indeed compared to the boatings and Bullingtons of Oxford; it rather resembled the Calvinistic routine of Geneva, without however its musical snuff-boxes.

The "Dons," as far as *Puchero* commons go, are hospitable, nor is vino de *Toro* wanting, which, like port elsewhere, is said to promote prejudice. The siestose senior fellows, men of protruding and pendulous abdomens, preferred the study of unctuous ollas and Bacon, to the feast of reason and the sage of Verulam; and those who have much to digest ought to think little, for dispepsia, says the learned Portuguese Amati, follows study as shadow does the body; accordingly most of the scholastic systems elsewhere exploded flourished in this university, especially the *Averoista*, or corrupted

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Aristotelian. Even up to 1747 it was considered a heresy to assert that the sun did not revolve round the earth; so that the capon revolved round the spit little cared the "Dons;" contented also to suck in the milk of *Alma Mater*, they were quite indifferent as to the history and origin of their separate foundations. Nor were they in good humour when cross-questioned by the *impertinente curioso* or foreign "chiel" taking notes, for "faith he'll prent it." The farce was kept up, as in some other places, of deploring the ignorance of all .not *of* their body, and in *general* praises of the learning and orthodoxy of their own university. They reposed on a *corporate* reputation, cloaking individual mediocrity under pompous official dignities, Mr. Bursar, Mr. Sub-dean, and so on.

Let not the book collector fancy that he will pick up any choice thing in this seat of supposed learning, where the commonest editions of the classics are hardly to be had. Tomes, 'tis true, abound on Averroistic and Aristotelian knowledge, polemics, casuistry, and on the defence of the "immaculate conception of the Virgin." The University has produced few really eminent men, or over honest, for it always has been ready, when mitres and preferments were held out, to give opinions in favour of the king, whether Don Pedro in 1355 desired a divorce, or Philip II. *not to pay* the dividend of his loans. Her sapient Dons also burnt as *magical* the library of Villena, the Mæcenas of Spain, and condemned as visionary the scheme of Columbus. The great Cardinal Ximenes, a tutor here for bread, and Cervantes, who *resided* in the Calle de Moros, may be cited among the exceptions.

To those who are neither artists, architects, or antiquarians, a day will suffice: among the lions there is a new theatre or *coliseo*, and a poor *museo* in the Colegio Viejo, with some fifty pictures below mediocrity. The superb Plaza *Mayor*, the *largest* square in Spain, was built by Andres Garcia de Quiñones in 1700-33. A colonnaded arcade is carried on each side, underneath which are shops, the post-office, and *Casa del Ayuntamiento*, or mansion-house, which is churrigueresque. In this Plaza bull-fights are given, when 16,000 to 20,000 spectators have been accommodated. The façades are adorned with busts of kings and worthies of Spain, and blank spaces have been left for future great men.

These vacua, hateful to nature, things, however, of Spain (see p. 139), have gaped for a century—hiatus maxime deflendus. Even the struggle for independence, which calls spirits from the deep, did not give birth to one Spaniard, civil or military, who attained even mediocrity. No bust of Wellington decorates any yawning niche in these walls, which overlook those plains where he won back this city and Madrid; yet Arguelles, in his '*Historia*' (i. 20), cites as a *proof* of Spanish gratitude the *paper* decree of the Cortes, Aug. 17, 1813, to erect a memorial to the deliverer of Salamanca. The performance of this vox et præterea nihil is deferred to the Greek Calends, and the payment promised to Hannibal (see p. 515). It has never been put up or probably ever will—*Cosas de España*.

Below this new square is the old Grass Market, *la Plaza de la Verdura;* observe the picturesque peasants. Over the portal of San Martin, injured by fire in 1854, is a rude sculpture of the Saint dividing his cloak. In the interior the retablo, concealed by a trumpery tabernacle, has the same "partition." Notice the Santiago and the Crucifixion and Glory above, and some of the pointed arches and capitals.

The cathedral is a splendid example of the florid Gothic of the age of Leo X.; it was begun (read the inscription at the grand entrance) in 1513; consult also the '*Glorias Sagradas*,' José Calamon de la Mata, Sal. 1736. A consultation was previously held of all the chief architects in Spain; see the curious documents printed by Cean Ber-

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mudez (Arch. i. 293). The plan of Juan Gil de Ontañon was selected, and the edifice was built under Bishop Francisco de Bobadilla, son of Beatrice, the dear friend of Isabella. He had the good sense to spare the old cathedral, to which this is now joined, and from whence service was removed March 25, 1560. The entrance is nobly placed on a raised platform; the rich Gothic predominates, but the tendency to the plateresque is evident. Observe the infinite ornaments and statues of the rich portal, and the beautiful cream-coloured stone in which they are wrought. The towers are inferior and are of later date; over *la Puerta de las Palmas* is the "Entry into Jerusalem;" outside is a walk, a Gradus, or "Grees." The central is the highest of the three aisles; at the sides of the two lateral ones are enclosed chapels. The roof is supported by graceful shafts, with small capitals painted in blue and gold: the Gothic roof is studded with gilded rosettes. The double gallery in the transept is most delicate, with a double frieze of birds, animals, and scroll-work. Observe above, the busts projecting from gold circular frames. The octangular *cimborio* is very light and elegant. The *coro*, as usual, blocks up the centre, while the *silleria* is heavy and bad, and the exterior churrigueresque. Observe, however, behind the *coro*, the statues of St. John and a cross Santa Ana teaching the Virgin to read, both ascribed to Juan de Juni. Visit the *Dorada* chapel, built by Francisco Sanchez; observe the profusion of small saints, very early placed eleven each in five rows, on gilt pedestals, picked out in blue, white, and gold. The tomb of the founder is dated 1524; he is sculptured as asleep in his robes; above is his portrait in black. Observe the *azulejos*, and the sepulchres of two prelates railed off like lions' dens. In the *Capilla del Sepulcro* is a copy, ascribed to *el Mudo*, of Titian's 'Deposition.' In the *Capilla del Presidente* are some paintings by Morales, two heads of the Saviour and a doubtful Virgin with the Infant and St. John. Visit next *la Pieza*, the vestry of the canons; observe the delicate foliage and ornament, and the Louis XIV. mirrors fit for a fine lady's toilet. In the adjoining *Oratorio* the relics are kept, but the French carried off the silver mountings. Here is *el Crucifijo de los Batallas*, a small Byzantine bronze, which the Cid always carried before him in fight, as the ancients their *Victorias*. The crown and the apron are gilt, the body is girdled with a white belt, studded with gilt chequer work. (See '*El Cristo de las Batallas*,' Gil Davila, 4to., Salam. 1615.) This authentic and curious relic was brought here by Geronimo, the Cid's own bishop, and remained over the prelate's tomb from 1120 to 1607, until it was removed to the *Relicario*. In the *Capilla de San Antonio* are some fine pictures, possibly by Zurbaran, of the Beheading St. John, and, in the next chapel, a Crucifixion, with two bishops. Below were buried the family of the founder, Antonio Corrionero. The small box, dated 1633, is said to hold parchment title-deeds. In an adjoining chapel is a St. Jerome beating his breast, by Gaspar Becerra.

The old cathedral, which lies below, is simple and massy, and half a fortress; hence the epithet, "*Fortis* Salmantina," to distinguish it from "*Sancta* Ovetensis," Oviedo rich in relics; "*Dives* Toletana," Toledo rich in tithes; "*Pulchra Leonina*," Leon beautiful in art. Ascend the tower, for the sweeping views. This castle cathedral was built in troubled times of frontier danger, by that warlike prelate, Geronimo, the confessor of the Cid. A Frenchman, born at Perigord, he was brought to Spain by his countryman Bernardo, primate of Toledo, and made Bishop of Valencia, in 1098, by the Cid. Translated to Zamora after his master's death, he induced Count Ramon, the husband of Queen Urraca, in 1102, to build this cathedral at Salamanca, which Calixtus II., own brother to Ramon, elevated to episcopal dignity. Geronimo introduced the Nor-

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man-French style of architecture in both his cathedrals; the exterior of his *iglesia vieja* is best seen from *la puerta del patio chico;* the simple solidity contrasts with the elaborate portal of the later edifice. Observe the Norman square billet as at Tarragona, the salient balls as at Toledo, and the peculiar scaly tiling of a pyramidical tower top. The old cathedral, low, damp, and neglected, is in curious contrast with the modern one. Observe the three gothic *sedilia* in the *capilla de abajo* behind the quoir, and a circular *retablo* with more than 50 paintings, set in white and gold frames. Observe the arches, capitals, and sepulchres, dating about 1466. Geronimo lies buried in the second chapel to the l. Some have considered the word *Visquio* his name, which others interpret as old Spanish for *Vixit.* Among other tombs observe that of Mafalda, daughter of Alonso VIII., 1204; of the Dean Fernando Alonso, 1285; of Juan Fernandez, Rico Ome, 1303. Some of the *retablos* are extremely old. In the *Capilla del Colegio Viejo,* which is painted blue and studded with stars of gold, is the tomb of Diego de Anaya, 1374, Archbishop of Seville and founder of San Bartolomé. The ceiling of this chapel, now a lumber-room, is quite Moorish; near it is a beautiful sepulchre of an armed knight and his sister, and a curious old picture, by Fernādus Galecus (Gallegos), by whom also is a Virgin, half life-size, with the Saviour, who takes a white rose from St. John, and an Adoration and a Visitation. These, among the earliest of Spanish paintings, have been much neglected. Gallegos was born at Salamanca in the middle of the fifteenth century, and is the Van Eyck of the Peninsula. Three of his best pictures, and in good preservation, are in the *Capilla de San Antonio;* observe a *San Cristobal* to r.; and in the centre a Virgin in dark green robe, giving a white rose to the Saviour child, signed Fernādus Galecus. To the l. is a San Andres.

In the old cloister, built in 1178, and partly modernized, the schools were formerly held. In the *Capilla de Talavera,* founded by Rodrigo Maldonado, the Musarabic ritual was continued; in the *Capilla de Santa Barbara* degrees were confirmed, and in *Santa Catalina* synods were held, and "wranglings" for honours and professorships, open to competition or *de oposicion,* were contended; indeed, until the regular schools were built, which are close adjoining, the university, strictly speaking, was a jumble of buildings. *Las Escuelas,* "the schools," were commenced in 1415 by Alonso Rodrigo *Carpintero,* a name probably derived from his vocation, and were removed here from the cloister in 1433. This was the age of Juan II., the patron of literature and of the troubadour: see the inscription over the gate *de las Cadenas.* The chapel, dedicated to St. Jerome, of which Medina gives the curious details, was modernized and ruined under the Bourbons. The *retablo,* rich in material and poor in design, contains some bad pictures, by Francisco Cachaniga, of doctors swearing to defend the "immaculate conception:" over the door of each of the *aulas,* "halls," or lecture-rooms, are tablets denoting the science which is, was, or ought to be taught in them; inside each is a pulpit for the lecturer, or *catedratico,* with rows of benches for the students, and a sort of ledge for them to write their notes on. The *patio* is modern, and the royal portraits, in *chiaro oscuro,* are very bad. Ascending the staircase, observe the morris dancers and foliage by way of bannisters; in the ante-room are other royal portraits, from Philip II. downwards, and all equally devoid of merit; the roofs of the ceilings are in rich *artesonado,* and stalactitical. The handsome library is fitted with Louis XIV. bookcases and gallery: in a smaller room are confined the books prohibited by the *liber expurgatorius.* The library was rich in theology, editions of Aristotle, works of Tostado, and regiments of black folios. What leisure mankind must have had

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to write and read such ponderous tomes of casuistry! prepared, it would seem, for the food of future blattæ and book-worms. Near the ante-room was the chamber in which the student about to "dispute" or "wrangle" was placed, with a sentinel at the door, for 25 hours, to consider his subject, quietly; it was filled with huge folios, many of which, especially the polemical books, were formerly chained to the reading-desks like quarrelsome dogs.

Passing through some quaint tapestry-clad rooms is the *Sala del Claustro*, a modernish saloon, the Golgotha in which the doctors and heads of houses assemble in conclave. You may look at the chapel and museum of chemistry and natural history. The size of these now deserted halls bears witness of past crowds.

Coming out of the schools the grand façade of the university library is alone worth an architect's visit to Salamanca: it is the triumph of the decorative and heraldic style, where the creamy stone has been as wax in the hands of the artist, and no Moor ever embroidered lacework, Cachemire *lienzo*, more delicately. It is of the richest period of Ferdinand and Isabella, whose medallions and badges are interworked with scrolls: the inscription is in Greek—"The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." In the *Plazuela* opposite is the hospital of poor students, and some of the smaller *Escuelas;* they are very ancient, especially San Millan and *Pan y Carbon*, bread and coal, food for the body rather than the mind, which recalls our *Brasinghouse*, now Brazenose, nomenclature.

Next visit *San Bartolomé*, the oldest of the *Colegios Mayores*, and hence called *El Colegio Viejo*, but New College would be more appropriate, for it has been completely modernized. The rawness of the recent tasteless work ill accords with the venerable date of the older buildings, which, like aged men, look better in their contemporary russet coats than in "the last" spick and span fashions. This college was founded in 1410 by Diego de Anaya, Archbishop of Seville, who, returning from the Council of Constance, had seen Bologna. The object was to "defend *the* faith;" hence it was so thronged in 1480 that the proverb ran, "*Todo el mundo está lleno de Bartolomicos;*" here was devised the fatal *limpieza de sangre*, which neutralized all conversion from Jew and Moor, by distinguishing between new and Old Christians, the *nuevos ó rancios*, thus cursing Spain, already sufficiently unamalgamating, with a new caste, and another germ of disunion. These religious distinctions were borrowed from the Moors, by whom, those of the old Goths who renounced Christianity were called *Mosalimah* or *new* converts to Islam. They were despised, just as the renegade Moors were among the Christians, and were called *Muraddin*, the Arabic equivalent for the Spanish *Cristiano nuevo*.* The term *Mulatto*, half-caste, is Moorish, *Muwallad*, "any thing or person not of pure Arabic origin," and which, being pronounced then, as it is now, in Barbary, *Mulad*, became in Spanish *Mulato* and *Mula* (Moh. D. ii. 458); the primitive root was doubtless the Latin *mula*, the hybrid mule. The college of *San Bartolomé* was "*beautified*" about 1767 by one Josef *Hermosilla*. The Salmantines admire it prodigiously, yet the Ionic portico is heavy, the cornice clumsy, and the square windows of the entresol mere port-holes; the *patio* is simple and better, but the staircase is somewhat narrow, and the pictures in the chapel by Sebastian Concha are indifferent; this college produced the renowned *El Tostado* (see Avila). Consult its history, by Ruiz de Vergara, 3 vols. folio, Mad., 1766-70.

Cuenca, the next *Colegio Mayor*, was founded in 1506 by Diego Ramirez, Bishop of Cuenca, by whom Charles V. was baptized. This most exquisite cinque-cento edifice, fair daughter of

* *Murrad* means a renegado, from *radda*, to turn; it was the name given by the Moors to those who *turned* Christians: *Muwallad* is one descended from a turncoat.

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Cuenca's elegant cathedral, was, before M. Ney "entered," the marvel of Salamanca: men wondered where artists could be found to design it, workmen to execute, and wealth to defray the cost. Of this gem of Berruguete art, only a fragment of the front, with the founder's motto, *γνωθι σαυτον*, remained in our time, and by their fruits shall ye know the Goths who demolished the rest. A few medallions of prelates, knights, and elegant ornaments about the windows show what was the original character of this splendid pile. In a ruined quadrangle portions of sculpture mutilated by Ney's troops still encumber the weeds.

Passing hence to *San Blas*, the full extent of this French devastation is evident. In order to fortify this commanding quarter, they demolished San Benito, San Vicente, La Merced, and Los Cayetanos, and levelled all the houses up to San Bernardo, to make a glacis. From these ruins the eye ranges over the river, the cathedral, and the enormous Jesuitas. These forts were stormed by the Duke in person, June 27, 1812, and although defended by 800 picked men and 20 cannon, surrendered after a feeble resistance. Thus were captured in a few hours bastions which it had occupied the enemy three long years to construct, for which the abodes of religion and learning were razed, and this in the face of Marmont's superior army, which did not venture to interfere. Now, the philanthropical M. Guetin (Guide en Espagne, p. 478) tenderly deplores how much "Salamanque eut à souffrir en 1812 du feu des batteries *Anglaises*, qui tiraient à boulet rouge sur cette *malheureuse* cité."

Adjoining is *el Colegio Mayor de Santiago*, or, as it is usually called, *del Arzobispo*, from the founder, Alonso de Fonseca, Archbishop of Toledo, who was buried in the Ursolas; it is now used partly for Irish students and as a barrack. It was begun in 1521 by Pedro de Ibarra, at the best period of the cinque-cento style. Observe the most airy elegant quadrangle, the fluted pillars, and Pierino del Vago medallions, which glitter in the sun like a rich chasing by Cellini. The boys and heads, some in caps, some in helmets, are full of grace and variety of design. Ibarra was aided by Alonso de Covarubbias and by Berruguete: thus the three great artistic architects of their age were simultaneously employed, each vying in honourable rivalry to outdo the other. Some of the work is in the transition period from the Gothic to the Renaissance. Berruguete in 1529 undertook to "build, carve, and paint" the *retablo* of the chapel: Ponz (xii. 234) gives an extract from the original agreement. The noble work was finished in 1531, but whitewash has done its worst, and a portion only of the original colouring has escaped near the altar. The precious *retablo*, recently cruelly whitewashed and repainted, when seen from a distance, looks like a silversmith's work of gold and enamel. The eight paintings are rather coldly coloured, and the drawing resembles that of Juan de Bologna; the upper four are the best, but the figure of the student in the centre niche is not by Berruguete. The subjects are the descent of the Holy Ghost, Ananias and Saphira, the Finding of Moses, Presentation in the Temple, Ascension of the Saviour, his Baptism, Flight into Egypt, Adoration of Shepherds. The two lower are copies, the invaders having abstracted the originals.

The last of the *Colegio Mayores* is that *del Rey*, "King's College." It was commenced in 1625 by Gomez Mora, and was founded by the military order of Santiago. The quadrangle is Doric, serious and simple. The chapel was unfortunately modernized and bedaubed with gilding and *churrigueresque* by a South American bishop of more wealth than taste.

Close by is *San Esteban*, a Dominican convent, so called, because, when an earlier one near the Tormes was destroyed by a flood in Nov. 1256, this parish church was assigned to that order, and one of the finest

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externally enriched Gothic buildings in the world was erected. The benefactors were Juan Alvarez de Toledo, uncle to the great Alva, and Diego de Deza, tutor to Prince Juan (who died at Salamanca, Oct. 7, 1497) and afterwards Archbishop of Seville. This true Dominican and ferocious Inquisidor was, like Philip II., nevertheless, a patron of art, protector of Columbus, and sincere even in his bigotry. He also founded the College of *Santo Tomas* at Seville. Observe the elaborate façade and portal, which almost rivals that of the University library. The eye is bewildered with the details, which are thrown like a lace embroidery or filigree work over the whole; the creamy stone is worked into saints, apostles, candelabra, and richest caprice. The martyrdom of the tutelar is by Juan Antonio Ceroni of Milan. The noble church is a Latin cross. The entrance is under a *dark* elliptical arch, which supports the *coro* as at the Escorial, but beyond all is brilliant, nay, the altar is overdone with gilding. The dome is painted in fresco by the feeble Antonio Palomino, and the subject, the "Triumph of Religion," is a decided failure of art. The roof is richly studded; the *retablo* has a good Martyrdom of St. Stephen by Claudio Coello. Observe to the r. a precious door adorned with riding children and scroll-work. In the light cloister remark the pillars and capitals in the angles, and the basso-relievos sculptured by Alonso Sardina. Observe, also, the *sala capitular*, built in 1627 by Juan Moreno, the grand staircase, the beautiful *sacristia*, and library. This exquisite pile was vandalized by the invaders, who turned the church into a magazine, and the cloisters into stables.

Columbus in 1484-6 was lodged here; and the monks and Deza, to their honour, espoused his scheme, which the "*Golgotha*" of the university had pronounced to be "vain, impracticable, and resting on grounds too weak to merit the support of the government." The sable conclave was held at Valcuervo, "the Valley of *Crows*," 2 L. off, to secure quiet for deliberation. Here the arguments of the great Genoese were rebutted by texts from St. Augustine: and he was scouted as an atheist, as a reckless adventurer, and a fool, by real fools, who despised what they could not understand, and this occurred in the palmy days of Salamantine Dons, Doctors, men of "fat paunches and lean pates;" who, ignorant of the world, nursed in routine, and steeped in prejudice, from long custom of teaching others, were incapable of being taught themselves: but pedagogues, from the habit of measuring their intellects with their pupil inferiors, frequently form a false standard of their own powers and acquisitions, and when brought into the world, and grappled with by real men, are either thought bores and quizes, or are hooted at like owls, whose proper place is the darkling cloister, not the bright daylight.

These convocated heads of houses, who could decide against a poor *foreigner*, who was in the *right*, always gave an opinion in favour of Spaniards of place and power, albeit in the *wrong;* their decisions, as in the case of Don Pedro's divorce, are a sore subject in Salamanca, and over which Gil de Avila says "he must draw a veil, as the dutiful son did over the nakedness of Noah."

Opposite to the palace of Monterey, with its two turrets, all gutted by the invaders, is *las Agustinas Recoletas*, a once magnificent convent, founded in 1626 by Manuel de Zuñiga, Conde de Monterey, and favourite of Philip IV. This "good slow man," according to Clarendon, having married a sister of the all-powerful Conde Duque, was by him appointed viceroy at Naples. He there became so rich, that a poor pregnant woman, who had a longing, *un antojo*, to see Philip IV., when thanking the king for granting her an audience, prayed that "God might make him viceroy of Naples." The convent, built by Juan Fontana, is a noble pile, with red marble fluted Corinthian pil-

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lars, a simple cupola, and altogether an Italian character. The church, a pure Latin cross, one of the finest in Salamanca, is very rich in marbles. Observe the Florentine pulpit of *Pietre dure*, in which San Vicente de Ferrer is said to have preached; notice the *retablo*, with Corinthian red marble pillars, and the gilt bronze tabernacle, with spiral columns and *lapis lazuli*; the crucifix in the *retablo* and the tombs of the founder and his wife are by Algardi; observe the armour and costume: many pompous titles are inscribed below the kneeling figures, which but enhance the triumph of death, who has cropped them all to form a garland for his victor brow; and now all is nothing and neglect. Monterey was a liberal patron of art; many pictures which he gave to Philip IV. are still at Madrid; he reserved for this convent "San Januario kneeling on the clouds," by P. Veronese, doubtful; an "Annunciation," by Lanfranco; a "Nativity," Ribera — the child is much repainted; notice also some very capital Stanzionis (Caballero Maximo). Observe also a St. John, like Guido; St. Joseph; a fine dark San Agustin; and the Meeting of the Virgin and Elizabeth, and a Nativity, excellent: also a San Nicolas, Lanfranco; a *Virgen del Rosario*, Ribera; and the grand altarpiece, the *Concepcion*, signed Jusepe de Ribera, Español, Valentiano, F. 1635. In this the Virgin's feet are shown, a liberty allowed to artists in Italy, but prohibited in Spain by the Inquisition. As Monterey was viceroy at Naples at the precise moment when Ribera, Stanzioni, Lanfranco, and others had really created there a school of art, this convent was once a museum of Neapolitan paintings: when we saw them, they flapped rotting in their frames, but were pure in surface, having never yet been defiled by harpy cleaners or restorers. The other paintings inside the convent cannot be seen by the male sex, as the nunnery is *en clausura*. Of the famous cartoons by M. Angelo, "the Swimmers," mentioned by Carducho (Dial. 151), we could obtain no information.

Another nunnery, *San Espiritu*, destined, like Las Huelgas at Burgos, for noble ladies, is a fine pile of granite. Observe the superb roof over the *coro*, and the richly chased portal by Berruguete. The church of *Carmelitas Calzadas* is in the pure simple Doric of Juan de Herrera. The quadrangle of the *Colegio de Guadalupe* was incredibly rich in minute decorations, a lace-work of form and figure, animal and vegetable. In 1850 it was converted into a fives court! while rubbish was shot into the church. The tower of *Santo Tome de los Caballeros* is of the twelfth century. Observe the ancient sepulchres with pointed arches near the altar. The elegant and pathetic Luis de Leon was buried in 1591 in the *Agustinos Calzados*, where Juan de Sahagun and Santo Tomas de Villanueva rest also. Observe the rich plateresque portal of *Las Dueñas*, founded in 1419, as inside it Santa Teresa received her Divine revelations (see Avila).

The *Jesuitas* (*La Clericia*) built in 1614 by Juan Gomez de Mora, is enormous. The chapel and transept are grand, but the *cimborio* has been cracked, and the *retablo* is of vile churrigueresque. The portals, towers, and cupolas are more striking from size than good art. It is now a clerical seminary, and here the Irish students were lodged after the suppression of this order; their original college was founded in 1592 by Philip II., and dedicated to St. Patrick, in order that "some priests of the true faith might yet be educated for unhappy England in the hopes of finally extinguishing pestilential heresies." The excellent Dr. Curtis, the Cowrttis of the Spanish guide book *Reseña*, p. 73, presided here during the war, and deserved the high opinion with which the Duke honoured him.

Philip II. was married, Nov. 13, 1543, at Salamanca, to Maria of Portugal, when gown and town, the city and the Dons, outdid themselves in

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bull-fights, in order to wipe away all memory of the part it had taken against his father in the outbreak in 1521. The leader of the Patriots, or *Comuneros*, on that occasion, was one Valloria, a *botero*, or maker of wine pigskins. This agitator plundered the colleges, their plate-chests, butteries, and cellars, so effectually, that the delighted mob made every one swear this oath of allegiance:—"*Juras á Dios no haber mas Rey, ni Papa, que Valloria.*" This Castilian Jack Cade was hanged April 23, 1521.

Near the churrigueresque *Merced* is the *Colegio de la Vera Cruz*, so called from the apparition of white crosses on the dresses of the Jews during a sermon of San Vicente Ferrer in 1411, who here converted 8000 Moors, 35,000 Jews, and 100,000 other sinners, which seems a good many in so small a town; however, when asked by some doubters on his arrival for a sign, he replied, "What more do you require than that up to this day 3000 miracles have been wrought by means of this sinner?" (See, for authentic details, Gil de Avila, p. 354, and Dorado, 286.)

Among the houses best worthy observing in Salamanca is *la Casa del Sal*, or *Salinas*, with its arched front, granite pillars, ornamented windows, and singular *patio*. Observe the projecting roof and gallery upheld by quaintly carved and grotesque figure supports. The Maldonado family have a fine old house opposite *la Trinidad*. Near the *Jesuitas* is the *Casa de las Conchas*, ornamented on the exterior like the Mendoza palace at Guadalajara, but the interior is much degraded: observe the fine patio and minute Gothic ornaments. In the *Plaza San Agustin* observe the ruined front of the convent destroyed by the invaders, and a singular old house with the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, and most delicately shaped windows. The *Palacio del Conde de Monterey*, before mentioned, has two remarkably elegant turrets or *miradores*, with an upper gallery of open arcaded windows, which look like a rich lace fringe of the solid basement below.

The *Calle de los Muertos* is so called from the house built by Archbishop Fonseca, whose bust, with those of his two nephews, is sculptured in front. Under the windows are placed sculls, emblems of the dead, which gave the name to the street; but good living flourished inside when we were there, for here lived our kind and hospitable friend Don Alejo Guillen, prior of the cathedral, and one mentioned so often with honour in the Duke's Dispatches, and thus embalmed is immortal: see particularly August 18, 1812. His Grace himself, when at Salamanca, lodged in the house of the Marques de Almarza, in the *Plaza de San Boal*. Every Englishman will of course visit it, and observe the rosette-studded arch at the entrance, and the medallions in the *patio*, especially a young lady with a ruff, and the heads of the founder and his beautiful wife, whose drapery is free and flowing.

In the *Plaza Santo Tomé* is an ancient mansion with red brick Moorish arches and *Azulejo*, and another with a Berruguete front and portal, with the medallions of the founder and his wife—a very common Spanish *cinquecento* decoration. The *Torre de Clavel* is a good specimen of the mediæval Castilian keep, with those little bartizan turrets at the corner, which occur at Coria, Coca, Segovia, Guadamur, and elsewhere. In the *Cuesta del Seminario* was the *Aula*, the hall, where Villena endeavoured to restore learning. Here he taught natural philosophy, which the dons and doctors thought magical. The University, it has been said, at his death appointed Lope de Barrientos, Bishop of Avila and Inquisitor-general, to inspect his library; two cart-loads were sent him, which he forthwith proceeded not to read, but to burn. Juan de Mena grieves (Coplas, i. 126) over such "exequies" of the patron of literature and "honour of Spain." Ponz (iii. 105) prints an epistle, purported to have been written at the time by Fernan

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Gomez, physician to Juan II., to the poet, lamenting this Omar vandalism. According to this Doctor, this Lope "could not understand the books any more than the Dean of Ciudad Rodrigo." The spirit of the period is well caught in this *Centon epistolario*, a jeu-d'esprit written by Vera y Zuniga, and ascribed to this Gomez.

Descend now to the Tormes, and observe in the way the *Puerta de San Pablo*, with the infinite statues of saints, the Pope or St. Peter in the centre. Examine the foundations of the old walls, the Roman bridge, and the amohadillado masonry. The *Medio Puente* is one of those pavilions or shrines so common to Spanish bridges, in which some tutelar saint is worshipped. Such a one was built at Wakefield by our Edward IV. On this bridge was placed one of those strange animals, which, whether wild boar or rhinoceros, are classed with the *Toros de Guisando* (See Index); and the Oxford of Tauromachian Spain has taken for its arms "a bull on a bridge crossing a river" —a Bull-ford. Having passed the Tormes, turn to the r. and cross the rivulet Zurguen to view the noble city rising proudly in front. This *Zurguen* was to the poet Melendez what the "*Bonny Ayr*" was to Burns. If the traveller will ascend the cathedral tower, and walk some afternoon out of the gate Santo Tomas, and make the circuit of the walls, passing the gates of Toro, Zamora, and Villamayor, and entering again at San Vicente, he will have seen something of Salamanca.

P.S. Since these pages were written we have heard of sad new destructions of ancient buildings in Salamanca.

There are three routes from Salamanca to Madrid, and a diligence: No. 1, the shortest and most uninteresting, is through *Peñaranda*. A new road is contemplated between Madrid and Salamanca, which is to pass through Avila, meantime it may be ridden in 3 days.

ROUTE 65.—SALAMANCA TO MADRID.

Aldea luenga	2	
Ventosa	3	5
Peñaranda	2	7
Pontiveros	3½	10½
San Pascual	3	13½
Blasco Sancho	2½	16
Venta de Almarza	1	17
Madrid	15	32

Huerta is a poor village in a cereal plain near the Tormes, on which the Duke marched after the victory of Salamanca, imagining that the bridge lower down to the r. at Alba de Tormes was secured by Don Carlos de España, as he had ordered, which it was not; thus the invaders escaped annihilation, thanks to Spaniards. Hence, crossing the Ventosa, to *Peñaranda de Bracamonte*, a decent town of 3400 souls. The road is next carried over the rivers Trabancos, Zapardiel, and Adajas, which flow down from the Avila chains rising to the r. Near *Villanueva de Gomez*, ½ a L. from *Blasco Sancho*, is a stream which must be forded; in time of rains carriages are obliged, for want of a bridge, to go 4 L. round by *Arevalo*. After travelling over an uninteresting slovenly-cultivated country, this route joins the high Madrid and La Coruña road at the *Venta de Almarza*.

Those who have reached Salamanca from Lisbon or Gallicia, and are proceeding to Madrid with no intentions of travelling north, may take the following route, circuitous but interesting.

ROUTE 66.—SALAMANCA TO MADRID.

Pedrosillo	2½	
Canizal	3½	6
Alaejos	3	9
Siete Iglesias	1	10
Tordesillas	4	14
Simancas	3	17
Valladolid	2	19
Segovia	19	38
San Ildefonso	2	40
Escorial	8	48
Madrid	8½	56½

The country to *Tordesillas* is dreary; from thence excursions may be made to *Toro* and *Medina del Campo:* for all these towns consult Index.

The 3rd line runs through Avila,

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and may, if desired, be prolonged by turning to the Escorial, which will be avoided by the new road.

ROUTE 67.—SALAMANCA TO MADRID.

Alba de Tormes	4	
La Maya	2½ ..	6½
Piedrahita	3 ..	9½
Villatoro	3 ..	12½
Santa Maria	3 ..	15½
Avila	4 ..	19½
Escorial	7½ ..	27
Madrid	8½ ..	35½

You may ride by *Calbarra de Arriba*, 2 L., and cross those plains so fit for fight and flight, and follow the line of Marmont's manœuvre in the latter line.

Alba de Tormes (decent posada near the gate), whence the family of Toledo take their ducal title, is in the centre of their vast possessions. Pop. about 2000. Placed in a plain, and commanding extensive views of hill and vale, it rises gently over the *Tormes*, with a noble bridge, which Don Carlos de España, by neglecting to secure as ordered, rendered a *pont d'or* to Marmont after his defeat at Salamanca. The finely placed palace-fortress overlooks the town, with its round towers and machicolations; it was gutted by the runaways, and the superb armoury stolen. In the *Carmelitas descalzas* are the noble sepulchres of the benefactors, Francisco Velazquez and Teresa his wife; observe the sepulchral statue of Simon Galarza, and Juan de Ovalla and Doña Juana de Ahumada with a child at their feet. There, in a stately tomb, raised in 1750, lies the sainted founder, Santa Teresa herself (see Avila). Near the town is the grand Jeronomite convent, the superb tomb of Gutierez Alvarez de Toledo, Archbishop of Toledo.

Alba de Tormes was the scene of another Spanish misbehaviour. The Duque del Parque (Oct. 19, 1809) had defeated Gen. Marchand at Tamames, distant 2 L., and the success turned the Seville Junta's heads, who, thinking that they now could reconquer Madrid without the aid of the English, planned the campaign of Ocaña, in defiance of all the Duke's warnings and advice. This crushing defeat recoiled on del Parque, who here, within 2 L. of his former victory, was surprised, Nov. 28, 1809, by Kellerman: alarmed, says the Duke, at the appearance of 30 French dragoons in his rear, the entire Spanish army dispersed, abandoning guns and everything. Here our Gen. Hamilton, with 1500 weary men, resisted, successfully resisted, Soult with more than 10,000! Proceed hence through a broken country, studded with oakwoods, to *Piedrahita*—Posada del Torresillo—it is built on a slope, with another palace of the Alvas, erected in the last century at a cost of more than 400,000*l*. Jacques Marquet, a Frenchman brought to Madrid in order to pave the streets, gave the design. The gardens, with temples and terraces, rendered this the Stowe of Spain, but all was ruined, like Abadia, by the French troops.

The road soon enters New Castile, and is carried amid scrubby oaks and park-like scenery through the *Puerto de Villatoro* to the town, so called from its four stone *toros*. Two are erect under the church front; one is embedded in the wall of the "graes;" another huge one stretches himself out from a wall near the church. Thence by gentle descents through a wooded sporting corn country to Avila (see R. 99).

ROUTE 68.—SALAMANCA TO VALLADOLID.

Moriscos	1½	
Pitiagua	2½ ..	4
Pedroso	1 ..	5
La Carolina	2 ..	7
Fresno	2½ ..	9½
Medina del Campo	4½ ..	14
Valdestillas	4 ..	18
Puente Duero	2 ..	20
Valladolid	2 ..	22

If you go through *Cantalapiedra* the distance about 1 L. longer than the preceding to *Pedroso*, the country is a lonely and unenclosed waste of corn. About *Carolina* pine woods commence then flat plains to *Medina del Campo*.

From Salamanca we ourselves struck N.W., and made the pilgrimage to *Compostella*, then turning into the

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Asturias to Oviedo, and coming down to Madrid through Leon, Valladolid, and Segovia. This alpine ride, delicious in summer, is strongly recommended to the artist and the antiquarian, as it was to this mountain-corner of Spain that the remnants of the Goths fled in 712.

ROUTE 69.—SALAMANCA TO LUGO.

Calzada	3	
Cubo	3	6
Corrales	3	9
Zamora	3	12
Piedrahita	3	15
Riego	2	17
Santa Eufemia	2	19
Benavente	3	22
Pozuelo	3	25
A la Bañeza	3	28
Toral	2	30
Astorga	2½	32½
Manzanal	3½	36
Bembimbre	3	39
Cubillos	2½	41½
Villafranca	3½	45
Ambas Mestas	2½	47½
Castro	3	50½
Doncos	3	53½
Santa Isabel	2½	56
Sobrado	2½	58½
Lugo	3	61½

First we may mention that *Toro* lies 12 L. from Salamanca by an uninteresting carriageable road, through *Fuente-Sauco*, 6 L., and along the river Guarena.

The celebrated warm baths of *Ledesma* lie about 6 L. from Salamanca to the W., and there is a diligence to them in the season. The district is of great antiquity, and is still divided into *Rodas*, districts, Arabice *Rauda*, garden. *Ledesma*, Bletissa, the chief town, ancient and picturesque, has a feudal look; pop. 1500; its singular walls are thought to be earlier than the Romans. The town stands on the Tormes, with a fine bridge built on Roman foundations. Many inscriptions are found here, and outside the *Puerta de los Toros* are two of those strange antique Bulls of the Guisando breed. The sulphur baths lie about S.E. 2 L. off, in a wooded dell on the Tormes. The waters are warm, ranging from 29 to 30 Réaumur, and are used both internally and externally, being very beneficial in cutaneous and rheumatic complaints. The season is from June 1 to Sept. 30. From *Ledesma* to *Zamora* there is a cross-road through *San Marcial*.

The road to *Calzada* runs over a desolate waste of *xaras y encinas*, following the line of the ancient Roman way; here and there are seen wild hawks of a large size, with greyish white bodies, and tails and wings tipped with black. About *Cubo* the country improves; and here, in a sheltered valley, is *Val Paraiso*,—the once superb convent in which St. Ferdinand, one of the best and greatest of Spanish kings, was born; now all is a ruin; the invaders converted this *paradise* into a wilderness, and what the foreigner commenced the native Spaniard has carried out. The peasants about here now become as churlish as their country, no longer saluting the stranger like the *Estremeño* or *Charro*. They either wear *monteras*, or shocking bad round hats. The red-stockinged women veil their heads with handkerchiefs, and all seem poverty-stricken and starving amid corn and wine; the latter, fine and good, sold in our time for about 3 reals the *arroba*, or 6*d*. for 16 bottles. But there are no outlets for the over-production; roads, canals, and customers are all wanting; thus, when corn here is sometimes at 24 to 28 reals the *fanega*, it sells for 55 to 57 at *Seville*; the *vino de Toro* is far superior to what is commonly sold in England as port.

From *Salamanca* to *Corrales* under its windwill-studded hill is a 6 hours' ride; *posada* decent. Continuing the route from the hermitage *el Cristo de Morales*, *Zamora* is seen rising grandly over the Duero. The long embattled line is terminated to the l. by the castle and cathedral. The old bridge, to the r., with its pointed arches, has three of those towers on it so common in Spain. The ruined piers of another are seen below the cathedral. The Duero, dammed up above and below with water mills, now as it approaches Portugal, has few bridges, and, being

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deep, and provided only with dangerous ferries, becomes a most important military line in time of war. The river rises in the bleak *Sierra de Urbion*, near Soria, receiving the affluents of the hills above Logroño and the Montcayo, flows west, and below Zamora forms the boundary between Spain and Portugal. The whole course is about 500 miles. The name Ur, ὕδωρ, the Celtic Dwr, simply means *water*, as *Gave* does in the Pyrenees. This water *par excellence* is indeed an ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ, since, according to the proverb it is equal to chicken-broth in nutriment: *Agua de Duero, caldo de pollos*—an axiom which our readers may well distrust, and put a real *poule* in their *pot;* the river moreover has the honour to give the title of Marquis to the Duke, Palmam quam meruit ferat,—as on its banks, from first to last, he foiled the enemy, beginning with Soult at Oporto. Again it was by crossing the Duero in these parts that the Duke turned the French position, and drove the invaders headlong out of Spain by the death-blow he dealt them at Vitoria. Below Zamora are some wild passes and ferries, used by smugglers; the most remarkable are *el Paso de las Estacas*, that of the Stakes, and *el Salto de la Burraca*, the leap of the great she-ass (Borico), not the heaven-ascending mule of Mahomet.

Time-honoured *Zamora* is now a decayed place. Pop. under 9000. There is a tolerable *posada* on the *Plaza Santa Lucia*, and *de la Morera* on the *Plaza del Carbon* and another *del Peto*. The cathedral is the see of a bishop, suffragan to Santiago. The city bears for arms its bridge, with two towers and a flag. The name is said to be derived from the Moorish *Samuráh*, a city of "turquoises," which it does not signify * and of which it possesses none. In older books it is called *Ocellum Duri*, the eye, the cup of the Duero (*Keli*, Hebrew; calix). Be that as it may the very name awakes a thousand recollections in a Spanish bosom of mediæval chivalry, and romance, and the glorious past. Placed on the barrier Duero, and an important frontier town against Moorish invasions, it was recovered from the infidel in 748 by Alonso el Catolico, and besieged in July, 939, by Abdu-r-rahman, a desperate battle was fought for its relief by Ramiro II. *Zamora* was then enclosed by seven lines of walls, and the intervening spaces defended by moats; 40,000 Moors are said to have been killed—to a man; the Spaniards, from being in want of everything, were unable to follow up their victory. *Zamora*, retaken and destroyed in 985 by the great Al Mansúr, was rebuilt by Ferdinand I., who gave it in 1065 to his daughter Urraca, who must not be confounded with her niece Urraca, the wife of Ramon of Burgundy, and *Reina proprietaria* of Spain. This once common name, which still exists in these parts, is pure Arabic, and means "brilliant in colours;" hence Mahomet's aforesaid mule, on which he ascended to heaven, was called *El Burac*. The term is also given to a delicious pear in Gallicia, and to a chattering pie, *habla mas que una Urraca*.

Ferdinand, by his impolitic devise, dismembered a monarchy which his whole life had been spent in consolidating, and, like his seventh namesake, bequeathed a civil war to his heir Sancho, who, resenting the unjust partition, besieged *Zamora* in 1072. Then it was the well-walled city, *Zamora la bien cercada*, and was proverbially almost impregnable: *á Zamora, no se ganó en una hora*. Sancho, being enticed near the walls by Vellido Dolphos (Ataulfo), was assassinated on the 7th Oct. whilst in an unseemly position according to the old ballad, the Cid from want of spurs being unable to catch the traitor; but every one will read his *Romancero* on these sites. At this siege five Moorish kings (sheiks) brought him tribute, and saluted Ruy Diaz de Vibar with the

* *Samur* is the Arabic name of a furred animal, *Mustela Scythica*, and is the etymon of the Spanish *zamarra*, jacket.

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title of *Cid Campeador*—the champion Prince—just as our Wellington was called here *El Lor*, *El gran Lor*, "*The* Lord," exactly as we say "*The* Duke."

Pass out by the *Puerta de la Feria* into the pleasant Alameda to the ruined palace of Urraca, built at the extreme point of the city. The walls follow the irregularities of their rocky bases; her mutilated bust still remains over a gate, with the inscription, "*Afuera! Afuera! Rodrigo el soberbio Castellano*" taken from the old ballad, and allusive to the Cid's being shut out when the traitor-assassin Dolphos was let in. Near this is the bishop's palace, with its corridors and open gallery.

The see, fallen into abeyance during the time of the Moors, was restored by Alonso VI., son of Ferdinand I., whose heiress, Urraca, had married Ramon, brother to Pope Calixtus II. (obt. 1124) and thus through family interest at Rome many difficulties with contending prelates were got over. Bernard, then Archb. of Toledo, was a Frenchman, and filled the sees of Spain with his countrymen who introduced the simple solid Norman style of architecture, exactly as occurred at Tarragona. Geronimo, the confessor of the Cid, was appointed to Zamora with *quasi*-episcopal functions. The S. and dilapidated entrance of his cathedral deserve particular notice. Observe a truncated tower, the four round or Saxon arches, and the singular pattern-like rolls of linen, the plain curtains of wall strengthened by buttresses. The capitals of the pillars are in the bastard Norman-Gothic Corinthian style. The rose windows are fine, and the massy square tower and *cimborio* are quite cognate with the *Iglesia Vieja* of Salamanca. The two lateral aisles in the interior are low. The dome is picked out with a wavy pattern of gold on white. The *altar mayor* is composed of reddish marble pillars, with gilt bronze capitals, and the Transfiguratión sculptured in marble is modern, and of inferior art. The old *retablo* was moved to the convent of San Geronimo. The *coro*, carved in a tedesque manner like Rodrigo Aleman, is dated 1490. The open Gothic spire of the bishop's seat, and the saints and figures above the dark-coloured stalls of the canons, the carved door with figures and Gothic work to the l. of the high altar, deserve notice. Among the tombs observe those of Bernardus, the first bishop, 1149, and near the door that of Bishop Pedro, 1254, confessor of St. Ferdinand, opposite to that of Bishop Suerus Perez, 1286. Other old tombs are in the *Capilla del Cardenal*, viz. Alvaro Romero, cloaked,—observe his sword; and in the *Capilla de San Miguel* that of canon F. M. de Baltas, 1308. The very ancient *retablo* is parted into six divisions, with paintings like Fernando Gallegos. The original cloisters were burnt in 1591, and the present, in simple Doric, were rebuilt in 1621. The N. entrance to the cathedral has unfortunately been modernised in the Corinthian style, which ill accords with the primitive elevation.

La Magdalena, a church of the Templars, and at their suppression given to the Order of St. Juan of Jerusalem, is a simple solid edifice of the twelfth century. Observe the masonry of the exterior, the deeply-recessed entrance, with remarkable circular arches above, highly enriched, partly with Norman, partly with Moorish patterns, and the high altar, with a beautiful round arch and mouldings: observe also the rose window above, formed with small columns, precisely like that in the Temple church at London. Before entering the inner portion, on each side of the lofty pointed arch are two ancient tombs of members of San Juan. Notice the cross and the spiral pillars which support the canopies, also the enriched portal; visit also *la Plaza de los Momos*, and observe the singular façade of a *casa solar*, with *ajimez* windows, and the peculiar Valentian doorway, with large fan-like stones in the arch-work.

The natural strong position of *Zamora* led Moore to urge the Junta of Salamanca to repair the defences, and receive there his stores, but his retreat

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had *commenced* before these procrastinating semi-orientals — socorros de España—had done deliberating (Schepeler, ii. 119). Had *Zamora* been made tenable, Moore would have fallen back on it, instead of on *La Coruña*, and thus Portugal would have been spared the murderous ravages of Soult. The sins of the dotard Junta were visited on ill-fated Zamora. After Cuesta and Blake's disgraceful defeat at Medina del Rio Seco, it permitted the French under Darricaut and Maupetit to master the once strong place in less than half an hour! *Oh dedecus ingens!* A change indeed had come over the land since the day when

Con Zamora aver batalla
Azas es cosa pesada.

Although no resistance was made, the craven town was sacked, neither age nor sex were spared, and the principal persons executed. Zamora, afterwards plundered by M. Foy, has never recovered these visitations. The victory of Salamanca delivered Zamora; its evacuation by Foy was a blundering operation, for had he held it, the Duke's plans would have been deranged (Disp. Aug. 18, 23, 1812).

On quitting it, the wretchedness of the peasantry increases; their cabins are of mud, their furniture and agricultural implements are rude in form and material. Their carts—and they prevail all over the N.W. provinces—are the unchanged *plaustra;* the solid wheels, the Roman *tympana*, mere circles of wood without spokes or axles, resemble mill grinding-stones or Parmesan cheeses; they are such as the old Egyptians used, as seen in hieroglyphics (Wilk. i. 369), and no doubt exactly like those sent by Joseph for his father (Gen. xlv. 19). The type is Oriental, and still is used among the Affghans and Spaniards, who are unadvanced coachmakers. The whole wheel, neither designed nor drawn by a Buonaroti, turns round together with a piteous creaking, which whines all over the north-western portion of Spain. The drivers, whose ears are blunt and teeth edgeless, delight in this excruciating *Chillar, el Chirrio*, Arabicè *charrar*, to make a *noise*, which they call music; this they delight in because it is cheap, and plays of itself. They, moreover, think it frightens wolves, bears, and the devil himself, which it well may, for the wheel of Ixion, although damned in hell, never cried more piteously. The shrill sounds, however, serve as warnings to other drivers, who, in narrow paths and gorges of rocks, where two carriages cannot pass, have this notice given them, and draw aside until the coast is clear.

From Zamora the naturalist may make many excursions: the botanist should visit *la dehesa de San Andres*, 1 L., and the geologist go to *Muelas*, 4 L., in the angle of the confluence of the Esla and Duero: here, curiously formed and marked, calcareous stones and crystals are found, and the peculiar clay is considered the finest in the Peninsula for kitchen ware. It was by this line that the Duke, in May, 1813, by a masterly move to the l., passed the Duero in the Portuguese frontier, turned the French positions, and pounced on them at Vitoria. He himself crossed the deep foaming river on the 29th, at *Miranda*, in a basket slung on a rope from rock to rock (Nap. xx. 7). A fine wild country, covered with aromatic underwood, and intersected with trout-streams, intervenes to *Villafranca del Vierzo*. Those who can rough it might first visit *Carbajales*, 4 L. from *Zamora*, a town belonging to the Duque de Frias. Pop. about 1000. The neighbouring *la Peña colorada* and *monte Valdoradas* abound in *caza mayor y menor;* take local guides to unravel the net-work of trout-streams, which come down the fan-like offshoots of the serpentining *Sierra de Culebras*, and empty themselves into the *Aliste*. From *Carbajales* the sportsman might either strike off W. 4 L. to *Alcañices*, a small town with 500 souls, 9 L. from Zamora, on the confines of Portugal, where there is excellent cover, or he might cut across to *Puebla*

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de Sanabria, 3 L., and thence over the *Vierzo* to Villafranca, through some of the best fishing districts in Spain.

Leaving *Zamora*, the high road continues uninteresting until after passing *Santa Eufemia*, when an opening discloses *Benavente* in the distance, with its fine castle rising on a knoll to the l. out of a girdle of trees. Before arriving at the town, the Esla, which coming down from Roncesvalles forms one of the large tributaries of the Duero, is crossed in a clumsy ferry-boat. Here one of the first encounters took place between the British and French cavalry: early in Moore's retreat (Dec. 29, 1808), Lefebvre Desnouettes, at the head of 600 of the Imperial Guards, attacked the English rear, and was held in check by Col. Otway, with only 200 men, until Lord Paget came up with some of the 10th, and in "an instant" (says Napier) "the scene was changed, and the enemy were seen flying in full speed towards the river, the British close at their heels." Lefebvre Desnouettes was taken prisoner, when his indignation was increased by the derisive laughter which his sullen looks and torn coat excited among the English soldiers—du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas. Buonaparte, an eye-witness of this event, wrote the following account to be read in Paris in his 21st bulletin—"Le général, emporté par cette ardeur qu'on a si souvent reproché au soldat Français, passa la rivière à la nage pour se porter sur Benavente, où il trouva *toute la cavalerie* de l'arrière garde Anglais: alors il s'engagea un *long* combat de 400 hommes contre 2000; il fallut enfin céder au nombre. Cette échauffourée a dû convaincre les Anglais de ce qu'ils auraient à *redouter* de pareilles gens dans une affaire générale."

Lefebvre's subsequent breach of parole is well known; but Buonaparte, instead of sending him back "a prisoner," as the Duke would have done, had any English officer been capable of such dishonour (Disp. Oct. 20, 1809), approved of his conduct, and reinstated him in the command of his chasseurs. Can it be wondered, under such circumstances, "that the Duke could place no confidence in the parole of any French officer" (Disp. June 30, 1811), not even on Soult's, their chief (Disp. Sept. 11, 1813)? Yet now, M. Foy having ascribed the bravery of English soldiers to beef and rum, opines "that honour is a motive too delicate for their dense organization, and that even our officers lack the exclusive idolatry of the French to it" (i. 235, 241).

Crossing the Esla, *Benavente*, with its long, mud, *cob* walls, and huge ruined castle, rises on a gentle eminence. Pop. about 2400. There is a decent *posada* outside the town, on the road to *Astorga;* the town dull and poverty-stricken. The castle, the Alcazar of the Pimentels now merged in the Osuna dukedom, once the great lion, is far inferior in size and details to many of our Welsh castles; while the material is a reddish coarse stone, with a considerable portion of mere *cob*. It is entered by a gentle ascent: passing under an arch between two towers, with a defaced Santiago on horseback over the portal. The *Torre Pastel* bears the date Mayo 20, 1462. Here are the arms of the Pimentels, once the powerful Counts of Benavente, the sheikhs or lords of all around, to whose ancestor the castle was granted in 1394. The inside is all a ruin, having been gutted by Soult when retreating from Oporto. The patio is still strewed with fragments of sculpture. In the upper story was the state gallery, where yet are some remains of Moorish *Tarkish* and *azulejo* in the windows: a portion of the grand staircase exists. The view over the bald plains of Leon and mountains towards *la Puebla de Sanabria* is extensive; the river front is the strongest; the coarse masonry is ornamented with a huge stone chain and the projecting balls so common at Toledo: below are what were the gardens of the Duchess, before desolated by the destroyer. A pretty walk, *el Caracol*, leads under

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the trees and by a trout-stream. The *Santa Maria* church in Benavente has a remarkable tower, circular chapels, and round Saxon arches. The rude peasants of these cereal districts celebrate the great festivals at *Villa nueva del Campos*, 4 L., held Sept. 14, and at *Villarin de Campos*, 4 L., celebrated on the last Sunday of September; then they offer to the tutelar image as much corn as the devotee weighs himself when put in a scale held by the curate. A fair, bull-fights, and dances conclude these pious acts.

There is a carriageable communication from Benavente to Leon, 11½ L., over an uninteresting corn plain, through *Toral de los Guzmanes* 4½, *Ardon* 3½, and Leon 3. The road to the l. to *Orense*, 33½, is full of alpine and river beauty (see Route 70).

At *Benavente*, (Dec. 28, 1809) Moore's retreat may be said to have commenced: here the laurel was wreathed with the cypress, and the sins of official epigrammatists were washed out by brave men's blood. His career, was marred from the beginning by Mr. Canning, the "evil genius of the Peninsula," according to Napier. In Oct. Moore had been sent to the Peninsula, with some 25,000 men, without any specific instructions beyond a direction to act in concert with *Spanish* generals! The bleak Castiles, almost impracticable in winter from cold and rain, were chosen. Moore crossed the frontier in October, and in that nick of time, three ill-appointed Spanish armies, his allies, that were to be led by "children in the art of war," had melted like snow wreaths before the martial French, almost before attacked. Blake, on the 11th, was beaten at *Espinosa*, Belvidere having on the 10th been routed at Burgos; and ere Moore reached Salamanca Castaños had been crushed at Tudela; soon after, the affair of Somosierra gave Madrid to Buonaparte; so much for Spanish co-operation. Thus at the beginning, as to the end of the war, were the English left to bear the whole burden. 25,000 British troops were now opposed to 250,000 French veterans, flushed with victory; yet the Duke of York had counselled our imbecile ministers not to send less than 60,000 English to the Peninsula, which he was prepared to furnish: he felt that no little war ought to be carried on; but peddling, paltry politics prevailed,—this (says Napier) mere handful was embarked, and then without money, plans, or scarcely ammunition. Moore, who had now become the principal instead of the auxiliary, for "il n'y a que les Anglais à craindre," said the shrewd Buonaparte, was next lured into the Castiles by the asinine juntas, and by our ambassador, Mr. Frere, who did his best to deceive and destroy Moore, by enticing him on to Sahagun. At that moment Buonaparte rushed (Dec. 12) like lightning from Madrid, and in ten days, defying the elements, reached *Astorga* with 80,000 men. Moore, ignorant of his peril, remained the 22nd and 23rd of Nov. at *Sahagun*, urged even then by Frere and Morla to advance on Madrid, when one step would have caused certain ruin. But the truth flashed across his martial mind, and he retreated with unexampled decision, baffling Buonaparte, who arrived twelve hours too late at Benavente: then the *échauffourée* of the Esla gave him some forebodings of what might happen "dans une affaire générale" (see p. 633). Remembering Acre, and prescient of Waterloo, he declined risking his reputation in the fastnesses of Gallicia; having delegated that to Soult, he only himself advanced to *Astorga*, where (Jan. 1, 1810) he reviewed 80,000 Frenchmen pitted in pursuit of 19,053 English infantry, 2278 cavalry, and 63 guns, a force magnified by him into 30,000 *or* 40,000. He then departed on the pretence that he had received important intelligence from Germany which required his return: being however so little pressed that he daudled ten days at Valladolid, routing the English in his bulletins, paper pellets of his brain.

Moore, however brave and soldier-like throughout, sank under responsi-

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bility, overrated the enemy, and underrated himself: he began by a mistake, thinking that "when the French had Spain, Portugal could *not* be defended." How thought the Duke? "If I hold Portugal, France cannot and will not hold Spain;" and *shall not*, he might have said. Moore, although always meditating a retreat, never made any preparations for one, either by sending to reconnoitre routes, or to prepare magazines and halting-places. He met with little aid from the Castilians, still less from the Gallicians.

Napier (iii. 3) has rescued his fair fame, and exposed the red-tapists by whom the brave soldier was sacrificed. "In Sir John Moore's campaign" (said the honest Duke) "I can see but one error; when he advanced upon Sahagun he should have considered it as a movement of retreat, and sent officers in the rear to mark and prepare halting-places for every brigade; but this opinion I have formed after long experience of war, and especially the peculiarities of Spanish war, which must have been seen to be understood; finally, it is an opinion formed after the event." The Duke was soon afterwards sent to Portugal, where the retreat to *la Coruña* was more than wiped off by the sauve qui peut from Oporto, whence Soult, after a trouncing, which Moore never received at all, fled under every circumstance of precipitancy and discomfiture.

The ten long leagues from *Benavente* to *Astorga* are dull and monotonous; the country is studded with vineyards and small villages: at *San Roman de la Valle* the mud-hills are excavated into *bodegas* or wine-cellars, whose contents proved more fatal to Moore's troops than any foe; but Bacchus has ever been more formidable to our soldiers than Mars. Readers of Gil Blas may look out for the caves into which he was carried by the robbers. The uncivilized peasantry wear *madreñas* or wooden *sabots*, turned up at the toe, and supported by clogs; they hobble along in torture, even youth looking care-worn and old; the churches are mere barns, with a wall in front built up to a point, whereon is placed a niche for a bell, to which a staircase conducts. Passing *La Bañeza*, with a decent *posada*, pop. 2000, observe its fine alameda of poplars: now the snowy cloud-capped mountains close in as an amphitheatre, and seem to bar further approach. Soon *Astorga* appears, looking both warlike and picturesque; the ancient walls still speak the Roman, in spite of the recent paltry defences raised in the Carlist struggle, which speak the Spaniard. There is a tolerable *posada* just before entering the town.

Astorga—Asturica Augusta—in the days of Pliny (N. H. iii. 3), a "magnificent city," now is much decayed. Pop. under 3000. The bishopric, founded in 747 by Don Alonso el Catalico, is suffragan to Santiago; the town bears for arms a branch of oak, indicative of strength. The local histories are '*Fundacion, Nombres y Armas*,' &c., Pedro de Junco, 4to. Mad. 1634, and Pamplona, 1639; and a poor book, '*Historia de Astorga*,' 8vo. Valladolid, 1840. Humboldt considers *Astorga* to be a vernacular Iberian name, and derived from *Asta*, "a rock, a rock-built place," *e. g. Astures, Astaba, Astigi*. The Spaniards, finding in Sil. Italicus (iii. 334) that one *Astyr*, son of Memnon, fled to Spain, consider him the founder of *Asturica*. Certainly it is most ancient; the walls are singularly curious, and there are two Roman tombs and inscriptions near the *Puerta de Hierro*, built into the breach as mere handy materials. Some others of the 3rd and 4th centuries, have been recently encrusted in the walls of the *Paseo Nuevo*, than which nothing can be more charming. Seen from the outside, Astorga has a venerable imposing appearance, with its infinite semicircular towers, which do not rise higher than the level of the wall; like Coria and Lugo, it gives a perfect idea of a Spanish city fortified by the Romans, of which so few specimens remain, since most were dismantled by Witiza: being so near the

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mountains, the rivers *de Porcos* and *Tuerto* occasionally overflow, causing frightful ravages.

Astorga ranks as a grandee, for many Spanish cities and corporations have *personal* rank. It gives the title of marquis to the Osorio family, a ruin of whose palace yet remains; a portion of the fine library fortunately escaped Soult's camp-fires, and now belongs to the advocates at Edinburgh. Many of the gems had been previously extracted; the chocolate and *mantecadas* of Astorga are renowned, and are much more valued in Spain than books.

The Gothic cathedral, raised in 1471, on the site of one more ancient, has since been much modernised and disfigured; one tower is built of grey stone, the other, of red, is capped with a slated top. The exterior and entrance are churrigueresque, and the two lateral aisles are lower than the central one; observe the *reja* and elaborate *silleria del coro*, in the tedesque style of Rodrigo Aleman. The ridiculous drummers, naked women, and monsters, which *ornament* the organ contrast strangely with the venerable saints and bishops. The *trascoro* is very bad; the pulpit, with its medallions, is better; the cloisters are modern. The far-famed *retablo* is by Gaspar Becerra, who was born at Baeza in 1520, studied under Michael Angelo in Italy, and was patronised by Philip II.; his finest works are in the Castiles and centre of Spain. This *retablo*, executed in 1569, and perhaps his masterpiece, unfortunately has been much repainted: divided into three parts, the framework of the under story is supported by Berruguete pillars: the second tier has fluted columns and enriched bases; the third, has pilasters in black and gold. The carvings represent subjects from the life of the Saviour and Virgin; observe, especially, the Pieta, the Ascencion, and Coronation of the *Santisima*, and the fine recumbent females and Michael Angelesque "Charity." These nudities gave such offence to the thin-skinned, that they were about to be covered, when the *Consejo* of Madrid interfered: these grand carvings are very Florentine and muscular. In the *Capilla de San Cosme* is the tomb of King Alonso, ob. 880, with ancient marble sculpture in low relief, from subjects of the New Testament.

Astorga, when utterly unprovided, was assailed in February, 1810, by the French under the cruel Loison, who was nobly repulsed by the gallant José Maria de Santocildes, with a few raw soldiers. Junot came next, March 21, and threatened to put the whole town to the sword; and then, in spite of the advice of his engineers, rashly tried to storm the town by the *Puerta de Hierro*, but was beaten back. Santocildes, deserted by Mahy, who ought to have relieved him, and having expended his scanty ammunition, capitulated April 22, after a noble defence. Junot then dismantled the works, and destroyed the fine palace of the Astorga family, of which only two turrets and some armorial shields remain, and are best seen from the garden of the Moreno family, in whose house Moore was lodged. In 1812, Castaños, with 15,000 Gallicians, was here detained three months by Gen. Remond and only 1500 gallant Frenchmen. This was the manner in which the "Hero of Bailen" co-operated with the Duke, and at the moment when Marmont was in his front; indeed, he was so inconvenienced by this slowness that he thought of coming himself, for, as he said, "It is ridiculous to talk of Astorga as a fortified place; it is a walled town, which could not have stood *one day* against a regular attack" (Disp. Feb. 23, 1811).

Astorga is the capital of *La Maragateria*, or the country of the *Maragatos*, which is about 4 L. square. It contains 36 villages—*San Roman*, near *Bañeza*, being one of the best. The unamalgamating Maragatos, like the Jews and gipsies, live exclusively among their own people, preserving their primeval costume and customs, and never marrying out of their own tribe. The women, who remain at

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home, do all the work in house and field, while their undomestic nomade husbands are always out and about. Almost all are *ordinarios*, or carriers: their honesty and industry are proverbial; they are the channels of most traffic between Gallicia and the Castiles, being seldom seen in the S. or E. provinces. They are dressed in leather jerkins, *jubonetas*, and wide breeches, *zaraguelles*, with long brown cloth gaiters, or *polainas*, with red garters and slouching flapping hats. Observe the models of their costume, figures of painted wood, which strike the hours on the clock on the *plaza* of *Astorga*, and that of *Pedro Mato*, who holds a weathercock at the cathedral. The dress of the Maragata is equally peculiar; she wears, if married, a sort of Moorish head-gear, called *El Caramiello*.

The whole tribe assembles twice a year at Astorga, at the feasts of Corpus and the Ascension, when they dance *El Cañizo*, beginning at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and ending precisely at 3. If any one not a *Maragato* joins, they all leave off immediately. This dance as well as their marriage ceremonies is very peculiar.

The origin of the *Maragatos* is doubtful. Some derived the name from *Mauri Capti*, Moors taken in battle, and certainly the Moors and Moriscoes were the great carriers of Spain. The Maragatos are, at all events, *arrieros—arre* Arabicè, *gee up* —indeed, most words relating to the barb and carrier-caravan craft are Arabic, and prove whence the system and science were derived by the Spaniards. Thus purely Arabic are the names of animals, *Recua*, *Jaca*, *Acemil*, *Alfana*, *Alhamel*, *Almifor*; their colours and qualities, *Alazan*, *Lozano*, *Zaino*, *Haron*, *Haragan*, *Rodado*; their helpers, instruments, burdens, and language, *Zagal*, *Albeitar*, *Alforjas*, *Telliz*, *Fardo*, *Forrage* (forage), *Zalea*, *Atahorre*, *Grupa*, *Acial*, *Albarda*, *Almohaza*, *Jamuga*, *Atahona*, *Guiar*, *Arre*, *Anda*, etc.

The *Maragatos* are celebrated for their fine beasts of burden; indeed, the mules of Leon are renowned, and the asses splendid and numerous, especially the nearer one approaches the learned university of Salamanca. The *Maragatos* take precedence on the road: they are the lords of the highway, being *the* channels of commerce in a land where mules and asses represent luggage rail trains. They know and feel their importance, and that they are the rule, and the traveller for mere pleasure is the exception. Few Spanish muleteers are much more polished than their beasts. However picturesque the scene, it is no joke meeting a *recua* of laden *acémilas* in a narrow road, especially with a precipice on one side—*cosa de España*. The *Maragatos* seldom give way, and their mules keep doggedly on, and as the *tercios* or baggage projects on each side, like the paddles of a steamer, they sweep the whole path. But all wayfaring details in the genuine Spanish interior are calculated for the *pack*; and there is no thought bestowed on the foreigner, who is not wanted, nay is disliked. The inns, roads, and right sides, suit the natives and their brutes; nor will either put themselves out of their way to please the fancies of a stranger. The Peninsula is too little travelled over for its people to adopt the mercenary conveniences of the Swiss, that nation of innkeepers and coach-jobbers.

The difficulties and over-haste of Moore's retreat began after Astorga, for up to then, he had hoped to bring the enemy to a general action. The high road to *Lugo* is a superb monument of mountain engineering. The leagues, marked by milestones, are very long, being *de marco*, or of 8000 yards each. The climate is cold and rainy, and the accommodations fit only for swine; bad even in summer and peace, how fearful must they have been during the snows and starvation of a December retreat!

Leaving Astorga, we ascend, over a heath-clad "highland" country, to elevated *Manzanal*, and enter *El Vierzo*,

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the Switzerland of Leon, a district of alpine passes, trout-streams, pleasant meadows, and groves of chesnuts and walnuts. *Bembimbre*, pop. 500, lies with its old castle on the trout-streams Noceda and Baeza, amid green meadows, gardens, and vineyards whose wines were far more fatal to Moore's soldiers than the French sabres; so much for *Bembimbre—bene bibere*. *Ponferrada* (Interamnium Fluvium), which is not entered, rises to the l. on the confluence of the Sil and Boeza. Pop. 4000. The bridge (Pons ferrata) was built in the eleventh century, for the passage of pilgrims to *Compostella*, who took the direct route along the Sil by *Val de Orras* and *Orense*. The town afterwards belonged to the Templars and was protected by the miraculous image of the Virgin, which was found in an oak, and hence is called Nuestra Señora de la *Encina;* it is still the patroness of the *Vierzo*. Gregorio Hernandez carved an excellent Magdalen for the parish church. *Ponferrada*, a good point of starting to see the ancient convents of this Thebaïs, and an excellent quarter for the angler, has a theatre and a nice *Paseo de la Cruz*. *Cacavelos* is a wretched hamlet; it has, however, a *posada*, where we slept. Between this and *Prieros*, 400 of the 95th and a picket of cavalry were attacked (Jan. 3, 1809) by Gen. Colbert and eight squadrons. He was killed, and his outnumbering force beaten back everywhere. Buonaparte's veracious version of this *defeat* ran thus in his 25th bulletin:—"L'arrière garde Anglaise était composée de 5000 hommes d'infanterie, et 600 chevaux; cette position était fort belle et difficile à aborder. Le Général Merle fit ses dispositions: l'infantérie approcha: on battit la charge, et les Anglais furent mis dans une entière déroute."

Villafranca del Vierzo (*Posada Nueva*); pop. 3000, and truly Swiss-like, is placed in a funnel of mountains, with cottages, convents, vines, and balconies, and painter-like bridges hanging over the trout-streams the Burbia and Valcarce; yet it is the abode of dirt, misery, and picturesque poverty. At the entrance, the large square fortress palace, with round towers at the corner, which belonged to the Alva family, is now a prison. Here Romana, in 1809, took 1000 of the French garrison prisoners. Here and in the Vierzo, although fish and fruit abound, rye-bread, or *Pan de centeno*, forms the scanty staff of life. This town, formerly the halting-place of the French pilgrims bound to Santiago, was hence called Villa Francorum. Given to a brotherhood of monks from Cluny, the name of the present *Colegiata* retains the origin in the corrupted *Nuestra Señora de Cruñego*, or *Cluniego*. 1 L. E. on the road to *Corullen* is another ancient church, *La Santa Marina*. The enormous Franciscan convent which overlooks the town on the r. was founded to expiate his proportionate crimes by Don Pedro de Toledo, the Viceroy of Naples, who, aided by Paul III., tried to introduce the Inquisition. The populace, in profane joy at this persecutor's death, exclaimed, "He has descended into hell for our salvation." He bequeathed to the monks his fine library of Greek manuscripts, lost for ever, when the village was sacked in 1810.

Here, June 24, 1808, Filangieri, governor of La Coruña, was murdered by his troops because slow in proclaiming the cause of independence. This Italian by birth had the common military sense to see that Fabian and defensive strategics were those which history and the character of this country and people demonstrated as the best suited; this delay offended those Spaniards who were eager to rush into general actions and defeats, and his prudence was imputed to treachery; he was, moreover, a *foreigner*, whereat *Españolismo* took huff, and his conduct was called a *judiada*, the deed of a Jew (Schep. i. 404), accordingly his troops fixed their bayonets in the ground, with the points uppermost, and tossed their general on them, spiking him to death, as the

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Carthaginians did Regúlus. The Junta took no steps to prevent this crime: and Blake, who wanted to step into his command, and did succeed to Filangieri, only sent a preventive battalion *after* the deed was done.

Continuing our route over a noble road, the mountain barrier of Gallicia is scaled by the Alpine pass *el Puerto de Piedrahita*, near *Doncos*. The Burbia to the l. forms the perfection of a trout-stream; this pleasant brawling companion to the dusty highway is tracked upwards and upwards, until it becomes a rivulet heard but not seen, amid its fringed, picturesque banks.

The road after the *Puerto* descends to wretched *Nogales*. A decent posada lies to the r. on leaving the town. The pastoral country has neither the charms of Switzerland or the plenty of England; damp, and with all the discomforts, it furnishes none of the luxuries of the Alps. There is no cream, butter, or strawberries. The squalid natives, tattered and half-clad, just vegetate and starve in ill-constructed hovels, fitter for beasts than men, and formed to admit, not exclude, the evils of the climate; the very swine have lost their Estremenian rotundity. The ascent continues to *Santa Isabel*, where the slate roofs are kept down from the winds by heavy stones. The women turn their brown petticoat *sayas* edged with white, over their heads, and thus form the genuine national *mantilla*. The grand road winds up the heights, with a tremendous precipice to the r., and a rapid river deep below; all around the grey rocks peep out of the cistus and heath. The fine bridge of *Corcul* spans with three arches a terrific ravine, and its creamy-coloured masonry is worthy of the Romans; here, from Moore's previous over-hasty destruction of heavy fourgons, the engineers failed from want of even tools in mining the bridge, which would have arrested the French pursuit at once; and although Moore was a whole day in advance, here 25,000*l.* in dollars were thrown down the precipices; then, according to Buonaparte (bulletin 27), the French took "2 millions of francs, the English carrying of from 8 to 10 millions more;" thus was magnified into 660,000*l.* a sum proved by parliamentary papers to have only been between 60,000*l.* and 70,000*l.* But little Boney was truly great in the "lie circumstantial."

After *Sobrado* the country gets prettier and more English. As we emerge from the mountains, the noble Miño winds through pleasant meadows, but *Lugo* is not seen until nearly approached. There is a decent posada in the *Barrio de San Roque* before entering the town.

The kingdom of Leon stretches both to the r. and l. of Benavente; the portion to the l. is called *El Vierzo* or *El Bierzo*, a name corrupted from the Roman *Bergidum*, the *Interamnium Flavium* of Ptolemy. The site of which river-girt town, some have placed near *Carucedo* at *Castro de la Ventosa*, a wind-blown eminence, a Windsor which commands the district, and traces of walls yet remain; the *Vierzo*, one of the most interesting nooks in the whole Peninsula, is all but unknown to the English antiquary, artist, angler, and sportsman. The singular ecclesiastical details have only just been nibbled at by Southey (Letters, i. 105); here, indeed, is a fresh ground open to all *original* ladies and gentlemen who aspire in these threadbare days to book something new for the season. Nor are old printed books altogether wanting; in the ecclesiological branch the best is honest Ambrosio Morales, who was sent here in 1572 by Philip II. to inspect the archives and relics. His report, '*Viaje de Morales*,' fol. Mad. 1765, was published by Florez, who also dedicated the 14th, 15th, and 16th volumes of his '*España Sagrada*' to these parts and the vicinity; his maps of the bishopric of Astorga by *Manuel Sutil*, 1761, and of *Orense* by *Joseph Cornide*, 1763, will be found very useful in threading this intricate and alpine

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country. The traveller should visit *El Vierzo* in the summer time, bringing plenty of tackle, and of course taking a local guide, and especially attending to the "provend."

The *Vierzo* extends about 10 L. E. and W. by 8 N. and S. This amphitheatre is shut out from the world by lofty snow-capped mountains, raised as it were by the hand of some genii to enclose a simple valley of Rasselas. The great Asturian chain slopes from *Leitariegos* to the S.W., parting into two offshoots; that of *El Puerto de Rabanal* and *Fuencebadon* (Fons Sabatonis) constitute the E. barrier, and the other, running by the *Puertos de Cebrero* and *Aguiar*, forms the frontier; while to the S. the chains of the *Sierras de Segundera*, *Sanabria*, and *Cabrera* complete the base of the triangle: thus hemmed in by a natural circumvallation, the concavity must be descended into from whatever side it be approached; this crater, no doubt, was once a large lake, the waters of which have burst a way out, passing through the narrow gorge of the Sil, by *Val de Orras*, just as the Elbe forms the only spout or outlet to hill-walled-in Bohemia, the *kettle-land* of Germany.

The vicinity of mountains and the natural elevation render the winters cold, but the summers are delicious. The central portion, which is bounded to the E. and S. by the Sil, and to the W. by the Cua and then the Burbia, is in some portions a Swiss paradise, where Ceres and Bacchus, Flora and Pomona, might dwell together. The snow-clad *sierras* are the alembics of crystal streams, which descend into lochs, and feed rivers that teem with trout, while the woods and aromatic wastes abound in game of all kinds, both *caza mayor y menor*. Here grow hay, turnips, and potatoes, rare productions in the *tierras calientes;* while the verdurous meadows and thyme-clad hills, afford pasture for flocks of sheep, to tend which is one great occupation of the simple primitive natives. These districts shut out from the world, attracted the notice of the recluse in the 7th century. The spirit of that age was monastic, and the good work consisted in flying from the living into solitude; for the essence of the monk was to be alone and in the desert, μονος εν τῳ ερημῳ: and never was nature more enthroned in loneliness than here: nor are water and herbs, hermit's fare, wanting. Accordingly the *Vierzo* became a Thebais, and rivalled the holiest districts of Palestine in the number of its sanctuaries and saints, which, says Florez, ('*Esp. Sag.*,' xvi. 26), God alone, who can count the stars of heaven, could enumerate. The first founder, A.D. 606, was San Fructuoso, the son of the count or petty sovereign of *El Vierzo*, — a sheikh shepherd, whose wealth consisted in herds and sheep; his heir preferred flocks of holy monks. Having surrendered his worldly goods he settled in the *Puerto de Rabanal*, and founded the convent of *Compludo*. The fame of his sanctity, and the number of his miracles, attracted so many disciples, that Fructuoso, to escape the pressure from without, retired from one cave to another, and once was nearly killed, having been mistaken for a wild beast by a hunter. His biography was written by Valerio, one of his disciples. At the Moorish invasion these Christian valleys were ravaged, the monks dispersed, and their edifices destroyed; but the *religio loci* was indestructible, and when the Gothic kingdom grew in strength, a second founder arose about 890 in the person of San Genadio. The infinite number of early monasteries are referred to in the '*Esp. Sag.*,' xvi. Some of them have crumbled away from sheer age, others have been converted into parish churches for their respective hamlets, and many were burnt by the invaders.

To the military man the *Vierzo* is interesting as being the line by which Soult retreated in 1809 after he was so signally surprised and so soundly beaten at Oporto by the Duke. These

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happy valleys, in which, amid a simple peasantry, hermits and philosophers had long dwelt in peace, were visited by the enemy, who, infuriated by defeat and disgrace, vented his rage on the poor villagers. Soult spared, says Monsieur Durosoir ('Espagne,' 146), neither sex nor age. Loison led the way; in the *Val de Orras* he is better known by the nickname *Maneta*, the bloody *one-handed*. He was the Alaric of Evora, the forager of women. "His misdeeds (says Southey, 35) were never equalled or paralleled in the dark ages, uncivilised countries, or barbarous hordes." "Le congé des Français (says Schepeler, ii. 374) en Galicie fut signalé le 27 par les flammes de 31 villages incendiés dans le Vierzo." Their progress is thus described by Foy (i. 62), quæque ipse miserrima vidit, et quorum pars magna fuit: "Ainsi que la neige précipitée des sommets des Alpes dans les vallons, nos armées innombrables détruisaient en quelques heures, par leur seul passage, les ressources de toute une contrée; elles bivouaquaient habituellement, et à chaque gîte nos soldats demolissaient les maisons bâties depuis un demi-siècle, pour construire avec les décombres ces longs villages alignés qui souvent ne devaient durer qu'un jour: au défaut du bois des forêts les arbres fruitiers, les végétaux précieux, comme le mûrier, l'olivier, l'oranger, servaient à les réchauffer; les conscrits irrités à la fois par le besoin et par le danger contractaient *une ivresse morale* dont nous ne cherchions pas à les guérir."

Who can fail to compare this habitual practice of Buonaparte's legions with the terrible description in Hosea (chap ii.), of the "great people and strong" who execute the dread judgments of Heaven: "A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth; the land is the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness, yea, and nothing shall escape them."

ROUTE 70.—BENAVENTE TO ORENSE.

N.B.—These distances are given approximatively, as authorities differ, some making the route 6 L. longer.

Sistrama de Tera		2	
Vega de Tera		2½ ..	4½
Mombuey		3 ..	7½
Remesel		3 ..	10½
Puebla de Sanabria		1½ ..	12
Requejo		1½ ..	13½
Lubian		2 ..	15½
Canizo		3 ..	18½
Navallo		2½ ..	21
Ferreiras		1½ ..	22½
Monterey		1½ ..	24
Villar del Rey		2½ ..	26½
Abavides		1 ..	27½
Ginzo de Limia		1 ..	28½
Allariz		2 ..	30½
Taboadella		1 ..	31½
Orense		2 ..	33½

The main picturesque and iniquitous communication between Vigo and Madrid, branches off to the l. from *Benavente*. The road is far from good, especially after *Requejo* to *Monterey*. A new *Carretera*, long in contemplation, has been longer delayed by local jealousies and the want of funds; a really good communication would be opened by it from the Atlantic to the capital. After leaving *Benavente* and crossing a tributary of the Esla at *Sistrama*, the beautiful Tera flows to the l., and is tracked upwards through its lovely *Vega*. At the village on the *Rio Negro*, a stream which comes down from *Carbajal*, is a remarkable image, called *Nuestra Señora de Farrapos*, Our Lady of "old clothes" (whom Jews might worship); this name was given because the beggars who are cured of diseases by her intervention dedicate their votive rags and tatters to her shrine. *Mombuey*, in its valley, has a fine oak-clad hill. Pop. 600, posada decent, wine good. *La Puebla de Sanabria*, the chief place of its mountainous *partido*, pop. 600, is built on a slaty slope, with the noble *Sierra de Segundera* rising to the N.W.; posada descent. This frontier *plaza* has some old walls and a castle on the eminence, and is a good point from whence to make excursions into the *Vierzo*, and especially to the lake and convent of *San Martin de Castañeda*. The romantic road now

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turns towards *Requejo*, winding under an offshot of the Segundera, and is often almost impracticable in winter. It continues to be very indifferent by the *Portilla* of *Padornelo* to *Lubian*, where the Sierra rises to the r., and the frontier of Portugal, distant about 2 L., expands to the l. This is a district of smugglers; indeed, the whole intricate indented *raya*, from Ciudad Rodrigo to Orense and Tuy, is peopled by bold *Contrabandistas*, who constitute one-fifth of the male population, and carry on traffic, in localities where regular trade is in a state of congestion. *Canda* is placed in the *portillo* which divides Leon from Gallicia. At *Cañizo*, with a poor venta, another road to Orense branches off to the r., by which 7 L. are saved; but it is an *atajo*, and very rough riding over hills and valleys. The line, however, is a follows:

Erosa	1	
Porto de Camba	2	3
Laza	1	4
Alvergueria	1½	5½
Pedreda	1½	7
Orense	1	8

Laza, pop. 900, is charmingly situated, with the *Sierra de Mamed* rising to the N., in a valley watered by two streams which flow into the *Tamega*, a beautiful trout river, which meanders down to *Monterey*. Near *Pedreda* a rivulet is crossed which flows into the *laguna* of the Limia. It is better to continue the under line, and proceed W.S.W. to *Verin*, pop. 800, placed on the l. bank of the Tamega, with the hill and imposing castle of *Monterey* rising opposite. There is a good stone bridge, but the river often in high floods inundates the village. The valley district abounding in fruit and vines, and the granary of Gallicia, is a bosom of beauty and picturesque discomfort. S. of *Verin*, at *Villar de Ciervos*, near the Portuguese frontier, are some neglected tin-mines. Ascend to the castle of the Condes at *Monterey* to enjoy the fine view. The road now winds more N. up to *Villar del Rey*, and *Abavides*, by the ridge which divides the basins of the Tamega and trout and salmon stocked *Limia*. The latter is crossed at *Ginzo*, a hamlet, with a decent posada placed below the *laguna*, in which the waters flowing from the *Sierra de Mamed* are collected, as it were, into a *pantano* or reservoir. This same *Mamed* hill, be it said, is beautiful as its namesake *Mamhead* near Exeter. This *Limia* is the real river of Oblivion, which has been confounded with the *Guadalete*, near Xerez. Another ridge divides this basin from that of the trout-river *Arnoya*, and tributary of the Miño. *Allariz*, the capital of its pretty *partido*, pop. 2500, might be made the angler and artist's headquarters. This walled place has a castle of the Malpicas, and two stone bridges. The huge square Franciscan convent, Santa Clara, was founded in 1292, by Violanta, wife of Alonso el Sabio: besides hers, there are ancient sepulchral memorials in the *Coro* of sundry *infantes* and of the Biedma family. The grand saint, however, is one *Brandeso*. Those who fish up the stream will find 1 L. another rural village called *Junquera de Ambia*: pop. 700, with an old priory, founded in 876 by Gundisalvo and Ilduara, buried here. W. of *Allariz*, and 3 L. from Orense, is *Celanova*, with the celebrated convent. See Index.

Excursions in the Vierzo.

Good starting points are from *Puebla de Sanabria*, *Astorga*, *Ponferrada*, *Villafranca*, and *Puente de Domingo Florez*, within which circle this preserve of monks and trout-fishers is enclosed. The chief monasteries worth notice are *San Martin de Castañeda*, *Santiago de Peñalva*, and *Carracedo el Real*. The best streams are the Tera, Eria, Tuerto, and Orbigo, which go to swell the Esla, and the Cabrera, Burbia, Cua, tributaries of the Sil, itself a prince of rivers. Starting from *Puebla de Sanabria*, taking a local guide, ascend the Tera to the *Lago*, distant about 2½ L., the reservoir of that sweet river, which rising in the mountains behind, near the *Portillo*, after flowing about 2 L. into its charm-

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ing *cueva*, falls into the lake, hemmed in by a horseshoe of hills; these are the spurs of the slaty and often snow-clad *Segundera*, whose reflected outlines bathe themselves in the clear water. This crystal loch, like the filled crater of a volcano, is about four miles round, and of unknown depth. The trout are noble in size, inexhaustible in number, and when in season pink as chars. A boat and an attendant may be hired at the prettily placed village: pop. 300. A castle, built by way of fishing-box of the old Counts of Benavente, on an island, has been repaired by the present Duke of Ossuna. The Bernardine monastery, founded in 952, and accidentally burnt, was well placed with a warm S.E. aspect on the mountain slopes.

From the *Puebla de Sanabria* to *Astorga* is 13 L.; mountain leagues: attend to the provend; the scenery is wild and grand, and the rivers beautiful. Return to *Remesal*, 1 L., and thence by *Carbajales de la Encomienda* 2 L. to *Muelas*, in a plain near which are some iron-mines and wild shooting; then cross a ridge to *Castro Contrigo* 3 L.; pop. 800; placed under the snowy Telado and Peña Negra, and on the picturesque and piscatoria Eria.

From the *Puebla de Sanabria* the lover of sweet-aired highlands may cross the *Sierra* to *Puente de Domingo Florez* by *Vigo*, ascend the Vega de Tera to the *Portillo*, keep then to the l. to the *Fuente de los Gallegos*, and thence to *Campo-Romo*, descending by *San Pedro de Trones* to the bridge over the *Cabrera*. This village, a good fishing-quarter, lies under the *Campo de Braña*, near the confluence of the Cabrera and Sil; the former comes down from the ridge of the Cabrera, a district divided into *alta y baja*, whence the waters part, flowing E. and W. Thus the Eria descends in a contrary direction to the Cabrera. The whole of the Cabrera may be fished up, turning at its bend near *Robledo* up to the reservoir lake at *La Baña*.

There are several routes E. from the *Puente de Domingo*; first either follow the r. bank of the Cabrera to *Lavilla*, and then ascend the *Cuesta de Llamas* to *Odollo*, and so on to *Castrillo* and *Corporales*, descending by *Truchas* (the name tells its produce) to *Quintanilla* and *El Villar*, then crossing the Eria ascend to *Torneros*, whence either proceed N. to *Astorga* or W. to *La Bañeza*. From *El Villar* the angler might fish down the charming Eria, keeping on the l. bank to see the monastery of *San Esteban de Nogales*, or on leaving *El Puente de Domingo* the Cabrera may be crossed and the ascent gained to *Robledo sobre Castro*, and thence up to *Piedrahita*, descending to *Lomba* and reascending to the beautiful Portillo *de la Baña*, and thence to *La Baña*, and over the Cabrera ridge to *Truchas* and *Castro Contrigo*.

Excursions are to be made from *El Puente de Domingo;* and first to the W.: cross the bridge over the Cabrera, and then pass the arrowy Sil to the r. at *Puente Nuevo;* go on to the *Barco de Valdeorras* 2 L., where the kingdom of Gallicia begins; hence 2 L. more to *La Rua*, a village of some 300 souls. The bridge over the Sil is of Roman foundation, and is termed *Cigarrosa*, a corruption of *Sigurra*, the ancient town which once stood here. Quitting now the road to *Orense*, make for San Miguel de *Monte Furado*, the "pierced hill," which lies about 2½ L. on the r. bank of the Sil. The mountain rock by which the course of the river was impeded, called by the Romans *Mons Lavicus*, was dedicated to Jupiter, as an inscription on it recorded. It is tunnelled through for the space of some 300 yards, a work of uncertain object, and wrought some imagine for the purpose of draining the upper country, while others deem it a shaft cut by miners in search of gold (consult '*Esp. Sag.*,' xv. 63; Morales, 'Anti.' 16; Molina, 14). To this day diminutive nuggets are found in the rude washings, not diggings, of amphibious pauper gold fishers. The *Sil*, an ancient and common name for rivers (Hirt. B.A. 57), is derived from Silex, the flints of their beds.

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The Roman road crossed the Sil at *Cigarrosa* and continued to *Laroco*: the windings and elbow turns are called *los Codos* de Ladoco, a corruption, according to Molina, of Lavico, whence Larouco. It may be as well to give the whole route from *Ponferrada* to *Orense*.

ROUTE 71.—PONFERRADA TO ORENSE.

Borrenes	2	
Puente Domingo Florez	2	4
Barco de Valdeorras	2	6
Laroco	3½	9½
Puebla de Trives	2	11½
Burgo	2	13½
Villarino Frio	2	15½
Niño Daguia	2	17½
Orense	3	20½

This is a Swiss-like ride by fell and flood, hill and vale. *Borrenes*, pop. 400, stands in a plain girt with hills, which contain iron mines. To the l., near the Sil, is the lake of *Carucedo*, about 3 miles round, abounding in eels. *Las Medulas*, 1 L. on, the ancient Argentiolum, is placed under the *Campo de Braña*; the mines so much worked by the Romans are now abandoned. Molina (p. 24) describes some curious caves and strange tower-like mounds, called *Torres de Barro*, which have been formed out of the marl and soil by the action of the waters: hence by the line just described to *Laroco*, a village of 1000 souls. Crossing the *Bibey* is *Puebla de Tribes*, 2 L., where the Navea rises, after which we emerge from the hills, keeping the *Sierra de San Mamed* to the l. This district, called *La Tierra de Caldelas*, is celebrated for its hams. A détour to the r. may be made after passing *Villarino Frio*, and the river Arnoya may be ascended to *Junquera de Espadañeda*, where there is a Cistercian monastery founded in 1225; thence the traveller may proceed through *Rocas* to *Rivas de Sil*, in order to see the Benedictine convent of San Esteban, erected on a most secluded hilly and romantic bend of the river, by Ordoño in 961. The old tombs of nine bishops in the cloisters have been broken up and used for building materials. This convent lies 3 L. from *Orense*, through *Faramontanos*. Keeping on the l. bank of the Sil, the fisherman will cross over the ferry and cast a fly in the rivers Cabe and Miño, which flow into the Sil: the Miño, although smaller, now robs its beautiful absorbent of both waters and name. Picturesque *Monforte de Lemos* lies distant 3 L. The track to Orense runs through *Pombeiro*, *Peroja*, and *Rivela*, after crossing the Bubal. For Orense see p. 623.

CONVENTS IN THE VIERZO.

The pilgrim must visit the sites to which the Saints Fructuoso and Genadio (see p. 540) retired. *Ponferrada* will be the most convenient starting-point; and first for *Santiago de Peñalva*, which lies by direct road about 3 L., but the following longer circuit includes other interesting sites:—Make first for *Campo*, on the banks of the Boeza, amid its turnips and potatoes; thence to *Espinosa*, 2 L., on the Rio *Misuelos*, from which *Compludo*, in its plain, is distant 2 L. Here the first convent was founded, in 614, by San Fructuoso, who dedicated it to San Justo y Pastor, the tutelars of *Complutum* (*Alcalá de Henares*). Now pass through *Bouzas*, ascend the ridge of the *Monte Irago*, part of the E. barrier of the *Vierzo*; the way is rough and rugged, and the distance may be some 3¼ mountain leagues to *Santiago de Peñalva*, a miserable village. The Benedictine convent, placed about half-way up the W. side of the ridge, takes its name from the *white* snow-capped peak. San Fructuoso chose this site on account of the natural caves, which still remain, looking E. and hanging over the *Rio de Silencio*, which flows into the Oza, and thence by the Valduesa into the Sil. These caves, five in number, are still called *las Cuevas de Silencio*, and in them the taciturn monks used to pass their Lent. A wild goat path leads up to this retreat, fitted for a San Bruno and a Salvator Rosa. The Benedictine convent, begun by San Ge-

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nadio in 920, was completed after his death in 937; afterwards a sort of cloister cemetery was built around the original chapel, in which crumble several much dilapidated tombs of great antiquity. However, to visit them is still a religious duty, and the 25th of May is a grand day of pilgrimage, on which the picturesque peasants of the *Vierzo* flock here in great numbers: then is the time for the artist. The chapel, now the parish church, is of an oval form, with a circular termination at the E. and W. ends. It is entered from the S. from the cloister or cemetery; near the opposite door lies buried the abbot Esteban, ob. 1132. The high altar is placed in the E. absis, and the sepulchre of San Genadio and Urbano in that to the W.

San Fructuoso's next retreat from the Caves of Silence was at *San Pedro de Montes*, about 1½ L. W. under the desolate hills of *Aguilanas*, or the "Eagle's haunt," a name now corrupted into *Sierra Aguiana*: here he made himself a cell so narrow that he could not turn round in it. The building, destroyed by the Moors, was restored in 895 by San Genadio; the chapel was finished in 919 by an architect named Vivianus (see the curious inscriptions, '*Esp. Sag.*,' xvi. 132; Cean Ber. 'Arch.' i. 9). It was raised, as is there stated, "non oppressione vulgi, sed largitate pretii et sudore fratrum." Here San Genadio died, and bequeathed to the convent his curious library; Morales saw some of the books ('Viaje' 173), but the careless Benedictines had allowed them to be much torn and injured, as occurs in the Greek and Syrian monasteries. On the summit of the Sierra, above *San Pedro*, is a *high place* sacred to the Virgin, to which pilgrimages are made in summer. One league from *San Pedro*, in a cold, elevated, and bleak situation, is *Ferradillo*, whose woods supply fuel for the neighbouring iron-forges: descend hence half a league to *Santa Lucia*, once a convent, and distant 2½ L., to *Ponferrada*, passing through *Rimòr*, 1 L., and *Toral de Merayò*, where the meadows are pleasant, and the bridge excellent.

From *Ponferrada* another excursion may be made on the r. bank of the Sil to the royal Cistercian monastery of *Caracedo*, on the l. bank of the Cua. Founded in 990 by Bermudo II., for the place of his sepulture, it was restored in 1138 by Sancha, daughter of Queen Urraca. The library here also was numerous, before the stupid monks, as Morales tells us ('Viaje,' 170), had given them away for old parchment.

Having thus described the portion of Leon which extends to the l. of *Benavente*, we must next proceed to the districts which stretch to the r., and include the capital and Valladolid. For Benavente to Leon see p. 534.

ROUTE 72.—ASTORGA TO LEON.

Hospital de Orbigo	2	
Villadangos	3	5
Leon	2	7

This flat uninteresting and lonely country in ancient times was very much frequented by pilgrims to Santiago; therefore the bridge over the *Orbigo*, a true "Knight's Bridge," was chosen, July 10, 1434, as the site where Suero de Quiñones, with 9 knights, defied for 30 days before the great jubilee feast of that Apostle, all passengers at a gentle Pass of Honor, in order to be entitled to remove an iron link which he wore round his neck every Thursday in token of his captivity to his mistress. A detailed account was written by Pedro Rodriguez Delena, the king's public notary, and an eye-witness; this was ordered by Philip II. to be republished, in order to rekindle the heroic spirit of his somewhat degenerate age. Unfortunately the original, a storehouse and *arsenal* of tournament language, was then abridged by Fray Juan de Pineda; his '*Libro del Passo honroso*,' published by him at Salamanca, 8vo. 1588, has since been reprinted at the end of the '*Cronica*' de Alvaro Luna, Sancha, Mad. 1783. Suero petitioned Juan II. to be allowed to redeem himself by combat from his slavery; 300

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lances were to be broken; any lady who came without a cavalier ready to do battle for her, forfeited her right hand glove, and any knight who declined the combat forfeited his sword and right foot spur. Suero excepted his own lady—"cuyo yo soy." 78 combatants appeared; 727 *carreras* or courses were run; 177 lances were broken; one Arragonese knight killed, 11 others were wounded, of whose cure Suero charged himself. The arms were Italian, the mottoes French. Suero's sword is preserved in the Armeria at Madrid, No. 1917. He proved victorious, and his link was removed by heralds with great solemnity. A dull dead epic in 12 cantos—*'Esvero y Almedora'*—was written by Juan Maria Maury, Paris, 1840. Consult the notes of Clemencin's *'Don Quijote,'* i. 49, and the note T. in the *'Buscapié,'* a book written and invented by Adolfo de Castro, Cadiz, 1847.

These single combats for pure honour's sake, and the display of personal prowess and bravery, are perfectly in accordance with the deep feeling of every Spaniard, who thinks Spain the finest country in the world, his native province the best of its provinces, his native village the best of its villages, and himself the best man in it. *Pundonor* and self-respect are the keystones of character in the *individually* brave Spaniard; ever ready, when personal consideration is at the stake, to find a quarrel in a straw, and to think it but an easy leap to "pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon;" he resents to the death the slightest personal affront, or *desaire;* any *desden* or *menosprecio* rankles, never to be atoned except by blood: *Sanan cuchilladas, pero no malas palabras.* An Englishman can scarcely estimate the touchy sensitiveness of a punctilious Spanish *hidalgo*, or reconcile his disposition to take offence, and to suspect imaginary, unintentional slights, with his real high caste and good breeding: this touchy feeling, a marked feature in the national character, has exhibited itself in duels and challenges, even before the nice point of modern honour was known: thus Livy (xxviii. 21) describes an Iberian trial at arms, waged by volunteers of high rank, who contended before P. Scipio at Carthagena. It was usual among their champions to step forward and defy the enemy to single combat. The case of the *Campeador* of Intercatia, who was killed by Scipio (App. 'B. H.' 480) offers a parallel to the combat of Goliah and David. The valour and address of the Spaniard as *an individual* are unquestionable. The champions of the Great Captain at Trani, had no difficulty in defeating their French antagonists: nor were the best troops of Buonaparte ever a match for an equal number of *guerilleros*, man to man, and in a broken country, where military science and manœuvre could not tell: left alone, the Spaniard knows well how to defend the honour and life of himself or friend; it is only in the *collective* that disgrace attends him, and this arises from his Oriental insubordination and egoistic jealousy of contributing to what will increase the glory of any one else but himself, and also from his mistrust in others, from his fear of being sold, and his want of confidence in unworthy chiefs—"children in the art of war."

LEON.—*Posadas:* one on the *Rastro*, a good locality; *de los Catalanos; M. Danton*, a civil Frenchman of the old school, has a *casa de pupilos* in S°. Domingo; ditto *Doña Eustoquia Maynar*, a respectable widow. *Leon* has a casino, a theatre, and a Plaza de Toros.

LEON (Pop. 7000), the time-honoured capital of its ancient kingdom, stands under a sloping hill on the Vernesga and Torio, which unite below the town at *Aguas Mestas*, whose "waters met and mixed," then flow into the Esla; their banks are planted with poplars trimmed up like hop-poles. Leon, the residence of the provincial authorities, has a bishop, and had a mitred abbot of San Marcos. In common with other ancient capitals, it is dull, deserted, and decaying. The best time to visit it, as we did, is June 24, during the horse-fair, which, like those of Ronda and

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Mairena, attracts all the fancy and picturesque rogues, *chalanes*, gipsies, and honest *maragatos* of Spain. The name *Leon* is a corruption of *Legio*, as the 7th Legio gemina, was quartered here by Augustus, in order to defend the plains from the forays of the Asturian Highlanders. This frontier town was built extremely strong, in a square form, with walls 25 feet thick, and defended with towers; four marble gates opened into four chief streets, which, crossing each other at r. angles, intersected the city. The town Legio long survived the Roman empire, and continued as an independent city, which the Goths could never subdue, down to 586, when it was taken by Leovigildo, who changed the name to Leon. The Goths highly valued their prize, and the city was one of the few exempted from the fatal decree of Witiza, by which almost all others in Spain were dismantled, and thus left without defences against the Moors. Gothic Leon yielded at once to the Moorish invader, but was soon reconquered; then Ordoño I., in 850, reversed its pristine intention, and made it the defence of the mountaineers against the infidel invaders from the plains. *Leon* (Liyon) was stormed by Al-Mansúr in 996. This ravager of Velád Arrum, or the land of the Romans, as they called the Christian territory, entered it after a year's siege; the Roman gates and walls were then perfect, for the Moorish annalists describe them as "17 cubits thick;" but everything was destroyed—neither age nor sex were spared: for the inhuman atrocities see the account of an eye-witness ('*Esp. Sag.*,' xxxiv. 307); nor do the Moors deny them (Moh. D. ii. 114). They gloried in what General Foy calls a "sublimity of destruction" as the best test of *power*.

Leon was soon recovered after Al-Mansúr's defeat at Calatañazor, "the castle of eagles," of which Mariana (viii. 9) details such miraculous apparitions in favour of the Spaniards, and the crushing result is still remembered in the distich—*En Calatañazor Almanzor, perdió el tambor;* the Spaniards, says Risco ('*Esp. Sag.*,' xxx. 2), writing in 1786! killed exactly 60,000 foot and 40,000 horse of the infidel; how were they fed when alive? Sounds, moreover, of the battle were heard at Seville, 90 L. off; but even the date and the results of this battle are in reality uncertain. Mariana places it in 998, and claims the victory for the Spaniards; Conde gives A.D. 1001; Gayangos (Mob. D. ii. 197), 1002, and states that Al-Mansúr was not only *not* beaten at Kal'-at-Annosor, but that the Conde Sancho Garcez was overcome by him with great loss. One thing is quite clear, that the formidable Al-Mansúr sickened soon afterwards, and died at Medinaceli.

Leon was re-peopled by Alonso V., who rebuilt the walls in *Tapia*, which were taken down in 1324 by Alonso XI., who enlarged the city to the S., and altered part of the defences; the walls are best preserved on the N. side of the town, and resemble those of Lugo and Astorga in the number of semicircular towers. Their mode of construction is slovenly; the huge stones worked into the bases no doubt belonged to the Roman work: the rubble walls to the S. are still more inferior; the city is divided by a wall which runs from the *Plaza San Marcelo* to the *Plaza del Peso*. All the walls are much built up against. The city thus defended, continued long to be the capital of the kings of Leon, until Don Pedro removed the court to Seville at Alonso XI.'s death, since which it has lost all its former importance. The city bears for arms, argent a lion rampant gules. Consult '*Historia de las Grandezas*,' with the life of the patron saint Froylan, Atanasio de Lobera, 4to. Valladolid, 1596; for its civil government, '*Resumen*,' &c. Marq. de Fuente Oyuelo, 4to. Vall. 1693; '*España Sagrada*,' vols. 34, 35, 36; and the careful '*Historia*,' Manuel Risco, 4to. 2 vols. Mad. 1792.

This ancient bishopric is *exenta*, or subject to no primate. Urban II.

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wished to annex it to Toledo, but its independence was confirmed, in 1105, by Pasqual II. Ordoño II., when he fixed his court here, was its great patron, and gave up, for the new cathedral, a portion of the royal palace, which was formed out of the Roman Thermæ, and built on the eastern walls. St. Froylan, who was bishop from 900 to 905, and also an eminent architect, filled the city with churches and convents, and was consequently made a saint; all these edifices were destroyed by the Moors. The present cathedral, dedicated to *Santa Maria de Regla*, is an early specimen of the pointed style, and was commenced on the site of the former by Bishop Manrique de Lara about 1199; it is proverbially one of the most graceful and elegant in the world, *Pulchra* Leonina—*Leon en Sutileza;* and in delicate elegant sveltura, as well as in lightness, proportion, and masonry, it is unrivalled; the inscription near *Nuestra Señora la Blanca* does but express the truth as regards its beauty of holiness:—

"Sint tamen Hispaniæ ditissima pulchraque templa,
Hoc tamen egregiis artibus, ante prius."

First examine the exterior; the *gradus* or "grees," the platform around it, is enclosed by chains; the grand W. entrance is seen to much advantage from the open *Plaza Mayor*, with its fountain, old brick houses, and arcade, which forms the *forum* or lounge of the Leonese; the three portals of pointed arches are enriched with much elaborate sculpture, in which the blessedness of saints contrast with the sufferings of the wicked. On each side is placed a tower: that to the r. is terminated with a filigree pyramid of open Gothic work; the other is of more modern plateresque. A smaller pinnacle rises above a noble rose window, with detached lanterns on each side. The S. front also has a *plaza*, but narrower. Opposite the Cathedral is the Colegio de San Froylan and the bishop's palace: here also is the entrance by three arched doors, enriched with Gothic sculpture. The N. façade has been modernised with balustrades and candelabra; the E. is circular and Gothic, with flying buttresses and pinnacles. The masonry throughout is admirable, and the stone is of a warm, creamy, and beautiful colour.

The lightness and simplicity of the somewhat narrow interior, is charming; the *Coro* alone cuts up its fair proportions, otherwise no lateral chapels with paltry wooden altars and tinsel graven images disfigure and darken the sides. The walls rise up from the pavement to the roof; formerly they were pierced by two tiers of windows, divided by an *ambito*, or gallery. The upper, or clerestory, is enriched with gorgeous red and green painted glass, the effect of which is brilliant as an illuminated missal, or rich enamelled jewel-work. Remember to visit this church about sunset, for then, as the interior darkens, the windows brighten like transparent rubies and emeralds. The under tier has been bricked up, and painted with figures and scrolls, in a poor academical chiaro oscuro, probably copies of the original painted windows. The edifice, in its pristine state, must have sprung into the air like a majestic conservatory, far surpassing the abbey church at Bath, "the lantern of England"; indeed, from its delicate gossamer proportions, it seems that the winds might blow it away.

The interior has been barbarously whitewashed, and the capitals of the piers coloured with a vile nankeen Wyatt dye. The *silleria del coro* is of different periods; the upper and oldest is carved in dark wood, with saints and apostles, in the tedesque style of Rodrigo Aleman. The king and the Marques de Astorga, as hereditary canons of Leon, have their appropriate stalls. Philip III. and the Marques both sat in quire Feb. 1, 1602, and received their fee for attendance; this marquisate enjoys a canonry, because an ancestor of the Osorios fought at Clavijo in 846, side by side with Santiago. The *trascoro* is sculptured in white alabaster and gold, with figures painted like wax-work. The

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subjects are the Annunciation, which is the best, the Nativity, the Adoration, and Offering of the three Kings; their Berruguete richness baffles description, but the effect is injured by a wooden door put in by the canons for their convenience, which cuts up the composition. In 1738 the chapter removed the ancient *retablo*, and erected the present fricassee of marble *el trasparente*, which in absurdity and expense rivals its model at Toledo; in both cases marble is tortured into every possible form into which it ought not to be. This *mamarrachada* was made by Narciso and Simon Gavilan Tomé, followers of the Heresiarch Churriguerra.

On each side of the altar are buried San Froylan and San Alvito, bishop in 1057-63; the possession of the body of the former created vast disputes, which were determined by placing it on a mule, and letting the animal carry it where he liked ('*Esp. Sag.*,' xxxiv. 194). The body of the latter was placed here in 1565, and his tomb was one of the most glorious silver works in Spain. The precious *frontal* was carried off by the French, but the *urna*, a specimen of exquisite art, remains; and the host deposited on Good Friday remains in its central division, as in a *Custodia*. Observe the silver temple or tabernacle, with the statue of St. Froylan, the Corinthian pillars, the sides adorned with alto-relievos saints, and rich pilasters: on the doors are sculptured St. Paul and San Melchisadeck. The church plate was kept in a room near the *sacristia*, where now the empty cases of the chief articles alone remain. The contents were removed to *Gijon* to escape the Gallic Scylla, and fell into the Spanish Charybdis. A viril in silver and gold, and another square and gilt, which have escaped, are beautiful specimens; but the cross and custodia are gone, alas! for they were masterpieces of Enrique d'Arphe, the great silversmith of Spain. The latter was one of the finest pieces of plate in the world; Morales ('Viaje,' 55) describes it, and the curious mechanism, invented by a Fleming, by which it was moved in processions through the streets.

To the r. of the high altar is the *sacristia*; observe the triple Gothic sedilia in the *ante-sacristia*. The *sacristia* itself is of the best period of Ferdinand and Isabella, but the pictures are all bad copies of Raphael and Italian masters. Coming out, observe a fine Gothic sepulchre, and adjoining it that of Bishop Pelagius, ob. mense Aprilis, era 916. The *transaltar* is most curious; here is the tomb of Ordoño II., obt. 923, and coeval, it is said, with the edifice: the king lies at full length in his robes, while a herald stands at his head, and a monk, his architect, holds at his feet a scroll inscribed, "Aspice," as much as to say, like Wren, "Si monumentum quæris, circumspice." The angels, holy subjects, and lions and castles have been painted, and these armorial badges infer a later period, as they were not generally used before the end of the 12th century. Observe a singular old painting on a gilt ground, into which a miserably drawn and coloured Christ has been introduced.

The chapel of Santiago, of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, is one of the most airy, elegant Gothic piles in Spain, although a churrigüeresque gilt *retablo* mars the *religio loci*. The lofty windows are painted with apostles, saints, virgins, kings, and bishops; the reds and greens are splendid; indeed, these are among the finest specimens of this art in Spain, and as usual they are executed by Flemish artists. The admirable masonry in this chapel seems only to have been finished yesterday; the circular chapel near, is of great antiquity. In the *Capilla de Nuestra Señora del Dado*, our Lady of the Die, is a miraculous image, so called because a gambler, who had been unlucky, threw his dice at it, and hit the infant's face, which immediately bled. Here is buried the founder of the cathedral, "Præsul Manricus jacet hic, rationis amicus." Opposite to the tomb of Ordoño is that of the Condesa

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Sancha, a great benefactress to churches, for which she was murdered by her ungodly nephew and heir, who was torn to death by horses for it, as represented in the sculpture. In the *Capilla de San Pedro* lies Bishop Arnaldo, ob. 1234, the friend of St. Ferdinand, and a bitter persecutor of the Albigenses Protestants. Behind the confessional of the *Penitenciario* is a curious tomb, with a sculptured procession of priests. Continuing through a passage in which the canons keep their dresses, and looking at the old tombs on the walls, we enter the cloisters: the curious ancient stucco paintings of events of the Saviour's life are fast going to ruin from damp and neglect; once they must have resembled those of Toledo. These fine cloisters were partly modernised in the sixteenth century, when the Gothic and plateresque were brought into a singular juxtaposition. Observe the roof with rich Berruguete shells and stalactites painted in white and gold, and the interior of the niches of the old sepulchres, especially that of Santa Veronica, and the Gothic temple in the corner. Here is the *Madonna del Foro*, to which the corporation, on the 15th of August, made an offering of 260 reals, called *la oferta de la Regla;* notice some Roman inscriptions, one with the name "Legio VII. Gem." The once wealthy canons nestled close to the mother church in the spacious street out of the plaza, *Calle de la Canongia*.

Leaving the cathedral, visit *San Isidoro el Real* on the N. side of its *plaza*, which opens by the *Postigo* through the W. wall of the city. It is entitled Royal, from its founders, Ferdinand and Sancha: in 1063 this great king, the terror of the Moors, applied to Ben Abed, king of Seville, for the bodies of Santas Rufina and Justa. As he sent an *armed* embassy, headed by Bishop Alvito, the wily Moor consented; the only difficulty was where to find the virginal corpses, when San Isidoro, the great Gothic Archbishop of Seville, appeared three times in a vision to Alvito, and said, somewhat ungallantly, "I am the Doctor of the Spains, and *mine is* the body to be removed." The doctor next made known his burial-place, and his body, revealed by divine odour, was removed to Leon in triumph, working miracles all the way, "curing the lame and blind, and casting out devils." So when Cimon the Athenian by a *divine* revelation discovered the remains or λυψανα of Theseus at Syros, they were moved in similar pomp to Athens, after an absence of 400 years, and the oracles directed that they were to be worshipped (Plut. in Cim.). Wherever the corpse of S. Isidoro rested at night, it was found so heavy the next morning, that it could not be moved until the inhabitants promised to build and endow a church on the spot; that done, it allowed itself to be again transported, and in short the body did the work of a modern church-building society. The whole particulars are detailed in the '*Esp. Sag.*,' ix. 234, 406, and were reprinted and vouched for in 1827! by Matute ('*Bosquejo de Italica*,' 144). When San Isidoro's body reached Leon, Alonso, Ferdinand's son, destroyed a temple erected in 960 by Sancho I. to St. John the Baptist. For this *new* tutelar, he began in 1063 the present pile, employing for architect Pedrus de Deo Tamber, or Vitambena, who, besides being a good mason was a saint, and worked miracles (Risco, ii. 144); his tomb still remains, a large dark stone coffin, near the square *pila* or font.

San Isidoro, declared by the 8th council of Toledo to be the "*Egregious Doctor of Spain*," although a man of letters while alive,* became a man of

* San Isidoro must not be confounded with San Isidro, the patron of Madrid, and who pointed out the path to the Christians at the victory of *las Navas de Tolosa* (see p. 236). He is an author with whom none can dispense who wish to understand the condition of Spain and the state of knowledge under the Goths, a period which many persons have been pleased to term the dark age. He was archbishop of Seville from A.D. 600 to 636, and the Pliny, the Bede, the encyclopedist of his age. His '*Origines*,' in twenty books, were long the storehouse of information; he, however, is an unsafe philologist, being guided in many of his

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arms when dead; he was promoted to be the protecting tutelar Santiago of Leon, and in that capacity fought at the battle of Baeza, armed with a sword and cross. Again, when Don Diego and a mob attacked this convent, San Isidoro struck him blind; nor was his sight restored until he *restored* the stolen plate. Thus Hercules, when Theron wished to plunder his temple, appeared and fired his fleet (Macrob. 'Sat.' i. 21). San Isidoro was polite enough to leave the winning the victory of *las Navas de Tolosa* to San Isidro, the patron ploughboy of Madrid, for these nearly namesake saints must not be confounded with each other: nevertheless during that battle the egregious doctor could not rest in his sepulchre, out of which sounds of arms were heard to issue, showing the interest which he took in the event. Risco (ii. 69) gives all the authorities. Thus the "Ancilia" were heard to clatter of their own accord, just before the Cimbrian war was concluded (Livy, Ep. lxviii.); and a voice louder than mortal gave warning in the temple of Vesta of the invading Gaul (Livy, v. 32). The doctor was silent in the case of the modern Gaul, Soult, yet Santiago had clashed his arms in his tomb after the *Dos de Maio*, at least so Foy says (iii. 199), who eloquently enough adds, "Si la superstition peut trouver grace devant le philosophe, c'est lors-qu'elle s'associe á la défense de la patrie." Those who wish to know more about San Isidoro should consult his '*Vida*,' written by José Manzano, Salamanca, 1732, and for his countless miracles, '*Los Milagros de San Isidoro*,' composed in Latin by the Bishop of Tuy, and translated by Juan Robles, Salamanca, 1525. This is the sort of knowledge which that eminent university particularly disseminated.

The egregious doctor became the Cid of Leon, and is styled *El Señor* San Isidoro, the *Lord*, the title given to the Almighty, and his shrine became, with those of *El bujo de San Vicente* at Avila, and *El cerrojo del Cid* at Burgos, one of the three *Iglesias Juraderas* of Spain; and persons were solemnly adjured at his altar as the pagans did at Cæsar's, "Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras:" all who swore falsely were struck with illness; compare the similar penalties at the *Dellos* or *Crateras* of the pagans (Macrob. 'Sat.' v. 19).

His convent, the *Real Casa*, is built in solid masonry on the walls, and by going out of the *Postigo del Rastro* portions of the original edifice may yet be seen; of these observe the two entrances, the circular chapel, and the ancient square tower, with round Saxon arches built into the walls. Over the S. entrance is San Isidoro, arrayed in *pontificalibus*, and mounted as he rode down the Moors at Baeza; his white and gold painted dress, and a royal blazon of arms, contrast with the time-stained portal; remark the rude bastard Corinthian pillars and the capitals, which are composed of strange animals and scroll-work. The Doric cornice is of later date: observe beneath some most ancient bassi-relievi and the two rams' heads, the statue of San Isidoro, and the Sacrifice of Abraham, a work of the twelfth century. This front has been recently fortified with loop-holes and defences, at which time, the beautiful *Puerta del Perdon* was concealed by a new wall.

The Gothic church has three naves; the pier-shafts are square, with half-columns projecting from each front; the strange Gotho-Corinthian capitals are formed of groups of children and animals. This royal church was entirely bemired and desecrated by Soult's troops; when they departed, it was cleansed of their slime, white-washed, and the pillars and capitals picked out in white and buff. Thus, between foreign defilement and native restoration, the pile, now bedaubed and

derivations by that most erroneous principle, mere coincidence of sound. Dante places him in the 4th heaven: L' ardente spiro d' Isidoro. (Par. x. 131.) "Isidre that was so wyse," says our Adam Davie, writing in the year 1312. The edition of Du Breul, 1 vol, folio, Cologne, 1617, is more convenient than that, certainly more splendid one, which was edited at Rome by Arevalo, in 7 vols. quarto, 1797.

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bepainted in the most barbarous bad taste, offers only an incongruous shadow of the past. The high altar shares with Lugo the rare privilege of having the Host, the Incarnate Deity, always visible, or *manifestado:* the effect at night, when all is lighted up, with figures of angels kneeling at the side, is very striking. This *Capilla Mayor* of later date, was erected in 1513 by Juan de Badajoz: while it was building, the body of the doctor was moved to the chapel of a local *San Martin*, not indeed his well-known namesake, but a pilgrim idiot, to whom, in 1190, San Isidoro appeared in a dream, and gave him one of his books to eat; whereupon the sleeper awakened a wise man, and preached in Latin, which the people did not understand. However, he continued to work miracles alive and dead. For authentic particulars consult Morales, '*Viaje*,' 49; and 44 pages, printed in 1786! of the '*Esp. Sag.*,' xxxv. 365.

The precious silver *reja*, and nearly all the plate of San Isidoro's tomb, were stolen by Soult's troops, who also burnt the extraordinary library and archives, of which Morales has preserved a record (p. 51); fortunately Risco has printed many of the earliest deeds, which thus may be termed so many brands rescued from this modern Al-Mansúr's fire. The tomb of the tutelar was originally of pure gold; this Alonso* of Aragon, second husband of Queen Urraca, carried off, being tempted, like Ahaz, by the rich pattern of the altar (Numb. xx. 11); the fragments and the sepulchre deserve notice. The *Camarin* was gutted by the invaders, a few bits of plate only escaping; then was melted the reliquary, made in 1095, containing the jaw of St. John the Baptist, and the enameled crucifix which worked miracles, the offering of the Infanta Sancha, daughter of Ramon and Urraca; she also offered her virginity to San Isidoro, who accepted her proposal (Risco, i. 139): he came often to her down from heaven, and not he alone, for San Vicente visited her, and said, "*Sancha, esposa muy amada del Doctor San Isidoro, el Señor ha oido tus ruegos por amor de tu esposo.*" Nevertheless, in this city of saints and miracles, she died a virgin, and was buried near her mother, who, although a queen mother of Spain, was, according to popular outcry, "*Meretriz publica y engañadora.*"

This convent became the Escorial or burial-place of the early kings of Leon and Castile: the *Panteon* remains in the adjoining cloisters, which have been partly modernised in the Ionic style, when the Gothic roof was hideously picked out in leaden greys and white; the side nearest the church has escaped with its round brick arches, and some very ancient painted work deserves the notice of every antiquarian.

The *Panteon* is a small low chapel, dedicated to Santa Catalina, whose three-quarter bust, in red and blue tinsel, disfigures the altar. This home of so many kings, queens, and royal personages, was torn to pieces by Soult's soldiery, who violated the tombs and cast the royal ashes to the dust, as their fathers had done those of Henri IV. at St. Denis, and as their grandfathers, under Turenne, had played at bowls with the sculls of German kings at Spiers, having first turned the plundered cathedral into a brothel. The chapter of Leon, in 1825, endeavoured to repair these outrages, *en lo posible, i.e.* as far as they could; and

* He was the celebrated soldier-king *el batallador*, a hero, like some modern marshals, of a hundred razzias, and a noted pillager of churches and convents: after the death of Count Ramon, Urraca became *Reina Propietaria*, or Queen of Spain in her own right; as Alonso disputed some claims, a compromise was effected by their marriage, which ended in a separation, Urraca, however, ill-used by Hymen, continued devoted to Venus, and died in childbirth of a bastard in 1126; as there are so many Alonsos and Urracas, these facts may be useful. The best book on the queens and royal concubines of Spain is 'Las *Memorias* de las Reynas Católicas,' by Florez, 2 vols. Mad. 1761. It formed the ground-work of a poor compilation on the subject by Señorita Anita Jorge, a Hispana-American, and was rendered into English by Miss Pardoe: "'tis a pity when delicate ladies write of things that they don't understand."

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a tablet records simply the event, and leaves the reader to make his own comment. "*Este precioso monumento de la antigüedad, deposito de las cenizas de tantos poderosos Reyes, fue destruido por los Franceses año de* 1809." The restorations are scarcely less deplorable than the outrages; the low pillars are rudely painted to imitate *verde antique*, which they do not; the tombs consist of plain boxes, piled one upon another, without *order* or *decency* to the dead; the smallest ones contain the bones of *Infantes*, and are packed on the larger; some few have inscriptions, which are scarcely legible, and they are curt enough, *e.g.* "Hic jacet in fossa, Geloiræ Reginæ pulvis et ossa." Remark in some the title *Domna* (Domina), not Doña, which is given to the ladies. The curious in necrology will find a catalogue of the saints, kings, queens, and the rest of the royal family in Madoz, x. 182. The epitaphs are all printed by Risco (ii. 148). Now, the miserable remains are made a show of, and a sort of mummy is called the body of Doña Urraca. The roof, being out of the reach of pollution, remains in the original state: observe the stars and herring-bone patterns on the arches, and the singular paintings of architecture, the Saviour, Apostles, and holy subjects, inside the vaults: they are of the twelfth century; explanatory labels are appended. To the W. of the entrance is the once splendid library, a noble lofty room, much out of repair; the books were once among the most curious in Spain. The curious Latin MS. chronicle of the Cid and of the 13th century, cited by Risco, was stolen during the recent troubles, and was bought in Lisbon in 1846 of a French pedlar by a German named Dr. Gotthold Heyne, who was killed during the barricades at Berlin in 1848. There were about 900 more MSS. of the seventh and eight centuries, but they were burnt by Soult, who having routed Romana entered and sacked Leon, Dec. 21, 1808: the unfortunate town and vicinity were frequently ravaged afterwards by Kellermann and Bessières.

Outside of Leon, near the bridge over the Bernesga, is the enormous convent of *San Marcos de Leon*, once so richly endowed, and whose abbot was mitred. This convent was founded in 1168 for the knights of Santiago, and here Suero Rodriguez professed; it was rebuilt in 1514-49 by Juan de Badajoz: observe, on entering the chapel, a circular arch, and a door fringed with rich Gothic niche-work; the upper part is unfinished; the royal arms placed between two heralds are of the time of Charles V. The edifice, left incomplete, and now never likely to be finished, stretches to the l., a noble Berruguete pile, of most beautiful stone; the façade is magnificent: observe the medallions and plateresque work; over the door is Santiago on horseback, and above it a clumsy modern construction by Martin de Suinaya, 1715-19, whose Fame blowing a Trumpet adds very little to his. The arched entrance to the chapel, now a storehouse, is enriched with niches and most elaborate Gothic detail. The *silleria del coro*, originally a fine work, by Guillermo Doncel, carved in 1537-42, was repaired in 1723, an epoch fatal to the fine arts of Leon, and finally ruined by being made a barrack for *Peseteros*, then a school for boys, who are not conservative.

To the north of the rose-perfumed Alameda, also outside the town, is the huge *Casa de Espositos*, where the sinless children of sinful parents manufacture a coarse linen. Opposite is the now ruined *San Clodio* (Claudio), rebuilt in 1530, with a lofty elegant cloister of light pointed arches with a rich roof; the beautiful *sacristia* raised in 1568, with its white and gold ceiling, escaped the invaders, who turned the building into a magazine. Passing out of the gate of *Santo Domingo*, is the convent of that name, plundered and burnt in 1810 by the French, who then mutilated the noble Ionic sepulchre of Juan Guzman, Bishop of Calahorra,

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obüt 1575, as also that with Corinthian ornaments in memory of another Guzman, 1576, whose armed effigy is kneeling: this convent has recently been all but demolished, and some of these sepulchres cast out near the entrance of the town. The materials were destined by the dilatory *Junta* of Leon to build forts against the Carlists, and which were not *begun*, until after Gomez had taken the city.

Alonso Perez Guzman, *el Bueno* (see Tarifa), was born at Leon, Jan. 24th, 1256; his *casa solar* on the *Plaza San Marcello* was a palace worthy of the "good soldier;" but this his cradle, entirely gutted by the French, is now the abode of paupers and degraded; still the *patio*, and profusion of iron railing and balconies, show how noble it once was. Observe, on this *plaza*, part of the old wall, the fountain, the Doric and Ionic *Casa de Ayuntamiento*, built in 1585 by Juan Ribera; and close to it remark the parish church and the *Santo Hospital*.

Nearly opposite *la Casa de los Guzmanes*, and close to the old southern wall, is the *Casa de los Condes;* this palace of the Lunas, also sacked by the French, is now almost a ruin; observe the tower, and at the entrance a circular arch and a singular window, with four antique columns; the fine *patio* was never finished, and probably never will be; the natives say that Queen Urraca lived in this palace. The *Plaza Mayor* is a handsome regular square, with the *consistorio* on the W. side; the spacious market-place should be visited for costume and natural history. Leon has several gates, of which the northern, *la del Castillo*, rebuilt in 1759, with a statue of Pelayus, serves as a prison, or Newgate. Some second-rate pictures, and a provincial library, the sweepings of sequestered convents, are open to the public in the S^a. *Catalina*.

The communications with Leon are very indifferent, and few travellers come this way. There was a wild scheme of a railroad to Oviedo and Aviles, and to Madrid through Valladolid. For the routes to Oviedo and to Benavente see Index.

ROUTE 73.—LEON TO PALENCIA.

Mansilla	3	
Burgo	2½ ..	5½
San Pedro de las Dueñas	3 ..	8½
Villada	2 ..	10½
Paredes de Nava	3 ..	13½
Palencia	3½ ..	17

Wearisome, whether in the dust of summer or mid the mud of winter, are these monotonous corn-plains, whose wretched occupants resembling La Mancha and the Castiles, offer little interest or entertainment to man or beast. On leaving the poplar plantations of Leon, the boggy grounds continue almost to the long bridge of *Villarente*, over the Porma, with its seventeen arches; soon the corn steppes begin, fertile, but hideous, especially after harvest, from want of water, trees, houses, and signs of human life. The villages are built of *cob*, i. e. mud and straw. The wines are kept protected from the scorching sun in cellars burrowed in the ground. Most of the cottages have no windows, and the few frames that do occur are seldom glazed; a large door answers all purposes, and lets in air, light, men, and pigs: the outsides are daubed with rude flowers scrawled on them in red and white. The Esla is crossed at *Mansilla*, a town of ruined walls, pop. 700, and a decent posada; the cultivation is everywhere slovenly. The brown and adust peasantry wear the *capa parda*, *madreñas* or wooden shoes, black jackets, breeches, and white stockings. The marshy and stagnant waters of the Esla, which overflow these flats, breed agues and *tercianas*. Here, Dec. 30, 1808, the French, under Franceschi, routed the Marques Romana, who fled without even destroying the bridge — thus leaving an easy access to Soult to take and pillage Leon, and then attack Moore's flank.

At *Paredes de Nava*, a townlet

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situated on a pestilential lake extending towards *Palencia*, in the parish church of S[a]. Eulalia, are some carvings by Alonso Berruguete; born about 1480, he was the introducer of the classical, or rather *cinque-cento* style, to which, in Spain, he has given his great name: he studied in Italy, and is mentioned by Vasari as copying Michael Angelo at Florence in 1503: he went with that master to Rome the next year, and, like him, became an architect, sculptor, and painter; returning to Spain about 1520, he was patronised by Charles V., and employed all over the Peninsula, which he adorned with magnificent works; and although too many have been destroyed by vandals, foreign and domestic, few countries can even now compete with Spain. He died at Toledo in 1561.

At *Husillos*, a poor place, 1½ L. from *Palencia*, to the N. of the lake, exists or existed a fragment of antiquity which called into action the dormant genius of Berruguete, just as Vasari tells us that Niccola Pisano, was led to revive the art of sculpture by the study of an ancient sarcophagus: thus breaking down the conventional traditionary types, and superseding the Byzantine by the antique, improving but heathenising Christian art, as Michael Angelo did afterwards: but so long as the physical and moral qualities of man are the same, similar combinations of facts must produce similar results—if the train be prepared, a spark will ignite it. On this sarcophagus, about 8 feet long by 3½ high, was represented the history of the Horatii and Curatii, sculptured in some 50 figures, and so admirably, that Berruguete, after his return from Italy, used to say that he had seen nothing finer there; Cardinal Poggio pronounced it to be worthy to be placed at Rome among the choicest antiques (see Morales, '*Viaje*,' 26). It will be worth inquiring after this precious relic. Examine the bas-reliefs in the Gothic cloister of the *Santa Maria*. For *Palencia*, see R. 77.

Route 74.—Leon by Sahagun to Burgos.

Mansilla	3	
Al Burgo	2¼ ..	5¼
Sahagun	2¼ ..	8
A las Tiendas	3 ..	11
Carrion	3 ..	14
Revenga	2 ..	16
Fronista	2 ..	18
Guadilla	1¼ ..	19¼
Castroxeriz	2¼ ..	22
Ontánaz	1¼ ..	23¼
Rabé	3¼ ..	27
Burgos	2 ..	29

The old pilgrim route to Santiago (called *el Frances*) passed from Burgos to Leon, through Sahagun: a new *carretera* is constructing from Valladolid. The line, monotonous in itself, becomes interesting, from the recollections of the ballads of the Cid and of Moore's self-sacrificing advance (see p. 534), whereby alone Andalucia and Portugal were saved from the clutches of Buonaparte, whose plans it deranged by obliging him to withdraw forces which otherwise must have subjugated the whole defenceless country. This diversion gave time to England to send out the Duke—the Hercules, the Deus ex machinâ—who delivered Spain in spite of herself. *Sahagun* contains about 2400 souls, with vestiges of walls and castle. The Cea refreshes a few plantations on its banks. The name *Sahagun* is a corruption of an ancient and once venerated local Saint Facundo—San Fagunt, who, however, is now superseded by *San Juan de Sahagun*, a santon of more modern creation. Consult a poem on his life and miracles, by Julian de Almendariz, Roma, 1611; and a prose biography by Agustin Antolinez, the saint's personal friend, 8vo. Salamanca, 1605. The celebrated Benedictine abbey of this *San Facundo* was founded in 905. The Gothic church was begun in 1121 by Alonso VI., and finished in 1183. The *retablo*, ascribed to Gregorio Hernandez, represents the martyrdom of the tutelar, who was beheaded near the Cea, Nov. 27, 304. Alonso destined this abbey for the burial-place of himself and his

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five wives. The marble sepulchre with a statue of the king is superb; the *urna* is supported by lions. Among other tombs notice those of Alonso Peranzurez, and of Bernardo the first archbishop of Toledo after the reconquest. This monastery became the asylum to which many early kings of Spain retired like Charles V., and died monks; e. g. Bermudo I. in 791, Alphonso IV. in 931, Ramiro II. in 950, Sancho of Leon in 1067. The holiness and wealth was impaired in 1810, when it was plundered by the French. For its former silver, altars, treasures, relics, and library, consult Morales, '*Viaje*,' 34; for its history, that written by Joseph Perez, Madrid, 1782, and augmented by Romualdo Escalona, a learned Benedictine of the convent. What the invader begun Spanish sequestrators completed; the conventual portions are desolated, and only the façades, church, some statues, and heraldic decorations remain. At *Sahagun*, Dec. 21, 1808, Lord Paget, with the 15th Hussars, fell in with the French cavalry under Debelle, charged, broke, and put them to rout (Nap. iv. 4).

Carrion, unsavoury to English nostrils, recalls agreeable associations to the Spaniards. The town also called *de los Condes*, because it belonged to the *Counts* Diego and Fernan Gonzalez, so well known to ballad-readers as the sneaking husbands of Elvira and Sol, daughters of the Cid, "the honour of Spain." The Campeador appealed against their ill-usage to Alonso VI., and a trial of arms took place, when the counts and their uncle were beaten by the Cid's champions, Pedro Bermudez, Martin Antolinez, and Nuño Bustos. The city was then taken from the counts, who were disgraced and declared traitors. "Carrion of the Counts," gave, in 1366, the title of Count, to Hugo de Carloway, or Calverley, an English knight who was serving in the Spanish army until re-called by the Black Prince, whereupon Enrique III. deprived him of his rank after the murder of his brother Don Pedro. Here Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, the first Mæcenas of Spanish literature, was born Aug. 19, 1398.

Time-honoured and corroded *Carrion* stands on the river of its name; has a good bridge: pop. 3000. It is a city of "the plains," or *Tierras de Campos*. Much and very fine corn is grown in these districts, which is preserved in *silos*, or underground *mazmorras*, granaries (see p. 315). The Benedictine convent in the suburb, San Zoil, was one of the finest things in Spain, until plundered by the French. The cloisters designed by *Miguel Espinosa*, remain in the richest plateresque Berruguete style, with an infinity of saints, medallions, arms, &c., worthy of Cellini. The under tier was begun in 1537 by Juan de Badajoz, who finished the E. side: completed by Juan de Celanova; the upper gallery was added in 1604 by Espinosa and Antonio Morante, by whom is the Christ over the entrance, and the Ecce Homo in the *Capilla de los Condes*. Near and on the city wall is the old church of Sa. Maria, del *Camino*, of the "road" to Compostella; it is also called de la *Victoria*, in commemoration of the victory, made by certain orthodox bulls on the unchaste infidel who came here to receive the 100 virgins, the annual tribute agreed to be paid them by Mauregato. An annual sermon is preached at Pentecost, called *El Sermon de Doncellas y Toros;* as the legend of this lady rent is altogether apocryphal, a Doric frieze, with the Capita Bovis in the façade, was probably the origin of this tauromachian nonsense (see Ponz, xi. 201). Notice, however, the carvings and bull tossings on the church portal.

About ¾ L. from Carrion was the Augustin convent of *Benevivere*, "*good-living*," and no doubt the holy cœnobites did their duty both in chapel and kitchen; it was founded in 1161 by Diego de Martinez, who, having served the kings Alonso VII., Sancho, and Alonso VIII., retired, like so many noble Spaniards, to end his days as a monk; he died era 1214 (A.D. 1176), and was buried in a remarkable sepul-

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chre in the chapel San Miguel. Observe the singular portico and round arched niches. The church was built in 1382 by Diego Gomez Sarmiento, but all was demolished in 1843.

Near *Carrion*, in 1037, was decided the battle between Bermudo III. of Leon and Ferdinand I. of Castile, in which the former was killed; the two kingdoms were then united by the conqueror's marriage with Sancha the heiress.

In *Villalcasar de Sirga*, or *Villasirga*, about 4 m. on the Burgos road, the parish church, once belonging to the Templars, contains the remarkable tombs of the Infante Felipe, son of San Ferdinand (obt. 1274), and his wife's, Inez de Castro. The figures, larger than life, repose on enriched *urnas;* the sculpture, although coarse, is full of expression, and the costume very interesting. Crossing a ridge which separates the basins of the Carrion and the Pisuerga, below extend the wide plains, through which the *Canal de Castilla* was to unite Reinosa with Segovia, and thus serve both as a means of transit and irrigation. This admirable project, which would have infused life into these dead districts, begun in 1753, *está por acabar;* the work in those parts where it is complete is worthy in execution of the conception.

Fromista, pop. 1400, an ancient decayed town, stands close to the canal: a few miles S.E. is *Santoyo*, whose church contains a superb *retablo* wrought in 1570 by Juan de Juni for Sebastian de Navares, secretary to Philip II. Near *Itero de la Vega*, the Pisuerga is crossed, which forms the boundary between Leon and Old Castile; passing through fertile plains we approach nearer the hill of *Castrojeriz*, Castrum Cæsaris, pop. 2400. Some remains of Roman works exist in the castle. The town has a *colegiata* and a sort of palace, placed between the rivers Odra and Garbanzuelo. Hence to Burgos (see Rte. 115).

ROUTE 75.—LEON TO VALLADOLID.

Mansilla	3	
Matallana	3	.. 6
Mayorga	3	.. 9
Celnos	3	.. 12
Berruecos	1	.. 13
Medina de Rioseco	3	.. 16
A la Mudarra	3	.. 19
Villanubla	2	.. 21
Valladolid	2	.. 23

Crossing the Esla at Mansilla, a loose broken road, dusty in summer and muddy in winter, leads to *Mayorga*, pop. 2000, a mud-built village on the Cea, with a decent *posada*. Here Moore (Dec. 20, 1808) effected his junction with Baird, and here took place the first cavalry encounter, when Lord Paget, with 400 of the 15th, charged 600 splendid French dragoons, riding them down horse and man. In vain (as at Fuentes de Oñoro) was brandy served out to the enemy; the better man prevailed, as must be the case, if the foe can only be grappled with at close quarters, either with sword, bayonet, or with the Nelsonic touch "close action" and the boarding-pike. Then, in a bull-dog struggle for life or death, "beef," blood, bone, and bottom must tell, and a purely *physical* superiority generates, from consciousness of its power, a *moral* confidence. Gen. Foy accordingly attributes the *accidental* success of the English horsemen, first to their invariably *vast superiority of number*, and next the larder. "Le rhum vient à propos ranimer ses esprits dans le moment du danger" (i. 231). Again, "Nous avons vu plus d'une fois de faibles détachements charger nos bataillons à fond, mais en désordre. Le cavalier ivre de rhum lançait son cheval, et le cheval emportait le cavalier au delà du but" (i. 290). Be that as it may, such was the moral superiority felt by our mounted beefeaters, that the Duke was obliged to issue a general order to prevent mere companies from charging whole French regiments. Such was, to use his words, "the *trick* our officers of cavalry have acquired of galloping at everything e.g. Balaclava.

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On these very plains, ten short days afterwards, did Blake, with his whole army, run away, scared by one daring charge of Franceschi's dragoons, which two companies of British infantry would have riddled to shreds.

At mud-built *Ceinos* observe the brick and limestone tower of an ancient Templar church, now used as a *camposanto*, or burial-ground. A wearisome steppe leads to *Medina de Rioseco*, with its old gates and damaged walls, "the city of the dry river," a thing and name of Spain, where beds of rivers often want water and bridges, and bridges want rivers. This place, the Roman Forum Egurrorum, pop. 4500, stands in a cereal plain (akin to the *Alcarria*, from which it is separated by the Guadarrama chain), this plain was once a vast lake, before the basin of fresh-water limestone was drained by the Duero and its tributaries. This mud-built capital of a clayey marly district was a noted emporium in the fourteenth century. The fairs of cloth and linen then ranked among the chief of the Castiles, but now life is extinct, and the carcase is returning to the earth of which it was made, dust to dust: the city will become a "heap"—pulvis et umbra nihil: a shadow of the former fairs is still held April 19 and Sept. 18.

Our readers are cautioned against the natives' exaggerations of their great former commercial prosperity. In fact, the world has too long taken Spaniards and their "things" at their own showing, and fine words no where cost less. Surely it is time that these unsubstantial valuations should be settled. The essence of the Gotho Spaniard was a contempt for commerce; and, as among the Romans those who sprung from trade were disqualified for the senate, so such persons were despised among the Teutonic nations, the ancestors of the Goths, with whom war and the chace were considered the only occupation of the gentleman. In-door sedentary habits, and delicate manufactures, which require the finger rather than the arm, have in their nature a contrariety to military disposition; since even Hercules, with the distaff of Omphale, *manufactured* fewer threads in a year than one little white slave of a Manchester cottonocrat turns out in a day. In the best period of Castilian power the mechanical arts were imperfectly practised, while the higher speculative and less operative branches of commerce were almost unknown. When the sciences of banking, exchange, and insurances crept slowly into Spain from Italy and the Low Countries, these exotics withered in an uncongenial soil; they were left in the hands of Jews, Genoese, Flemings, Alemanes, and other foreigners, capitalists, and benefactors, who have consequently borne the odium of extracting the *wealth* of Spain, and of entering, as Moncada says, "through the breach of national idleness made by the devil:" and to this *indolence* he might have added ignorance and insecurity. Accordingly, commerce has here always been passive, and at best is a mere exportation of *raw* materials, furnished by a kind soil and climate, to be received back again in a manufactured state from the scientific industrious foreigners; and even this was carried on for the consumption of the rich only, since the rude wants of the country at large were and are scantily supplied by a coarse home-made article, each family generally providing for itself, and procuring a few additional articles at periodical fairs; almost every luxury was imported by foreigners, and in foreign ships, and to this day the shops of the local interior cities demonstrate, as in the East, a most backward stagnant commerce.

The bragging of the past, like "the boasting of present strength," is pure rodomontade; a reference, however, to some bygone period of old and better times is the fond and allowable dream, of all who suffer under the evil of the day; and where are the positive proofs of past commercial prosperity? The grandee and the church have indeed left memorials of their indubitable power and magnificence, but where are the remains, or even records,

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of roads, canals, docks, quays, warehouses, and other appliances? While everything that proves an anti-commercial spirit is evidenced in all Spanish feelings and institutions, in their exclusive nobility, their disqualifications, their marble-cold spirit of caste, and in a still existing contempt. The bulk of the nation despises trade, and, as the Moors think all Franks were merchants, so, adopting the sneer of Boney, that grandest of phrase-makers, it considers England to be a country of shopkeepers, who with their operatives would starve without the custom of rich and noble Spain.

The principal church of Medina de Rioseco, the S^{a}. Maria, is Gothic; the *retablo*, one of the finest in Spain, represents incidents in the life of the Saviour and Virgin: divided by fluted Corinthian pillars, with bases and pediments supported by naked children. Carved in 1590 by Esteban Jordan, and painted by Pedro de Oña, his son-in-law, reds and blues predominate. Observe in it the grand Ascension of the Virgin. The whole *retablo* recalls the noble work of Becerra at *Astorga* (p. 536). *La Capilla de los Benaventes* to the l., was once a gem of plateresque and sculpturesque art: now all is decay and neglect. The plateresque *reja* was made by Francisco Martinez, 1553: observe above an arch, the medallions of the founder's family and their arms. The *retablo* was carved by the bold and fiery Juan de Juni; observe the San Joaquin and Santa Ana, and above the *Buenaventuranza*, or the mystical beatitude of the Saviour in the Apocalypse, with a sea filled with the bodies of the dead rising up to judgment. The gilding is much perished by damp and neglect, which have also ruined the Creation of Adam and Eve, and the paintings of Juni on the semicircular arch. Notice over the door the portrait of the founder, Alvaro Benavente, æt. 50, and the three fine tombs, separated by caryatides. The paintings at the back of the niches have been ascribed to Juni. Observe the Santa Ana in bed, and two kneeling figures. The stucco ceilings and ornaments were in the finest Berruguete taste. Cean Berm., '*Arch.*' ii. 69, 221, has printed the curious original contract and specification of these works by Juni.

There are four pictures in this church either by Murillo or Tovar, for it is not easy to decide, owing to their dirty condition and position; the subjects are a large oblong Nativity, a charming St. Catherine, a kneeling Magdalen, and full-length Madonna and Child, which is the finest.

The classical façade of *Santa Cruz* is heavy although much admired by the natives. The sculptured Sibyls, the finding the Cross, and the two tiers of Corinthian pilasters give a serious character. It was founded by the great Don Fadrique Enriquez, Admiral of Castile, of whose palace in the town a gate is all that has escaped ruin. The tombs and kneeling figures of himself and his wife, Ana de Cabrera, *were* in the convent of San Francisco, with some good *terra-cotta* statues of St. Jerome and St. Sebastian, much Berruguete work, and a very fine ivory crucifix. This convent itself was built with the materials of the old castle which withstood so many sieges in the time of Don Pedro and Charles V., etiam periere ruinæ.

The last blow to decaying *Rioseco* was given July 14, 1808, after its battle, which placed Joseph on the throne of Madrid, a battle compared by Buonaparte, somewhat erroneously, to the crowning victory of *Villaviciosa*. Previously the incompetence of Savary had compromised the French position in the Castiles, for Filanghieri hovered on their flanks in Gallicia, wisely abstaining from battle; suspected by the Juntas of treachery from this Fabian prudence, he was murdered and succeeded by blunderer Blake, who joined the incapable Cuesta. The junction of two such great masters of defeat rendered it certain; and in order to ensure the catastrophe these "children in the art of war" led 50,000 badly equipped men into the plains of

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Monclin, near *Palacios*. Bessières had only 12,000 French, but, beholding the absurd arrangements of his enemy, which rendered even defence impossible, ordered La Salle to charge with some cavalry, whereupon the Spaniards took instantly to their heels. The French soldiers, thirsty in the pursuit and burning sun, finding the river dry, exclaimed, "Even Spanish water runs away." The Spaniards lost 6000 killed and wounded, the French under 500; not a word of all this in Madoz, xi. 336. Bessières, who was no general, did not even know how to follow up his victory, and he was afraid to advance into Gallicia, alarmed at the mere report of some English having landed. He knew well, however, how to sack *Rioseco*, unarmed and unresisting. Santa Clara was made a brothel for his army, the nuns being selected as victims; neither age nor sex was spared, and yet the inhabitants had illuminated their houses in token of friendly feeling (Toreno, iv.) Schepeler (i. 434, 37) details the horrors of fire, lust, and rapine, accompanied with cold-blooded murder of prisoners. Bessières, who, like Suchet, began life a barber, was sent to his last account at Lutzen. This man, according to Buonaparte's bulletin, was "recommandable par ses qualités civiles," and, as he wrote to the widow, "a laissé une réputation sans tache." The widows and nuns of *Rioseco* never penned that epitaph.

Rioseco is a central point whence excursions may be made to several ancient cities.

ROUTE 76.—RIOSECO TO VALLADOLID.

Villafrechós	2¼	
Villalpando	2¼	5
San Esteban	2	7
Benavente	2	9
Zamora	10	19
Fresno	3	22
Toro	2	24
Pedrosa del Rey	3	27
Villalar	2	29
Tordesillas	1	30
Rueda	2	32
Medina del Campo	2	34
Valdestillas	4	38
Puente Duero	2	40
Simancas	1¼	41¼
Valladolid	2	43¼

As far as villages and people are concerned, nothing can be more bald or wretched than this circuit, which, however, includes towns of former fame, and sites of important events. *Villalpando*, in its vast plain, once a city of 50,000 souls, fell into decay when *Rioseco* rose at its expense; now the population is under 3000. The original city being built of mud, has mostly disappeared, while the invaders gutted the more solidly constructed Franciscan and Dominican convents; the misery is now complete inside, and outside a monotonous tract of land rendered more hideous, as a *valdio* or "common" of the townsfolk, is left almost uncultivated. *Benavente* and the route to *Zamora* have been described (see R. 69). Those who do not wish to go there, may cross the plains directly from *Rioseco* to *Zamora*, 13 L. through *Bustillo*, which is about half way: for Zamora, see p. 530.

Ascending the Duero from *Zamora*, is the ancient and decayed city of *Toro*, with its fine bridge and the pleasant walk on it, from which we behold those *Almenas de Toro* chanted by Lope de Vega. This city, like Salamanca, takes its bridge and a "canting" *Toro*, one of the Guisando breed, for its arms. This dull and backward town contains about 9000 souls, and lords over the plains, those *campos* which were the granary of the Goths. The iron *rejas* to the windows give it a prison-like look. Visit the ruined Alcazar of Garcia, in which the French kept a garrison. Gen. Duvernay, Jan. 6, 1809, captured the unprepared city with a handful of cavalry! for Moore had in vain urged the *junta* of Toro to fortify their town, which, like Zamora, might have formed an important place for him to fall back on, and, as the enemy at that time had no artillery for sieges, their progress must have been arrested, and the retreat on

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La Coruña avoided, but nothing was done—*cosas de España!*

It was at *Toro* that the Conde Duque, the disgraced minister of Philip IV., died in 1643, haunted, as he imagined, by a spectre—the ghost of his country's departed greatness, which he had so mainly contributed to destroy. Toro, of course has a *Plaza de Toros*. The architect may also observe *La Torre del Reloj*, the house of *Los Fonsecas* and the *Casa del Ayuntamiento*, built by Ventura Rodriguez, and the granite *Colegiata*, with its solid buttresses, deep recessed entrance, and circular arched work. The style, in its simple front of wall with few windows, recalls the Norman works at *Zamora;* the unfinished tower over the transept is of later period, with rich pointed Gothic. *Toro* was a city of great former importance. Don Pedro entered it in 1356 by the gate Santa Catalina, and thus put down the rebels. Near it was fought in 1476 the battle between Alonso V. of Portugal and Ferdinand, a victory which gave the crown of Castile to Isabella, destroyed the faction of La Beltraneja, and avenged the defeat of Aljabarota. Here again was held in January, 1506, the celebrated Cortes by which, after the death of Isabella, Ferdinand's regal authority was recognised: consult '*Corografia de la Provincia del Toro*,' Antonio Gomez de la Torre, 4to. Mad. 1802.

Leaving *Toro*, and continuing on the r. bank of the Duero, near the river Hormija is or rather was the most ancient abbey San Roman, founded by the Gothic king Recesvinto for the burial-place of his wife: thence to *Villalar*, where (April 23, 1521) the Conde de Haro defeated the *Comuneros* led by Juan de Padilla, and crushed this popular insurrection; one raised in reality against *el Estrangero* and the foreign favourites of Charles V., not against the king of Spain himself. The country at large was otherwise apathetic, and when the mob was put down, many chief cities published works to prove their loyalty during the struggle. Padilla was beheaded the next day at Tordesillas. Southey, when young, wrote verses on this martyr to mob patriotism. The conduct of the *junta* was precisely such as we have seen in our times: for they exhibited, says Robertson, "the strongest marks of irresolution, mutual distrust, and mediocrity of genius," incapable alike of carrying on war or of making peace. Padilla fell a victim to their combined baseness and ignorance: he was the husband of Maria Pacheco, of whom there is such a fine portrait by *El Mudo* at Bowood, and to whom before his execution he wrote that most touching and manly letter preserved by Sandoval, and translated by Robertson.

Tordesillas rises in its weary *Paramos de Leon*, those bald steppes, those seas of corn, which are bounded only by the horizon. The *Parador Val de Huertos, Vista alegre*, outside the town, on the road to *Benavente*, is clean. This town is an important strategic position, having an old Gothic arched bridge over the Duero. The view from it is striking. You have the old town hanging on a declivity, in the centre the church of St. Antolin with its belfries, the noble terraces of masonry, the towered San Juan on one side, with the massive chapel of S$_a$. Clara on the other. Visit the church *San Antolin*, as the *retablo* contains a fine Crucifixion, which is attributed to Juan de Juni. The superb marble sepulchre of the Comendador, Pedro Gonzalez de Alderete, was wrought in 1527 by Gasper de Tordesillas; equal to Berruguete, it is designed in the style of the royal tombs at Granada, with caryatides at angles, figures and cinquecento ornaments: the founder lies armed, with his helmet at his feet. The other tomb in a niche is inferior. The nunnery *Santa Clara*, crowned by a long latticed gallery, overlooks the Duero, the bridge, and plains; in the interior observe the gilt *artesonado* ceiling of the chancel, and the chapel of *Esteban Lopez de Saldaña*, completed in 1435;

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his fine sepulchre was sadly mutilated by the invaders; the head escaped, and is full of character and repose. Observe the *retablo*, said by Ponz (xii. 143) to have belonged to Juan II., and the four sepulchres in niches, the two female figures, the armed male, and another with a sort of turban: the architect Guillem de Roam is buried near it, ob. Dec. 7, 1431.

This convent has received eminent personages; here *Juana la Loca*, "crazy Jane," the mother of Charles V., died, April 11, 1535, aged 76, having watched for 47 years, with jealous insanity, the coffin of her handsome but worthless husband. The morbid taint broke out again in her descendants; it induced her son Charles V. to die a monk at Yuste; it tinged the gloomy bigotry of Philip II.; and ended with the Austrian race in the confirmed imbecility of Charles II., a sovereign who kept pace with the decline of his kingdom and dynasty.

In a house attached to this convent Buonaparte was lodged, Dec. 25, 1808, and had leisure enough to *Handbook* thus in his bulletin: "Sa majesté avait son quartier général dans les batimens extérieurs du Couvent Royal de Sainte Claire — c'est dans ce bâtiment que s'était retirée, et qu'est morte, la mère de Charles V. Le couvent a été construit sur un ancien palais des Maures, dont il reste un bain et deux salles, d'une belle conservation; l'abbesse a été présentée à l'Empereur." At *Tordesillas* in 1439, the meeting of Juan II. and his factious nobles took place. The "good" Conde de Haro was mutual guarantee of fair play. His *Seguro*, published at Milan in 1611, and at Madrid in 1784, gives a curious record of mediæval mistrust.

Much red wine, strong and heady as port, is grown in these districts. 2 L. to the r. at *La Nava del Rey*, the Corinthian *retablo* in the *parroquia*, is a noble architectural and sculptural monument by the great Gregorio Hernandez: observe particularly the two St. Johns. *Rueda*, pop. 2500, with a fine parish church, thrives from the good wine grown here. The vineyards lie on a stony broken soil: the produce, kept in deep cellars, is considered to be a specific *against* the gout, and is much bought by the *Maragatos* and merchants of the north, who bring iron and colonial produce in exchange.

At *Rueda* the prestige of the Duke's name alone saved his army in the retreat from Burgos. Here Caffarelli, Oct. 21, 1812, with 40,000 splendid French infantry and 5000 cavalry, came up with "not 20,000 British and Portuguese:" and yet declined giving battle. Thus protected by the halo of his glory, Wellington passed on unmolested; and this is his record:—"I was shocked when I saw how the Spaniards fought; and when I saw the whole of the enemy's army, it was *very clear to me* that they ought to eat me up. I have got clear off in a handsome manner out of the worst scrape I ever was in" (Disp. Oct. 31, 1812). A scrape occasioned by the scandalous disobedience of orders by Ballesteros in Spain, a "getting off" the reward of superior tactics, by which the enemy were cowed, outgeneraled, and baffled. Calm in the greatest dangers, he was sustained by a confidence in himself equal to every emergency. "Conservant," as Marchant says of Turenne, "dans ses revers comme dans les succès, ce calme stoïque, ce sang-froid imperturbable, qui sert si bien à réparer les uns et à compléter les autres, il ressemble plus qu'aucun de nos grands hommes aux *héros de l'antiquité*, marchant toujours à son but, du même pas, ne s'emportant jamais, et repoussant par son calme et sa froide raison les sottes prétensions et mêmes les injures!"

2 L. from *Rueda* is *Medina del Campo*, the city of the plain (Methimna Campestris), another important strategic point, equidistant from Zamora, Salamanca, Palencia, Avila, and Segovia, being about 14 L. from each. Inn, *Parador de Pepe*, or *de la Petra*, on the plaza. The town is placed on the swampy Zapardiel, whose

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overflowing waters breed fever and ague. The Moors had corrected this by a canal, which also served for irrigation; some remains only of their work may be traced at *La Cava*.

Medina, is the capital of the level district, one of the finest wheat countries in the world: but, from want of roads and means of transport about 18*s*. must be added to the price per quarter before the wheat is shipped on board at Santander, from whence to England a freight of 6*s*. must be calculated on. The population of this once a royal court and much-frequented emporium, said to have been 50,000, has now dwindled down to 2500. Possibly the past may have been exaggerated, for the city was thus described by the Bishop of Mondoñedo, even in 1532: "This towne, to my judgement, hath neither grounde nor heaven; for the heavens are always covered with cloudes, and the grounde with dyrte, in such wise that if the neighbourhood call it Medina of the field, wee courtiers doe terme it Medina of the dyrte. It hath a river that is so deepe and dangerous, that geese in summer go over it dry-footed."—'*Guevara's Letters*,' p. 101, translated by Fellowes, London, 1584.

The city pined after the plundering in Aug. 1520 by the *Comuneros*, when Antonio de Fonseca and his patriots burnt 900 houses, and during the recent war was further impoverished by frequent pillage and exaction of the invaders. The Gothic church San Antolin in the plaza, was founded in 750, and made collegiate in 1480, of which date are the tower and the figures that strike the hour. The grand cinquecento *retablo* consists of five tiers, enriched with the life of our Saviour and Berruguete ornaments. The crucifix in one of the chapels is attributed to Gaspar Becerra; the Doric *silleria del coro* came from Guadalupe. The unfinished hospital, with vast front and grand quadrangle, was built by Juan de Tolosa, in 1591, for Simon Ruiz Embito. The *retablo* in the chapel is adorned with a miracle of the charity-dispensing San Diego. Observe the iron *reja*, the tomb of the founder kneeling with his two wives, and his portrait painted by Pantoja de la Cruz. Part is now used as a cavalry barrack. The city shambles, *las Carniceras*, are much admired, and the *patio*, with granite pillars, was built in 1562 by Gaspar de Vega. Look at the plateresque *Casa de las Dueñas*, and walk in the Chiopal.

Visit the *Castillo de la Mota*, erected in 1440 by Fernando de Carreño, for Juan II., on the site of the Roman Methimna, and increased by Isabella in 1479. This well moated castle, the only mound in these plains, crowns the hillock, with a slim *Torre del Homenage*, and the bartizan turrets at the angles, which are so common in these districts. Visit the interior. Here the notorious Cæsar Borgia was confined for two years, until he escaped by the aid of the Conde de Benavente. And here, a little before noon on Wednesday, Nov. 26, 1504, died Isabella, in the 54th year of her age and 30th of her reign. Peter Martyr, writing the same day from the spot to the Conde de Tendilla, and to Talavera, the good Archbishop of Granada, thus sums up the just eulogium of his mistress, a pattern of her sex, and one of the purest sovereigns by whom female sceptre was ever wielded: "Cadit mihi præ dolore dextra; orbata est terræ facies mirabili ornamento, inaudito hactenus: in sexu namque fœmineo et potenti licenciâ nullam memini me legisse, quam huic natura Deusque formaverit, comparari dignam" (Epis. 279). Her body was moved to Granada in December, after a journey replete with horrors, over roadless tracks, amid storms and torrents, of which Peter Martyr, who accompanied his mistress to her last home, has given a faithful picture.

From hence to *Valladolid* is 8 L., either returning to *Tordesillas*, or taking the direct road to *Puente del Duero*, and thence diverging to *Simancas*, where the archives of Spain, an imperfectly explored mine of historical information, are interred. The town,

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with its church, tower, and castle, rise boldly on the opposite side of the Pisuerga, here crossed by a stone bridge of 17 arches, which the French injured Sept. 8, 1812, when they retreated before the Duke. The river is deep and rapid; and the proverbs say, "*El Duero lleva la fama, y Pisuerga lleva el agua*;" "*Duero y Duraton, Arlanza y Arlanzon, en el puente de Simancas juntos son.*" Like the Guadiana and Guadalquivir, the stream is turbid and discoloured by the clayey soils through which it eats its way. Some geographers make this river the boundary between Leon and Old Castile. There is a poor posada at the end of the bridge, *Fonda del Puente.*

Simancas, town and castle, originally belonged to the Henriquez, the grand Admirals of Castile, until taken from them by Ferdinand and Isabella, and destined, at the suggestion of Cardinal Ximenez, for the national archives. They are open from 8 A.M. to 1; Don *Manuel Garcia*, the most obliging *Archiviero Mayor*, is no regarder of hours or fees, and speaks French. The moated and castellated edifice, rises on the N.W. angle of the town. On the battlements in 1522 the famous Alcalde *Ronquillo* hung up *Antonio de Acuña*, bishop of Zamora, a prelate militant, who had joined the *Comuneros*. This strong castle was indeed a safe and well-selected site for the national archives when the court resided so near, but now its distance from Madrid is very inconvenient, and the Escorial would do better, but funds are wanting. In 1563 Philip II., a great writer and red-tapist, who boasted that he ruled the world with a bit of paper, conceived the idea of a record-office; he employed Geronimo Zurita to classify these archives, and directed Herrera and Berruguete to alter and adapt the edifice (see Cean Ber. '*Arch.*,' ii. 325). The papers were very complete from 1475. Most of the earlier were destroyed by the patriot *Comuneros* in 1520, while those relating to South America were sent to Seville in 1783.

Buonaparte, who had plundered Vienna and the Vatican to make Paris the receiving-house of title-deeds of conquered and invaded countries, ordered Kellermann, in Aug. 1810, to eviscerate Simancas; sixty cases were sent away in November. A Monsieur Quiter, dispatched from Paris to assist the unlettered soldiers in selection, set aside an additional mass, which filled 1600 cases. When he arrived, March, 1811, twenty-nine rooms were full of papers, of which he reported that about one-quarter were "desirable;" but soon the untoward event of Massena's defeat at Torres Vedras interfered with these "colossal ideas." Monsieur Quiter quitted and fled, having first packed up and sent to Paris 112 cases more; the whole number of packets or bundles thus "removed" amounted to 7861. When the allies entered Paris in 1814 a general reclamation of stolen goods took place, and by the efforts of Labrador, the Spanish ambassador, 146 cases were with difficulty rescued; they had not, however, by March, 1815, got farther on their way back to Simancas than Bordeaux, when, on the landing of Buonaparte from Elba, their further progress was arrested, as robbery again became the order of the day. After his final fall, some of the papers at last were restored to the rightful owners.

A portion of those relating to French diplomacy, of *Legajos de Estado*, and the correspondence of the Castilian court with their ambassadors at Paris, Aragon, and Venice, were kept back, and have in vain been applied for by Spain, since the Bourbons have never chosen to return to their cousins, the spoils of Buonaparte's legions. There are still wanting papers concerning the wars of the League; letters from Paris to Philip II.; all documents bearing on the succession; all relating to the campaigns of Charles V. at Pavia. The French inadvertently left the catalogue of these behind at Simancas, and the missing originals were actually seen lately at Paris. It is to these purloined papers that Mes-

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sieurs Michelet, Mignet, and Capefigue, are so much indebted. A worse fate remained for many documents which had no French interest: Kellerman used them as waste paper, for his troops to light their fires. In vain did Joseph remonstrate to Buonaparte; the precious documents were destroyed by waggon-loads, as the keeper saw done, and related to us on the spot, adding that these incendiaries put him in mind of Don Quixote, ii. 70, where the devils burn books in fiendish sport. Moreover, on evacuating the castle, these Omars set it on fire, when the N. wing was burnt down. This portion has since been rebuilt. The brands rescued from these burnings, pickings, and stealings, were entirely re-arranged by Don Tomas Gonzalez, canon of Plasencia, who classified the most curious papers, and placed them in the *Patronato viejo*, and in *el cubo*. Many of the archives will be found in his printed *Coleccion*, and others in the publications of M. Gachard.

Formerly the greatest jealousy existed in regard to these archives. Robertson was refused permission to examine them, which was also denied to native authors, and even to royal historiographers. Recently more liberality has been shown; but still, by order of Peña Florida, April 20, 1844, many vexatious provisoes are enjoined to those who wish to read and copy closely; and a permission is necessary to see papers later than A.D. 1700.

Mere visitors, however, enter easily. First observe the old chapel of the *Henriquez* family, with a blue and gold roof, and a saloon richly decorated by Berruguete. Each traveller will of course inquire for the class of papers which most interest himself. Among those of general curiosity, observe *el Becerro* of Alonso XI., a sort of Doomsday Book, containing an account of all the rents paid to the crown. Look at the original deed of capitulation at the taking of Granada, signed both by the king and queen; at the convention signed by Boabdil, in Arabic characters, by which he agreed to quit Spain and live in Barbary; at the title-deeds of the *Soto de Roma*, now the Duke of Wellington's domain; at the *Cuentas del Gran Capitan*, and at many of his original dispatches, written in a loose large handwriting; ask for the *Recamara*, or inventories of Isabella's jewels, her library, and treasures at Segovia, and the swords: among them are noted la Tisona del Cid, *La Joya del bien cortar* of Roldan, and the one with which he divided the Pyrenees; notice particularly Isabella's last will, signed by her, Oct. 12, 1504, Medina del Campo; also the will and codicil of Charles V., made at Yuste, Nov. 4, 1558, written in a trembling hand, enjoining the extirpation of heretics. There are many letters of Charles V., Philip II., and his fit wife, our bloody Mary; many also and most curious papers regarding the "*Invencible* Armada," the outfit and expenses. The documents relating to our Elizabeth, from 1558 to 1576, have been made the groundwork of Gonzalez's admirable paper (Mems. Acad. Hist., vol. vii. 249): he also prepared from the original documents *La Retirada*, or retreat of Charles V. at Yuste, now in the archives of foreign affairs at Paris, see p. 498. The original drafts of Philip II.'s dispatches to his ministers and ambassadors are most numerous: they are corrected and interlined with his own royal loose and straggling handwriting.

In the plain below the castle, July 19, 934 (some say 939), king Ramiro defeated the Moors, killing 30,000, 60,000, or as others say, 80,000; and no wonder, for, according to Mariana (viii. 5), two angels on white horses fought on the side of the Spaniards; they have always liked any ally from heaven or earth that does the work, leaving it for them to describe the deed in their bulletins, and claim the glory for *nosotros*. *Simancas* defended Enrique IV. against the league in 1465. The rebels, headed by Archbishop Carillo, had taken *Peñaflor*, whereat the people of Simancas likened him to the primate

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Oppas, who betrayed Don Roderick, and hung him in effigy, singing—

"*Esta es Simancas*
Don Oppas traidor
Y no Peñaflor!"

The notorious Irish rebel, Hugh Roe O'Donnell, died at *Simancas*, Sept. 10, 1602: he had fled after the defeat of Kinsale, with many of his adherents, to Philip III., as to the most decided enemy of England. He had pined for some time at La Coruña, sickening under the hope deferred of broken promises, and, coming to urge the king, died here, cursing Punic Spain, and remembering the emerald isle his sweet Argos. From this date commenced the influx of Irish priests, outlaws, and Pat-riotics, who settled in Spain, and from whom were descended the Blakes, O'Donojus, &c., the bitterest opponents of their great fellow-countryman the Duke, in his efforts to deliver their newly-adopted *patria*.

Soon we enter Valladolid by its noble *Campo Grande*. The best inn is *El Parador de las Diligencias*, Plaza de Santa Ana; or the other coach *Parador*, calle de Boaraza; or the Inn kept by *La Bilbaina*.

VALLADOLID, the Roman Pincia, was called by the Moors *Belad-Walid*, the city or "Land of Walid" (*El Weléed I.*), under whose kalifate Spain was conquered. Some Spaniards, who dislike Moorish recollections, derive the name from *Valle de lid*, the scene of a conflict; others from *Vallis Oliveti*, there being few olives in this cold elevated district. *Belad-Walid* was recovered in 930 by Ordoño II., who raised a sculptured lion, a memorial of his victory, on the site of *El Leon de la Catedral*. The domain was granted by Alonso VI. to his son-in-law, the great Count Rodrigo Gonzalez Giron, who gave the city his coat of arms, "gules, three banners or." Some heralds, however, hold these canting "*girones*" to be "flames of fire;" others "waves of the river;" others say "strips of ribbon," as the founder of the Girons saved Alonso VI. in battle, giving him his horse, and binding his wounds with three *red* strips from his *yellow* mantle; an orle of eight castles was afterwards added. When the male race of this Giron failed, the domain was regranted in 1090 to the Conde Pedro Ansurez, the real founder of modern Valladolid: by him were rebuilt the bridge, the *San Nicolas*, *La Antigua*, and the Hospital of the Esgueva. He died leaving only a daughter, and the grant again soon relapsed to the crown. The city in the beginning of the 15th century became the birth-place and residence of kings under Juan II. According to the proverb it was then without its equal in Castile: "*Villa por villa, Valladolid en Castilla.*" Under Charles V. it was adorned with splendid edifices, and his son Philip II., born here, favoured his native town; he gave it the title of city in 1596, having induced Clement VIII. to elevate it to a bishopric the year before. Madrid rose on the decay of Valladolid, as, when the court removed, the sources of its prosperity were cut off. Philip III., feeling how much better the situation of the ancient capital was, than that of the upstart new one, determined to re-establish it, and quitted Madrid in 1601; but the translation was found to be impossible. Thus a position on a fine river, in a rich fertile country abounding in fuel and corn, and under a better climate, was abandoned for a mangy desert, exposed to the death-pregnant blast of the Guadarrama. Navagiero (35) details what Valladolid then was in all its glory, containing more than 50,000 inhabitants, now it scarcely numbers 20,000.

Valladolid pined away, keeping pace with the decay of Spain, until the invasion of the French, when ruin came on with frightful celerity: Buonaparte gave the signal himself; here he lodged and loitered from Jan. 6th to 17th, 1809, defeating Moore in his bulletins. Here he wrote paragraphs in praise of the Benedictines, to be *read* in Paris, while he directed executions of monks to be *seen* in terrorised Valladolid. Here

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at his presence Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed farewell; his first feu-de-joie, the third night after his arrival, was marked by the burning the *Trinitarios Descalzos*, which was utterly destroyed, with the glorious *retablo* by Berruguete. Next he dismantled the Dominican college, the grandest building in the city; then his imitators proceeded to gut the *Carmen Calzados*, where they tore down the *retablo* of Hernandez, broke his finest works, violated his grave, and turned the chapel into an hospital. They then pillaged the *San Juan de Letran*, and stole the Rincon paintings. They subsequently entirely ruined *San Pablo*, and desecrated *Santiago*, destroying the masterpieces of Juni and Tordesillas.

The city had been previously sacked, Dec. 26, 1808, the day on which the invaders first entered; afterwards it became the head-quarters of Kellermann, who, fit successor to Bessières, spared neither church nor cottage, age nor sex, man nor beast. Read the Duc de Broglies' bloody papers, Quarterly Review, cxxix. 42. Civil wars and sequestrations have carried out what the foreign foe commenced; and there are few cities in Spain where the lover of antiquarian and religious pursuits will be more pained than in Valladolid. Nowhere has recent destruction been more busy; witness San Benito, San Diego, San Francisco, San Gabriel, &c., almost swept away, their precious altars broken, their splendid sepulchres dashed to pieces; hence the sad void created in the treasures of art and religion which are recorded by previous travellers, while now-a-days the native in this mania of modernising is fast destroying those venerable vestiges of Charles V. and Philip II. which escaped the Gaul.

VALLADOLID lies on the l. bank of the Pisuerga, which is here joined by the Esgueva; which dividing the town acts as a sewer. These rivers sometimes overflow, and occasion infinite damage in the town and environs. The *Alamedas* on the river-banks are pleasant: to the N.E. is *el Prado de la Magdalena*, laid out on the Esgueva, which is crossed by the central bridge *de las Chirimias*: many others have been removed, but this and that of *Magaña* remain; this "Fleet ditch" has since been covered over. On the Pisuerga are *el Espolon nuevo* and *el Plantio de Moreras*, pleasant and shady walks which lead up to the fine bridge, or rather bridges; for, the ancient one being narrow, another was built alongside of it by the Conde de Ansurez. The grand suburban Alameda is on the *Campo Grande*.

Valladolid is placed in a concave valley; the sloping hills on the r. bank of the Pisuerga look barren and clayey, with reddish streaks or strata. The *Canal de Castilla*, which begins at Alar del Rey, terminates at Valladolid, and, if ever completed, will do much to restore a portion of former prosperity; there is a regular boat communication with Palencia by it. Valladolid is the capital of its province, the residence of the captain-general of Old Castile; the see is suffragan to Toledo. It has 16 parishes, an academy of fine arts, a university, a liceo, theatre, museo, *Casino*, *Circulo*, *Plaza de Toros*, public library, hospitals, *Casa de Esposito*s, and usual public establishments, and a high court of Chancery. The town has few social attractions: the climate is damp in winter, and cold from its elevation, while the summer suns scorch fiercely; it is not, however, unhealthy; recently some new foundries, mills, and manufactories have been set up. The inhabitants are genuine old Castilians, grave, formal, honourable, and bores of the *first class*.

Here Columbus died, May 20, 1506; here Philip II. was born, May 21, 1527, and was shown at his birth to the people from the balcony of the house of Alvas, recently bought by Señor Reynoso for a trifle. For local histories, consult '*Las Excelencias de Valladolid*,' Antonio Daça, duo., Valladolid, 1627, and especially for the hagiography of its tutelar saint, Pedro Regalado; or that by *Manuel de Mon-*

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zavel, 4to. Vall. 1684: '*Viaje Artistico*,' 8vo., Isidoro Bosarte, Madrid, 1804, p. 99; Ponz, '*Viaje*;' '*Historia de Valladolid*;' Matias Sangrador y Vitores, begun in 1848. The '*Compendio Historico Descriptivo*,' published by Julian Pastor in 1843, gives a catalogue of the contents of the new Museo. There is a map of the city by Diego Perez Martinez.

We will commence our sight-seeing above the bridge *de las Chirimias*, keeping on the r. bank: in the first street is the site of the Inquisition, the *Chancilleria*, or Court of Chancery, and naturally enough the *Prison* is quite handy. The great Chancery, or court of appeal for the N. of Spain, fixed here by Juan II., in 1442, was moved to the present building by Ferdinand and Isabella, who appropriated to its use the mansion of the ill-fated Alonso Perez de Vivero. The inscribed motto, "Jura fidem ac pœnam reddit sua munera cunctis" seems rather strong to all who know what Spanish *Justicia* is, let alone chancery in general. This Chancery was in the N. what that of Granada was to the S., a monopoly. So, as the distances from the other provinces were inconvenient, it was divided in 1835, and an Audiencia established at Burgos, in order to render the court of appeal nearer to suitors from Arragon and Catalonia. Previously, however the site might ruin suitors, Valladolid was benefited, as the presence of the Court of Chancery encouraged the residence of lawyers, and occasioned an influx of clients, witnesses, and students: hence jurisprudence has always been, and still is, one of the chief studies of this city's university. Enough of this; few travellers in or out of Spain care much to get into Chancery.

Passing next, into the *Plaza de San Benito el viejo*, and then into the larger one, *del Palacio*, is the royal palace, built by the Cardinal Lerma, and purchased by Philip III. Although the exterior is commonplace, it has a noble Berruguete staircase and two *patios:* the smaller is called *el Zaguan;* the larger has a fine gallery, *la Saboya*, which was restored by Pedro Gonzalez for Ferdinand VII.: observe also the busts of Spanish monarchs. The diadem has now-a-days dwindled into the beaver, for the palace became the residence of *Huell*, the son of a hatter of the Havannah, who married one of the daughters of the Infante Francisco, brother of Ferd. VII.; this misalliance may be seen and *felt* in the miserable discomfort inside and outside the building. Here, too, Buonaparte was lodged, and, looking out of his window every morning on two of the noblest specimens of religious Gothic art in the world, destined both to desecration and ruin. His first victim was the Dominican convent, *San Pablo*, which was rebuilt in 1463 by Cardinal Juan Torquemada, originally a monk of the old convent, and afterwards the ferocious inquisidor of Seville. The rich façade, attributed to Juan and Simon de Colonia, consists of two divisions: observe the beautiful portal, and elaborate oval, with niche-work and figures; the upper portion is crowned with the arms of the Cardinal Duke of Lerma, its subsequent patron, who was buried here; his splendid tomb is now removed to the Museo. The church is lofty and noble, but disfigured by a paltry modern high altar, which has been erected in place of the former magnificent one which the French broke to pieces. The picture of St. Paul struck blind is by Bartolomé Cardenas: observe the beautiful portals at each side of the altar, and the roof, which, being out of reach, has escaped defilement; the *patio* or cloister was exquisite until recently taken down to build a prison with the materials! The celebrated statues by Hernandez, a glorious sepulchre, the pictures, plate, library, &c., were all swept away by one sentence of Buonaparte: "Sa majesté," says he himself, "a ordonné la suppression du Couvent des Dominicains, dans lequel un Français a été tué:" but even this pretext was untrue, for an eye-witness on the spot assured us that

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this Frenchman died a victim to his own brutal excesses. *San Pablo*, made by the invaders a storehouse for forage, now is a prison for galley slaves, a den of thieves, whose oaths resound where prayers once ascended.

Adjoining to *San Pablo* is the Dominican *Colegio de San Gregorio*, founded in 1488 by Alonso de Burgos, Bishop of Palencia. The architect, one Macias Carpintero of Medina del Campo, killed himself in 1490, a rare instance in Oriental Spain, where suicide is almost unknown. It is now the residence of the governor, who has put in certain sashed windows more comfortable than architectural. The Gothic façade, if possible, was more floridly elaborate than that of *San Pablo*. It was enriched with a basket-work of interwoven trees, armorial shields, heralds, wild men and boys. The Berruguete cornice, with heads, festoons, and angels, was of later date and by other artists. For this once splendid temple Juan de Juni carved a grand *retablo*, in which the founder, buried before it, was represented kneeling; his effigy clad in his episcopal robes, lay on a marble sarcophagus, resembling the royal tombs of Granada, a work ascribed by some to Berruguete: and the device, "Operibus credite," referred both to the *good works* of the artist and the prelate. He was a magnificent patron of art and learning, and the friend and confessor of Isabella: his library was superb, and a part of the room, with its splendid *artesonado* roof, escaped when Buonaparte ordered the pile to be destroyed, but has recently been pulled down to put up a flat modern ceiling! The cloister is glorious, albeit recently glazed in by the chilly Goth governor! Observe the rich *ajimez* arches of the upper gallery, and the wreathed spiral columns: the style is a transition from the Gothic to the Græco-Romano; the arms and badges of the Catholic kings mark the period of this once glorious pile, now made a den of thieves and *presidarios*.

At the back of the Palacio is the *Calle de Leon*, so called from the lion carved over the house No. 2; thence pass through the *Plaza* and San Miguel up a narrow street to that of *Almirante*, opposite to whose ancient mansion with quaint windows is *el Penitencial*, or *Santa Maria de las Angustias*. The façade is seen to advantage from the open space in front: built by Martin Sanchez de Aranzamendi in 1604, after designs, it is said, of Herrera: the under portion of the Corinthian façade contains good statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, and a Pietá. It was once filled with images graven by Hernandez, objects of former worship, now carted to the Museo as works of art; and the Dead Christ in the arms of the Virgin, by Hernandez, was a truly Michael Angelesque composition of maternal grief. The *Retablo* of Corinthian order, with black and gold ornaments, contained the Annunciation; and several "*Pasos*" are still stowed away here: the celebrated *Dolorosa*, by Juan de Juni, is misplaced with most wretched taste in a churrigueresque chapel under a tinsel red and gold temple, but the image is still looked at in a devotional, not an artistic view. It is also called *la Señora de los Cuchillos*, from the seven swords which pierce her breast; the blades are modern, and put on like a cutlery fan, mar this masterpiece of Juni. The figure is larger than life, clad like a widow, and seated on a rock. Few things can be deeper than the expression of grief and bereavement; but the natives, who bow down, never have felt this work of art; nay, a Conde de Rivadavia wished to cover over the noble draperies with modern finery; and when the image was taken out as a *Paso* in the holy week, for which it was never intended, the carvers of regular portable figures laughed at it, calling it *la Zapatuda*, as the right foot with a shoe protrudes from the draperies, against all the laws and rules which prohibit such an exposure in the Virgin's image.

Leaving the *Angustias*, we approach the now covered-in *Esgueva*, whose

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bridges, arches, and narrow overhanging streets were very Prout-like. Crossing the *Puente de Magaña*, is the Plaza of the University, founded in 1346 by Alonso XI., and much frequented by students in jurisprudence. This *universidad* has been modernised; one old Gothic gate yet remains, which leads into the *Calle de la Libreria*. The façade is overdone with churrigueresque, Corinthian and nondescript ornaments, and spoilt by an abortion of heavy statues, which profess to represent certain sciences. The interior is not so bad; the chapel altar is surrounded by an iron railing, and when honorary degrees are granted, is filled with doctors. In *la Sala del Claustro* are some second-rate portraits of Spanish kings.

Near it is what was *el Colegio Mayor de Santa Cruz*, one of the six Larger colleges in Spain. Founded in 1494 by Cardinal Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, it was built by Henrique de Egas, with the fine white stone of which his great patron was so fond. The beauty of its excellent renaissance style is well seen from its plaza. The frontal is elaborate, the pilasters Corinthian, the cornice classical, the buttresses and the parapet striking. The founder kneels before the Virgin over the studded portal. Unfortunately, in 1719, some modern attempts to "beautify and repair" have marred the general effect. The *colegio* is well kept: observe in the noble *Patio* the ball ornaments, the arms of the founder, and the balustrades. This edifice has recently been destined for the *museo*, in which are got together the pictures, and figures from the suppressed convents. The chapel is filled with the Berruguete carvings from San Benito, while the *indifferent* paintings are arranged in three galleries in the *Patio*, those somewhat better are placed in separate saloons in the interior. In the second *galeria*, a noble room heraldically adorned, is the fine college library, consisting of some 14,000 volumes, and rich in civil law and topography; there are also some maps and coins. The garden front is plain and decorous.

We shall refer to the numbers of Pastor's *Compendio* for the contents of the *Museo*, otherwise it is as meagre in regard to historical and artistical information as an auctioneer's catalogue. There is no attempt to distinguish the older masters, no clue to tell posterity from what particular convent they came. Some of the early pictures are curious, but most of the rest is unmitigated rubbish, and moreover cruelly restored and repainted. Pictorial art was never so much studied as the sculptural in this province of Leon, and the best painters were foreigners, Vicente Carducho, Rubens, Arsenio, Mascagio a Florentine, Bartolomé Cardenas, a Portuguese, 1547-1606, and patronised by Lerma and Philip III. The so-called pictures of Rubens, of Diego Valentin Diaz, and of Diego Frutos (both native artists), may be noticed, and certainly the bronzes of P. Leoni, and the wooden painted sculptures; of these the finest are by Berruguete, Juan de Juni, and Hernandez. Much of the religious prestige is lost to these images, now removed from the altars, and as it were dethroned from Olympus. They are no longer seen in the positions and lights for which their artists intended them, while the groups are broken up and subjects separated: the effect somewhat resembles Wardour Street, or Madame Tussaud's wax figures; the original sentiment is thus quite destroyed; the severe colourless naked simplicity of the Greek, as come down to us, is here metamorphosed into gaudy tinsel-clad colossal dolls. However mistaken the superstition which could adore painted stocks, and the bad taste which compelled the artist to degrade his talents, none can deny the startling merit of some of these works. This *Museo* is the creation of *accident* and *individual* energy. Don Pedro Gonzalez Soubrié, director of the Academy, by his own activity and love for art, rescued these brands from the burning in a moment of general vandalism. He, like Dean

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Cepero at Seville, see p. 188, alone did it, and to him be the glory, for the *Diputacion provincial* wanted funds, and cared for none of these things; their sole assistance was the lending *six galley-slaves* to move the objects!

One word, before entering, on two great sculptors whose names have scarcely passed the barriers of isolated Spain, or become European, as they richly deserve; first and foremost is *Juan de Juni*, the Herrera el Viejo of Castilian sculpture. He felt the grandiose and daring style of M. Angelo, and emancipated sculpture from the timid fetters of conventional attitudes, as Dedalus did among the ancients. Nothing is known of his country or birth, and Cean Bermudez suspects that he was an Italian. It is certain that he studied in Italy, and was brought to Spain by Pedro Alvarez de Acosta, then Bishop of Oporto, and afterwards of Leon and Osma. Juni was a much more profound anatomist than most Spaniards. The Inquisition, by prohibiting dissection, kept surgery in the hands of barbers, while by prohibiting nudity, a knowledge of draperies, not of anatomy, sufficed for the artist. Juni, grandiose, fierce and fiery in design, bold and learned in execution, was occasionally extravagant in his attitudes: his was what the Germans call a "stürm und drang" style, one of sound and fury; but it signified something, and expressed the sentiment of *Action*, such as suits the impassioned temperament of the South. From his aiming at scientific display, his forms often bordered on contortion, and his colour was over-Florentine hard and leaden; such, indeed, as that of his friend Berruguete, a co-pupil of Michael Angelo, and all these three worthies were alike three architects, sculptors, and painters; but flexibility and transparency of skin are lost in painted sculpture. Juni, like his great master, joyed in daring strokes of the chisel, and in that conscious pride of mastery over a difficult material, by which inferior minds are every moment hampered; these great artists triumphed like creators, when breathing the divine spirit of life into senseless blocks.

His successor, *Gregorio Hernandez*, was born in Gallicia in 1566, but lived in Valladolid, where he died Jan. 22, 1636. Many of his finest works were burnt and broken by the French, who destroyed his tomb, and scattered his ashes to the dust, as they did those of Murillo; and Hernandez was the Murillo of Castilian sculpture; he loved the gentler passions, and idolized nature in preference to the ideal. He avoided the violence of Juan de Juni, and shunned the attitudinarian anatomical style. His soul was in his work, while a deep true religious sentiment elevated his vocation to the high character of the artist combined in the priest. He felt the awful responsibility of the maker not merely of "stocks and stones," or of objects of beauty and art to be admired, but of representations of the Deity, to be bowed down to and worshipped. He, like Angelico da Fiesole and Joanes, never proceeded to his task without purifying his soul by prayer, and endeavouring to raise his mind up to his holy work; thus his refined art rendered intelligible those touching and pathetic passages from holy writ which in the negation of the translated Bible to the people, must have otherwise remained buried in an unknown tongue: he spoke to the many through the universally-understood language of the eye, and made sculpture a means of religious education for the masses, who unable to read, could see; and rarely in his hand was it prostituted to monkish hagiology and deception. Truly devout, his works of relaxation were those of charity; he attended the sick, and buried the friendless dead. Visit, therefore, the humble dwelling (see *post*, p. 578) where he lived 23 long years, and produced such immortal works.

There is an intolerable quantity of rubbish in this *museo*: we just pick a grain or two out of the chaff, and chiefly select local artists, as the works of others may be seen much better else-

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where. On the ground-floor, in a small chapel, entered from the *patio*, is the former retablo of *San Benito*, which when we saw it in its original situation, was, both to its architecture, sculpture, and painting, a chef-d'œuvre of Berruguete, 1526-32. The best compositions are a Nativity, with a fine Virgin and angels kneeling behind; a Flight into Egypt; two grand subjects in *chiaro oscuro* on a gilded ground, a Sibyl, and a female approaching a seated man, are quite Michael-Angelesque, the colouring rather leaden. This *retablo* resembles that at Salamanca. Bosarte (p. 359) has printed the curious original contracts, specifications, and subsequent disputes. Observe next the portrait of the founder, the great Cardinal Pedro Gonzalez Mendoza, long the "Tertius Rex" of Castile. Who and what this mighty churchman was is detailed in his interesting '*Chronica de el gran Cardenal de España*,' Pedro de Salazar, *de Mendoza*, fol. Toledo, 1625.

No. 4, *Salon grande*, is a Virgin and Child by Francisco Meneses, the favourite pupil of Murillo. In *Galeria segunda* observe Nos. 1 and 2, Chapters held at Valladolid and Rome, painted by Diego Frutos; and Nos. 3 to 24 represent divers passages in the life of Fray Pedro Regalado, the tutelar saint of Valladolid, to understand which refer to Daça's Life (see p. 336), who devotes 204 pages to his miracles, &c., of which see some 30 specimens in the *Galeria tercera*.

The *Gran Salon*, 127 feet long, 25 wide, and 50 high (see p. 45 catalogue), contains the celebrated pictures by Rubens, which long formed the boast of the neighbouring nunnery at *Fuen Saldaña;* transported to the Louvre by the French, and disgorged after Waterloo, the nuns wanted the means of even framing them. The subjects are, No. 1, an Assumption of the Virgin.—No. 12, San Antonio of Padua.—No. 14, St. Francis receiving the Stigmata. The Spaniards, who, however they dislike foreigners, admire foreign things, rave about these rather sprawling tawdry compositions, which will no more stand comparison with Velazquez or Murillo than a Flemish cart-horse will with an Andalucian barb. The Assumption is the largest and finest; but in the others the saints are sensual commonplace Dutchmen, while the cherubs, with their wigs of hair, are most unangelic. The landscape in the St. Francis is however fine, and painted in those grey sober tones which Rubens must have caught from Velazquez.—No. 5 is an Annunciation, by José Martinez, who lived in Valladolid in the 16th century, and imitated the Florentine school. This picture was saved from *San Agustin*, when the invaders destroyed the others, and smashed the glorious *azulejos*, finished in 1598, after designs of Martinez.—No. 6, a *Bodegon* ascribed to Velazquez.—No. 13, The Last Supper, Antonio Pareda, born in Valladolid, 1599, ob. 1678.—No. 24, a Conception.—No. 16, San Elias, Diego Diaz. Notice particularly the gilt bronzes of the Duke and Duchess of Lerma, by Pompeio Leoni of Milan, from San Pablo.—Nos. 3 and 4, the two Angels, near the Assumption of Rubens, are sculptured by Hernandez.—Nos. 5 and 6, San Miguel and San Juan, are by Berruguete, by whom also are the most artistic *silleria*, or walnut choir seats from *San Benito*, in which he was assisted by his worthy pupil Gaspar de Tordesillas. The saint and coat of arms over each stall indicate the seat of the Prior, or head of each Benedictine convent in Spain, when representatives of the whole order assembled in grand chapter at Valladolid.

Sala primera: Nos. 5 and 9, San Francisco, are by Vicente Carducho, and fine.—No. 8, the Jubilee of *La Porciuncula*, by Diego Valentin Diaz, an oblong composition, with many figures size of life. *Sala cuarta:* No. 1, Holy Family, from San Benito, a truly Florentine picture, and the masterpiece of the author; is signed Didacus Dizas pictor, 1621 (not 71, as stated in the catalogue, p. 58), for he

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died in 1660.—Nos. 4, 5, and 6 are attributed to Rubens (?). On a scagliola table is a model of the *Convento del Prado*, by Col Leon Gil de Palacios, by whom there are such admirable works of the same kind at Madrid.

Sala quinta, contains a fine bronze crucifix by Pompeio Leoni, a curious old canopied gothic altar piece, filled with pictures of the life of St. Jerome from the convent of *Mejorada*, and a delicately painted Holy Family, attributed to Julio Romano. *Sala decima*, 13, *el Cristo de la Cepa*, "the Christ of the vine stock," so called from having been made from one of these roots: this relic, long worshipped in *San Benito* and kept in a magnificent silver *Urna*, is now scheduled away from the altar and consigned to the Museo, and is indeed a specimen of the pious frauds once taught as religion in Spain. The legend of this strange Fetish runs thus: A Christian and a Jewish labourer in a vineyard were disputing on their respective creeds; the Hebrew said, "I will believe your statements when your Messiah comes out of this vine." The image instantly appeared—*credat Judæus*—and was given to the convent in 1415, by Sancho de Roxas, primate of Toledo: consult Palomino, '*Museo Pittorico*,' i. 208, where in 1795 all this was printed for Spaniards as gospel truths; but even Morales ('*Viage*,' p. 7), in the relico-maniac age of Philip II., had ventured to allude to the Mandragora, those anthropomorphic mandrakes, the Dodaim, for which Rachel gave somewhat a large price for a jealous wife (Gen. xxx. 14). The Valladolid *Cepa* lacks originality, for the Argonauts made a goddess Rhea out of a stump of an old vine στιβαρον στυπος αμπελου (Ap. Rh. i. 1117). So the graven image of Diana at Orchimenium was called Cedreatis, from its material (Paus. viii. 13, 2.). The Populunians also cut a Jupiter out of a similar root (Plin. 'N. H.' xiv. i.). The *Fetish* deformity called in the principle of *fear*, which the pagan priests knew well how to make use of. Lucan (Phar. iii. 411) describes the *horror* inspired by trees, by the sad *simulacra*, which

"Arte carent, cæsisque extant informia truncis,
Numina sic metuunt, tantum terroribus addit."

The barber-bred Bessières, accustomed as a boy to blocks, was too great a "philosophe" to be frightened at these carved monsters; he took the silver custodia, which weighed 22,000 ounces, and left the vine-root. Even the canon who accompanied us in San Benito was anxious to pass this relic unnoticed, and could not refrain from a smile; so the Pagan Parmeniscus was cured of an inability to laugh, by seeing an absurd image of Latona (Athen. xiv. 1), so Cato, a grave man, wondered how any soothsayer ever could meet another without laughing at the tricks they palmed off on their flocks (Cic. de Div. ii. 24); but they were expected to believe seriously, while the esoteric doubted and smiled.

The sculpture of this Museo is more interesting, although the dislocated members of former altars and retablos are here jumbled together, without attention either to light or subject, heaped up pell-mell as in a stonemason's yard, or an old curiosity broker's shop, to the sacrifice alike of original intention whether of devotion or of art. Begin therefore at p. 75 of catalogue, *Sala primera:* No. 1, three little statues; Berruguete.—No. 2, Santa Teresa de Jesus, from *la Carmen*, a masterpiece of Hernandez.—No. 3, is by him also, St. Francis.—No. 7, ditto, Christ bearing the Cross; a superb *Paso*.—No. 11, Sepulture of Christ; Juan de Juni, very fine.—No 14, another Santa Teresa, by Hernandez.—No. 16, San Antonio, by Juni.—No. 18, Juni, a most Murillo-like Virgin giving the Scapulary to Simon Stock.—No. 20, San Bruno; Juni, very grand, simple and severe; compare a *San Bruno* by Zurbaran, the *Gran Salon*, No. 16.—No. 22, a beautiful Virgin by Hernandez, from *la Carmen*.—No. 24, San Antonio, the first Hermit; Juni. Observe also all the small statues by Berruguete. *Sala segunda*; No. 5, a curious Gothic bas-relief.—No. 28, S. Dimas, the Good

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Thief; Hernandez.—No. 29, Death of the Saviour, ditto, fine.—Notice some more statues by Berruguete. In *Sala tercera*, are some *Pasos* by Hernandez; and No. 23, the *Pietá*, ditto, very grand; also Nos. 26, 27, from the *Angustias*; the Good and Bad Thief, by Leon Leoni, very fine.—No. 36, Baptism of Christ; Hernandez, fine.—No. 37, ditto, Burial of Christ.—Nos. 39 and 40, two Letterns. In the *Sala de Juntas*; No. 16, Portrait of Cardinal Mendoza. Observe the small statues and crucifixes; and Nos. 34, 35, the *Escritorios* tables, and various articles of altar furniture.

Quitting the *Museo*, and returning by the *Universidad*, next visit the cathedral. The older *Colegiata* was taken down by Philip II., who directed Herrera in 1585 to prepare plans for a new edifice; these and a wooden model exist in the archives, which are very complete, from 1517, and should be looked at. Philip granted as a building fund the monopoly of the sale of children's horn-books: the works proceeded during his life, and then, as usual in the East and Spain, were discontinued. *If* they had been completed, the edifice, as Herrera said, would have been "*un todo sin igual.*" The design, a pure Græco-Romano elevation, unfortunately was tampered with by Alberto Churriguera in 1729, when the abominable Sun, Moon, Ave Maria, &c., were added.

The façade is Doric, the favourite order of this severe master. The noble arch above the principal entrance is some 50 feet high by 24. One only of the four intended towers, simple and well proportioned, of 260 feet high, was terminated with a cupola, but fell down in May 31, 1841, and has not been rebuilt. The interior proclaims its classical author in simple, unadorned, untinseled condition, and, like the chapel of the Escorial, breathes grandeur in architecture. It is disfigured by an oversized *reja* and a huge wall built by the tasteless canons, the interior is an oblong quadrangle 411 feet long by 404 broad. A *trascoro* of later date cuts up size, and the *silleria del coro*, of the old Gothic *colegiata*, is misplaced in this classical pile of Corinthian pilasters; a portion in walnut, and brought from *San Pablo*, was designed by Herrera for the Duke of Lerma, at the then enormous sum of 30,000 ducats, and is more appropriate. In the *altar mayor* is an Assumption by Zacarias Velazquez, not *the Man*.

The fine Florentine picture of the Crucifixion, possibly by one of the Allori, was rescued from the *Agustinos* at Medina del Rioseco, during the ravages under the Constitution of 1820, by the Prior José Verdonces. But like the Transfiguration, by Luca Giordano opposite, it has been sadly repainted by Pedro Gonzalez. Observe the chapel of Conde Pedro Ansurez, the lord of Valladolid in the 12th century; his sepulchre is emblazoned with arms, sable chequered or, and with two metrical epitaphs, the head of the recumbent figure is fine. The Doric cloister is unfinished.

The noblest memorial of past religious splendour is the silver *custodia*. This masterpiece of Juan d'Arphe, 1390, stands six feet high. The chief subject is Adam and Eve in Paradise. A few chalices and a golden *viril* studded with jewels are the scanty remains of many other chests which were plundered by the French.

Leaving the cathedral, pass into the heart of the city to the *Fuente Dorada*, and thence to *El Ochavo*, whence, as at our *Seven Dials*, a multitude of smaller streets lead like veins to the *Plaza Mayor*. The comparative life, movement, and traffic here contrasts with dulness and death usual in this and other deserted old cities of Spain. The bridge *de la Platería*, which runs from the Ochavo, is peopled, as at Florence, by silversmiths. They indeed exercise the same craft of the D'Arphes, but have kept the downward course that Spain has, since the days of Charles V., when Navagiero (p. 35), writing in 1525, stated that there were more workers of plate here than in any other two countries. The church plate

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and goldsmith's work of Spain of that period deserves the notice of artist and antiquarian; the workmanship and design far surpassed the material, which tempted aurivorous sacrilege. Alas! for all this fine art, consigned to the melting-pot instead of the museum, and which might have escaped the vandal and pillager, had iron been used instead of gold and silver.

Spain herself was the bullion mine of antiquity (see p. 339), while in modern times, being mistress of the ores of South America, she again supplied the world with the precious metals; her rulers in church and state have always reserved large portions for religious and royal magnificence. Spain has always deserved the eulogium of Claudian (de Lau. Ser. 54), who coupled her metallic charms with her fecundity in producing *pious* princes—Speciosa metallis, principibus fœcunda piis. The national disposition to adorn and enrich the house of God was encouraged by the clergy, who never were more powerful than when Spain was possessed of her widest dominion and greatest affluence. The sacred edifices became, as in olden times, the treasure-houses of the offerings of wealthy piety, and of the splendid outlay of a celibate clergy always distinguished for the pomp and dignity with which they clothed their stately and imposing system. The vessels of silver and gold, the consecrated plate, were handed down from one generation to another; they were protected by the inalienability of church property, by the dread of sacrilege, and the moral defence which the unarmed clergy have ever thrown over their physically unprotected treasures, and by being concealed in moments of national convulsion and foreign aggression.

Nothing could exceed the beauty and richness of the chased plate in the Donarium, i. e. the *Relicario y Tesoreria*, of the temple of Hercules at Gades. It was the Oviedo, Guadalupe, and Monserrat of Iberia (see Philostratus, v.). Every victor contributed a portion of spoil (Livy, xxi. 21; Sil. Ital. iii. 15), which every enemy respected as sacred.

The use of gold and silver plate is of Oriental origin, and was carried to the pitch of luxury by the Phœnicians and Carthaginians; the latter sneered at the poverty or frugality of the Romans from finding at every grand dinner the same service of plate, which was borrowed by all who entertained, there being only that one in Rome (Pliny, 'N. H.' xxxiii. 2); but the iron of these simple soldiers soon won the gold and silver of their deriders, whom they next imitated and then surpassed in metallic magnificence: *e. g.* one Rotundus, on being made *dispensator*, or true fortune-making treasurer in Spain, had a silver dish which weighed 500 lbs. After the downfall of the empire, the Goths had very correct notions as regarded plate, in which San Isidoro (Or. xx. 4) required only three points—workmanship, weight, and brilliancy; in those dark ages, as they are now complacently called, a polish was required which was unknown to the Romans, who, like the modern Spaniards, only washed and never cleaned their plate (Juvenal, xiv. 62). The splendid magnificence of the Gothic silver-work astonished even the Moors, accustomed as they were to the gorgeous jewellery of Damascus; the quantity is proved by the Arabic details of the spoils, especially at the capital Toledo (Moh. Dyn. i. 282). The art of working it was improved by the conquerors, who introduced their rich chasings and filigree style from Damascus to Cordova, insomuch that in the tenth century the tiara of the pope was made in Spain, and called *Spanoclista;* and the peculiar church plate *Spanisca* was so beautiful that, as at Oviedo, the clergy palmed it off as the work of angels.

But all these vessels of gold and silver were confined to the temple, as the medieval Spaniards, like the earlier Romans, were simple in their homes, reserving their magnificence for the home of the deity; their boast was rather to conquer those who ate off plate than to possess such luxuries.

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Haro relates that Juan I., coming to dine with Alvarez Perez Osorio, first Count of Trastamara, found nothing but wooden trenchers—plates, doubtless, on a par with the cookery—his soldier host telling him that he never had time to eat except standing, and out of his hand; so the king sent him some silver dishes; but soon after, dining again with the veteran, found nothing but the old trenchers as before, and on inquiring what had become of his gift, Alvarez took him to the window, and showed him a hundred men armed in shining cuirasses, exclaiming, "That, Sire, is the only plate which a soldier ought to have" * ('*Nobiliario*,' i. 275).

As the conquest of Spain and Asia introduced the luxury of silver among the Romans (Justin, xxxvi. 4), so the conquest of Granada and discovery of the new world corrupted the Spaniard; silver was now accounted as nothing; and as wrought plate was exempted from the agio on coined silver and the duty on bar bullion, it became the form in which governors, *i. e.* robbers on a grand scale, sent home their accumulations. Spain being a land without bankers' security or confidence, these hoards of plate became, as in the East, the available property of rich individuals. The quantity was enormous: the duke of Alberquerque was employed, says Mad^e. d'Aunoy (ii. 173, ed. Haye, 1715), for six weeks in weighing his; he had 1400 dozen silver dinner plates, 1200 dishes, and 40 silver ladders to ascend to the buffet. All these golden and silver ages are passed, and Spaniards as a nation have returned to the primitive and Oriental fork the finger, varied with a wooden or horn spoon and sharp *cuchillo*. The demand for plate-chests is very small in Spain, and nearly mythical now is the silver spoon in the mouth almost of born grandees; for the French invaders, like their ancestors the Gauls in Italy, carried off plate by waggon-loads, stripping alike church and palace, altar and side-board; and much of what escaped has either been sold by the impoverished owners, or swept away during the civil wars and governmental appropriations.

Fortunately for Spain, the very moment of her greatest influx of bullion occurred in the age of Leo X., when Art, a necessity, breathed beauty over the face of the earth; then arose in the Peninsula a family of artificers in plate, which few countries have surpassed. The founder, Enrique de Arphe, or Arfe, a German, settled at Leon about 1470, and worked in the then prevailing rich florid Gothic style. His son Antonio, following the changes of fashion, adopted the Græco-Romano taste, while his grandson, Juan de Arphe y Villafañe, born at Leon in 1535, excelled in the human figure, and became the greatest artist of his family. Antonio and Juan lived at Valladolid, then the court of the great emperor Charles V. These D'Arphes, employed by rich cathedrals, churches, and convents of Spain, not only designed those magnificent vessels of silver and gold, after which every traveller should inquire when visiting ecclesiastical treasure-rooms, but created and fixed the style of religious plate in Spain, which we term *cinque cento* from the period, but which is called in Spain *el gusto platerésco*—the silversmith or Berruguete *gusto*. Juan de Arfe y Villafañe, appointed by Philip II. master of the mint at Segovia, published a treatise on his art, with exact designs for every piece of church-plate, and his elegant models have fortunately been generally adopted and continued. This work, '*De Varia Commensuracion*,' has gone through many editions. Those now before us are, first, that of Seville,

* Under the Roman republic a silver cup and salt-cellar was all that the law allowed even to a commander-in-chief (Pliny, 'N. H.' xxxiii. 11); who also mentions that *Catus* Ælius returned the plate which the Ætolians sent him on finding him dining off earthenware, *Loza*. Plutarch relates that *Cato*, when commanding in Spain, dined off radishes, which he pared himself, and thought the sweetest eating, ἥδιστον ὄψον; nor was the medieval fare better, as, according to the proverb, these delectable roots were dinner for knights á la Alvarez—*Rabanos, son comida de caballeros*.

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1585, by Andrea Pescioni; and Villafañe was fortunate in securing for his printer this Italian, who had a kindred soul, and whose works are among the few in Spain which can be really called artistical. There are the editions of Madrid, Francisco Sanz, 1675; Madrid, 1773, Miguel Escribano; in which the original woodcuts have been copied. The sixth edition has some additions by Pedro Enguera, a modern edition with new plates by José Assensio y Torres, vol. ii. folio, Madrid, 1806. The work consists of four books; the first treats on geometrical figures; the second on the proportions of the human body; the third discusses animals; the fourth deals with architecture and church-plate; the description in octave verse is illustrated by a prose commentary, and with drawings engraved on wood. Juan also published a '*Quilatador de Plata*,' 4to., Valladolid, 1572, and Madrid, 1578. He was the Bezaleel (Exod. xxxvii. 22), the Cellini of Spaniards; and his family in the W. rivalled that of the Becerriles of Cuenca; for the names, etc. of sacred plate, see our preliminary remarks, '*Ecclesiological Tour*,' p. 58.

Valladolid retains its silversmiths, but the importance of their works has passed away, with Spain's brief age of silver and gold; now in her dross and decay, their productions want the fine finish of skilful workmanship; yet the forms are better than the operative execution, for they are classical and antique, nor are former models much departed from; the working, as in the East, is carried on with the rudest implements. The chief articles, ornaments for the peasantry, the usual talismans, crosses, and saints, are made in thin silver, nay, baser materials are resorted to for wares suited to financial capabilities.

The elegant and classical façade of *la Cruz*, which completes the view, has been attributed to designs by Herrera. The interior, with its fine *pasos*, is a museum of Hernandez: observe particularly the Ecce Homo: "The Christ in the garden;" the Christ at the pillar, coloured like Morales, very fine; the magnificent Descent from the Cross, especially the draperies of St. John; *la Dolorosa*, or *la Virgen de Candelas*, is an *imagen à vestir*, and which, when dressed up, is as fine as tinsel can make her; her grief is grand.

The central *Plaza Mayor*, imposing in size and style, owes its space and regularity to a fire in 1561, which lasted three days, and burnt down many streets. Philip II. carried out the rebuilding on a fixed plan, and it formed the model of that of Madrid; the granite pillars, brought from the quarries of Villacastin, which support the arcades, give an air of solidity and perhaps of gloom; yet this is the most frequented spot of the town, and where the circulation, such as it is, flows the liveliest, as here are the best shops. The S. side, *la Acera de San Francisco*, the winter lounge of idlers and gossips, is a minor *Puerta del Sol*. In this *plaza* all grand spectacles, executions, and bull-fights take place; here was beheaded in June 2, 1452, that spoilt child of fortune, Alvaro de Luna, the *favourite* of Juan II., *el valido* (Arabicè Walid, Welee); deserted, after long services, by his false, feeble master, a shallow, skipping king, one influenced by poets and courtiers, and alternately their dupe and tyrant. Alvaro for thirty years had really held the sceptre, keeping down the turbulent aristocracy with a rod of iron: his death was great as his life, courageous as became a knight, humble as became a Christian. The Chronicle of Luna, edited by Florez, Madrid, 1784, contains the truly Froissart account of this memorable execution by an eye-witness. On this spot also Berenguela, July 1, 1217, made over her crown to her son St. Ferdinand; here, again, Charles V., on a grand throne, wisely pardoned the *Comuneros*; here his son Philip II., with whom bigotry was a principle and a practice, celebrated, Oct. 7, 1559, a memorable *auto-de-fe*, gloating on the fireworks of burning heretics, as Calvin did at Geneva when Servetus was burnt. Even Nero, says

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Tacitus (Ag. 45), "substraxit oculos, jussitque scelara et non spectavit; præcipua sub Domitiano miseriarum pars erat spectare et aspici."

Now cross a small bridge to what was *San Benito*, once one of the finest convents of that order, and a museum of piety, art, and literature; but now, converted into a barrack, all hastens to ruin. Once a royal palace, it was given in 1390 by Juan I. to the monks, and increased in 1499 by Juan de Arandia; the old gate stood near the tower, the modern Doric and Ionic portal and cloisters were built by Rivero, imitating Herrera. The church was bedeviled during the Churriguera mania, plundered by the invaders, and during the civil wars converted into a fort. The fine old convents built in troubled times, and of substantial masonry, became admirable shells for modern defences; and as the French engineers had taught the Spaniards how to convert chapels into casemates, then the revolutionary *Exaltados* purposely selected the noblest monastic buildings, because their desecration evinced a philosophical enlightenment and contempt for their original religious purposes, of which Don Carlos was assumed to be the supporter. The *silleria* and *retablo* of Berruguete have been moved to the new *museo*. The library, ravaged by the invaders, has disappeared, the silver custodia weighing 22,000 ounces, was appropriated by Bessières. Those curious in Benedictine antiquities are referred to the '*Historia General de la Orden San Benito*,' by Antonio de Yepes, *Yrache* (a convent near Estrella in Navarre), 7 vols. fol. 1609-21.

Now pass on to the *Campo grande*, so called from having been the field of the great duel between a Benavides and a Carvajal. Valladolid is entered from Madrid by the fine three arched *puerta del Carmen*, on which the baboon-headed Charles III. figures; first, however, visit the house of Juni and Hernandez, at the r. corner of the *Calle de San Luis;* small and low is the cradle from whence such vast and lofty creations came forth. The studio was in the room looking into the street, but the window was blocked up in 1828; few Spaniards in Valladolid ever now enter this former abode of genius, and as bats make homes in deserted palaces, the inmates are no less unworthy of the master spirits who once dwelt there. The house, built by Juan de Juni in 1545, who died in it early in the 17th century, was then purchased by Hernandez of the daughter and heiress of his predecessor, June 15, 1616. Thus these great sculptors succeeded each other in art and local habitation; the peculiar fittings-up, the good-will and the public knowledge of a particular occupation being carried on, would naturally make such a residence more desirable to one of a similar profession than to any other, independently of any religio loci.

The *Campo grande*, in the palmy days of Valladolid, was the site of the burnings of *autos-de-fe*, of jousts, tournaments, and royal festivities. This *great field*, or appropriate court of approach to the capital of Charles V., is surrounded with convents, hospitals, and palaces, mostly first pillaged by the French, recently impoverished or demolished; the Corinthian portal of *San Gabriel* has been taken down, but it is intended to be re-erected. On this open space the Castilians proclaimed St. Ferdinand their king, when his prudent mother Berenguela surrendered the sceptre. Here Buonaparte reviewed 35,000 men. The open space laid out in public walks and avenues, flower gardens and seats, is the spot to study the rank, fashion, beauty, and costume of Valladolid. Among the buildings which fringe it, the *San Juan de Letran* is a specimen of abominable churrigueresque. Visit the *Casa de la Misericordia*, or *Colegio de Niñas huerfanas*, founded for female orphans by the painter Diego Valentin Diaz, a familiar of the Inquisition. He died here in 1660, and was buried in the chapel with his wife; their portraits, painted in the style of Pantoja, and

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hung in the school-room, deserve notice; he was a grey-haired, sharp-eyed old man with mustachios, she a dark-haired dame. The *retablo* of the chapel, with the Trinity, Virgin, and Elizabeth, is painted by him; observe the linear perspective: the colours are somewhat leaden, and the manner very Florentine: observe also a "Charity with children," and a Virgin working in the Temple, excellent pictures: the *Cimborio* is painted in stucco, with a Virtue in each angle. The smaller *retablos* contain paintings of San Nicolas, the portioner of fortuneless maidens, and of San Luis, the ransomer of poor captives, subjects selected as having reference to good works and *charity*. Diaz, like his master Berruguete, a painter, sculptor, and architect, inherited a fortune from his brother.

The *Hospital de la Resurreccion*, or *el General*, contained a marble representation of that solemn subject, painted in 1579, and inside a fine *paso*, *La Virgen del Escapulario*, by Hernandez, with a painting of the Resurrection by Pantoja, 1609. Adjoining is the small but once magnificent *Portaceli*, founded by Rodrigo Calderon, son of a common soldier of Valladolid, and the ill-fated favourite of the Duke of Lerma, himself the ill-fated favourite and minister of Philip III. Rodrigo, having made a vast fortune by peculation, was put to death by Philip IV., who squeezed out the sponge for himself. *Cosas de España.* The *retablo*, and high altar in the chapel are splendid, and composed of marbles and gilt bronze. The fine paintings of St. Francis and Santo Domingo are attributed to Caballero Maximo (Stanzioni). The body of the founder lies interred in a noble *Urna*. Adjoining the Portaceli is the abode of the Augustine mission, an edifice reared in 1768 by the academical Ventura Rodriguez.

The convent of *Carmen Calzado*, once the ornament of the *Campo* which Hernandez laboured to adorn, and the invaders laboured to defile by making it a military hospital, is now a barrack, and chaos is come again. Here Hernandez was buried, with Maria Perez, his wife, but neither was doomed to rest, for the invaders disturbed their ashes, breaking up for firewood the splendid *retablo*, which Hernandez had filled with his choicest sculpture and portrait.

The ecclesiologist, among the surviving relics of church and convent, may visit the Gothic *Parroquia de la Magdalena;* the arms of the founder, Pedro de Gasca, Bishop of Palencia, decorate the façade of the church built in 1570 by Rodrigo Gil. The Corinthian *retablo* is a master-piece of Esteban Jordan, 1597: observe especially the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and the Magdalen, the Ascension of the Virgin, and an Adoration; the figures are somewhat stumpy, but the feeling is grand. The bishop founder lies opposite the altar, buried here; his marble effigy clad in episcopal robes reposes on a fine sarcophagus, the work also of Jordan. He was the prelate sent by Charles V. in 1556 to S. America to restrain the violences of Pizarro.

In *San Lorenzo* were some paintings by Matias Blasco, 1621, viz. a martyrdom of the tutelar, and others relating to miracles effected by an image in this church: observe a pretty "Holy Family," and a repetition of the *Virgen de las Candelas*, a fine *paso*, by Hernandez. In the *Sacristia* is a singular representation of a procession when the Virgin was brought to Maria, queen of Philip III.

The *Antigua*, a Gothic parish church of the 11th century, is so called because the citizens were building this and the *Colegiata* at the same time, and both in honour of the Virgin: and as this one was finished the first it obtained the epithet of the ancient or earliest. It has a square Romanesque tower with the number of arches increasing upwards, as so often occurs in Lombardy. On the exterior side towards the river observe a row of low semicircular-headed arches supported on columns. The *retablo*, by Juan de

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Juni, is one of the remarkable sculptures in Valladolid: observe the crucifix at the top of the Santa Barbara and Santa Ana in a niche; in some other of the figures the peculiar violence and twists of this sculptor are carried too far, while the blue and tinsel are injurious to artistical effect.

The *San Miguel*, once belonging to the Jesuits, and now a parish church, has a fine nave, with well-wrought Corinthian pillars and pilasters. The classical *retablo*, with carvings of the Nativity and Circumcision, has been attributed by some to Becerra, but it more probably is the work of Jordan. The figure of *San Miguel* is by Pompeio Leoni. In a chapel to the r. observe the kneeling figure of Pedro de Vivero, ob. 1610, and of his wife, ob. 1625. The Sacristia is a fine room.

In *Las Huelgas Reales*, a Corinthian edifice in the style of Herrera, is the alabaster tomb of the foundress, Maria de Molina, wife of Sancho el Bravo. The *retablo* is a superb carved work of Hernandez: observe the Ascension of the Virgin, San Bernardo kneeling, and two St. Johns dated 1616; the paintings have been attributed to the Zuccaros.

The *retablo* of the *Descalzas Reales* contains many paintings by Vicente Carducho, in a Caravaggio manner; the Marriage of Santa Ana and San Joaquin is good in tone, with great breadth of draperies, while the two boys to the r. are truly Spanish. The Assumption and Coronation in the centre are by Matias Blasco; the Virgin with joined hands quite Michael-Angelesque. Observe also in *Las Colaterales* a Santa Clara, with a graceful Virgin and Child; a San Francisco in ecstasy, in a rich wooded scene; all these grand compositions are painted in a coarsish but bold manner by Arsenio Mascagni in 1610, a pupil of Ligozzi.

The bald academical *Santa Ana*, the most modern church in Valladolid, was built by Sabatini. The poor paintings inside by Goya and Bayeu seem placed there to show that a sister art shared in decline, and this in the city of Herrera, Diaz, and Hernandez.

The brick-tower belfry of *San Salvador*, and the *retablo*-like portal, are better. The sculpture represents the Incarnation, Transfiguration, &c.; inside are some sepulchres of the Alba Real family. The church of *San Martin* has an interesting Romanesque or Lombard style of tower; the arches in the two lower stories are slightly pointed; those in the upper are circular.

The once splendid *Agustinos Calzados* was converted into a straw magazine by the invaders. The *Cimborio* was superb. The chapel in which Fabio Nelli is buried was adorned with Italian arabesque by Julio de Aquilez, who decorated the Alhambra; a portion only of an Adam and Eve has escaped the destroyers.

Among the ancient mansions either curious from incidents or former opulence, now the crumbling abodes of humble paupers, whose present misery mocks past magnificence, notice the first house to the r. going out of the *Plazuela Vieja*, into the *Calle de San Martin*; here Alonso Cano is said by libellers to have killed his wife. Berruguete lived near *San Benito el Real*. He began life as an *Escribano del crimen* to the Chancelleria, or crown side attorney to the *Chancelleria*; from the desk of chicanery he passed into the noble studio of Michael Angelo, and putting off corruption became immortal. The inæsthetic authorities of Valladolid, so far from raising a monument to his glory, converted his house into a barrack, as the palace of the princely Benavente was turned by them into a foundling hospital.

Fabio Nelli, the Mæcenas of Valladolid, lived in the *plaza* which still bears his name; observe his fine old house with Corinthian *patio* and medallions. In the *Casa de las Argollas*, so called from the "iron links," Alvaro de Luna was confined before his execution; the *artesonado* ceiling of his dungeon of state was magnificent: look also at the *Casa de Villa-Santes*, in the

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Calle del Rosario; and at the *patio* of the *Casa Revilla*, corner of the Calle de la Ceniza, with its arabesques, and rich roofing of the staircase. The *Diputacion Provincial* is lodged in the former palace of the Admirals of Castile; a fulsome motto was placed there allusive to the pardon obtained by Don Fadrique of the *Comuneros* from Charles V.

The *Casa del Sol*, opposite to San Gregorio, with a fine portal, and now a barrack for recruits! was the house of Diego Sarmiento de Acuña, the celebrated Conde de Gondomar, ambassador of Philip IV. to James I., and by whom he was led by the nose, the wily diplomat speaking faulty Latin on purpose, in order to give the royal pedant the triumph of setting him right; his library of 15,000 vols. was one of the earliest and finest ever formed in Spain. It contained most curious English literature, collected in London when Shakspere was living. The Marquis of Malpica, the heir, sold the whole to Charles IV., but as his Majesty did not pay—*cosas de España*—some 1600 volumes were kept back, and left at Valladolid to the care of the bricklayer! who looked after the house, these books soon disappeared. The portion which was sent to Madrid contains the secret correspondence of Gondomar during his embassy in England, with the identical letters he received from the lords, ladies, and gentlemen, whom he bribed for Philip IV. as Barillon did afterwards for Louis XIV. His letters likewise on lighter social subjects also exist. This buried mine of Shaksperian period, which clamors for a Collier, lies unexplored in the private library of the crown at Madrid.

Those who have not visited the archives of *Simancas* will of course ride out there from Valladolid (see p. 564). The village of *Fuen Saldaña*, now that the Rubens pictures are in the Museo, scarcely deserves a visit. It lies about 4 L. N. of Valladolid, and belongs to the Alcañiçes family; the castle, of excellent masonry, is a specimen of the medieval Castilian fortress, with the usual bartizan turrets at the corner of the donjon-keep and machicolations. It was built by Alonzo Perez de Vivero, treasurer to Juan II., who was cast down from a tower by Alvaro de Luna, jealous of his influence over the king; the whole event (see chap. 113-4 of the Chronicle) was a most Oriental tragedy watered by Punic tears; the scene of the letters, "Read this and this," is quite Shaksperian. The armorial shield of Vivero is still over the portal of his castle, now degraded into a granary. In the chapel of the small convent near it were long kept the Rubens pictures.

Communications exist from Valladolid to Corunna, Palencia, Santander, Leon, Burgos, Salamanca, Segovia, Madrid, Zamora, and Avila. *Palencia* may be also reached in 6½ hours by the *Diligencia Barca*, a sort of treckshuit boat on the canal; or per coach in 4 hours, which starts from the *posada Sta. Ana*. There is much *talk* of improving the roads to Olmedo, to Salamanca by Tordesillas, and to Leon by Mayorga, and of railway communications with Santander, Leon, Aviles, and Madrid.

Route 77.—Valladolid to Santander.

Cabezon	2	
Venta de Trigueros	2	.. 4
Dueñas	2	.. 6
Palencia	2	.. 8
Fromista	2	.. 10
Herrera de Pisuerga	3	.. 13
Aguilar de Campo	3	.. 16
Quintanilla	1	.. 17
Quintela	1	.. 18
Reinosa	4	.. 22
Barcena	3	.. 25
Las Caldas	4	.. 29
Torre la Vega	2	.. 31
Santander	2	.. 33

This is performed in a day by the *Castellana* diligence.

At *Cabezon*, a village with the canal and Pisuerga to the l., Bessières opened the Peninsular campaign with one of the easiest and most crushing defeats of the Spaniards. The brave undisciplined troops, instead of acting on the defensive, courted a combat and defeat.

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The braggadoccio Junta had told the people that they were invincible, and the mob compelled the old fool Cuesta to engage; and had he hesitated they would have murdered him for a traitor (Schep. i. 420). Cuesta, a type of the Spanish generals of that war, made every disposition to ensure failure. The Spanish artillery, before even 50 bold French dragoons could get near them, abandoned a position which, as Foy observes (iii. 278), "défendue par de bonnes troupes, eût été imprenable."

The line to *Cabezon* has the Pisuerga and the canal on the l. hand, both crossed before reaching *Dueñas*. Pop. 2000. Here the *Burgos* road continues to *Baños*, and then branches off to *Palencia* to the l. Examine the canal at Dueñas, completed in 1832 by Epifanio Esteban. This canal, planned in 1753 by the minister Ensenada, was intended to unite *Segovia* with *Reinosa* and *Santander*. It was to take up at *Palencia* the canal of Arragon, which was to come from the Mediterranean, while another branch was to communicate with the Duero at *Zamora*: thus the Mediterranean and Atlantic were to be connected, and an outlet afforded to the Castiles, for its wines and cereal productions, which were to be exchanged with the iron and timber of the Asturias and colonial produce imported through Santander. For these lines of circulation nature had supplied easy levels, a light soil for excavation, and fine rivers as feeders: thus irrigation would have ensured fertility, while a means of transport would have favoured commerce, and infused a vitality, moral and physical, into these long inanimate districts. The plan was begun with ardour, and the works progressed during the life of the originating minister; it then was taken up and then let down, until the French invasion blighted it altogether. Ferdinand VII., however, in 1830, granted a lease to a company, who recommenced the works (see the Essay in the '*Variologio*,' Manuel Perez, 8vo., Palencia).

In 1850 the city Corporation refused to allow an English steam-engine to be erected, because liable to burst, and certain to darken the sky with smoke; the Corporation moreover objected to a railroad, as "costly and dangerous," being satisfied with their *canal;* an invention in its day opposed by the Church as heretical, implying a superiority, in ditches dug by mortals, over rivers made by God—*cosas de España*. That Spain, which under the Moors presented a most scientific system of artificial irrigation; which in 1528, under Charles V., devised the canal of Arragon, and contemplated, under Philip II., in 1581, the navigation of the Tagus; which thus long preceded England in these works, so essential to commerce, is now, as in other things, far, far behind; she has stood still, while others have sailed on, and yet water under her sun is the very blood of life, the principle of fertility and wealth.

The morris-dances of the peasantry at *Dueñas* are the combined Pyrrhica Saltatio of the Romans and the *Tripudium* of the Iberians. We witnessed here one Sunday a "gallimaufry of gambols," performed by 8 men, with castanets in their hands, and to the tune of a fife and drum, while a master of the ceremonies, in party-coloured raiment like a pantaloon, directed the rustic ballet; around were grouped *payesas y aldeanas*, dressed in tight boddices, with *pañuelos* on their heads, their hair hanging down behind in *trensas*, and their necks covered with blue and coral beads; the men bound up their long locks with red handkerchiefs, and danced in their shirts, the sleeves of which were puckered up with bows of different-coloured ribands, crossed also over the back and breast, and mixed with scapularies and small prints of saints; their drawers were white, and full as the *bragas* of the Valencians, like whom they wore *alpargatas*, or hemp sandals laced with blue strings. The figure of the dance was very intricate, consisting of much circling, turning, and jumping, and accompanied with loud cries of *viva* at each change of evolution.

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The view from the square castle on a conical hill at Dueñas sweeps over the treeless *Parameras*, or *Tierras de Campos;* below, the Pisuerga has deserted its old bed and bridge, which stands high and dry, see Coria, p. 493, a town whose people are termed Bobos —boobies—by the "old women" of *Dueñas.* In the distance rises *el Monte de Torozos,* now almost bare, but once covered with forests. This boundary of Old Castile commences at *Villa Nubla*, and extends to *Villa Garcia*, being in width some 3 L. In this *Monte* is the fine Bernardine *Convento de la Espina.* The portal is Ionic; the cloister classical. Before the ancient *retablo* kneel the statues of Queen Leonora and Doña Sancha.

Thence to *Palencia*, Pallantia.—*Fonda*, de Gabriel Papin. This ancient city, the seat of the first University, founded in Castile in the 10th century, but moved in 1239 to Salamanca, stands pleasantly on the Carrion, having a good stone bridge, and another called *los Puentecillos.* The Alamedas round the walls, which should be noticed, being 36 ft. high by 9 in thickness, were laid out in 1778 by the Intendente Carrasco. Those on the little island, by the bridge built by the Archdeacon Aguarin, occupy the site where a grand tournament was given to Charles V. Palencia (pop. 11,000) is healthy and cold, as it stands with its trees, an oasis in the wide shelterless plains. One long street, *la Mayor*, intersects the town, running from the gates Monzon and del Mercado. Near the latter is imbedded a Roman sepulchral stone of the sons of Pompey. The town, well placed for commerce on its river and canal, has some manufactories of rude woollens—fabrics mostly placed in the *Puebla* or suburb. The light and elegant cathedral was built, in 1321-1504, in a simple unadorned Gothic style, after the type of that of Leon, and on the site of one raised by Sancho el Mayor over the cave of San Antolin, to whom this church, in common with many others in these districts, is dedicated. This saint was a French anchorite living in the woods: the king, when hunting, was about to shoot his arrow at a deer or wild boar which had fled into the hermit's cave, whereupon the royal extended arm instantly withered up, but was restored again by the intercession of the recluse, thereupon the monarch immediately granted the district to the Church: descend therefore into the original cave in the cathedral, and drink of the hermit's holy well, which works cures hydropathic quite miraculous. Observe in the *Capilla Mayor* the tombs of the Marquis del Pozo and his wife, 1557; and the *silleria del coro* of the cinque-cento period; notice also the *reja* and the pulpits with bassi-relievi of boys and festoons. The *respaldo del coro* contains plateresque Berruguete sculpture. The fine *custodia* was made in 1582 by Juan Benavente. The coffin of Queen Urraca, 1149, is still preserved. The tower, cloister, and chapterhouse are Gothic; notice the door of communication. In the Dominican convent were the superb sepulchres of the Rojas family: one on the l. of the altar, of Juan de Rojas and his wife, 1557, was in the richest Berruguete taste; the other opposite, after designs of Herrera, was Doric, and composed of black and coloured marble, with fine kneeling figures of Francisco de Rojas and his wife Francesca Cabrera, who raised it in 1604. The marble fountain on the *Plaza* marks the spot where the *Comunero* leader, Pimentel, was beheaded.

The hospital of *San Lazaro* was once the palace of the Cid, and the reader of ballads will remember that this saint appeared to the Campeador in the guise of a pilgrim. Here the Cid was married to Ximena, whose father he had slain. The ladies of Palencia were most valiant also, as they are said to have beaten off the Black Prince, and were in consequence allowed by Juan I. to wear a gold band on their headgear (compare them with the ancient Amazons of Tortosa, p. 398). The modern men of Palencia, like those of

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that town, behaved very differently, for General Milhaud took the city without difficulty, Nov. 13, 1808. It was particularly plundered by Foy in October, 1812. Consult the Local '*Historia*,' by Pedro Fernandez del Pulgar, 4 vols. folio, Mad. 1679, and the '*Descripcion*,' by Domingo Largo, 1787.

The road, passing the ridge at Fromista, follows the line of the canal into the basin of the Pisuerga. These bald plains produce vast quantities of corn, the flour of which is exported to Cuba from Santander. At *Aguilar de Campo* the river turns to the l., and the road to the r., and enters Old Castile (for the *Montañas* and Reinosa, see Index).

ROUTE 78.—VALLADOLID TO BURGOS.

Cabezon		4	
Dueñas		3	.. 7
Torquemada		3	.. 10
Villadrigo		4	.. 14
Celada		4	.. 18
Burgos		4	.. 22

This dull road is done by the diligence in some 12 hours. Buonaparte, according to M. Savary, rode this distance in 1809 in less than 6 hours.

For *Dueñas*, see preceding route. At *Torquemada*, in June, 1808, the Spanish army under Cuesta fled even before the battle began, frightened at one cavalry charge of La Salle. The village was then sacked and burnt by Bessières, who spared neither age nor sex. The Arlanzon coming down from Burgos soon joins the Pisuerga, crossing which we enter Old Castile. Leaving the Pisuerga, the road now continues along the basin of the Arlanzon, passing *Celada* and its corn-plains, to the walls of ancient Burgos (see p. 843).

ROUTE 79.—VALLADOLID TO MADRID.

Puente del Duero		2	
Valdestillas		2	.. 4
Olmillos		2	.. 6
Olmedo		2	.. 8
San Cristobal		3½	.. 11½
Martin Muñoz		2	.. 13½
San Chidrian		2	.. 15½
Labajos		2	.. 17½
Villacastin		2	.. 19½
Fonda San Rafael		3	.. 22½
Guadarrama		2	.. 22½
Torrelodones		2½	.. 27
Las Rosas		2	.. 29
Madrid		2½	.. 31½

The sandy road to *Olmedo* has recently been changed and repaired, but its dulness never can be removed. Pop. 2000. *Parador de los Vizcainos.* This decayed walled town, of former importance, is celebrated for the bloody battles in 1445 and 1467, during the civil wars. The retablo in *San Andres*, by Berruguete, with pictures of his school, and the subterraneous chapel in *San Miguel*, may be looked at. *Olmedo* is situated in a plain, irrigated by the Adaja and by the Eresma. The dreary sandy steppes extend almost to *Labajos*, and produce wine, corn, &c. Soon we enter the province of Old Castile; and at San Chidrian the road joins the *camino real*. After *Labajos*, the granitic ranges of the Carpetanian mountains commence. The *granite* of *Villacastin* is excellent. *Posada del Arco.* The Guadarrama range now separates the basins of the Tagus and the Duero. The name is by some derived from Alxarrat, Arabicè any chain of mountain which runs E. and W. (Xerif Aledris, 167) Conde reads *Wada-r-ramal*, "the river of the sand;" it being a chain of granite. The road made in 1749 by Ferdinand VI. ascends to the *Puerto*, where a marble lion on the extreme height, said to be 5094 feet above the sea, marks the boundary between Old and New Castile, the former lying spread below like a map. The line is well chosen, and the engineering excellent, but in winter the road is occasionally impassable from the snow, and is intensely cold from the bleak winds of both the Castiles. These elemental obstacles were fully felt by Buonaparte, who on Christmas eve, 1808, started from Madrid, having heard of Moore's advance, which deranged all his *certainty* of conquering Portugal and Andalucia at one blow. His new plans were conceived with his usual

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decision, and carried out with corresponding rapidity. He led his army over this granite wilderness, these prison-caves of the storm, and these nurseries of death, dashing like lightning amid glaciers: his own impatience was so great that he leaped off his horse, and walked through the snows himself, in order to encourage his troops. "Shall a mole-hill in Spain," cried he, "check the conquerors of St. Bernard?" He leant on the arm of Savary, and arrived greatly exhausted at *Espinar*, a dirty village placed in the jaws of two mountains called *La Boca del Infierno*—the Mouth of Hell; there he slept, reaching *Villacastin* next day. The losses suffered by his army were very great, yet the brave men pushed on; but in vain their courage and rapidity, for Buonaparte, in spite of unexampled exertion, reached *Benavente* just 12 hours too late.

Passing the *Puerto*, and leaving the Escorial to the r., we descend into the dreary mangy wastes which encircle Madrid. Torre *lódones* is a misnomer, for according to the proverb there are in it "Cinco vecinos y siete *ladrones*," the Escribano and Alcalde reckon double. The immediate approach, however, by the Florida, with the noble palace, is striking. The horseman will do better to proceed from Valladolid to *Olmedo* or the *Fonda San Rafael*, in the diligence, and then ride across the hills to Segovia.

ROUTE 80.—VALLADOLID TO MADRID BY SEGOVIA.

Olmedo	8	
Villequillo	2	.. 10
Coca	1	.. 11
Santa Maria de Nieve	3	.. 14
Garcillan	2½	.. 16½
Segovia	2½	.. 19

A dreary waste of sand and umbrella-headed pine-groves, a bad road, an arid lonely country, are rendered more wretched by villages gutted by the French and never since repaired. At *Villequillo* Old Castile is entered. *Coca* lies between the Eresma and Volloya rivers. *Posada de la Cruz*: the host does the honours of the castle, a grand specimen of a genuine Castilian castle of the Gothic mediæval period. Observe the projecting *balistaria*, bartizans, the angular turrets of the great donjon-keep, *la torre mocha*. The superb towers rise like the Alcazar of Segovia; the barbican framework is remarkable. This palatial fortress of the old Fonsecas remained perfect, used as a state prison, until visited by the invaders; the superb court-yard, with corridors and *azulejos*, was taken down in 1828 by the administrador of the present owner, the Duke of Alba, to be sold for the materials! since then the ruins have been used as a quarry and to mend roads!! *Cosas de España*. Now the country gets more alpine and picturesque. In *Santa Maria*—where there is a quiet little inn—in the parish church, are some fine marble pillars, and four grand sepulchres of the *Fonseca* family. The ascents after passing *Santa Maria de la Nieve* are superb.

ROUTE 81.—VALLADOLID TO MADRID BY CUELLAR AND SEGOVIA.

Tudela del Duero	3	
Montemayor	3	.. 6
Cuellar	3	.. 9
Sancho Nuño	2	.. 11
Navalmanzano	2	.. 13
Escarabajosa	2	.. 15
Segovia	3	.. 18

The country on this route is cereal, and interspersed with vineyards and pine-trees. *Tudela*, pop. 600, stands on its river, with a damaged stone bridge. The magnificent façade of the noble *parroquia*, in the Ionic and Græco-Romano style, consists of three tiers ornamented with sculpture, representing the Saviour, Apostles, with the Ascension of the Virgin in the central place of honour: this work of one Martin, finished in 1614, deserves to be better known. Inside, a fine *retablo* has been attributed to Hernandez, from its grandiose character; notice a Virgen *con el Niño*, and *del Rosario*.

Continuing amid pines, between *Montemayor* and *Cuellar*, is the cele-

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brated and much-frequented sanctuary of the Virgin *del Henar*, "of the river," of whom there is a printed history. *Cuellar*, Colenda, lies amid pine-woods, on a slope of a hill crowned by a fine castle girdled by old walls: pop. 3000. The streets are steepish and badly paved, the environs are fertile, the game and turkeys renowned. *Cuellar* had ten parish churches and three convents, a tolerably sufficient *spiritual* supply for 3000 souls. The towers have a picturesque effect. The façade of the convent *San Francisco* is in good Ionic: here were interred in splendid sepulchres the great family of Albuquerque, to whom the castle belonged.* Ascend to it: the views over the interminable plains, with the distant Sierra, are fine. This palatial alcazar was granted, in 1454, by Henry IV., the Impotent, to his favourite, Beltran de la Cueva. His daughter, la Beltraneja, who disputed the crown with Isabella, lived at *Mongrado*, about 4 miles off E. The edifice, rebuilt in 1550, was before the French invasion one of the best preserved in Spain, and retained its ancient furniture, armoury, and gallery of pictures, which all disappeared at that terrible visitation. The *patio* is very noble, with upper and lower corridors, and solid granite colonnades. At *Cuellar*, Feb. 20, 1843, Serjeant Garcia, the Granja revolutionist, died in poverty and neglect. Hence to Segovia there is little to notice. The tracks called roads here remain much as nature and goats made them.

* It has passed from the great Albuquerque family into that of the *Alcañises*.

Cuellar communicates with *Peñafiel*, distant 4 L. N., through *Moraleja*, half way; *Peñafiel* itself being half way between *Valladolid*, distant 8 L., and *Aranda del Duero*, distant 7½. For *Segovia*, see p. 767.

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SECTION IX.

THE KINGDOM OF GALLICIA.

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The proper period for visiting Gallicia is during the warm months. The objects best worth notice are Santiago, and the mountain scenery and fishing, especially in R. 90, 91, 92, 93, and 94. The angler might spend his time pleasantly in taking the following line:—Vigo, Orense, Puente Santo Domingo Florez, Cabrera alta y baja, Lago de Castaneda, La Bañeza, Ponferrada, and Villafranca; then crossing the mountains by R. 92 to Cangas de Tineo, Grado, and Oviedo.

El *Reino de Galicia*, the former kingdom of Gallicia, forms the N. W. angle of the Peninsula, it is bounded by Portugal, the Bay of Biscay, the Asturias, and Leon, and contains about 1032 square L., with a pop. of some 1,200,000. The climate is temperate and rainy, as the surface is very mountainous, with a coast line upwards of 240 miles, for this barrier of Europe against the Atlantic extends from Cape Finisterre to the Pyrenean spurs. The hills are clothed with timber for building and shipping, while the chesnuts and acorns afford food to men and swine; the bacon and hams, especially of *Candelas* rival those of Estremadura. In the verdurous meadows of this Switzerland of Spain any quantity of cattle might be reared. The woody heights are full of boars and wolves, that descend into the plains, which are watered with trout and salmon streams.

The natural productions are chiefly maize, rye, and flax, apples, pears, nuts, and those fruits of the *berry* kind which, rare in the hotter portions of

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Spain, carry us back to Devonshire; the potatoes also are excellent, although not yet used as an article of general subsistence, but rather as a culinary addition to the tables of the richer classes. As the eastern mountain boundary is covered almost all the year with snow, especially the *Pico de Ancares* and the *Peña Trevinca*, while the sea-coasts and riverain valleys bask in a latitude of 42°, having scarcely any winter, the wide range of botany deserves to be better investigated. The warmer and lower valleys of the Miño, and the country about *Tuy*, *Redondela*, and *Orense*, are perfect gardens of plenty and delight: Nature there retains all her "wealth," and still reigns "*smiling amid flowers*" as in happier days of old (Sil. Ital. iii. 345; Claudian, 'Lau. Ser.' 71); the present contrast between the ignorance and poverty of the peasants is painfully striking: art, science, and literature languish, where the olive and orange and vineyard flourish; the best wines are those of Valdeorras, Amandi, Rivero, and the Tostado of Orense; they would rival the vintages of Portugal, were the commonest pains taken in the making; but everything is managed in the rudest most wasteful manner. Gallicia is to the N.W. of Spain what Murcia is to the S.E., *The* Bœotia, and the province is almost unknown to the bulk of Spaniards, as few ever go there. Spaniards form their idea of Gallicians from the specimens who emigrate like the Swiss, into the plains, from poverty, not will; the district of La Coruña supplies the Castiles, as Pontevedra and Orense do Portugal, with surplus labourers. The emigrants generally are absent from four to five years, after which they pay their homes a visit, and start forth again, for these wild mountaineers, confined in cities and not to be tamed, fly gladly back to their free hills; others only go down for the harvest-time, returning, like the Auvergnats, with their hard-earned gains. Those who settle at Madrid become *reposteros*, and managers in families, where, however boorish their exterior, they are sufficiently cunning to find out in the *kitchens* the secrets of every menage; just as the Nubian slaves do in the establishments of the wealthier Arabs at Cairo, and, like them, they herd and pull together. These stout Gallicians also do the *porters*' work of Spain and Portugal; whence the term *gallego* is synonymous with a boor, *ganapan*, or *mozo de cordel*, a "hewer of wood and drawer of water;" from Portugal being nearer to their homes there is a greater affinity of language than as regards the Castiles. So many indeed flock to Lisbon, that the Portuguese, who do not love their neighbour, contend that God first created *men*, *viros*, "gentlemen," i.e. Portuguese, and then made Gallicians, i. e. *homines* or slaves, to wait on them.

Good land is scarce in Gallicia, much of the country is unfit for agriculture, wide tracts or *dehesas* (called here *gándaras*, from their barrenness); and vast tracts are abandoned to heaths and aromatic herbs; there is, consequently, a struggle for land in the valleys and favoured localities; the over-rented, overworked peasant toils day and night, to eat a scanty and bad bread made of maize or millet, *pan de centeno*, *de borona*, for corn is scarce. The cottages are full of dirt and damp, true *Arcas de Noe*, says Gongora, from the close packing of various beasts within, where the same room does for nursery, stable, kitchen, pigstye, "parlour and all;" but no flood, natural or artificial, ever gets into these Noah's arks: the *Ventas* in the hills and out-of-the-way localities, are no better; *attend to the provend*, for in these dens, ravenous wolves who are not particular in their cuisine, would be badly off, much more honest Christians; the fire-places often have no chimneys, and the damp wood, which won't burn, and will smoke, distresses the visual organs as much as the prospect of no roast does the digestive ones. In the plains and more favoured valleys the accommodation for travellers is not quite so bad, but Gallicia is seldom visited except by muleteers, according to whose wants and demands these discomforts are regulated. It need not be said where people sup without chimneys and sleep without beds,

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that vermin which were deemed a plague in Egypt, are here held to be free denizens by long prescription. When the Gallician men migrate, the females do all the drudgery at home in house and field, and a painful sight it is to see them labouring at the plough: in the field or out of it, their hands are never idle, and the *rueca* or distaff is as much part and parcel of a Gallega, as a fan is of an Andaluça. A fare hard as their work, coupled with exposure to an uncongenial climate, nips their beauty in the bud; few, indeed, are born with much, nor do the fortunate ones retain their charms long; aged before thirty, they soon seem models for witches, and look as if they never could have been young, or had anything of the feminine gender. The men are litigious and boorish, seldom giving a direct answer; seen in their wretched huts, they are scarcely better than their Iberian ancestors, who were little better than beasts, since, according to Justin (xliv. 2), Feris propriora quam hominibus ingenia gerunt, while Strabo (iii. 234) pronounced them even worse and Θηριωδιστέρους. Nevertheless, these beasts thought themselves lions, and now as then, like true highlanders, are proud of their breed and of their illustrious pedigrees: compare the Τὰ γνωρίμα ἔθνη of Strabo (iii. 228) with the *nobiliarios* of Gándara, and others. They claimed Teucer of old as their founder, who, they said, came from the east to select this damp remote province, just as the moderns predicate of Santiago, and in both cases without the slightest foundation in truth. Be that as it may, the men are fine animals, and constitute a raw material which, if properly fed and led, would make capital soldiers; yet such was the incubus of their inefficient chiefs, that Moore found them the very worst-off soldiers among Spaniards. "In your life (wrote the Duke, Disp. Dec. 10, 1812), you never saw anything *so bad* as the Gallicians; and yet they are the finest body of men and the best movers I have seen." "They are but a miserable mob, on which we have no reliance," said fighting Picton.

The language of Gallicia, a patois, harsh and uncouth to the ear, is quite unintelligible to Spaniards, who laugh at their use of the *u* for *o*; e. g. *cuandu, pocu*. It approaches nearer to the Portuguese than the Spanish, and would have become the dominant language of the Peninsula, had not Alonso el Sabio drawn up his legal codes in Castilian, by which that dialect was fixed, as the Tuscan was by Dante.

This province, whose iron-bound coast is the terror of those who travel by sea, offers few facilities to wayfarers by land; the communications are very bad; one real road only connects La Coruña with Madrid: a new *carretera* has long been projected from *Vigo* to the capital, by which 100 miles will be saved. There has been for many years much talk and many plans prepared for road improvements, especially in opening lateral communication between central Lugo with *Oviedo*, *El Ferrol*, *La Coruña*, and *Santiago*, and it is high time, for while in other provinces of Spain the star-paved milky way in heaven is called *el Camino de Santiago*, the Gallicians, who know what their roads really are, namely, the worst on earth, call the milky way *el Camino de Jerusalem*.

Meanwhile the way-warden in Gallicia is Santiago, and, like his milky way in heaven, his ways on earth are but little indebted to mortal repairs. The Dean of Santiago, *virtute dignitatis*, is the especial "protector," as his predecessors' grand object was to construct bridle-roads for the pilgrim; but since the invention of carriages and the cessation of offering-presenting Hadjis, little or nothing has been done in the turnpike line beyond taking toll.

The rider from Andalucia will probably find (as we did) that his faithful barb will fall sick in these parts from change of fodder; for now, instead of the Oriental "barley and straw," he will only meet with hay and oats; in the large towns buy, therefore, a little barley to mix with these Gallician oats, which contain much less nourishment and more husk. Remember also that a stallion

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horse is constantly kept on a fidget here, from the pony-mares which the peasants ride; and as the horse-flies are very troublesome, a net will be of much service. Again, as horseshoes soon wear out in these stony roads, and it is not easy to replace them, since the country farriers seldom keep a ready-made full-sized horse-shoe, for which there is no demand, ponies being here the ordinary cattle, take a spare set of shoes fitted to the hoofs of your own horse.

The curious ecclesiastical antiquities of Gallicia occupy no less than nine volumes of the '*Esp. Sag.*:' consult also '*Viaje de Morales*;' the works of Felipe de la Gándara, his '*Nobiliario*,' and '*Armas y Triunfos*,' 4to. Mad. 1662; the metrical '*Descripcion*,' by el Licenciado Molina, 4to. Mondoñedo, 1551, and 4to. Mad. 1675; '*Descripcion Economica*,' José Lucas Labrada, El Ferrol, 1804; '*Ensayo sobre la Historia de Galicia*,' José Verea y Aguiar: '*Anales de el Reyno de Galicia*,' F. X. M. de la Huerta y Vega, 2 vols., Santiago, 1740; '*Descripcion Geognostica de Galicia*,' thin 8vo., Guillermo Schulz, Mad. 1835. This useful work has a lithographic map of the kingdom. The '*Viaje á Galicia, por dos Amigos*,' Mad. 1842, is a paltry performance. There is an excellent large map by Fontan.

LUGO has a decent *posada* outside the town, on the road to Astorga, in the *Barrio de San Roque*. Pop. 6000. This, the most central town of Gallicia, is described in the 40th and 41st vols. of the '*Esp. Sag.*,' and has its own '*Historia Argos Divina*,' by Juan Pallares y Gayoso, 4to. Mad. 1700. *Lugo*, Lucus Augusti, was celebrated under the Romans for its warm sulphur-baths in the Miño, on which it stands. This river, the glory of Gallicia, called by the ancients *Minius*, from the vermilion found near it, rises not far from Mondoñedo, and flows S. to Orense and Tuy, forming the boundary on the side of Portugal. The fishing in it and its tributaries is good, especially for salmon, *savalo*, trout, and lampreys; the latter were sent to the epicures of old Rome. In 1791 a project was formed to render the *Miño* navigable, but nothing was done beyond a *memoria* on paper by Eustaquio Giannini. Some remains of the Roman *Thermæ*, and of a dyke against inundations testify their former magnificence. The present incommodious baths are placed on the l. bank of the Miño, about 10 minutes' walk outside the gate of Santiago: the season is from June 15 to Sept. 30, when they are beneficial in cutaneous and rheumatic disorders. The pauper patients pay *dos cuartos* for the liberty of immersion, and there they lie like pigs or porpoises, in the steaming waters among the loose stones. Hard by is a mineral spring, which contains nitre and antimony. Consult the '*Analisis*' by Dr. Sanjurxo y Mosquero, Lugo, 1817. In the town, in the *Calle de Batitales*, was discovered (Sept. 1842) a Roman mosaic pavement, with water emblems, a colossal head, fish, &c., and since barbarously used by the incurious townsfolk. See, however, the '*Apuntes*' on it by T. J. Armesto, 4to. Lugo, 1843. Roman coins—gold too—are found, of Nero especially, and generally are melted.

Lugo is nearly a square, with the corners rounded off; the very interesting walls resemble those of Astorga; 30 to 40 feet high, and above 20 thick, they are defended by semicircular projecting buttress towers, which do not rise much above the line of circumvallation; many of the curious upper watch stories were taken down by bungling engineers in the civil wars, on the pretence that they could not stand the firing of the wretched cannon, which luckily never were used, or they assuredly would have burst; but if the defences are bad the walk on these walls round the town is good, and here the ivy, a creeper rare in the torrid parts of Spain, mantles the ruins.

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The oldest portion, with solid Roman granite work, is best seen near the tower of Santiago. The *Plaza* has an arcaded colonnade, which is necessary in this rainy climate; the fountain, supplied from a rude extramural aqueduct, is so ill contrived that women come with long tin tubes to coax the water into their vessels. This water, coupled with a rye-bread diet, produces frequent gout, to which even females are subject. The old castle is not remarkable beyond a singular turreted chimney. *Lugo*, once the metropolitan, is now suffragan to Santiago. The see, founded by the apostle himself, was restored in 734 by Alonso el Católico. The granite cathedral was built in 1129 by Don Ramon, husband of Queen Urraca, with the two lateral aisles lower than the central. The exterior was modernized in 1769 by Julian Sanchez Bort; the granite façade and statues are heavy; observe in the pediment Faith holding the Hostia. The unfinished towers have hideous slated pigeonhouse tops, and a chiming apparatus of iron, so common in the Netherlands, so rare in Spain. The cloisters also have been modernized, but two lateral doors retain some of their pristine character; observe the hinges of the N. W. one, and the Saviour seated in the mystical *Vesica Piscis*.

The interior has low arches on each side, with a gallery above, and below rows of confessionals, with the names of especial tutelars over each. The *silleria del coro*, of good walnut carving, is by Francisco de Moure of Orense, 1624. The bishop's seat bears the arms of Alonso Lopez de Gallo, who defrayed the cost. This cathedral is privileged to have the consecrated Host always exposed, or *manifestado*, an immemorial right shared only with San Isidoro of Leon. In reference to this high distinction Gallicia bears the *Host* on its shield, and Lugo "two towers supported on lions, and the consecrated wafer in a monstrance." This symbol indicates that *Lugo*, Lukoh, was never taken by the Moors (which, by the way, it was by Al-Mansúr); for the wafer was always concealed, or rather shrouded, in sign of grief, when Christian cities were captured by the infidel. According to Molina (p. 22), one of these wafers near Lugo became flesh, in the hands of a sceptical clergyman, and was preserved in the monastery of Zebrero. In other Spanish churches the *Hostia* is put away in a tabernacle, except in those great cities which have the privilege of the *cuarenta horas*, or exhibition of the wafer in different churches for 40 hours, when the same spiritual benefits may be obtained by praying before it, as by an actual pilgrimage to St. Peter's. This spectacle and privilege was first introduced at superstitious Valencia in 1697, having been established at Rome in 1592 by Clement VIII. Thus is reversed the custom of the pure primitive church, which almost concealed the sacramental emblems from all except the initiated. At Lugo the incarnate *Hostia* is always lighted up and manifested in a glass *viril*; one made by Juan d'Arphe was given in 1636 by Bishop Castejon. The glass-enclosed high altar is modern, tawdry, and theatrical, especially the painted oval, with angels of white marble with gilt wings. The *Baldaquino* is supported by coloured marble pillars and gilt capitals; behind, in a modern circular chapel overcharged with ornament, is a Maria *de los ojos grandes* (Juno Βοωπις) and the phrase *ojos de buey* is a common Spanish compliment to mortal women. This idol, surrounded by tinsel and gilding, is the *real* present object of popular adoration, and beats the *Host* hollow.

Moore, after his over-hurried retreat, halted at Lugo for a few days, Jan. 6, 1809; yet our foot-sore hungry troops recovered at once order, power, and the bayonet; wherever and whenever the enemy ventured to advance, they were signally beaten back; and now their libeller Foy, who was an eye-witness, has the face to state (forgetting the old "shrewdly out of beef"

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parallels of Agincourt and Cressy), "On ne dira pas des Anglais qu'ils étaient braves à telle rencontre, ils le sont toutes les fois qu'ils ont dormi, bu, et mangé; leur courage, plus physique que moral, a besoin d'être soutenu par un traitement substantiel. La gloire ne leur ferait pas oublier qu'ils ont faim, ou que leurs souliers sont usés" (i. 230).

Soult here came up with Moore, and ordered a partial attack under Lallemand, who was beaten back at every point with a loss of 400 men; and although the English offered him battle on the 7th and 8th he declined, and thus, as on the Tormes and at Zubiri, missed the nice tide of the affair, for, had he pressed his attack, such was the exhaustion of our troops and want of ammunition, that his superior numbers might have prevailed; but he thought that Moore was much stronger than he really was, and thus, as often elsewhere, the usual exaggeration by the French of our numbers recoiled, by a poetical justice, on themselves, being deceived by their own inventions. Buonaparte saw, but salved over, his lieutenant's error: his 28th bulletin stated ('Œuv.' v. 378) that at *Lugo* Soult took 300 of our wounded, 18 cannon, and 700 prisoners; adding, that the English had now lost 2500 horses, being exactly 320 more than Moore had at starting. The simple truth was, that Soult, with 24,000 troops, did not even molest the retreating English rear-guard on the 9th, when they fell back on *La Coruña*. Four short months afterwards this same *Lugo* beheld, May 29, 1809, this very Soult flying from the Duke at Oporto, his troops having thrown away their arms, and arriving like famished wolves, in almost a state of nature.

Soult and Ney rivalled each other in sacking the place, which they had made a plaza de *armas*, destroying for that object nearly one-third of the town. Many of the houses have since been rebuilt, which gives to *old* Lugo a *new* character scarcely rarer than ivy is in Spain, where much is destroyed and little is repaired.

Lugo is in the centre of many branch and bad communications. New *carreteras* are contemplated and commenced to *Madrid*, *El Ferrol*, *Oviedo*, and *La Coruña*. For the communications with *Santiago*, see p. 600; and to *Oviedo*, p. 625.

ROUTE 82.—LUGO TO LA CORUÑA.

Otero del Rey			1¼
San Julian de la Roca	2	..	3¼
Gueteriz	2	..	5¼
Venta de la Castellana	2	..	7¼
Venta de Monte Salgueyro	2	..	9¼
Betanzos	3	..	12¼
El Burgo	1¼	..	14
A La Coruña	1¼	..	15¼

This present line suits the angler. Quitting *Otero del Rey*, the *Miño*, with its tributaries, the *Tamboga*, *Lama*, and *Azumara*, are succeeded by the capital trout-river, the *Ladra*, running to the l., and crossed before reaching *Gueteriz*, and afterwards before coming to the *Venta de la Castellana;* the *Mandeo*, another charming stream, flows along the road to *Betanzos*, and the scene of the saddest phase of Moore's retreat, when, from the fire-beacons being extinguished, the troops on quitting Lugo lost their way, and reaching Betanzos, Jan. 9, were far more severely handled by the elements than by the enemy.

Betanzos (Brigantium Flavium), an ancient city of some 4000 souls, rises on a hill over the *Mandeo* or *Mendo*, and is a good fishing quarter, since many other rivers disembogue into the *ria*, and the diligence *posada*, will do. The town is placed on a sort of peninsula, and some of its narrow streets, or rather lanes, are still defended by ancient granite gateways. The road to *La Coruña*, through the rich country, commands views over mountain and water. After crossing the *Cascas*, we soon reach *El Burgo*, on its river and ria, where Drake and Norris, in 1589, routed the Spaniards under the Conde de Andrada.

The cheerful city of *La Coruña* is improving rapidly: pop. under 20,000. The best inn is *El Comercio;* the charge is about 16 reals, 3*s.* 4*d.*, per day. There is a good café *Frances*, and another, *de*

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los Milaneses, Calle de Acevedo, is kept by an Italian. There is a new theatre, a *Liceo*, a *Circo de Recreo*, and public library.

The English steamers only touch here in summer, in consequence of the refusal of the Spanish authorities to admit the vessel to pratique after sunset, by which truly Iberian absurdity they deprive their city of this great advantage.

La Coruña (the old *Cruña*, our Corunna), the chief seaport of Gallicia, stands on a headland of the three bays, or *rias*, of Coruña, Betanzos, and El Ferrol. The sea-board, *Las Marinas*, is picturesquely indented, and the iron-bound coast rises bluffly out of the waters, proclaiming to the Atlantic, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." *La Coruña*, formerly called by us *Groyne*, lies about half-way between the Capes Ortegal and Finisterre. Founded by the Phœnicians, it was captured by the Romans, U.C. 693, when Gallicia was overrun by Junius Brutus, who named it Ardobicum *Corunium;* and the city, down to the 12th century, was called *La Villa de Cruña;* Cor, Car, being a common Iberian prefix connected with height: *Cor*ona, Crown. The present name has been derived by some from *Columna*, the Phœnician Pharos, which still called *La Torre de Hercules*, rises distant 1 mile N.W. It was repaired for Trajan by an architect named Caius Servius Lupus, as is conjectured from a damaged inscription on a rock hard by. The Spaniards let it go to ruin: the repeated entreaties of the English and Dutch consuls to restore it were attended to by Charles III., only, however, when El Ferrol rose into importance. The *Pharos* or lighthouse has recently been much improved, and being 363 ft. above the sea-level, is visible at the distance of 12 miles. *La Coruña* blazons on its shield "this tower on rocks, a lamp, two crossed bones, and a scull above, crowned with an orle of eight scallops in honour of Santiago:" consult '*Averigüaciones*,' José Cornide, 4to. Mad. 1792, with plates; '*Historia y Descripcion*,' Enrique de Vedia y Goosens, 4to. La Coruña, 1845. In 1563 La Coruña was raised to the seat of the *Audiencia*, which in 1802 was removed to El Ferrol, and under the *Sistema*, or Constitution of 1820, to *Santiago*, and in 1835 back again, to the infinite subsequent bickerings of the cities, who, as usual in Spain, hate their neighbours to the death.

La Coruña has an *alta* or upper quarter, and a *baja* or lower one: the former contains the principal official and ecclesiastical buildings. The ancient party wall has been partly taken down recently. The church of *Santiago* was commenced in the 11th century: observe the tower and arched crown-like work at the top, the bull's head at the S. door, the absis in the interior, and the pulpit, with carved groups of females at the pedestal. The old font is placed in a circular lateral building, which has been recently ridiculously repainted. The Gothic *La Santa María*, or *La Colegiata*, has a W. porch in the Norman style, a tower finished off with a pyramidical structure as at Leon. The great altar is in an absis.

The new town, *La Pescaderia*, once a mere refuge of fishermen, has now eclipsed its former rival. Built principally with granite, the *Calle Real* is a broad, well-paved, busy, and handsome street. The balconies with glazed windows are the favourite boudoirs of the women, who in the evening saunter out *tomar el fresco*, take the air on *La Marina*, a charming walk. *La Coruña* is well supplied with the produce alike of sea and land, and is very cheap. Butter, strawberries, and potatoes abound, luxuries rare in central Spain. The asparagus is excellent, and the hams and sweetmeats celebrated. Coal is brought from Gijon. The cigars of the great fabrica, *La Palloza*, are among the least bad made by the Spanish Government. In the suburb of *Sa. Lucia*, vast quantities of iron *pucheros* are made by an English company. As the sea-bathing is very good, and winter is almost unknown, this place may

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well be recommended to invalids and economists. The natives are cheerful and fair-complexioned. The females of the lower classes tie handkerchiefs on their heads, and dress the hair in long plaits or *trenzas;* their walk and *meneo* are remarkable. The men are clad in *Paño pardo*, and have singular *monteras*, with a red plume and a peacock's feather. There is little fine art in commercial Corunna: in the chapel of the *Campo Santo* is a copy of Murillo's *Virgen de la Servilleta;* and some poor *Pasos* of San Nicolas, the Virgin, and San Ignacio, which are paraded on *fiestas*.

The entrance of the port, or *Boca del Puerto*, is defended by the castles *San Anton* and *Sta. Cruz*, placed on its little island, while the city itself is guarded by a picturesque sea-wall, extending from the *Puerta Real* to the *Torre de Abajo*, and by the castle *San Diego;* the land approach is by the *cortadura*. *La Coruña* in war time used to be a nest of privateers, who molested the chaps of the British Channel, which armed steamers will in future prevent. The circuit of the bay, including Betanzos, Varmonde, Villalba, Mondoñedo, the Valles de Oro and Vivero, to Puentes de Garcia Rodriguez, receives capital trout-streams: among the best are the Allones, Eume, Ladra, Miño, Lamia, Azumara, Parga, Turia, Eo, Masma, and Jubia. The useful map by Tomas Lopez, in the 'Esp. Sag.' (vol. xviii.), gives the localities between Lugo, La Coruña, and Mondoñedo.

Ascending the heights and looking down on the land-locked bay, twice as big as our Torbay, what glorious and sad recollections crowd on the English sailor and soldier's memory! Here, July 26, 1386, John of Gaunt landed, claiming the crown of Castile in right of his wife, the daughter of Pedro the Cruel. Hence, July 2, 1554, the bigot Philip II. set sail for England to marry his sweet "Bloody Mary." Here again, in May, 1588, was refitted, during four weeks, that last of religious crusades, the Spanish *Invincible Armada*, which sailed out, July 26, to easy and immediate defeat; an event which Philip II. and Spaniards to this day ascribe to the *elements!* to our good old and only unsubsidised allies, just as Buonaparte accounted for the *accident* of Trafalgar; but those hearts of oak who weather the battle and the breeze did the work then, as they will do it again. The squadron consisted of 130 ships, armed with 2630 cannons, and manned by 19,275 sailors, and 8450 soldiers. They made as sure of conquering and making slaves of the English, as if they had been wild S. American savages. This Armada, which had taken 4 years to prepare, was settled in 9 days, and ended as a true 9 days' wonder. "Off Callice," writes a Spaniard, "all our castles of comfort were builded in the aire, or upon the waves of the sea." Drake, with 50 little ships, had attacked 150 of the floating monsters, and beat them just as Nelson did the three-deckers at St. Vincent. "In all these fights," wrote our Spaniard, "Christ showed himself altogether a Lutheran." The Spanish admiral, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, during the combat, lodged himself in the bottom of the ship; while the Duke of Parma, who was to have co-operated at Dunkirk with 35,000 men, proved to be *hors de combat* in the nick of time: *Socorros de España*.

Thus the Spaniard, scared by fire-ships, determined on flight — venit vidit fugit; and not venturing to repass the Channel, made a circuit of Scotland; but when off the Orkneys and the Irish coast were caught in storms, when 32 more ships and 10,185 men perished. The Armada, as usual in Spanish expeditions, was so ill provided, that from 4 to 5 men died per day of hunger on board even the admiral's ship; but to such cruel shifts and such incompetent leaders have the brave people of Spain, worthy of a better fate, been always exposed: nor has the valour with which the Spanish sailors fought on this occasion ever been questioned. Medina Sidonia arrived at Santander about the end of September,

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"with noe more than 60 sayle oute of his whole fleete, and those very much shattered." The first newspaper ever published in England, the 'Mercurio,' appeared to give daily reports of this Armada. The Spaniards lost 81 ships. Philip II. "thanked God that his *whole* fleet was not taken; while at Rome pasquinades were made, and the Pope offered 1000 years' indulgence to any one who could tell him where the invincible Catholic Armada was, whether gone to heaven or hell (Strype, ii. 15). The defeat of this Armada sunk deep in the mind of the nation, which ever sees clearer than its misgovernors; "then arose in the fleet the common brute (the report or saying, *bruit*), that if ever they got back again, they never would meddle with the English any more." This axiom was embodied in a proverb, *Con todo el mundo guerra, y paz con Inglaterra*, and remained a state maxim acted upon until the Bourbon and French succession, when family compacts and alliances with Buonaparte brought Spain into hostile contact with her natural and best ally, and cost her her navy and colonies. Consult '*A true Discourse of the Armie, which the King of Spaine*,' &c., translated from the French by Daniel Archdeacon, London, John Wolfe, 1588; also the '*Copie of a Letter*' and of *Bernardin Mendoza*, bk. lr., London, 1 Vantroller for Richd. Field, 1588: the lying author, Philip's ambassador at Paris, gave out that the Spaniards had won the day, and was henceforth called *Mendacia*. See also for curious details, '*Hackluyt*' (ed. 1598), vol. i. p. 91; also Schepeler's '*Beitrage*,' p. 167. Consult also Sharon Turner's '*Elizabeth*,' ch. 35.

La Coruña was taken, April 20, 1589, by Drake and Norris with only 1200 men, the Spanish fleet flying on his approach to El Ferrol, and the garrison to the citadel. His name passed into a proverb; and "the threat" *Viene el Drake*, was long the frightening phrase, the bugaboo—the *coco*, the "black man" is coming—in short, the phrase with which naughty children were made good at the Havannah, which he so often visited: so the expression *Melac Ric*, our Cœur de Lion, long scared squalling brats in the douars of Arabia, and the word "Malbrok" silenced the nurseries of France. Hence the expression of Gongora (Duran, iii. 123)—

Mas bien peloteada
Que La Coruña del Draque.

In this bay Sir David Baird coming in October, 1809, with 6000 men, to assist the Spaniards, was detained on board the transports 15 days, not allowed to land by the base suspicions of the Junta. "Call ye that backing your friends?"

The pilgrim soldier will now turn his eyes inland, sweeping over *Corunna*, whose name alone suggests *the* battle, the triumph, and the victor's death. This hard action was fought, Jan. 16, 1809, on the heights of Elvina, behind the town. Moore's position was bad, from no fault of his, as with only 13,244 men he could not defend the stronger but more extended line of the outer heights against the superior numbers of the enemy, while from his artillery being embarked, he was obliged to occupy the range nearer the town. About two in the afternoon, Soult, with 20,000 men, with great superiority of cavalry and artillery, attacked the English, and was everywhere most signally repulsed; the 4th, 42nd, and 50th, under Baird, putting to flight at Elvira a whole column commanded by our libeller Foy, who after a most feeble defence (Nap. iv. 5), turned and retreated; next La Houssaye, the plunderer of the Escorial, Cuenca, and Toledo, fled with his dragoons, Paget riding down the enemy; and then, had our lines advanced, Soult must have followed the example of his subordinates. Our loss amounted to 700, while the enemy's exceeded 3000, as their column was riddled by our steady lines at Elvina, who fortunately before the battle were supplied with fresh muskets and ammunition. Moore, like Wolfe, Abercrombie, and Nelson, lived long enough to know that the

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foe was defeated, and like them died happily, having "done his duty." His last words—the tongues of dying men enforce attention like deep harmony—were in anticipation of his posthumous calumniators: "I hope the people of England will be satisfied; I hope my country will do me justice." The dispatch of General Hope—one of the most simple, manly, pathetic, and beautiful compositions ever written by soldier's pen—is the very antithesis in taste and truth to Buonaparte's bulletin:—"Les Anglais," says he ('Œuv.' v. 383), "furent abordés franchement par la première brigade, qui *les culbuta*, et les délogea du village d'Elvina!! L'ennemi culbuté de ses positions, se *retira* dans les jardins qui sont autour de la Corogne. La nuit devenant très-obscure, on fut obligé de suspendre l'attaque: l'ennemi en a profité pour s'embarquer en *toute hâte;* nous n'avons eu d'engagés pendant le combat qu'environ 6000. Notre perte s'élève à cent hommes [*i. e.* 3000]: l'opinion des habitans du pays, et des déserteurs, est que le nombre des blessés [English] excède 2500—des 38,000 hommes que les Anglais avaient débarqués, on peut assurer qu'à peine 24,000 retourneront en Angleterre. Les régimens Anglais portant les numéros 42, 50, 52, ont été entièrement détruits. L'armée Anglaise avait débarqué plus de 80 pièces de canon, elle n'en a pas rembarqué 12; le reste a été pris, ou perdu; et de compte fait, nous nous trouvons en possession de 60 pièces de canon Anglais." "Lord! Lord! how this world is given to lying!"

The *truth* was, that the embarkation took place with perfect order, and so entirely unmolested by the worsted foe, that had the English only then been turned against Soult, he himself must have taken to his heels, and he knew it.

Narrow, indeed, now was Soult's escape, for had Moore not over-desponded, this fleet of transports might easily have brought fresh troops from Portugal, nay, it ought to have done so, for the intelligence of the real ill condition and limited numbers of the French had long before been conveyed to Oporto, by channels to which unfortunately no credence was given by the presumption of official ignorance. Then was lost by Sir John Craddock the nick of time, and the chance of being a Wellington: had he arrived with his brigades Soult must have been annihilated. This was one of the possibilities which Buonaparte foresaw when he pretended to be obliged himself to return from Astorga, so he judiciously left the chance of defeat to his deputé Soult.

The Corunnese distinguished themselves both before and after the battle. Their first step was to detain Baird, to whom when disembarked they never gave or even offered any assistance.

Safe so long as the English were present, their ships had scarcely left the bay when the Spanish commander, Don Antonio Acedo, hastened to surrender to Soult, who having no battering train, could not have taken the place or citadel. Soult, thus provided with Spanish artillery! turned against *El Ferrol* on the 22nd. This important arsenal, with eight ships of the line and garrisoned by 8000 men, was scandalously surrendered on the 26th, by the governor, Francisco Melgarejo, and Pedro Obregon. By this base act Soult obtained the stores provided by England for these patriots, and was thus enabled to conquer Gallicia and invade Portugal. To complete their infamy the Spaniards Acedo and Obregon, became *Afrancesados*, and the latter was made *French* commandant of *El Ferrol!*

Turn we now to better men; and, ascending to the extremity of the upper town, visit the *Campo de San Carlos* and the grave of Moore, whose mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes. His requiem, sung by Charles Wolfe, rivals the elegy of Gray.

Moore was interred by a party of the 9th on the ramparts, in his martial cloak; the body was afterwards removed by the Marquis Romana: the granite monument raised by the British

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Government, was soon neglected by the Corunnese, and long remained a temple dedicated to Cloacina Gallega. In 1824 it was restored and enclosed by our consul Mr. Bartlett, also at our government's order and expense, and not at that of the *Vecinos*, as Madoz now states: the place, soon again bemired by the Corunnese, so continued until 1839, when Gen. Mazaredo, who had lived much in England, raised a subscription among the English, cleansed the tomb, and planted some two acres for a public *Alameda*, having had the greatest difficulty to induce the *jefe-politico* to give his consent; the walk is a fashionable lounge: read Mazaredo's inscription in the summer-house. According to Napier (iv. 5) "Soult, with a *noble* feeling of respect for Moore's valour, raised a monument to his memory;" meantime what says Soult's own chronicler Le Noble, 45, the avowed advocate of his countryman:—"The marshal, being informed of the spot where Gen. Moore had been killed, caused an inscription to be cut on the adjoining rock to record that event, and the victory *gained* by the French army." Soult, who, to do him justice, knew how handsomely he had been *beaten*, said nothing about this *victory*, and his inscription simply ran, "Hic cecidit Joannes Moore, dux exercitus, in pugna, Jan. xvi. 1809; contra Gallos a duce Dalmatiæ ductos" (Mald. ii. 101).

How long even this monument to Moore will remain is now uncertain. Already the "*Dos Amigos*," two afrancesado bagsmen from Madrid, in their recent paltry 'Viage,' p. 44, have wished to efface the inscription, because it *ofende algun tanto la delicadeza Española;* that delicacy which made a dunghill of a sepulchre raised (and paid for by others), to a brave ally who died fighting for the independence of Spain.

Visit also the site on the hill of the terrific explosions of the powder magazines. The supplies of all kinds sent by England the year before had remained unused, while armies of their patriots were without clothes or arms! Had these stores not been discovered and destroyed by us, they would have furnished Soult with powder wherewith to load Spanish guns to batter down Spanish cities and citadels.

The summer route from Southampton by *La Coruña* to Madrid, the shortest and most agreeable, has been accomplished in a week. The *correo*, or mail, runs to *Valladolid* in about 22 hours, and thence to Madrid in 18. For the routes to *Santiago*, see p. 600. But before starting, *El Ferrol* should by all means be visited from *La Coruña*. The land route is about 9¼ L. You can go in the diligence to *Betanzos*, and there take horses; thence 3 L. through wooded and cultivated hills, varied with sea inlets, to *Ponte d'Eume*, or *Puentedeume*. Pop. 2000. It stretches from the water-side up a green hill, amid orange and lemon trees, with balconied houses and ivy-clad old towers. The remarkable bridge of some 58 arches is nearly a mile long: thence to *Seijo*, 1 L., whereby, crossing over in the ferry-boat, 2 L. riding are saved, and a fine view of the harbour obtained. The better plan is to cross over from *La Coruña*, distant about 4 L. N.E., in the little steamer, which is done in about two hours. Formerly this passage was very troublesome to sailing boats, from the swell on this iron-bound coast, especially near the rock *La Peña de la Marola;* hence the proverb, "*Quien pasa la Marola, pasa la Mar toda.*" On entering the land-locked channel between *Monte Faro* to the r. and *Cabo Prioriño* to the l., this harbour scooped out by nature is very striking, while art has defended the narrow entrance by the two magnificently built castles of San Felipe and Palma, which *if* well manned, and *if* provided with cannon, gunpowder, and shot, might sink a navy; but "wanting always in everything at the critical moment," they, like many a Spanish fortress, are in reality a *faiblesse*, and while expensive in peace to Spain, are useful in war to the enemy. The name of *El Ferrol* is

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derived from an ancient *farol* or light; originally a mere fishing town it was not wanted for a marine arsenal, so long as the Spaniards, in possession of Italy and the low countries, procured their artillery from Milan, and their fleets, ready built and rigged, from Holland. The Spanish Bourbons, when deprived of these resources, endeavoured to replace them by native industry. Charles III., who never forgave the English for having sailed into Naples, and who added to that feeling all the Bourbon fear and hatred, selected this spot, for which nature had done so much, and created what then was the finest naval arsenal in the world, destining it exclusively for the royal navy. The landside was fortified in 1769-74 with a wall on which more than 200 cannon *might* be mounted. A new clean and well-paved town was next built between the irregular old one and the naval *Esterio*, in the form of a parallelogram of seven streets in width by nine in length, intersecting each other at r. angles, with two square plazas, *la de Dolores* and *la del Carmen*. The pleasant public Alameda lies between. In this Gen. Abadia erected, in 1812, a fountain in honour of a Spanish hydrographer, Cosme Churruca, killed at Trafalgar. We enter the dockyard or *Darsena* at the *Puerta del Parque*; to the r. is the Doric *Sala de las Armas*. The dockyard is divided into a smaller outward, and a larger inward portion, the whole space exceeding 40 acres (?). Behind the inner dock or *dique* are the dwellings of the operatives, and in the N. angle are the foundries, rope walks, and magazines. Passing out of the *Puerta del Dique*, to the r. is the *Esteiro*, the hospital, the arsenals *Carranza* and *Carracon* (this word is the augmentative of the Cadiz *Carraca*) or store, for timber, the *Presidio* or prison for the convicts, and the *Gradas de Construccion*, or building-slips, now full of nothingness; but throughout, the grandeur of conception, style of execution, and finish of masonry is truly Roman. This arsenal retains what nature has done for it, a land-locked bay; while Gijon can supply coal, the forests of Asturias timber, and the mines of Cargadelos iron for cannon and shot. The water, especially that of *La Graña*, is delicious, while that in the *Darsena* is free from the *teredo navalis*, the Carcoma; but what can cure the dry-rot of Spanish misgovernment? El Ferrol, the pop. dwindled down to some 3400, like *La Carraca* and *Cartagena*, is now a sad emblem of the navy of Spain. The last Spanish line of battle-ships launched here occurred in 1798! Recently since a fleet has been created on *paper* by royal decree, matters are somewhat mended, and a show of life is breathed into the colossal skeleton. This arsenal, in truth, like the forced navy of Spain, rose as a rocket, and so fell. Nelson at St. Vincent and Trafalgar settled the modern Invincible Armadas, and told Spain the price she must pay for the alliance of France and forced enmity of Britannia. By boasting of the *past*, and hoping for the *future*, the *present* is now blinked, and El Ferrol is now made a peg for Castilian consolation and magniloquence. See for details the essay of Col. *Angel del Arenal* (Miñano, iv. supp. and re-echoed by Madoz in 1850), according to whom the great Lord Chatham was so terrified! by the mere fame of *El Ferrol* that he sent, in 1776, his son William Pitt there as a spy, who himself, when minister in 1800, on *pretence of invading Egypt*, dispatched a mighty force to capture El Ferrol; Madoz (viii. 64) enlarges on the lesson then taught the English by 1800 Spaniards (reduced to 1500, p. 80, when the story is twice told), who beat back the self-same 10,000 Englishmen, who soon after conquered Buonaparte in Egypt, and captured Copenhagen. This expedition in sober truth was destined for Belleisle in those days of paltry peddling little wars. An attack on El Ferrol was an after thought, and even then had Gen. Pulteney sailed boldly up and summoned the town, the Ferrolese, wanting as usual in every thing at the cri-

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tical moment, were preparing to surrender, and actually cleaning (*se dice*) the keys of the city to make them look decent on the occasion. The campaign was bungled *á la Walcheren*, and the troops kept idle under arms almost mutinied when Pulteney, scared by the barometer, and beaten at the game of brag, ordered the re-embarcation, as Murray did at Tarragona, amid the jeers of the brave blue-jackets.

El Ferrol, had it only been attacked *instanter* (the true course with Spaniards) could and would no more have resisted English sailors than it ever did French soldiers. Thus when Ney, in 1809, evacuated it, after Soult's defeat at Oporto, Capt. Hotham landed on the 26th with a handful of seamen, the Spanish garrison surrendered after a sham and short resistance, as they did again to the French in 1823.

Those who are going from *La Coruña* to *Aviles* and *Oviedo* have the choice of two routes; one, which is the shortest, passes from *El Ferrol* to *Mondoñedo*.

ROUTE 83.—EL FERROL TO MONDOÑEDO.

Jubia	. . . .	1	
Espinaredo	. . . .	4 ..	5
Lousada	. . . .	3 ..	8
Mondoñedo	. . . .	5 ..	13

Soon are crossed the trout stream *Jubia*, which furnishes the water-power of the Isquerdos copper-work establishment, and next the *Eume* at *Puente de Garcia Rodriguez*, after which a dreary wild *dehesa* or *gándara* leads to the crystal *Ladra*, which is crossed before reaching *Lousada*; after which the country becomes more hilly (for *Mondoñedo* see R. 91). This, the shortest line, is intricate, and the accommodation bad; however, to the angler nothing can be more favourable.

The other route makes a circuit by *Betanzos* (see p. 592), whence, after crossing the *Mandeo*, which is kept to the l., we reach *Labrada* 4 L.; and thence over a dreary track, part moor, part swamp, and after passing tributaries of the *Ladra*, to that sweet trout-stream itself; after traversing which is *Villalba*, about 3 L., where sleep, and, as there is a decent *posada*, it might be made the head-quarters of a fisherman. The antiquarian will observe a curious old tower in the walls. Next day cross a *cuesta* which divides the basins of the *Ladra* from those of Tamboga and Lama, tributaries of the Miño, and all made for the disciples of Izaak Walton. N.B. Take a local guide, and attend to the provend.

LA CORUÑA TO SANTIAGO.

The corner of Gallicia between *La Coruña* and *Orense* is interesting to the reader of Froissart, as being the scene of the expedition, in 1386, of John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster." He was three days marching the 9½ L. to Santiago, for the hardships of these districts remain unchanged, and such as Moore found them in our times. Oh *dura* tellus Iberiæ! where the harsh, hard, and arid prevail in climate, soil, and man; where so little is tender, delicate, or gentle. Well did Froissart then describe thee as "pas douce terre, ni aimable à chevaucher ni à travailler." The city of Santiago surrendered at once to the English of old, as it did in our times to the French of this day. John of Gaunt resided in it during the *guerilla* carried on by his men-at-arms, he himself ingloriously idling away his time with his court and ladies like a Sardanapalus. He lost, without striking a blow, more than half out of 5000 men; these perished from sickness and want in hungry Spain, where the commissariat is ever *the* difficulty, even in time of peace. In this instance the Spaniards followed the advice given to them by their French allies, while in our times, they neglected the same plan when suggested by the Duke, and were consequently beaten by the French.

John of Gaunt, however, accomplished part of his object by marrying one daughter, *Philipa*, to the King of Portugal, and the other, *Constanza*, to the son and heir of John of Castile. Such, however, were the fears and suspicions of the Spaniards that they refused after this to allow even English pilgrims to visit Compostella (Mariana,

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xviii. 12). Don Pedro had ceded part of these N.W. provinces to the Black Prince, and when the French enabled Enrique II. to murder his brother, they stipulated that no Englishman whatever should enter Spain without permission from the King of France. So long has the Peninsula been the bone of contention and battle-field between the two great rivals of Europe.

ROUTE 84.—LA CORUÑA TO SANTIAGO.

Palabea	1		
Carral	2	..	3
Leira	2	..	5
Siqueiro	3	..	8
Santiago	1½	..	9½

The gondola or diligence performs this uninteresting but good road in from six to seven hours. After 1 L. of tolerably cultivated land, a long hill is ascended, and then the dreary moor-like country continues to Santiago, which, like Madrid, has neither gardens nor enclosures to mark the vicinity of a capital and holy city of pilgrimage. Those proceeding from Lugo to *Santiago*, may go round by *La Coruña*, or ride across the country direct. There are two routes, and both equally bad: however, there is excellent fishing in the Ulla below Mellid.

ROUTE 85.—LUGO TO SANTIAGO.

San Miguel de Bocorrin	2		
Puente Ferreira	2	..	4
Mellid	3	..	7
Arzua	2	..	9
San Miguel de Salceda	2	..	11
Omenal	2	..	13
Santiago	2	..	15

Mellid, or the *Furelos* and *Mera*, tributaries of the Ulla, pop. 700, may be made head-quarters, or Arzua, placed under the *Peña de la Leija*, pop. 400.

ROUTE 86.—LUGO TO SANTIAGO.

Santa Eulalia	2½		
Carvajal	2½	..	5
Sobrado	2	..	7
Buey muerto	2	..	9
San Gregorio	2	..	11
San Marcos	3½	..	14½
Santiago	½	..	15

This route, equally bad as a road, is even a better line for the angler. The distance is about the same; the leagues, although we have twice ridden every one of them, are stated at guess-work, and are very long.

After crossing the Miño by a noble bridge, ascend the chesnut-clad heights, and look back on the grand view of Lugo, with its cathedral and long lines of turreted walls. Hence over swamps, moors, rivers, and detestable roads, to *Sobrado*, pop. 2000, situated on the fine trout-stream, the *Tambre*, where sleep, and sup on rich fish at the poor *posada*. The village clusters round a Bernardine convent, once lord of all around, and now sequestered. The noble domain, enclosed with tower-guarded walls, was in contrast with the lowly village, but the fat and portly monks are gone. The edifice, pillaged and injured by the French, was repaired in 1832. The principal façade is Doric. The grand *patio* is unfinished. The overcharged ornate front of the chapel, with fluted pillars and lozenge-enriched pilasters, in imitation of that of the Lugo cathedral, marks the bad taste of 1676. Under the dark *coro* are some fine tombs of recumbent warriors in twisted mail, of the Ulloa family, 1465.

Hence a nine hours' ride over a desolate country to Santiago. Midway some wild moors lead to *San Gregorio*, a hermitage, which, with its clump of storm-stunted firs, is seen from afar. The shooting here is excellent. Next we reach *San Marcos*, unchanged since described by the old pilgrim in Purchas: "Upon a hill hit stondez on hee, where Sent Jamez ferst schalt thou see;" still from hence the dark granite towers of Santiago first catch the way-worn traveller's eye, and the deep-mouthed tolling bells salute his ear. The first sight—as in other Meccas—makes a more profound impression than a stay in the city, where the tricks of the mammon-worshipping natives disenchant even the true believer. To the r. rises the barren rocky *Monte Dalmatico*, while the green slope to the l. is crowned with the convent Belvis, beyond stretch undulating hills and distant mountains; here the pilgrim of yore uncovered, and proceeded, in all humility from this *Humilladero*,

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the very penitent on his knees, singing hymns up to the holy city's gates. There droves of mendicants snuff the stranger's arrival, and congratulate him on his escape from the pains and perils of Gallician travel, and beg charity for the sake of his deliverer the great apostle, concluding with prayers for the donor's safe return to his home and wife: "May Santiago give you health and defend you from all enemies."

SANTIAGO: the best inns are: *las Animas*, kept by Carlos Garica; *la Vizcaina*, by a respectable Basque widow, in *Calle de San Miguel;* and *la Posada de Martin Moreno*, en las Casas Reales. The Maragatos put up in the *Rua de San Pedro*. They go to Valladolid in about 12, and to Madrid in 15 days; and those who, having landed at *Vigo*, propose a riding tour, may safely trust them with the conveyance of any heavy baggage.

This city, named after the Spanish name of St. James the Elder, is also called *Compostella*, Campus Stellæ, because a star pointed out where his body was concealed: yet some derive it from the *Giocomo Apostolo* of the Italians.

Pilgrimage, the oriental and mediæval form of travelling, is passing away even in Spain. The carcass remains, but the spirit is fled, nor did Santiago ever produce a Chaucer to record these "excursion trips" of the day, which, combining merriment with religion, were so popular among the vagabondising middle classes and so profitable to the priests. Such were the *Roamers* of Rome, the *Saunterers* of the Sainte Terre. The devotional reverential element is gone, and that simple all-believing faith which questioned no tradition. Now, instead of fulfilling a religious vow and duty, sceptical, scientific, and inquiring curiosity, is to be gratified; a tour is to be made, and a book to be written, and geologists smile at monkish miracles at which myriads trembled (see p. 603).

The Spanish legend of St. James the Elder, or of Santiago, as he may be more properly called in his *Mythological History*, as says Southey, when not derived from Pagan, is much taken from Mahomedan sources.

The custom of choosing a tutelar for cities and kingdoms prevailed generally in antiquity; and when the Pagan stock in trade was taken by Gregory the Great into the Roman Catholic firm, the system was retained, changes being simply made in some names. Santiago became the Hercules, the tutelar champion and commander-in-chief of Spain, the *patron y capitan-general*. True believers who wish to give a reason for their faith, will find most of the Church-authorised statements in the following works:—The learned Latin reply to Baronius; '*Hispaniarum Vindiciæ Tutelares*,' Louvain, 1608; '*Historia del Apostol Sanctiago*,' Mauro Castella Ferrer, fol. Mad. 1610; '*Historia del Glorioso Apostol*,' Hernando Orea, 8vo. Mad. 1615; '*El Teatro de Santiago*,' Gil Gonzalez; '*España Sagrada*,' Florez, vol. iii.; '*Apologia de la Venida de Santiago*,' &c., Fr°. Lamberto de Zaragosa, 4to. Pamplona, 1782; M'Crie's '*Reformation in Spain*,' p. 5; and the first edition of this Handbook, p. 660 *et seq.*

The Spanish Church contends, without a shadow of real evidence, that St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. James, came all three to the Peninsula immediately after the crucifixion. Rome, however, having monopolised the two former for her tutelars, Spain was obliged to take the latter. The establishing places of pilgrimage was borrowed from S^a. Helena's *invention*—and a rare one it was—of the cross at Jerusalem in 298. The inspiring principle of visiting a sacred spot was felt by Mahomet, when he adapted Christianity to Arabian habits, and pilgrimage became one of the four precepts of his new creed, Mecca being selected in order to favour his native town, by alms and traffic of a rich influx. When Jerusalem was taken by the Saracens, the Spaniards were forbidden by the Pope to go there as *crusaders*, inasmuch as they had infidels actually on their own soil, while just then the Spanish Moors were un-

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able to go to their Mecca, because that holy city being in possession of the Kalif of the East, was inaccessible to the subjects of his rival in the West. Now as both the Mahomedans and Christians in Spain knew the spirit-stirring effects produced by having a site of pilgrimage, they both determined on creating a counterpart Mecca and Jerusalem in the Peninsula itself, and therefore accessible: so Cordova was chosen by Abdu-r-rahman, who, like Mahomet, wished to enrich his new capital; and a visit to the *Ceca* there, where some of the bones of Mahomet were pretended to be preserved, was declared to be in every respect equivalent to a pilgrimage to Mecca itself.

Thereupon the imitating Castilians who could not go to Jerusalem, set up for their local substitute their mountain capital, where they, too, said their prophet was buried. The Arragonese, whose kingdom was then independent, chose for their *Ceca*, their capital Zaragoza, where they said the Virgin descended from heaven on a visit to Santiago; and the religious duty and saving merits of pilgrimage became as much a parcel of the orthodox Spaniard's creed as it was of the infidel, whom they best fought with weapons borrowed from his own armoury. Again, as the Moors had established soldier-monks or *Rábitos* to guard their frontiers and their pilgrims, the Spaniards instituted in imitation military religious orders, of which that of Santiago became the chief. Founded in 1158 by Fernando II. of Leon, it soon, like that of the Templars, from being poor and humble, became rich, proud, and powerful, insomuch that *El Maestre de Santiago*, in the early Spanish annals, figures almost as a rival to the monarch. When Granada was conquered, Isabella, by bestowing the grand-mastership on Ferdinand, absorbed the dreaded wealth and power of the order into the crown, without having recourse to the perfidy and murders by which Philippe le Bel suppressed the Templars in France.

The Queen accomplished these objects without difficulty, for these Church-militant *corporate* bodies lacked the security of *private* properties, which every one is interested in upholding. They, again, were hated by the *clergy*, because rivals and independent brotherhoods, half priest, half soldier, without being either one or the other, although they assumed the most offensive privileges of both. The *people* also stood aloof, for they saw in the members only proud knights, who scorned to interchange with them the kindly offices of the poor monks; while the *statesman*, from knowing that the substance was no longer wanted, held the order to be both obsolete and dangerous: and it now has virtually ceased to exist, save as conferring a badge on nobles and courtiers.

But in the mediæval period it was a reality, as then a genuine lively faith existed in both Moor and Spaniard; each grasped the legend of their champion prophet as firmly as they did the sword by which it was to be defended and propagated. Proud towards men, these warriors bowed to the priest, in whom they saw the ministers of their tutelar, and their faith was sanctified and ennobled by such obedience: both equally fanatical, fought believing that they were backed by their tutelars: this confidence went far to realize victory, possunt quia posse videntur, and especially with the Spaniard, who has always been disposed to depend on others: in the critical moment of need, he loves to fold his arms, and clamours for supernatural assistance: thus the Iberians invoked their Netos, and afterwards prayed to the Phœnician Hercules. All this is classical and Oriental: Castor and Pollux fought visibly for the Romans at Regillum (Cic. 'N.D.' ii. 2); Mahomet appeared on the Orontes to overthrow Count Roger, as Santiago, mounted on his war-horse, interfered at Clavijo in 846 to crush the Moslem. There was no mention of Santiago, or of his visit to Spain, or of his patronage, in the time of the Goths (San

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Isidoro, 'Or.,' vii. 9), and simply because there being no Moors then to be expelled, his assistance was not wanted.

The conferring military rank on this apostle spoke the spirit of the age and people, when bishops *rode* in armour and knights in cowls, nor would a nation of *caballeros* ever have respected a *footman* tutelar. Accordingly, Santiago, San Martin, and San Isidore, always mounted, represent the Fortuna Equestris of the Romans.

Froissart felt the full rank of this "F. M." of a religious chivalry, and, like Dante, he calls St. James a Baron —*Varon*, Vir, a *gentleman*, a *man* emphatically, in contradiction to Homo, *Hombre*, or a mere mortal clod of earth. So Don Quixote speaks of him as "*Don* Diego," the Moor-killer, and one of the most valiant of Saints. The Cids and Alonsos of Spain's dark ages at least had the common sense to choose a male tutelar to lead their armies to victory: it was left to the enlightened Cortes of Cadiz in 1810 to nominate S^a. Teresa, the crazy nun of Avila, to be the fit commandress of the Cuestas, Blakes, and suchlike spoilt children of defeat.

According to Church-authorised legends, St. James was beheaded at Jerusalem in 42, but his body was taken to Joppa, where a boat appeared "*nutu dei*," into which the corpse embarked itself, and sailed to Padron, which lies 4 L. below Santiago; it performed the voyage in 7 days, which at once proves the miracle, since the modern Oriental Steam Company can do nothing like it. The body first made for Barcelona, then coasted Spain, and avoiding the delicious S. (probably because polluted by the infidel), selected this damp diocese, where the wise prelate Theodomirus, who planned the pious fraud, resided. The body rested on a stone at Padron, which hollowed itself out, wax to receive, and marble to retain, although some theologians contend that this stone was the very vessel in which the holy corpse sailed; and so indeed did Hercules sail before to Spain in a cup (Athæn. xi. 469; Macrob. v. 21), floating like St. Cuthbert in his stone coffin; so St. Patrick came to "his consecrated isle" mounted on a paving-stone. All readers of Pausanias (vii. 5, 5) know also that an image of Hercules was conveyed to Priene in a vessel conscious of its sacred cargo, and then became the object of pilgrimage. Again, as to these quick passages in heaven-commissioned clippers, see Lucian (*de D. Syriis*), how the head of Osiris was carried by water, *θυη ναυτιλιη*, in seven days; again, according to Herodotus (iv. 152), Corobius was transported, *θυη πομπη*, by sea and also to Spain, and also through the straits; Cecrops sailed from Egypt, said the veracious Greeks, in a boat of papyrus—a sort of papier-maché Macintosh. But these "*Barcos encantados*" are too common in the legends of the Pantheon, Vatican, and Romances of knight errants, to be enlarged on; and compare '*El Cristo de Beyrut*,' p. 379; and '*El Cristo de Burgos*,' p. 847.

That rocks soften when wanted for these miraculous occasions all geologists know well. Thus the stone at Delphi, on which the Sibyl Herophile sat down, received the full impression, second only in basso-relievo to that grand stone on which Silenus reposed, and which Pausanias (i. 22. 5) was shown at Trœzene: so among the Moslem, when Mahomet ascended to Heaven, his camel's hoofs were imprinted on the rock (just as those of Castor were on the flint at Regillum, Cic. 'N.D.' iii. 5; and the true prophet's own footmark is shown near Cairo, at Attar el Nebbee. Such a saxeous metamorphosis was an old story even in skeptical Ovid's times (Met. i. 400).

"Saxa, *quis hoc credat?* nisi sit pro teste vetustas,
Ponere duritiem coepere."

Some antiquarians, with sad want of faith, have pronounced this stone at Padron to be only a Roman sarcophagus; if, however, people can once believe that Santiago ever came to Spain at all, all the rest is plain sailing. Verily both the Pontifex maximus of old and modern Rome have alike

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fathomed the depths of human credulity, which loves to be deceived, and will have it so, "and the priests bear rule by their means;" Jer. v. 31.

Be all these things as they may, when the body of Santiago reached Padron it was put in a cave sacred to Bacchus, and forgotten for nearly 800 years, when Spain, says the learned and pious Padre Florez, "breathed again" after the discovery of the body; a second miracle, occurred after this wise:—Pelagius, a hermit, informed Theodomirus, bishop of Iria Flavia *Padron*, that he saw heavenly lights always hovering over a certain site, which, on being examined, was found to contain a body, but how it was ascertained to be that of the apostle is not stated. Thereupon Alonso el Casto built a church on the spot, and granted all the rich land for three miles round to the good bishop. In 829 the body was removed for greater security to the stronger town of Santiago, wild bulls coming to draw the carriage by "divine inspiration," *Toros guiados divinamente*, as a delicate compliment to the tutelar of the land of Tauromachia. Riches now poured in, especially the corn-rent, said to be granted in 846 by Ramiro, to repay Santiago's services at Clavijo, where he killed single-handed 60,000 Moors more or less. This grant was a bushel of corn from every acre in Spain, and was called *el Voto* and *el Morion*, the votive offering of the quantity which the Capt.-General's capacious *helmet* contained. The deed, dated Calahorra 834, convicts itself of forgery (see however Mariana, vii. 13). The entire fallacy of the battle of *Clavijo*, and the forgery of the gift are fully exposed in the '*Representacion*,' &c. of the *Duque de Arcos*, fol. Mad. 1771, and in the '*Memorial del Pleito entre Burgos y Santiago Lazaro Gonzalez de Acevedo*,' fol. 2nd ed. Mad. 1771: and it may just be added that there is no tittle of real evidence to prove that Santiago ever was at all in Spain, alive or dead.

This corn-rent, estimated at 200,000*l.* a-year, used to be collected by agents, although not much eventually reached Gallicia, for grains of gold and wheat stick like oil to Spanish fingers, and *Quien aceite mesura, le unta las manos*. This tax was abolished in 1835. When corn-rents were given to discoverers of holy bones, precious as nuggets in those days, revelations never were wanting if the land was fertile; hence every district had its high place, palladium, and petty pilgrimage. All these pious frauds tended indirectly to advance civilization, by creating roads, bridges, inns, hospitals, and convents, asylums in a rude age, and in a word by tempering brute force.

The whole legend bespeaks a poverty of invention worthy of this Bœotia of the North. "Lucida Sidera," strange constellations, are the common signs of Pagan mythology, palmed on an age ignorant of astronomy. These star-indicated spots were always consecrated. Compare this *Compostella* with the Roman Campus Stellatus (Suet. 'Cæs.' 20). The Gallicians, however, of old, were noted for seeing supernatural illuminations, and what was more, for interpreting their import (Sil. Ital. iii. 344). Thus when the gods struck with lightning one of their hills gold was forthwith sought for (Justin, xliv. 3). Ancient avarice was at least straightforward; the modern priests converted a bone into a philosopher's stone, and found in it a sure magnet wherewith to attract bullion.

The first cathedral built over the apostles' body was finished in 874, and consecrated May 17, 899; the city rose around it, and waxing strong, the Cordovese felt the recoil of the antagonist shrine and tutelar, even at their Ceca; whereupon Al-Mansúr, dreading the crusading influence, determined on its total destruction, and in July, 997, he left Cordova on his 48th *al jihad*, or Holy Crusade, having also sent a fleet round to co-operate on the Duero and Miño. He advanced by Coria, and was met at Zamora by many Spanish counts, or local petty sheikhs, who with true Iberian selfishness and disunion sided with the invader, in order to secure their own safety and share in the spoil (see 'Esp. Sag.' xxxiv. 303). Al-

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Mansúr entered Santiago Wed. Aug. 10, 997, and found it deserted, the inhabitants having fled from the infidel, whose warfare was extermination. The conqueror razed the city, sparing only the tomb of the Spaniards' *Prophet*, before which he trembled: so close was the analogy of these cognate superstitions.

Mariana (viii. 9), however, asserts that Al-Mansúr was "dazzled by a divine splendour," and that his retiring army was visited by sickness inflicted by *la divina venganza*. Had all this taken place *before* this Cordovese Alaric sacked the town, it would have been more creditable to the miraculous powers of Spain's great tutelar. The learned Jesuit, however, dismisses this humiliating conquest in a few lines, which condense every possible mistake in names, dates, and localities. Thus he fixes the period A.D. 993, and kills Al-Mansúr, whom he calls Mohamad Alhagib, at Begalcorax in 998, whereas that great general died in 1002 at Medinaceli (see Index).

Shant Yakob, the "Holy City of Jalikijah" (Gallicia), is thus described by the more accurate contemporaneous Moorish annalists (see 'Moh. D.' i. 74; ii. 193); who prove the early and widespread effect and influence which this antagonistic tutelar and tomb had on the Moors. The shrine was frequented even by those Christians who lived among the Moors, and the pilgrims brought back minute reports. "Their *Kabáh* is a colossal *idol*, which they have in the centre of the church; they swear by it, and repair to it in pilgrimage from the most distant parts, from Rome as well as from other countries, pretending that the tomb which is to be seen within the church is that of Yakob (James), one of the 12 apostles, and the most beloved of Isa (Jesus): may the blessing of God and salutation be on him and on our prophet!" "They say that the Moslems on their victorious entrance found no living soul at Santiago except an old monk who was sitting on the tomb of St. James, who being interrogated by Al-Mansúr as to himself, and what he was doing in that spot, he answered, I am a familiar of St. James, upon which Al-Mansúr ordered that no harm should be done unto him." The Moslem respected the *Faquir* monk, in whom he saw a devotee borrowed from his own Caaba of Mecca. His object was to destroy the idols of the polytheist Spaniards, for the uncompromising Deism and the Hebrew abhorrence of graven images form the essence also of Islamism. Al-Mansúr purified the temples according to the Jewish law (Deut. vii. 5), and exactly as the early Christians in the fourth century had treated the symbols of Paganism. Thus, the followers of Mahomet trod in the steps of both Testaments, while Christianity, as corrupted by Rome, was re-modelling and renewing those very Pagan abominations which the old and new law equally forbade.

Al-Mansúr returned to Cordova laden with spoil. The bells of the cathedral of Santiago were conveyed to Cordova on the shoulders of Christian captives, and hung up reversed as lamps in the Great Mezquita, where they remained until 1236, when St. Ferd. restored them, sending them back on the shoulders of Moorish prisoners. Al-Mansúr is said to have fed his horse out of the still-existing porphyry font in the cathedral, but the barb, so the Spaniards retort, burst and died. Possibly, coming from Cordova, the change of diet had affected his condition, and certainly we ourselves nearly lost our superb *haca Cordovesa* from the "hay and oats" of Gallicia.

Al-Mansúr could not find the body of Santiago, at which some will not be surprised; the local divines contend that the Captain-General surrounded himself when in danger with an obfuscation of his own making, like the cuttle-fish; and to this day no one knows exactly where the bones are deposited. *It is said* that Gelmirez built them into the foundations of his new cathedral, in order that they never might be pried into by the *impertinente curioso*, or be removed by the

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enemy. Thus it was forbidden among the Romans to reveal even the name of Rome's tutelar, lest the foe, by greater bribes, or by violence, might induce the patron to prove false. The remains of Hercules were also *said* to be buried in his temple at Gades, but no one knew where. However, Santiago *lies* somewhere, for he was heard clashing his arms when Buonaparte invaded Spain; so, before the battle of Leuctra, Herculis fano arma sonuerunt (Cic. '*de Div.*' i. 34) but the old war-horse will neigh at the trumpet's sound. The Captain General, valiant at Clavijo, had already given up active service in 997, and it could not be expected that such an invalided veteran should put on, like old Priam, arma diu senior desueta, and turn out of his comfortable resting-place to oppose Soult 812 years afterwards. After all it is just possible that the veritable Santiago is not buried at Compostella, for as the Coruñese claimed a duplicate body of Geryon, to the indignation of the Gaditanians, so the priests of St. Sernin at Toulouse, among 7 bodies of the 12 apostles, said that Santiago's was one; and when we remember the triumph of Soult at Santiago and this marshal's trouncing at this very Toulouse, it is difficult not to think that the real Simon Pure is buried at St. Sernin, and helped our Duke.

Be this as it may, for non nobis talem est componere litem, most Spanish divines lose temper whenever this legend is questioned; volumes of controversy have been written, and the evidence thus summed up:—*Primo*, The *veneras* or scallop shells found at Clavijo, prove that they were dropt there by Santiago, when busy in killing 60,000 Moors to a fraction; these are like the "Ampulles," worn by pilgrims in token of their having fulfilled the visit. *Secundo*, If the Virgin descended from Heaven at Zaragoza to visit Santiago, of which there can be no doubt, it follows that Santiago must have been at Zaragoza. However, the honest Jesuit Mariana (vii. 10) thinks no proof at all necessary, because so great an event never could have been believed at first without sufficient evidence: while Morales concludes that "none but a heretic could doubt a fact which no man can dare to deny." Be that as it may, the Pope soon became jealous of this assumed elevation, which the sons of Zebedee excited even while alive (Mark x. 41); and Baronius resented pretensions which rivalled those of St. Peter, and were pretty much as unfounded. Accordingly Clement VIII. altered the Calendar of Pius V., and threw a doubt on the whole visit, whereat the whole Peninsula took alarm (see M'Crie's excellent 'Reformation in Spain,' p. 5). The Pontiff was assailed with such irresistible arguments, that his virtue, like Danaë's, gave way, and the affair was thus compromised in the Papal record: "Divus Jacobus mox Hispaniam adisse, et aliquos discipulos ad fidem convertisse apud Hispanos receptum esse affirmatur." This qualified certificate would not do; and Urban VIII., in 1625, being "refreshed" with golden opinions, restored Santiago to all his Spanish honours, so little change has taken place since those days when Juvenal said, "Omnia Romæ, cum pretio."

The see, now an archbishopric, was formerly suffragan to the Gothic metropolitan Merida, a city at that time in partibus infidelium. It was elevated in 1120 by the management of Diego Gelmirez, a partisan of Queen Urraca, who prevailed on her husband Ramon to intercede with his brother Pope Calixtus II. Diego, the first primate, presided 39 years, and was the true founder of the cathedral; and although the people rose against him and Urraca, he was the real king during that troubled period when that queen was false to him and to every one else. Consult the curious Latin contemporary history, called *La Compostellana*, written by two of his canons, Munio Hugo and Giraldo, and printed at length in '*Esp. Sag.*' xx. The city and chapter of Toledo opposed the elevation of a rival Santiago; for, as in the systems of Mahomet and the imitating Spaniard, religion went hand in hand with com-

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merce and profit, which it had done since the days of the Phœnicians. A relic or shrine attracted rich strangers, while its sanctity awed robbers, and offered security to wealthy merchants: hence an eternal bickering between places of established holiness and commerce, and any upstart competitor: as Medina hated Mecca, so Toledo hated Santiago.

But Gelmirez was a cunning prelate, and well knew how to carry his point: he put Santiago's bullion images and plate into the crucible, and sent the ingots to the Pope. Such was the advice given by the Sibyl to the Phocæans, to "plough with a *silver* plough;" and they too, in obedience, converted their holy vessels of precious metal into unconsecrated cash, and conquered. Gelmirez remitted the cash to Rome—for, no penny no paternoster—by means of pilgrims, who received from his Holiness a number of indulgences proportioned to the ounces of gold which they smuggled through Arragon and Catalonia, then independent and hostile kingdoms; and the "dens," say these historians, "not of thieves, but of devils," for in those unhappy times the highways of Spain were unoccupied, and travellers walked through the by ways.

Following the example of the Pagan priests of the temple of Hercules at Gades, Gelmirez now extolled the virtues of making a visit and an offering to the new tutelar at Santiago. The patron saint became *el* santo, *the* saint par excellence, as Antonio at Padua is *il* santo. He never turned a deaf ear to those pilgrims who came with money in their sacks: "exaudit quos non audit et ipse Deus!" and great was the stream of wealthy guilt which poured in; kings gave gold, and even paupers their mites. Thus all the capital expended by Gelmirez at Rome in establishing the machinery was reimbursed, and a clear income obtained; the roads of Christendom were so thronged, that Dante exclaims (Par. xxv. 17)—

> "Mira mira ecco il *Barone*
> Per cui laggiu si visita Galizia!"

At the marriage of our Edward I., in 1254, with Leonora, sister of Alonso el Sabio, a protection to English pilgrims was stipulated for; but they came in such numbers that the French took alarm, and when Enrique II. was enabled by their aid to dethrone Don Pedro, he was compelled to prevent any English whatever entering Spain without the French king's permission. The capture of Santiago by John of Gaunt increased the difficulties, by rousing the suspicions of Spain also. The numbers in the 15th century were also great. Rymer (x. xi.) mentions 916 licences granted to English in 1428, and 2460 in 1434. In the mediæval ages the duty of a pilgrimage to Compostella was absolutely necessary in many cases to take up an inheritance. The accommodation required by the many visitors led, as we have said, to the construction of roads, bridges, inns, hand-books, and hospitals—to armed associations, which put down robbers and maintained order: thus the violence of brute force was tempered, and many important moving powers of civilization established, benefits not indeed contemplated by the inventors.

The pilgrimage to Compostella began to fall off after the Reformation, when, according to Molina, "the damned doctrines of the accursed Luther diminished the numbers of Germans and *wealthy* English." The injurious effect of the pilgrimage on public morals in Gallicia was exactly such as Burckhardt found at Mecca; it fostered a vagrant, idle, mendicant life; nothing could be more disorderly than the scenes at the tomb itself; the habit of pilgrims, once the garb of piety, became that of rogues (see Ricote's account in Don Quixote). It was at last prohibited in Spain, except under regulations. But smaller pilgrimages in Spain, as among the Moslems, are still universally prevalent; almost every district has its miracle-shrine and high place. These combine, in an uncommercial and unsocial country, a little amusement with devotion and business. The pilgrims, like beggars in an Irish cabin, were once welcome to a "bite and sup," as they were itinerant gossips who brought news in an age when

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there were no post-offices and broad sheets; now they are unpopular even at Santiago, since they bring no grist to the mill, but take everything, and contribute nothing; they are particularly hated in *Ventas*, those unchristian places, from whence even the rich are sent away empty; hence the proverb, *Los peregrinos, muchas posadas y pocos amigos.*

A residence in holy places has a tendency to materialize the spiritual sentiment, and to render the ceremonial observances merely professional and mechanical. Thus at Santiago, as at Mecca, the citizens are less solicitous about their "lord of the apostles" than those are who come from afar; as at Rome, those who live on the spot have been let behind the scenes, and familiarity breeds contempt. The residents are, as at all places of periodical visit ancient or modern, chiefly thinking how they can make the best of the "*season*," how they can profit most from the *fresh* enthusiasm of the stranger; and as he never will come back again, they covet his cash more than his favourable recollections. Accordingly the callous indigines turn a deaf ear to the beggar who requests a copper for Santiago's sake: he gets nothing from the natives but a dry *perdone Vmd. por Dios, Hermano!* Therefore the shrewd mendicant tribe avoid them, and smell a strange pilgrim, for whom even the blind are on a look out, ere he descends the hill of San Marcos: he enters the holy city attended by a suite hoarse with damp and importunity — quære *peregrinum*, vicinia *rauca* reclamat.

Santiago, although much shorn of its former civil and religious dignities, is still the see of an archbishop, with a cathedral, 2 collegiate and 15 parish churches. Its numerous convents, plundered by the invaders in 1809, are suppressed: built for monks, and fit for little else, they now remain either desecrated or untenanted, and like sepulchres going to ruin, add to the melancholy appearance of this melancholy town, on which the Levitical character is still deeply impressed. Pop. under 30,000.

The removal of the captain-general and the *audiencia* to La Coruña has made matters worse, by taking away the military, the legal profession, and clients. The university remains, has a good library, and is much frequented by Gallician students.

Santiago is built on an uneven, irregular site: thus while the convent of *San Francisco* lies in a hole, the cathedral occupies a slope in the heart of the city, and indeed it was the origin of its life; from this centre many veins of streets diverge, and the apostle's tomb is as the web of a spider's nest, in which strange and foolish flies are caught. The town is damp, cold, full of arcades, fountains, and scallop-shells; it has a sombre look, owing to the effect of humidity on its granite materials. From the constant rain this holy city is irreverently called *El orinal de España*, therefore everybody carries an umbrella: the peasants add also a stick, for their love of broils is not damped. The wet weather, however, is favourable to vegetable productions, and the clouds drop fatness; in consequence the town is cheap and well supplied with fruit, among which the Urraca pear is delicious. The sea and river fish, especially trout, is excellent. The rivulets Sar and Sarela, better known as the toad-streams, *Los rios de los Sapos*, flow to the N. W. The best streets run parallel to each other, such as *Rua Nueva* and arcaded *Rua del Villar*. The mania of modernising is every day destroying some picturesque remnant of the past.

The hill-girt situation of Santiago is very picturesque: ascend the cathedral tower, taking up the good map of the town by Juan Freyre; walk up to the *Monte de la Almaziza* to the E. near the quarries, and looking over *Santa Clara*, a noble view; saunter also to the *Alameda de Santa Susana*, going out at the *Puerta Fajera*, on to the *Campo de Feria*, and thence to the *Crucero del Grajo*, and if you have time up to the *Monte Pedroso*, some 2000 feet high, from whence the panorama is as extensive as beautiful.

The cathedral, the first object of the

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pilgrim to Compostella, was founded on the site of that destroyed by Al-Mansúr, and was fortified with towers against the Moors and Normans. Gelmirez, the first archbishop, was about 1082 its William of Wickham and real founder. The primitive character has been injured by subsequent alterations built up against the original walls: thus the encased edifice has been preserved from the effects of weather in this damp climate.

The grand façade to the W., *el Mayor* or *el Real*, is placed between two overcharged towers, which terminate in pepper-box cupolas, but which are not unsightly: the entrance is adorned with the statue of Santiago, before which kings are kneeling; although the work looks older from the action of moisture, all this was only raised in 1738, by Fernando Casas y Noboa, whose original designs are to be seen in the cathedral. This churrigueresque façade, the joy and pride of the gaping Gallicians, is called here the *Obradoiro*, the work of gold. To the rt. rise the square towers of the cloister, with pyramidal tops and an upper row of arcaded windows. These grand cloisters, simple and serious in the inside, were built in 1533 by Fonseca, afterwards Archbishop of Toledo; his library was placed in a noble suite of rooms above them: here also are the *oficinas*, or offices of the cathedral; to the l. of the cathedral's portal is the gloomy simple palace of the prelate. On the N. side of this *Plaza Mayor* is the *Hospicio de los Reyes*, the hospital for pilgrims, built for Ferdinand and Isabella, by Henrique de Egas, in 1504, as their offering to Santiago: the founders' portraits are to be seen in the portico. This hospital was then a very necessary establishment, since many infirm persons went purposely to Santiago, in order to die there with comfort, just as the moribund Hindoos flock to Benares, believing that the patron would take them to heaven with him at the resurrection. Compare also Jugannâtha, "the *captain general of the universe*," whose region, consecrated to death, is strewed with pilgrims' bones. Molina mentions, in 1551, that there were seldom less than 200 patients; hardships on journeys, contagious disease, and religious madness peopled these establishments, which, unknown to the ancients, were first founded in 1050 by Godfrey of Bouillon, for the use of pilgrims to Jerusalem.

The hospital is divided into four quadrangles, with a *Retablo* in the centre, so contrived that the patients in the different stories can all see the *sacrifice* of the Mass. The elaborate portal is enriched with saints, pilgrims, chain-work under the cornice, and the badges of Ferdinand and Isabella. Two of the patios have arches and delicate Gothic work; observe a fountain gushing into a tazza from four masks. The chapel is plain, but the portion within the railing is unequalled in Santiago for delicacy and richness of work; the roof springs from four arches with Gothic niches and statues. The other two patios are of later date, and in the Doric style: in the entrance hall are bad portraits of the royal founders.

The vast and handsome *Seminario* which fronts this façade of the cathedral was built by the Archbishop Rasoy in 1777, for the education of priests: in the celibate system of Rome those pupils destined for the altar are instructed apart from the sons of laymen, in order, as at ladies' schools, that they may be brought up in a certain sexual ignorance, which is not always the case. It afterwards became the palace in which the captain-general used to reside and the audiencia sat; now it is partly assigned to the *Ayuntamiento*. To the S. lies *San Jeronimo*, commonly called, from the poverty of its accommodations, *Pan y Sardina*. The front is ancient, but the interior, appropriated to scientific bodies, has little worth notice.

On this *Major plaza* the bull-fights take place, and fireworks are let off on San Juan, June 24, and on Santiago, July 25. Formerly, this city, in spite of the rain, was the Vauxhall of Spain, and saints' days were kept with consecrated crackers, and at every convent, when a member obtained a

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dignity, rockets were let off, starring again this Campus Stellæ, with a St. Peter's *Girandola*, on a small scale; then the spectators crowded together in pious and picturesque groups, and the Protestant pilgrim found it difficult to say which were the best or most numerous, the Roman candles or Catholics; but explosions were naturally thought to please the son of thunder, and blue lights to conciliate the *Luz y Patron* de las Españas. So among the Hindoos (the inventors of superstition) pyrotechnics form a favourite act of devotion, especially to their female goddess Kali. Reform and church appropriation have put out many of these meritorious squibs, but still, money is seldom wanting from pious subscribers. Santiago being a Levitical town, depending on the church for amusement and indulgences, is by no means pleased with the *Progreso*, or march of intellect, which extinguishes her lights; so when the Cortes abolished the Inquisition, and wished to appropriate the church revenues, "it depended," said the Duke, "on the Archbp. of Santiago, whether the N.W. of Spain should rise or not against us, who were supposed to uphold the constitutional changes."

All this complimentary consumption of gunpowder is the *Lab el Barood* of the Moors, and was wisely marshalled into the church service; the young Roman Catholic idea is taught to shoot, and however it may comprehend Roman candles better than legends, agreeable associations are early impressed, as by our 5th of November Guy Faux bonfires.

Leaving the *Plaza Major* by the S.W., observe the now suppressed *Colejio de Fonseca*, founded in 1544 by the Primate of Toledo, and then turn into the *Plateria*, situated at the S. entrance of the cathedral. This is the most ancient front. The *Torre* is one of the original towers into which Gelmirez and Urraca fled from the populace. The mob tried to burn them out—a very Oriental and Spanish custom. Thus Abimelech destroyed those who fled to the tower of their "captain-general" Berith (Judges ix. 52). Formerly the tower was called *Torre de Francia*, as the long street is still *del Franco*. Observe on the *plaza* the gushing fountain, supported by Tritons; ascend the steps, and examine the massive clock-tower, *Torre del Reloj*, one of the original castle defences of the cathedral. The French in those times enriched the shrine, and Louis le Jeune came here in person as a pilgrim; but *La Jeune* France laboured to destroy what her forefathers toiled to create. Marshal Ney sacked the shrine; and when Soult's flight from Oporto caused him to abandon Santiago, May 23, 1809, he carried off, says Toreno, 10 cwt. of sacred vessels of the temple. Colonel Bory St. Vincent, an accomplice, laments (see his *Guide*, 259, and Laborde, iv. 460) that it was so little; alas! says he, the solid silver candelabra were "*plus minces que du billon, et de peu de poids*;" "ce fameux St. Jacques, d'or massif avec des yeux en diamant, était de *vermeil*; et n'avait que des prunelles en pierres fausses." Hannibal of old managed things better than M. Bory: he always first *bored* church plate, and only stole it if found *solid*; he never incurred the odium of sacrilege for a trifle (Cic. de Div. i. 24). The chapter, wise in their generation, had anticipated the intelligent French, and taken in their own pious pilgrims, by imitating their pagan predecessors (see Baruch vi. 10); they converted the solid offerings into dollars *for themselves*, cheating the vulgar eye with tinsel substitutes, just as they foisted empty forms and ceremonies, instead of the spirit and practice of religion. Accordingly, according to M. Bory, "On n'a pas tiré en lingots la somme de cent mille écus, quand *la nécessité* des temps! força d'employer, pour la solde des troupes Françaises de la division du Général Marchand, *le don* qu'en fit le chapitre au corps d'armée du Maréchal Ney." This *necessity* (the old plea by which a certain person excuses his deeds) was the necessary consequence of the Buonaparte maxim, "La guerre doit nourrir la guerre"—the precise Bellum se alet of Portius Cato, who razed the cities and

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razziad the plains of Spain, filling every place "fugâ et terrore" (Livy xxxiv. 9). A portion of the cathedral treasure escaped, because the spoilers feared the hostility of the *plateros*, the silversmiths who live close to the cathedral, and by whom many workmen were employed in making little graven images, teraphims and lares, as well as medallions of Santiago, which pilgrims purchase. Thus Alexander the coppersmith of Ephesus, and Demetrius the silversmith, called together their operatives: "Sirs, ye know that by this *craft* we get our wealth;" and they became the bitter opponents of St. Paul, who preached against image and female worship. Thus the Agrigentines rose against Verres (to whom Toreno compares Soult), when he attempted to steal their golden tutelar Hercules.

The *Plateros* of Santiago, like those at Zaragoza, are loud in the praises of their images, phylacteries, and preservative talismans, and swear that they keep these shops solely for the benefit of their customers' souls; they assert that a silver *Santiago* on horseback is an infallible security against ague and robbers; and certainly as such a *Santito* only costs a few shillings, the insurance is not an unsafe speculation, as it acts like a waterman's protection badge. We appended such a medallion to our *Zamarra*, and travelled hundreds of leagues over every part of Spain, without sickness, sorrow, or ever being robbed except by innkeepers: all which was attributed by an excellent canon of Seville to the special intervention of the "Captain-General of the Spains;" and certain it is that very few Gallician soldiers ever omit to stow away in their *Petos*, or linen gorget waddings, a *Santiagito* and rosary which ought to turn aside bullets and bayonets.

In the *Plaza de los Plateros*, observe a gushing fountain supported on Triton horses. To the left is the *Quintana de los Muertos*, the former cemetery of the canons. The very ancient portal of the cathedral on this side, *La Puerta Santa*, is only opened in the Jubilee year, and by the Primate himself. Observe the details—the cornice columns and arched recesses, with *Santiago* in pilgrim garb, supported by his disciples, *Atanasio* and *Theodoro*. In the open *Patio*, in square niched compartments, are other sainted disciples, all in a row, some of whose heads have been cut off. This is the door by which pilgrims enter. On the E. side of the *Quintana* is the church dedicated to *San Payo*, Pelayo. The altar is said to be the identical one on which Santiago offered, but Morales ('Viage,' 132), having discovered that it was only a Roman tomb, obtained the effacing of the Latin and Pagan inscription, to the indignation of the Gallicians, who contended that D.M.S. *i. e.* Diis manibus sacrum, meant Deo maximo sacrum.

The ground on which the cathedral is built is far from being level on this side, hence the flight of steps; and here yet remains a circular portion of the first building. The fourth and last side opens to the N. on the *Azabacheria*, or *Plaza de San Martin*. The former term is derived from *azabache*, jet (*azzabach* is the Persian *schabah*, signifying "small black beads," or bead-rows), of which vast quantities of rosaries used to be made and sold on this spot to the pilgrims as they entered, just as is done at Jerusalem and in the Great Court of Mecca. The making these chaplets constitutes a lucrative trade in all pilgrim cities. The Spanish monks used to manufacture from the mais-berry their *cuentas*, counters, a term derived from the Moslem *sibhá*, counters, which were also made out of berries, *hab;* the divisions were marked by cuttings of vines, *sarmientos*. The modern Egyptian Mahomedan's chaplet, the *Seb'hhah*, *Soob'hhah*, consists of 99 small beads, with marks of divisions between them (Lane, i. 92). At each of these beads the Moslem repeats an epithet in praise of God, whose name is reserved as a climax for the last and largest. In the jealous worship of One God, the Mahomedan contrasts with the Polytheistic Mariolatrous Spaniard, who, having borrowed the *Rosario* from him, has adapted it to his female worship. Few Spanish women

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ever go to church without this Oriental appendage ; and their devotion is

"To number Ave Marias on their beads."

The Dominicans were the managers and great preachers of its virtues and miraculous properties, the Virgin having given her own chaplet of beads to St. Dominic, which was called a *Rosary*, from the attah perfume it emitted. It is carried in the hand, or tied round the neck, whilst the excellent rope of St. Francis is only worn round the waist. Illiterate devotees, Moors, and Spaniards, find these beads to be a convenient help in the difficult arithmetical operations of counting the "long prayers" and frequent repetitions which Christianity especially condemns, and the Pope and Mahomet especially require, since such mere repetitions have in both creeds an actual saving virtue of themselves, where *forms* have been substituted for spiritual essentials. The *Rosario* ought to contain 150 beads, in which only one *Paternoster*, one Lord's prayer, is allowed for every ten *Ave-Marias;* "but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" The prayers are divided by certain breaks in the string. Santiago, and Seville (see p. 194), were the great cities of the Rosario. The peculiar chaunt reappears here, but the hymn sounds harshly, when sung by sore-throated Gallicians, who *howl* in their catch-cold climate as *barbarously* as in the days of their ancestors: Barbara nunc patriis ululantem carmina linguis (Sil. Ital. iii. 346). Folios have been written by Spanish theologians on the saving merits of the Rosario.

The second name of this N. *plaza, de San Martin*, bears reference to the enormous Benedictine convent dedicated to that saint, founded July 26, 912, by King Ordoño II. St. Martin ranks here next to Santiago himself, and as among mortal captain-generals, he is the *Secundo Cabo de la Provincia;* so in the ancient Iberian superstitions, their tutelar god of war, Bandua, had his associate lieutenant (see Inscrip. 86, Masdeu v.). Deo *Vexillo* Martis socio Banduæ.

San Martin, if the whole of Christendom were polled, would be found to be more universally worshipped than Santiago, whose influence is a thing of local isolated Spain; for where, indeed, is there a city in Europe without its Saint Martin? He was the great raiser of convents in the fourth century, whose monks naturally elevated shrines to their champion and benefactor; thus the first Christian church built in England was dedicated to him. As he was the great iconoclast, and destroyer of graven images and idols of the Pagan, how he would now be pained could he revisit Santiago and the Peninsula, where more statues are now erected to his own worship when dead, than ever he brake down while alive. Tours, in France, is his real headquarters where the mere exhibition of his relics scared away the Normans. The modern term chapel has been derived by Ducange from the small chamber in which his cope or cloak was adored (Capa, Capilla); for when alive he had divided it in order to cover a naked beggar, and this is the especial action in which he is usually painted and carved by Spaniards, and with reason, since no nation can better appreciate this act of charity than the *gens togata* of modern times, although none is less likely to follow the example, even were a lady in the case—*Da mihi et beatæ Martinæ.*

This ancient convent has been almost entirely modernized on an enormous scale; a portion hangs over a ravine; the back has a fine garden, and commands noble views from its magnificent long corridor upstairs. Formerly it was one of the most wealthy of the Benedictine establishments, now it is a barrack. The heavy modern Doric entrance was raised by Casas y Noboa, in 1738. The grand patio was rebuilt in 1636, and finished at the tasteless period of 1743. Observe the handsome fountain with three falls and satyrs' heads. The interior of this once most wealthy convent is commensurate with the exterior, as one corridor is 205 paces long. The library *was* superb, as the Benedictines were a learned order, and promoters of schools and antiquarian

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research. The chapel, now a parish church, is in bad taste, with a heavy tesselated trunk-headed roof. In the *retablo*, of vilest churrigueresque, Santiago and San Martin ride together in a fricassee of gilt gingerbread. The pulpits are composed of rich marbles: the circular *sacristia* is fine. The convent itself, since the suppression, has fallen away sadly, and has been used as a barrack, a granary, &c. The back portion, commands fine views from its noble corridor. From the *Azabacheria* to the opposite *Plaza Major* there is an arched communication under the archbishop's palace.

Now enter the cathedral from the *Azabacheria*, first looking at the modern encasement, the Doric and Corinthian tiers, and heavy pediment, supported by caryatides of Moorish slaves, with Santiago above dressed as a pilgrim, erected in 1765 by one Domingo Antonio Luis Monteagudo, a Gallician, *i. e.* a Bœotian builder. The original façade had been previously tampered with by one *Sarela*, a worthy who ought to have been cast into his name-sake's river hard by.

The interior is purposely kept somewhat dark, to increase the effect of the illuminations at the high altar, thus rendering the image of the apostle the emphatic feature. The cathedral forms a beautiful Latin cross, of which the lateral chapels do not injure the general effect. The naves are narrow in proportion to their height and length, the central being the highest. The light and elegant piers contrast with the enormous thickness of the outer walls. Low galleries are carried round the *coro*, and above, with an open arcade of double-rounded arches. The two original transept ends of the ancient cathedral are preserved: the new fronts built outside them add to the strange effect. The dark side aisles, which almost look like *corridors*, are filled with confessional boxes, dedicated to different saints; while on those destined for foreign pilgrims are inscribed the languages which the priest in them used to understand when strangers came from all countries: but now the *Gallego* confessors can only speak strange tongues, "comme des vaches Espagnoles." *Polyglot* confessionals are in like manner provided at St. Peter's by his Holiness, *El vivo Oraculo*, as was done at the pilgrim shrine at Delos, where hymns were composed in all languages—παντων δ' ανθρωπων φωνας (Hom. 'Hym. Apol,' 162).

Near the *Capilla de los Reyes* is the grand confessional, in which the *penitenciario* alone may sit; this great dignitary is excused attendance in *coro*: his sentry-box, inscribed "Tabula post Naufragium," is frequented by select sinners, as drowning men catch at straws. To him alone the clergy, and men of rank and rankest crimes confessed, and he had proportionate powers of absolution, since his capacious ears were the *cloaca maxima* of offences not to be named to minor auriculars. He pardoned, through the merits and intercession of Santiago, *les forfaits, que le courroux des dieux ne pardonne jamais.* Nor were those who had come so far used harshly; the natural interest of the chapter to attract rich sinners, rendered them indulgent, and the previous grades of ordinary repentance—to wit, *Contricion*, the sorrow for having sinned, because it is offensive to God; and *Atricion*, the sorrow for having sinned, because of fear of punishment—are assumed by the *ipsum factum* of pilgrimage. The present confessors may disappoint most readers of Mrs. Radcliffe; they have little of the unearthly Schidoni scowl which rends the soul; they are mostly fat and well-fed, with a bored look, especially after listening to some garrulous old woman twaddling about her tiresome peccadillos, with the pleasing prospect of squatting coveys of more of them waiting their turn like patients at a gratis doctor's door.

Spanish confessors, like hospital nurses, get callous, and like their sangrados, sometimes doubt the efficacy of their own remedies. The desire to confess, and the belief in the magical effect produced by a tap of a white wand and in the power of the keys by which the penitent is absolved, diminishes daily among *male* Spaniards,

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who would gladly see their wives and womankind rescued from this abominable cross-examination, by which the priest pries into the innermost arcana of every family, and can apply a moral strain to the weaker sex, who seldom keep any secret except that of their own age.

The confessional is a most awful police and inquisition, from whose polluting scrutiny few Spanish women are safe. "The strictest delicacy," says Blanco White (Letter 3), "is inadequate fully to oppose its demoralizing tendency; without the slightest responsibility, and not unfrequently in the conscientious discharge of what he believes to be his duty, the confessor conveys to the female mind the first foul breath which dims its virgin purity." That author, who knew the whole truth, did not dare to continue the subject; the sort of questioning may be seen in *Sanchez de Matrimonio*, or in any of the *Promtuarios*, sold for the use of young confessors, to which Dr. Dens and his filth is untrodden snow. But like surgery books they revel in disease and nastiness, and mince no matters, having to *cure* the patient, if they can; but the real harvest of the confessor is the death-bed of a rich sinner.

In former times *to confess* was absolutely necessary in order to obtain the benefits of the Apostle, and to convey information on this *opus operandum* was the object of the mediæval Guides. Thus, in the earliest English *Handbook for Spain*,* details fuller than ours are given of the power of "Confessourez," confessors, to absolve and name penance, and to "assoyle thee of all thinge," which was particularly to be had on the north side, where "there is pardon and much faire grace" to be had for a consideration.

The holy image of Santiago is still placed, as it was when Al-Mansúr arrived here, on the high, and here on an isolated altar, as was usual in all ancient Asturian Gotho-Spanish churches. His body, according to the priests, *lies* below, built into the foundations. The base of the tabernacle is composed of richly polished marbles, enclosed by gilt pillars, adorned with foliage and grapes; but the sentiment of antiquity and veneration is marred by the abominable, immense, and lofty canopy, or baldaquino, which is reared above and behind the image, instead of the usual *rétablo;* this *Hojarasca*, carved and gilt in the worst *churriguerismo*, is a mixture of the rococo, classical, and Salominic styles, while the heavy supporting angels savour of anything except heaven. The image was graven in 1188, by *el Maestro* Mateo, for Archbishop Gelmirez. In his left hand he holds the *bordon*, or pilgrim's staff, with a gilt gourd or calapash, *calabaza*, fastened to it; so there he is, cum baculo perâque (Mart. iv. 53) of the derided cynics. This identical staff preserved in the *reja del coro*, is encased in *iron*, piously spared by M. Ney. A portion is exposed for the benefit of true believers, who gain infinite indulgences. In the image's right is a label inscribed, "Hic est corpus Divi Jacobi Apostoli et Hispaniarum Patroni." The face of this fetish is painted; the expression is chubby and commonplace, with a bottle-nose and small twinkling eyes, more like a pursy minor canon than a captain-general, a destroyer of 60,000 Moors at one time, and one of the sons of Thunder, Boanerges. But the idols of rude people preceded fine art, and in time obtained a conventional sanctity independent of form; nay, when beauty and grace were substituted, the stern deep religious sentiment was lost. Reverence was then merged in artistical admiration, and the altars, as at Rome, were visited as picture-galleries, and the siren beauty seduced the pilgrim and anchorite. Thus, when Leo X. succumbed to the fair sin (for the cinque-cento, or *resurrection* of the antique, was almost the *renaissance* both of Pagan creed and art), the severe majesty of insulted religion avenged herself in the iconoclastic Reformation. Remark the singular hood worn

* See Purchas' 'Pilgrimes,' ii. 1230. The metrical guide entitled 'The Way from the Lond of Engelond unto Sent Jamez in Galiz;' was written in the 13th or 14th century.

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by the image, the *Esclavina* (cope, cape, *pluviale*), which resembles those worn by policemen in London, and by Cardinals at Rome. It indeed is also called *dengue*, from a sort of mantilla worn by women, or a modern "*cardinal*." It originally was made of gold, which M. Ney was "obligated" to melt, thinking, like Dionisius when he stole the golden mantle of Jupiter, that a woollen hood would be more comfortable in this damp Gallicia. The present *Esclavina* is studded with cannons! and *shells*, both scallop, *veneras*, and projectiles, *bombas*. Mass can only be said before this image by bishops, or by canons of a dignity called *cardenales*, of whom seven assisted on grand occasions. The altar is then decorated with the exquisite silver custodia by Antonio d'Arphe, 1544, and with the small gilt figure of Santiago, whose glory, *aureola*, is composed of rubies and emeralds. The greater part of the silver lamps were carried off, in 1809, as pious memorials of the Apostle by M. Ney's pilgrims; but under the *cimborio* or noble cupola dome, still hangs the large incensario, which is swung backwards and forwards by an iron chain, filling the *crucero* with perfumed wreaths. The tabernacle is also cased with silver.

The grand ceremonial to be performed by the well-disposed pilgrim is after this wise: the newly-arrived ascends some steps behind the image, places his hands on the shoulders, and kisses the hood. This osculation is essential, and is called *el fin del Romaje*, the end, the object of the pilgrimage. Thus Baal was kissed (1 Kings xix. 18; thus the ancients of Agrigentum kissed their idol Hercules (Cic. in Ver. iv. 43); so at Rome an old Jupiter, with a new head of St. Peter, is kissed; so at Mecca a Moslem Hadji kisses the black stone in the Kaaba. All the world kisses; some the toe, some the shoulders, for the part kissed is a matter of local convention. The pilgrim next proceeds to one of the "confessourez," and confesses; then he is "assoyled," communicates, and receives his certificate, or, as it is called, his "*compostella*." This is a printed Latin document, signed by the canon, "Fabricæ administrador," which certifies that he has complied with all the devotional ceremonies necessary to constitute a *romero*, a real pilgrim. This *compostella* was often deposited with the family title-deeds as a voucher of the visit, as otherwise lands under certain entails could not be inherited.

The *silleria del coro* was carved with holy subjects in 1606 by Gregorio Español; the two bronze *ambones*, or pulpits, on each side of the *reja* of the high altar, are masterpieces of cinquecento art, by Juan Bautista Celma, 1563. Observe the six exquisite gilt alto-relievos, carved with mermaids, battles, and holy subjects. There is not much other fine art in this cathedral. The pictures of St. Peter and St. Andrew are by Juan Antonio Bauzas, a Gallician imitator of Luca Giordano, his master.

Behind the apostle's image is a small room which contains what church plate escaped the pillagers. Observe two very ancient gilt *pixes*, a Saviour seated under a Gothic niche with two angels, and some ewers and basins in the shape of scallops. Next visit the *Relicario*, in which are many exquisitely wrought shrines and goldsmith work, containing relics, which are detailed in printed catalogues in Latin, Spanish, and French, given here gratis, and as they are compiled "by authority," no pilgrim should omit to bring one home for his muniment room; and the more as "eighty days' indulgence" for one Paternoster and Ave-Maria repeated *delante de esta imagen*, are also added and also gratis by the grace of the Archbishop. The relics are pointed out by a priest with a long stick, who goes through the marvels with the rote and apathy of a wearied showman. Formerly there were *lenguageros*, linguists, who explained what he said in all the tongues of the earth. Mellado, in his Guide, 1846, calls attention to some milk of the Virgin, quite fresh and white; to a thorn of the crown which turns red every Good Friday. Notice sundry parcels of the 11,000 Virgins, and a mighty molar of

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San Cristobal. Many, although disbelieving in Budha's double-tooth, are much struck with a smaller one of Santiago himself, the gift of Gaufridus Coquatriz. This *Relicario* is also called *la Capilla de los Reyes*, in which the royal tablets have been barbarously modernised. Some of the sepulchral statues are of remote antiquity, *e.g.* Don Ramon, husband of Urraca, era 1126; Fernandus II., era 1226; Berenguela, era 1187; Alonso IX. of Leon, 1268; Juana de Castro, 1412. The enamelled tombs of San Cucufato and Fructuoso are curious, so are the *relicarios*. The rich chased crucifix, which contains a portion of the real cross, is one of the oldest authentic pieces of Christian plate existing. This gilt filigree work, studded with uncut jewels, is inscribed, "Hoc opus perfectum est in era ix et duodecima. Hoc signo vincitur inimicus, hoc signo tuetur pius; hoc offerunt famuli Dei Adefonsus princeps et conjux." It was therefore made about 874; the figure of the Christ on it is more modern. Here are two chandeliers of gilt arabesque, studded with jewels and bassi-relievi, said to have been of the Rey Chico, and taken in 1492 in the Alhambra, but they are of the date 1673. The *Tesoro*, upstairs, has a fine *artesonado* roof. Here is the *urna*, the silver sarcophagus, with the star above, in which the host is deposited on Good Friday, when it is placed in a beautiful viril, made in 1702 by Figueroa, of Salamanca.

One of the ancient entrances to the transept, *el Portico*, remains, having been encased by a modern facing, and deserves close inspection; it consists of three arches: in the centre is *La Gloria*, or Paradise, with the Saviour surrounded by angels and saints, with prophets on the pillars. The small arch to the r. is called *El Infierno*, the Hell, from the appropriate subjects. Observe the musicians, and their costume and instruments, such curious reminiscences of the past. All was designed and mostly erected by el Maestro Mateo, who is named in an inscription bearing date era 1226, A.D. 1188. Of the chapels one of the most interesting is that behind the high altar, which is dedicated to La Virgen del *Pilar*, in memorial of her descent from heaven on a *pillar*, when she paid a visit to Santiago at Zaragoza. Observe the jaspers and precious marbles, and the elaborate *retablo*. The founder, Antonio Monroy, 1725, a rich Mexican prelate, is buried here: the head of the fine old kneeling man is admirable. The *Capilla del Rey de Francia* retains a delicate white and gold Berruguete *retablo*; otherwise the ancient tombs and screens in the cathedral have been sadly modernised and concealed, and many ancient sepulchres swept away: take the *Capilla del Espiritu Santo* as a specimen; observe the recumbent effigy of Didacus de Castilla: the traveller may also look at the *Virgen de las Angustias*, in the *trascoro*, and on leaving the cathedral visit *la Cortesela*, or parish church, which, as usual, is a separate building. It is a fine specimen of early style, with three naves, roundheaded arches, and absises, but has recently been abominably repainted in a style, says Captain Widdrington, fit for the green-room of a provincial theatre. The cloisters also well deserve a visit. Consult '*Manual del Viajero en la Catedral de Santiago*,' 8vo. Mad. 1847.

The university of Santiago, founded in 1532 by the Archb. Fonseca, is much frequented, as the minor colleges have been suppressed and incorporated into it. The building is heavy, with an Ionic portal, but the simple Doric patio is better. The library is a fine room, and well provided with books, not indeed of much value, being the sweepings of convents: here, however, are several French works, and Cobbett's parliamentary debates, in truly Britannic half-russia, contrasting with the vellums of Spain, as our rubicund soldiers at Gibraltar do with the sallow-faced Spaniards at the Lines. The once splendid convents of Santiago are in a desecrated, half-ruined, and untenanted condition; visit, however, that of *San Francisco*, as the chapel, which has been converted into a parish church, is fine, and has a good roof: behind the altar is a portrait of a *Monroy*, a former

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benefactor. The cloisters of the half-destroyed *San Ayustin* deserve notice, and the square belfry of *Santo Domingo*. Among the parish churches, that of *San Felix de Solorio* is the work of Martin Paris, 1316, but it has been much modernised. In *Las Animas*, a building of remote foundation, is some good painted sculpture, principally representing our Saviour's Passion, by one Prado.

The public walk called *El Gran Campo de Santa Susana*, is charming. The trees, &c., were destroyed in 1823 by the Royalists, because planted by their opponents the Constitutionalists, who, for the reciprocal reason, had before *beheaded* a statue in the *Plaza del Toral*. *Cosas de España*, where revenge extends to persons and their things.

The artist and naturalist will of course go to the market on the *Plaza del Pan*, to study natural history and costume. The women are clad in white or striped linen, which they throw over their heads for mantillas, exhibiting their dark *sayas*. The men wear a singular helmet-shaped *montera* (the *mitra cristata* of their forefathers), which is worked in many-coloured cloths by their *queridas*. Sunday, as is usual in Gallicia, is the great market-day; then, after mass, the peasants enjoy their dances and bagpipes, the *Gaita Gallega*, put on their best costume, and play at single-stick. Consult '*Monografia de Santiago*,' Anto. N. de Mosquera, 4to. 1850.

ROUTE 87.—SANTIAGO TO CAPE FINISTERRE.

Puente Maceira . .	3	
Buen Jesus	4 ..	7
Corcubion	3½ ..	10½
Finisterre	2 ..	12½

On this picturesque riding excursion attend to the provend; take a local guide and some sort of introduction to *Corcubion*, for the people are as savage as their country. The readers of Borrow's 'Bible in Spain' will remember his hair-breadth escape from being shot for Don Carlos, just as Lord Carnarvon was nearly put to death in the same districts for Don Miguel; Capt. Widdrington also was arrested in these parts on suspicion of being an agent of Espartero. But no absurdity is too great for the petty local "Dogberries" in Spain, who rarely deviate into sense; and when their fears or suspicions are roused, they are as deaf alike to the dictates of common sense or humanity as are any Berbers. All classes, in regard to strangers, generally take some absurd notions into their heads; and, instead of fairly and reasonably endeavouring to arrive at the truth, they pervert every innocent word, and twist every action, to suit their own preconceived nonsense, and trifles become to their jealous minds proofs as strong as holy writ. Mr. Borrow was luckily delivered by the alcalde of Corcubion, who, if alive, must be a phœnix worth pointing out in any Handbook, as he was a reader of the "gran Baintham," *i.e.* our illustrious Jeremy Bentham, to whom the Spanish reformers sent for a paper *constitution*, not having a very clear conception of the meaning of the word.

Corcubion, its sheltered bay and rich valley, are well described by Basil Hall, who was there before the Benthamite man was in office. In April, 1809, the Endymion frigate was sent to assist the patriots. The swagger, cowardice, and imbecility of the Junta are truly recorded by him. They however, were only a sample of every other such congregation in the Peninsula. As soon as Ney's troops appeared, the Junta took to their heels. Then the unresisting inhabitants were butchered, the houses burnt, and the women ravished as a matter of course.

Corcubion, pop. about 1000, is a poor fishing-town under a slope of the *Entorde*, on a charming *ria*; the port was defended by two now dismantled forts. *La Nave* and the noble Cape, *El Cabo*, which is seen in all its glory from *El Pindo*, rise grandly at this, the western end of the old world—the Promontorium Nerium, *Finisterræ*. This Land's End was the district of the Arotebræ, Artabri, a word some fanciful Celtic etymologists interpret as *Ar-ot-aber*, a "hanging over the sea." This ironbound coast and fierce sea, delightful to poets and painters, but

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fatal to frail barks, is the fear of mariners. Here, Feb. 24, 1846, the *Great Liverpool* was lost on the shoals of *Guros*, 1½ L. from *Corcubion*. The natives plundered the wreck like ravenous wolves, and the passengers were pillaged by even the *carabineros*, the Spanish *protective* service, sent to guard them ('Times,' March 9, 1846).

On these waters, May 3, 1747, Anson gave the combined East and West Indian French squadrons under La Jonquière, the Nelsonic touch, that is. took *all* the six line-of-battle ships and four armed Indiamen. Then the captain of the *Invincible* (a name foreigners like to give to their armadas), when delivering up his sword, said to Anson, "Vous avez vaincu *l'Invincible*, et *la Gloire* (another of the prizes) vous suit."

Here again, Nov. 4, 1805, Sir Richard Strachan caught and captured the four runaways from Trafalgar. The Admiral, Dumanoir, the first to fly on the former occasion, being now the first to strike his flag, see p. 146.

Here before, on the previous July 22, Sir Robert Calder, with only 15 sail of the line, had attacked Villeneuve commanding 21, and captured two; a thick fog came on, which, according to M. Thiers, prevented the completeness of the *French* victory; for they claim this as theirs; meantime these victors escaped into El Ferrol, from whence they sailed to be settled by the "elements" again at Trafalgar. The English, a "shopkeeper nation," but in the habit of doing wholesale business in the *nautical* line, almost felt so limited a success to be a reverse; they could not understand how 17 of their ships could have failed in taking at least half of the 26 French, and the gallant Calder was brought to a court-martial for the incompleteness of his victory. His defence, however, was unanswerable; and Nelson, just to a brave man, like the Duke to Moore, manfully asserted, "that he, with so *small* a force, might not have done so much."

Buonaparte received the news of this naval triumph with infinite discontent, as it entirely deranged his invasion and conquest of England, since Villenueve by his *victory*, was forced to sail south instead of north, and thus failed in being master of the British Channel. The summing up of the 'Vict. et Conq.' (xvi. 143) is characteristic: "Ainsi, par une bizarrerie que nous ne chercherons pas à expliquer, l'amiral Français, après avoir eté réellement vainqueur dans l'action du 22, laissait entre les mains de son adversaire le gage de la victoire, deux bâtimens qui allaient être considérée comme la preuve matérielle que 15 vaisseaux Anglais en avoient battu 20 Français et Espagnols"—say rather 17 English having beaten 26 French.

Those going into the Asturias, may make a pleasant circuit before leaving this corner of Gallicia.

ROUTE 88.—SANTIAGO TO LUGO.

Al Padron	4		
Caldas del Rey	3	..	7
Pontevedra	2	..	9
Puente San Payo	1	..	10
Redondela	4	..	14
Vigo	2	..	16
Porriño	2	..	18
Tuy	2	..	20
Codesas	2	..	22
Tranqueria	2	..	24
Rivadavia	3	..	27
Orense	4	..	31
Readago	1¼	..	32¼
Chamada	3¼	..	36
Taboada	2	..	38
Naron	2¼	..	40¼
Lugo	4	..	44¼

The descent from Santiago is long and monotonous. At 2½ L. towards the bottom of the valley is a church of the Virgin, *Nuestra Señora de la Esclavitud*, formerly a sanctuary for every kind of criminals, who have testified their gratitude to their patroness by numerous votive offerings. These clerical asylums of crime, by which justice was so often defeated, and once so common in Spain, although now shivered by the explosion of public opinion, were in times of violence a sort of rude equity, which even armed power respected: the grand festival on the 8th of September is kept by the peasantry. Higher up is the *Pico Sagro*, a conical hill of crystallized quartz; its *holy* epithet is simply a translation of the old Galli-

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can *Mons Sacer* described by Justin (xliv. 3); the country, abounding in maize and fruit, up to *San Juan de Coba* is extremely picturesque. *El Padron* —el patron, the patron—is built on the ancient Iria Flavia, a name still retained in the *Colegiata de Santa Maria*, which ranks as a cathedral to Compostella, being in fact of earlier foundation. This town, pop. 3500, is situated on the Sar, which soon flows into the Ulla; a stone bridge divides *El Padron* from Dodro and Lestrobe. Easter Monday is the local holyday and cattle fair. *El Padron*, being the spot at which the body of Santiago landed itself, was formerly an important pilgrim city, to which the *romeros* came after having first visited *Compostella;* Morales, '*Viage*,' p. 137, details their proceedings; first they visited the church of Santiago, kissed the image over the high altar, and then walked round and kissed the stone, the pedestal of a Roman statue, to which the self-navigated boat moored itself—a miracle the town bears on its shield for arms; then, having visited the marble slab, on which the body reposed after its voyage, they lastly ascended the *Montaña*, to a hermitage built on the spot where St. James preached; next they drank and performed their ablutions from a stream which gushes out beneath the altar; after which they ascended on their knees to the rocks which St. James pierced with his staff, in order to escape from the pursuing Gentiles; over two of the holes or *agujeros* the devout stretched their bodies, and those not over corpulent crept through.

The Ullah, with its tributaries the Pambre, Furelos, Arnego, Deza, and Sar, abounding with fish, is crossed at the bridge, *El Puente de Cesures*, Pons Cæsaris, which was built on Roman foundation, in 1161, by *el Maestro Mateo*, for the passage of pilgrims from Portugal; the tide flows up to it and brings up small craft.

Thence to *Caldas de Reyes* (Calidas) the warm mineral baths (the season from July 1 to Sept. 30). The temperature of the odourless and tasteless waters is about 32° Réaumur. Their effect in softening the skin is marvellous. The bath is of granite, with a partition. Thus about five men and five women can bathe and talk to each other at the same time. About 1 L. up the river are the *Caldas de Cuntis*, warm hydro-sulphuric baths, which also benefit the cutis. The accommodations are indecent, but much frequented.

The country continues to be rich, but the poverty-stricken peasantry have a truly Irish-pauper look. The rude carts laden with maize, and in make everything that a cart ought *not* to be, creep along to the music of drony bagpipes, or of creaking solid wheels. Crossing a ridge, the ancient walled town *Pontevedra*, Pons vetus, with its long bridge, rises on a peninsular slope overhanging its picturesque and piscatose *ria* and the estuary of the Lerez. It is a granite-built, arcaded, and nice town. Pop. under 5000. *Parador Nuevo, calle Pasentera.* In the upper part of the town is a modern church, which is seen from afar, like the Superga near Turin. Farther on is a convent of Augustines, gutted by the invaders, and now a picturesque ivy-clad ruin. Adjoining is the *alameda*, with its charming views of the *ria* and the environs, studded with villas, farms, and woodlands. The ruined old *Palacio de los Churruchaos* of the 13th century, with its battlements and tower, deserves notice before it is quite pulled down. This palatial fortress was taken from its former lords and ceded to the archbishops, as a penalty for these nobles having murdered the primate Don Suero de Toledo, by order of Pedro the Cruel. The herald may notice the many armorial shields over the portals of old houses. The artist will sketch the arcaded *Plaza de Teucro*, where the natives twaddle about Teucer, and observe also the early Gothic in *Sª. Clara*, and the figures carved on the cornice near the W. entrance. In the massy old Franciscan convent on the *Plaza de la Herreria* the invaders took refuge after their defeat in 1809. Observe in the chapel to the l. of the

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high altar the tomb of the Admiral Payo Charino, 1304. The Pontevedrans are good haters, and love their neighbours of Vigo about as much as the men of Santiago do their brethren at La Coruña. The Gallicians, during the war, so detested the Asturians, that their respective juntas would not even meet each other to devise plans of self-defence against the common foe; not a man of either province ever marched to assist the other in the hour of danger. Neither the cold nor the damp of the climate could repress the fierce fires of local hatreds, nor could all the stars of the *Campus stellæ* enlighten them on the folly and weakness of divisions. They unite, however, in love of religious melodramas. Thus on the 5th of October, 1845, the ancient ceremony of blessing the sea, to make it propitious to merchants, mariners, and fishermen, takes place at *Marin*, to the S. of the *ria*; the principal priest of the district goes out more than a league to sea accompanied by all the images and relics of saints collected from the surrounding churches, and nearly a thousand gaily decorated boats. The *Velada* or *Ruada de la Romeria de la Peregrina* attracts, Aug. 8, a multitude of pious peasants, who enjoy much nocturnal music, squibs, genuflections, &c. Consult the '*Historia de Pontevedra*,' Claudio Gonzalez de Zuñiga, Pontevedra, 4to., 1846.

There is a direct route from *Pontevedra* to *Orense*, 15 L., by which *Tuy* is avoided. The grand Cistertian convent of *Acibeiro* to the l. after leaving *Cerdedo* (4 L.), and before crossing the ridge of hills, lies in its lovely valley near the source of the *Lerez*, under the heights of the wild wolf-infested *Candan Sierra*. The founder was Alonso VII. A.D. 1135: the tombs of Pedro Martinez and the Abbot Gonzalo still remain.

The ride, some 20 miles, from *Pontevedra* to *Redondela* is through one continued garden of corn, maize, vines, and flax, with charming views of the *ria* of *Vigo* to the r. Soon we pass the long narrow bridge *de San Payo*, famous for oysters and for the complete defeat which Ney, commanding 7000 men, received, June 7, 1809, from some rude peasants, backed by the English marines, under Captain M'Kinley, and a handful of Moore's stragglers, who did the work, although Spaniards now claim all the honour. This mishap is explained away by the French, as resulting from the misunderstanding between Ney and Soult; as if *Le Brave des Braves* would have allowed himself to be beaten to oblige a hated rival. Ney being a first-rate soldier probably saw the military mistake of remaining in Gallicia, as this remote corner was open to English attack from the sea, and offered strong mountain positions inland for Spaniards to hem in an invader.

A good deal of the stolen church plate, &c. was recovered in the captured baggage of the invaders, but so disproportionate to the quantity known to have been taken, that a notion exists in these parts that much of it is buried; hence the wild treasure-hunting speculations. In Dec. 1843 another exhibition of avarice and credulity was publicly made by the authorities in the vain search of some of Ney's deposits, guided by a common French soldier, a former accomplice. All this is very Oriental and classical. Thus the Punic Bassus took in the respectable Nero, by *promising* to find treasure hidden by Dido, which he did *not* (Tac. '*An.*' xvi. 1). Bait the trap well, and universal Spain is caught, from the finance minister downwards, for all are dreaming of Aladdin discoveries. *Oh si urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monstret!* No doubt much coin is buried in the Peninsula, since the country has so often been invaded and torn by civil wars, and there never has been much confidence between Spaniard and Spaniard; accordingly the only sure, although unproductive, investment for those who had money, was the possession of gold or silver, and the only resource to preserve that, was to hide it.

The exquisite scenery continues to *Redondela* placed in the fat of the land under a most delicious climate, and

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long famous in song for its well fed priests—

> *" El abad de Redondela*
> *Come si la mejor cena."*

The town, divided by its river, and connected by a bridge, stands on the lake-like *ria* of Vigo, which now opens to the S.W., and forms one of the finest bays in this indented coast: deep and sheltered it is navigable for vessels of 500 tons burden for 16 miles from the sea. It is secured from the fierce Atlantic by a natural breakwater, the isolated *Cies*, *ciccas* (the *Siccas* of Pliny). They are called also *las Islas de Bayona*.* There are passages into the *ria* outside the Cies, and one between them, called *la Porta*, the gate. These were the islands which the Duke, always prescient, wished to fortify, in order to have a strong point in Gallicia to fall back on in case of reverse; but the suspicious Junta of Cadiz refused permission (Toreno, xiii.), exactly as they had done in regard to their own port, which in their hour of need and incapacity of self-defence they subsequently begged the Duke to garrison and defend. Here, on a rocky islet about 8 miles from Vigo, in an inner bay, is the *Lazareto*, the only one on the coast, where a ship coming from America or the West Indies must do quarantine. This inconvenient miserable Lazarhouse is of itself enough to breed a plague; as usual in Spain the badness of the accommodation is commensurate with the heavy charges. It is jobbed by the governor. Too many Spaniards are interested in the quarantine system ever to allow this lucrative but infamous system to be abolished.

Vigo, Vico Spacorum, sparkles on a bend of the bay; this most ancient port was much injured by the establishment at El Ferrol, and the towns abhor each other. Now Vigo is reviving, and is the point where the Peninsular steamers touch when going up and down the coast. They generally arrive here from England in four days. Travellers will meet with every civility from Don Alesandro Menendez, nephew to the late British consul. *Vigo* as a place of residence for invalids is unequalled on this coast. It lies in a bosom of beauty and plenty, favoured alike by the elements, earth, air, and sea. It teems with flowers and fruit, with corn, wine, and oil. Pop. about 5400. The Posadas of *La Viscaina*, or the plaza, and the *Leon d' Oro* on the Mercado, and *La Allianza*, are comfortable. *Vigo* retains its old walls and gates, its narrow and steep streets, its fish-fag suburbs, craft, and costume delightful to the artist; it has a theatre, a pleasant alameda by the *Puerta del Placer*, and a good port, sheltered by the heights behind, which are crowned with the castles *San Sebastian* and *del Castro*. The view from the latter is superb. The modern church, although unfinished and unadorned, is a simple architectural temple, with a double row of noble columns supporting the arched nave. Consult '*Descripcion de Vigo*,' Dr. Nicolas Taboada, Santiago, 1840.

This port has often felt the English. Drake was here in 1585 and 1589, singeing the King of Spain's whiskers, until his name alone scared the whole coast. He thus set an example to the Duke of Ormond, Rooke, and Stanhope, who, returning from their failures at Barcelona and Cadiz, heard that the French fleet and the Spanish Plate galleons had arrived; the bullion was still on board, not having been landed in consequence of remonstrances from the selfish Cadiz authorities, whose port alone had the privilege to import silver; thereupon the English, Oct. 22 (N.S.), with only 25 ships, sailed into the bay, wisely attacked instanter, and in spite of the batteries armed with 20,000 men, in "two hours," destroyed the enemy, taking 6 French and 5 Spanish ships, and burning and sinking 12 of the former and 8 of the latter (see '*Impartial Account*,' 4to. London, 1703, printed for R. Gibson). Count Chateau Renaud, with his French convoys, fled in the middle of

* *Bayona* itself lies 4 L. of bad road from Vigo, about half way to the mouth of the Miño. It is very ancient, was sacked by the Normans, and is alluded to by Milton in 'Lycidas:' "Namanco's and Bayona's hold." Bay-on-a is said to signify the "good bay."

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the action, leaving his allies in the lurch like Dumanoir at Trafalgar. The English victory was complete, and the hostile fleets were destroyed. Now, according to our ingenious neighbours, this Chateau Renaud is a naval hero, and his modest epitaph ran thus:—

"C'y gît le plus sage des Héros:
Il vanquit sur la terre, il vanquit sur les eaux."

He died, at all events, immensely rich; and therefore it is conjectured, that *all* the Spanish treasures were not lost and sunk in Vigo bay. Rooke, who fluttered this invincible, died poor, and his will records the reason:—"I do not leave much, but what I do leave was honestly gotten: it never cost a sailor a tear, or the nation a farthing." Like the Roman of old, "gloriam *ingentem*, divitias *honestas* volebat" (Sall. 'B.C.' 7). The bulk of the treasure *was said* to have been cast into the sea; at all events much money has since been thrown after it in idle diving speculations; but Gallicia is the land for treasure-seeking, whether under earth or water. The losses sustained at Vigo nearly ruined Philip V., as those at Cadiz had so sorely crippled Philip II. The place was again attacked and almost destroyed, Oct. 11, 1719, by Lord Cobham.

Vigo, Feb. 1809, surrendered at once to a bold charge of gallant French dragoons under Franceschi; but the town was retaken, March 27, by a motley band under a priest, the *Abbad de Valladares* (for in Gallicia the *curas* are still called abbots, as they once were all over Spain). Then the since notorious Pablo Morillo was created at once a colonel, because the French would not treat with peasants. This man, ignorant of the rudiments of war, accepted from Chalot a sort of contra-convention of Cintra, by which the enemy with all their spoil would have been transported to France; but Captain M'Kinley, who was blockading Vigo with the "Lively" and "Venus" frigates, again did the real work, demurred, and 1300 Frenchmen were made prisoners, with some of the pillage taken from the Escorial by La Houssaye (Southey, xix.). The uninteresting mule-track from *Vigo* to *Tuy* joins the Santiago high road at *el Porriño*, a village of shoemakers, from whence a new road is carried to *Vigo*.

TUY, *Tude ad fines*, was founded, *se dice*, by Ætolian Diomede, the son of Tydeus (Sil. Ital. iii. 367); and (Morales, '*Viage*,' 145) here discovered a Greek altar and a Greek sculpture of some wrestlers. The Gothic king Witiza in 700 made Tuy his residence and court; destroyed by the Moors in 716, the site was recovered in 740 by Alonso el Catolico, and the old town rebuilt in 915 by Ordoño I.

Tuy, once an important frontier town on the Miño, regularly built and walled round, is decayed and decaying. Pop. under 4000. Yet the climate is delicious, and the fertility of the *vegas* unbounded. In this happy corner of Gallicia the valleys, especially *la Vega de Louro*, with its oranges, rival Andalucia, and speak for the soil and sky of a land which Providence has so much blessed, and man so disregarded. The wines are excellent; the salmon, *savalos*, and trout abundant. The best rivers are the Louro, Tea, and Avia. The castellated cathedral, begun in 1145, is suffragan to Santiago. The *silleria* and cloisters are fine. The patron saint here is in the naval, not the military, line, as at Santiaga; Pedro Gonzalez, alias *San Telmo*, the hope of Spanish mariners, represents the *Fratres Helenæ* of the ancient Italians, and also the *San Antonio* of the modern ones. He it was who furnished to San Ferdinand the fair wind by which the bridge of boats at Seville was broken through. San Telmo was canonized by Innocent IV. in 1254, and Florez ('*Esp. Sag.*' xxiii. 131) has written his life and miracles. He had a particular knack when alive of walking dry shod on the sea. He appears in storms at the mast-head in a lambent flame (*Lucida sidera*), as a signal that the winds will cease. Accordingly the Spanish sailors, when it begins to blow hard, fall to prayers to him, instead of lowering top-sails and reefing; in short, he has superseded the part of the Pagan "Dioscuri,"

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and is himself both Castor and Pollux (see Pliny, 'N.H.' 2, 36). As he generally appears after the danger is over his supernatural assistance is likened to ordinary *socorros de España*. San Telmo is the *Campazant* corruption of *Corpo Santo* by our Jacks, as well as the San Nicolas of the Greeks, the storm saviour "Old Nick." The tomb of this "*Nautarum Patronus*," with gilt *rejas* and arches, and hung with votive tablets (compare Virgil, On. xii. 767, Horace, Od. 1. 5, 14), was raised here in 1579 by Bishop Diego de Avellanada. His friend Don Lucas de Tuy, the historian, commonly called *El Tudense*, lies buried near him: for his life see Florez ('*Esp. Sag.*' xxii. 108); '*Antiquedad de Tuy*,' Prudencio de Sandoval, duo. Braga, 1610. The episcopal palace was in the Alcazar, but this and other defences were much injured by the invaders. There is a sort of *Museo* with poor books and pictures in the *Colegio San Fernando*.

As there is no bridge here across the *Miño* to Valenza, the strongly fortified Portuguese frontier, Soult, Feb. 10, 1809, desired Thomières to force a passage in boats, in attempting which this blunderer, who afterwards made the false move which lost the battle of Salamanca, was beaten back by the Portuguese Ordenanzas; and the French were obliged to go up to the bridge at *Orense*. On what small hinges do mighty destinies turn! This trifling delay prevented Soult from reaching Lisbon at once, and gave time to England to send forth her squadrons to Portugal. The Duke landed, and for the second time expelled the French, and thereby led the way to the deliverance of Spain.

The pleasant road to *Orense* borders the Miño. *Rivadavia*, with some 1200 souls, is an irregular, dull place on the "bank of the Avia," which flows down from its rich basin. The ancient convent of *Los Dominicos* was the palace of the kings of Gallicia down to the time of Garcia, son of Fernando el Magno. The hams made at Caldelas are excellent. Mem.: always have one in the commissariat, and a *bota* full of *Tostado*. The wines are renowned, although the process of making them is classically rude. Froissart has graphically described how the inhabitants of *Rivadavia*, in 1385, held out for a month against Sir Thomas Percy to his surprise, for they "were but peasants, and not one gentleman in the town." He prepared a battering-ram, which so scared the townsfolk that they desired to surrender, when the English laughed, and said, "We don't understand your Gallician." They sacked the town, plundered the rich Jews, ate so much pork, and drank so much wine, that they were disabled for two days, so immemorially has wine been the foe which surely triumphs over the English soldier. Orense, when the grand road between Vigo and Madrid is completed, will become an outlet for these rich port-like wines.

Orense, aquæ *urentes* (Warmsee), was celebrated in antiquity for its "*warm baths*," and these, called *Las Burgas*, are still frequented from July to September. They gush forth at the W. of the town from a granite rock, in three sources, almost boiling; that *de abajo* serves as a *lavandero*. The baths are very Spanish, the sexes bathing together. *Orense*, kept clean by so much hot water, is the capital of its province, and the residence of local authorities, and of a bishop, suffragan to Santiago: pop. under 5000. It is pleasantly situated, rising gently above the Miño, and girdled by hills; the delicious valleys are studded with farms and villages. The bridge is striking, 1319 feet long, rising rather steeply. The grand arch is some 156 feet wide, and 135 high from the bed of the river, on account of sudden inundations. It was built in 1230 by Bishop Lorenzo, and repaired in 1449 by Bishop Pedro de Silva. It is connected with the town by a sort of second bridge or causeway.

Orense was patronised by the Goths, and here the Suevi-Gothi first renounced Paganism. A cathedral, dedicated to St. Martin, was built so early as 550, and rebuilt by Alonso el Casto, was granted to the bishop in 1131.

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The present Gothic central edifice was raised by Bishop Lorenzo in 1220. Santa Euphemia—the well speaking—is the local patroness: her body was discovered by a shepherdess on the confines of Portugal, from its having put out its hand, from which the girl took off a ring, and was struck dumb, but recovered her *speech* by putting it on again. The body was then brought to *Orense* in 1157, working miracles all the way (Morales, '*Viage*,' 148). Observe her silver-plated shrine, and those of San Facundo and San Primitivo, local and primitive saints. Visit the *Capilla del Cristo Crucificado*, founded in 1567 by Bishop Francisco Triccio, with the wonderful image; also that of San Juan Bautista, rebuilt in 1468 by the Conde de Benavente, in atonement for the ravages done to the cathedral during his family feuds with the rival house of Lemos. Notice also the tomb of Quintana by Solá, and the portal *el Paraiso*, enriched with infinite angels and saints. The antique cloisters were erected in 1204 by Bishop Ederonio: observe the inscription. The *Capilla de la Maria Madre* was restored in 1722, and connected by the cloisters to the cathedral; eight of the canons were called *Cardenales*, as at Santiago, and they alone did service before the high altar. This custom was recognised as "immemorial" by Innocent III., in 1209. Consult for this cathedral '*Noticias historicas*,' Juan Muñoz de la Cueva, 4to. Mad. 1726. The ecclesiologist may look at the old circular towers of the *Parroquia de la Trinidad*. In the former *Jesuitas* are some books and pictures of San Rozendo brought from Celanova. For this diocese refer to Florez ('*Esp. Sag.*,' xvii.), and the useful map by Cornide and Lopez, Mad. 1763.

Orense is a good head-quarter for the angler. The best rivers in the vicinity are the Avia, Arenteiro, Miño (higher up), and crossing it, the Sil, Cave, Nabea, Arnoya, and Limia.

It was from *Orense* that Soult invaded Portugal, having Loison and Foy for his lieutenants. They met with no resistance up to Oporto, which they sacked, butchering in cold blood some 10,000 men, women, and children; but the avenger was at hand, and the Duke pounced upon Soult, who fled, May 12, 1809, performing a retreat unequalled in horrors, both suffered and committed, even by that of Massena. Thus was Moore most nobly avenged. The cruel coward Loison proposed to open a Cintra convention, but the bold and skilful Soult preferred setting an example to Massena, rather than following that of Junot. He abandoned everything that constitutes an army, but impedes rapidity: thus he saved his men by sacrificing guns, baggage, and plunder. His troops reached Orense almost naked, from whence 76 days before they had set forth with 26,000 men and 78 cannon, now reduced to 19,500 unarmed stragglers. They fell back on Benavente, venting their irritation under military repulse on the homes and persons of the defenceless peasantry.

The Portuguese frontier on the route to Chaves begins near *Feces de Abajo*, 12 L. from *Orense*. The exact line of demarcation is uncertain, and the cause of law-suits, for the ancient documents were burnt by Soult during his retreat. The *Coto misto* is a sort of neutral ground. One L. from Allariz, itself 3 L. from Orense (see p. 623), on the other side of the Miño, is the once wealthy abbey of Benedictines at *Celanova*, founded in 973 by San Rudesinto, or Rusendo. In the garden is one of the oldest chapels in Spain, supposed to be the work of Vivianus, and before 973. In the abbey-church are the ancient sepulchres of Ilduara and Adosinda, the mother and sister of the founder, who was buried in a curious sepulchre supported on four pillars, and constructed after the fashion of that of San Torcuato, one of the companions of Santiago. His body was deposited by the Christians at the Moorish invasion at Santa Comba, distant 4½ L.: being near the frontier, some Portuguese carried it off, when a mist came on, and losing their way they brought it to *Celanova*, whose convent bells began forthwith to ring of their own accord. There are two cloisters: in that called *El Processional*

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observe the curious columns; in the other, more modern, notice the fountain and railing, *El Poleiro:* look at the sala capitular and brick mosaic pavement. The Doric church has two separate choirs: notice the carved door of communication, and the walnut *silleria.* The convent is now partly a prison, partly an office.

Among the many here neglected memorials of the dead was that inscribed with the well-known epitaph, A.D. 1324:—"Era 1362: *Aqui jaz Feijoo Escudeiro, bon fidalgo e verdadeiro, gran casadar e monteiro.*" But we are in the real region of Lethe and the Limia, the real river of oblivion, which the soldiers of Junius Brutus hesitated to pass over (see p. 542). This rich district, the granary of Gallicia, will interest the sportsman and the naturalist. The *Laguna* abounds with leeches, as becomes the country of Sangrado. Among the aquatic birds notice the *Gayo*, which, like the parrot, is taught to imitate the sound of the human voice.

Communications with Orense. For the line to Benavente, and hence on to Madrid, see R. 70. When once at Orense, an excursion should by all means be made to the *Vierzo* (see p. 540), or at all events as far as *Monte Furado del Sil.*

ROUTE 89.—ORENSE TO SANTIAGO.

Bouzas	2	
Piñor	1½ ..	3½
Castrodozon	1 ..	4½
Gesta	1½ ..	6
Fojo	2 ..	8
Castrovite	2 ..	10
Barca de Ulla	1 ..	11
Susana	2 ..	13
Santiago	1 ..	14

This cross-road, after passing the ranges at Piñor and Castrodozon, descends into the rich basin of the Ulla, which is crossed near *Castrovite*, leaving *el Padron* to the l., and the conical hill *el Pico Sacro* to the r.

The bridle-road from Orense to Lugo ascends the Miño, which divides the Chantada and Puerto Marin districts from Monforte.

ROUTE 90.—ORENSE TO LUGO.

Readego	1½	
Chantada	3½ ..	5
Taboada	2 ..	7
Naron	2½ ..	9½
Puntin	1 ..	10½
Lugo	3 ..	13½

This road is rough and often flooded in winter, but the fishing is good, as about 6 miles from Orense the river branches: the grand stream comes down by Chantada and *Puerto Marin*, 5 L., which lies to the r. of the Miño; this pretty place (pop. 600), divided by the river, with a good bridge, belonged first to the Templars, and then to the knights of St. John. The *Colegiata*, San Nicolas, is an unfinished Gothic edifice of excellent masonry. Observe the delicate bassi-relievi over the doors. The palace of the *Bovedas*, the hospital for pilgrims, and the whole place, were dreadfully sacked by the invaders under Maurice Mathieu.

The angler, when at Orense, may ascend the rich valley of Lemos to *Monforte*, a tidy place with 800 souls, on the Cabe, and thence to its confluence with the Sil and Miño, near *San Esteban.* The country is rich and pastoral, the bacon delicious, and the *Biscochos* renowned. Near the town is a curious tidal fountain. From *Monforte* the angler may proceed by *Montefurado* to the *Vierzo*, and either ascend to Ponferrada or work down to *Puebla de Sanabria* (see p. 543). The summer is the best period. Take a local guide, and attend to the "provend."

From central Lugo there are two communications with the Asturias: one coasts the sea-board, the other threads the inland valleys.

ROUTE 91.—LUGO TO OVIEDO BY SEA-COAST.

Quintela	3½	
Bean	3 ..	6½
Mondoñedo	3 ..	9½
Villa Martin	2 ..	11½
Rivadeo	3 ..	14½
Franco	3 ..	17½
Navia	2 ..	19½
Luarca	3½ ..	23
Las Ballotas	3½ ..	26½
Muros	3½ ..	30

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Aviles	2½ ..	32½
Villadoveyo	2½ ..	35
Oviedo	2½ ..	37½

The distances are given approximatively. The leagues are very long, and the road after *Navia* to *Aviles* is a constant up and down. The accommodations are tolerable: the fish everywhere, both sea and river, is excellent. Leaving *Lugo*, an uninteresting swampy country intervenes to *Bean*, after which the road ascends and descends, overlooking pleasant nooks, with the distant sea filling up the gaps in the mountain horizon with a border of blue. *Mondoñedo*, Britona, with a tolerable *posada*, stands in an oval and highly-cultivated valley, under the hill *Infiesta*, and surrounded by the clear tributaries of the Masma. It is the see of a bishop, suffragan to Santiago; pop. 7000. The cathedral, with two pepper-box towers, was begun in 1221: in 1595-99, four chapels were added behind the *Capilla Mayor*. The *Sanctuario de Nuestra Señora de los Remedios* is worth notice, as the image *la Grande* is also called *la Inglesa*, because brought from St. Paul's, London, at the Reformation. *Mondoñedo*, and the districts of *Vivero* and *Navia*, were completely sacked in 1809 by Maurice Mathieu, who here surprised the old blockhead Worster and his Gallicians, who were swaggering and feasting under the delusion that the French were running away from them, which became a reality, when they forthwith fled from the French.

At *Sargadelos*, 5 L. distant, on the sea near Cape Burela, is an iron-foundry, established in 1792 by Antonio Ibañez, under the auspices of the German officer Rister. Ibañez, who planted and civilised this wild track, was murdered, because a friend of Godoy's. Here the shot and shells for the arsenals of *el Ferrol* were cast. The ore is found at *San Miguel de Reinante*, near Barreiros, and is embarked at *Foz* on the Masma, to the l. of Rivadeo. A pottery has recently been set up here. The woods and rocks, and the new road to the coast, are striking.

Leaving *Mondoñedo*, at 1 L. on the Masma, is the fine Benedictine convent of San Salvador at *Lorenzana*, founded in 969 by the Conde Gutierre Osorio, who afterwards became a monk, went to Jerusalem, died, and was buried here in a superb marble and mosaic ornamented tomb: for his life and miracles see '*Esp. Sag.*' xviii. 296. Here also is buried his sister Urraca. The convent was completely pillaged by the French. The last league into *Rivadeo*, called *la legua de Rochella*, is the longest in Gallicia. The country is full of farm-houses and villages. Much flax and maize are produced: the latter is dried in buildings pierced with slits, like windows for arrows.

Rivadeo is a sweetly-situated town (pop. 2500) on the "banks of the Eo" and of its beautiful *ria* or bay, abounding in fruit, vegetables, and excellent fish. There is a decent posada: also a small house with good accommodation, kept by the Spanish widow of a Frenchman. On the pretty alameda stands an Alcacer, with two towers and a Moorish-looking gate. The *Castillo* commands the lovely bay, which is spread out like an indented lake. The cannon were thrown into the pellucid sea during the war, and there they may be still seen, unrecovered by the apathetic natives. The towns of Figueras and Castropol rise on eminences opposite.

The river Eo, famous for its oysters and fishing, flows into the bay, and divides the provinces of Gallicia and Asturias. The salmon-fishing at *Abres*, 2 L. up, is renowned. The angler may go from Abres over the Suria to Berdin, and thence 3 L. to the splendid *Navia*: the banks are rocky in places. Now the picturesque but tedious road continues to *Aviles*, 17 L. along the coast, with the sea close to the l. The spurs of the hills come down to the shore, and through their dips flow infinite streams. Thus it is one continual up hill and down hill, *cuesta arriba y cuesta abajo*, and one ferrying and fording: little real progress is made after much labour to man and beast.

On leaving *Rivadeo*, a ferry-boat effects a passage of a quarter of an hour to *Figueras*, the first town in the Asturias. If the weather is bad, it

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will be necessary to go round the *ria*, crossing over to *Castropol*, a steep, clambering, fishy town, near which some workings of an old tin-mine have been discovered by Mr. Schultz. The country soon becomes wild and boggy, and we reach *Navia*, built on its splendid salmon river. The *Meson* is decent. *Luarca* is not seen until it is entered, as this pretty spot is nestled in a sheltered cove between the points *Las Mugeres* and *Focicon*. The trout-stream *Rio Negro* comes down into the bay. The houses are most picturesque, and a chapel, with a whitened tower, hangs above on a rock, a landmark to ships, and put into the picture to please painters. At the clean little inn, with its pretty garden, the angler might put up. This locality is thickly peopled, and cultivated with maize. The peasants have less of the misery of the interior of Gallicia: their homes are more comfortable, and their windows oftener glazed. The costume and manner change and improve as we advance into the *Asturias*.

Hence to the river *Canciro*, 1 L., and *Las Ballotas*, as a jumbled series of hills is called, which extend to *Muros*, 6 L., romantic, indeed, but fatiguing to the horseman; the broken and dislocated strata afford fine sections to the geologist, while the botany and trees on the slopes delight the artist and lover of natural history; unfortunately, their stems are too often trimmed up. At *Soto* the lemon and orange re-appear. The *Meson* at *Soto de Rudinia*, placed amid noble chesnuts, in a charming Swiss-like valley, a little out of the road, is strongly recommended by Capt. Widdrington as head-quarters.

The 7 L. to *Muros* took us nine hours' riding. Here Jovellanos was wrecked by the inhospitable sea, and insulted by the worse authorities on land; he died Nov. 27, 1811, at *Vega*, near *Navia*, worn out with age and fatigue, and heart-broken at the ingratitude of his country (see B. White, 'Letters,' p. 480). Crossing the deep blue and glorious fishing river, the Pravia, is the *Castillo de la Barca*, "the castle of the ferry-boat," where an ancient square tower defends the passage. The scenery resembles Devonshire, with sloping wood-clothed banks, dipping into the water, damp and green as Mount Edgcumbe. 2½ L. of infamous road, up and down over ruts and broken stones, lead to *Aviles;* before which, about 1 L. to the l., on the sea-coast, are the rich coal-mines of *Arnao*, primitively and picturesquely worked by an Hispano-Belge company. The adit to the mine hangs about 30 feet above the sea; the shaft runs about 1200 feet deep, and runs below the water's level. The seam of coal is about 40 feet thick.

Aviles (equidistant between *Santander* and *El Ferrol*, 34½ L.) is situated about 1 L. from the sea, with an open *ria*, flooded at high-water, and well stocked with wild-fowl in winter. A portion of these valuable salt-marshes has been redeemed by an embankment. The dull red roofs, and absence of any spire, announce this gloomy old town, which is entered by a causeway over a swamp, passing the large old church of San Nicolas. Pop. about 3500. *Posada* decent.

Aviles, Argenteorolla, the capital of its *Consejo*, and one of the cradles of the monarchy, is cheap, and well provided with fruit and fish: some traffic is carried on in copper-mines in the vicinity. The streets are irregular, damp, and arcaded; the *Plaza* sombre. The women are pretty, and walk with elegance, especially the maidens, who come out to draw water after an Oriental and classical fashion: light and sure is the chamois step of these graceful Rebeccas and Hebes: upright their figure, and picturesque their bearing. The well or fountain in Spain, as in the East, is the morning and evening Tertulia of the womankind, who here pause a moment from a life of toil, to criticise and abuse their friends, for scandal everywhere refresheth the sex. Their costume is quite à l'antique; a handkerchief, tightly drawn, defines the form of the head, while the hair and knots are collected behind, and fall quite in a Greek model. The boddices are of velvet, or coloured

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cloth, with a tippet crossed over the bosom.

The architect may look at some remains of the rude old walls near the quay, which, with the *Puente de San Sebastian*, is respectable. The *fondeadero*, or spot for anchorage, is called *de San Juan*. The frontal of *San Nicolas*, built in the Norman style, is composed of animals, flowers, zigzag and engrailed patterns. In the interior is a statue of *Nuestra Señora del Carmen*, with lengthy fingers, by Antonio Borja, and an old tomb of the La Sallas family, supported by eight Byzantine Alhambra-like lions. The font is hollowed out of a Corinthian capital. The *Capilla de Solis* was built in 1499 by Rodrigo de Borceros, for Pedro de Solis, who also founded the hospital in 1515. In the huge *San Francisco* observe the early windows in the clerestory, and the three old tombs, and a Santa Rosa by Borja, an Asturian sculptor of the time of Philip III. Juan Carreno de Miranda, the painter, was born here, March 25, 1614. Among ancient houses, observe *La Casa de Baragaña*, in which Don Pedro el Cruel lodged, and that of the *Ms. de Campo Sagrado*, with his arms on the façade. This nobleman, right hospitable, and a lover of the angle, possesses large domains in these parts, and is the representative of a house so ancient and illustrious, as to be ranked next to the Divinity.

Despues de Dios,
La Casa de Quiros.

The antiquarian should examine the archives of *Aviles*, and enquire for the original *Carta-pueblo*, or charter granted by Alonso VII. in 1135. This curious relic of ancient writing and language is admirably preserved.

Aviles was selected by the *Royal North of Spain Railroad Company* to be the terminus of this grand line to Madrid, projected by Messrs. Keily and Rembel, and which, intended to pass through Oviedo and Leon, ended in smoke. The special Report of this finale (see 'Morning Chronicle,' Dec. 18, 1845) ought to be printed in letters of gold. Mr. Keily sacked some 25,000*l.* for his invention and project, which, according to the prospectus, "presented no *engineering* difficulties;" and it was only when Sir *Joshua* Walmesly sent out, unlike his namesake, to inspect the site, *after* the scheme was entertained, that a mountain-range, some 6000 feet high, started up on this line, to the pocket detriment of British speculators. *Qui decipi vult, decipiatur.*

At *Mansanara*, about 1 L. from *Aviles*, is a curious ancient church of the Norman style. The arch over the high altar is extremely beautiful, and the masonry admirably preserved: the corbels and roof deserve notice. This building is of the 11th century, and belonged once to the Templars.

Oviedo lies distant from *Aviles* 5 L., the first 3 very hilly. To the r. lies beautiful *Pravia*, enchanting as seen from the hill above, with its sweet vega and river. The sea-trout fishing between Pravia and Mures is excellent; a boat is necessary. The inveterate local hatred between *Pravia* and *La Pilona* still exists; when the neighbours meet even at Madrid, they fall to fighting, like the Irish, to the old war cry, *Viva Pravia, Viva La Pilona.* To the l. a most extensive view opens, with *Gijon* projecting on a tongue of land, the road to which from *Oviedo* branches off at *Lugones*. Entering the superb *Camino Real* is Oviedo, with a glorious background of misty cloud-capt hills towering one above another, the fit mountain capital of the wild Asturias.

ROUTE 92.—LUGO TO OVIEDO.

Mura	5	
Fonsagrada	3	.. 8
Acebo	2	.. 10
Puente Salime	3	.. 13
Berducedo	2	.. 15
Pola de Allende	2	.. 17
Cangas de Tineo	3	.. 20
Tineo	4	.. 24
Salas	3	.. 27
Grado	3	.. 30
Oviedo	4	.. 34

Another and shorter inland route strikes more to the l. over the mountains by *Castroverde* 4 L., *Fonsagrada* 4 L., *Penaforte*, 3 L., *Grandas de Salime* 1 L., *Montefurado* 2 L., *Tineo* 4 L.,

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and so on to *Oviedo*, only 28 L., but more difficult; indeed, both these routes are rough riding at all times, and in winter scarcely practicable, from snow in the passes, and the river floods. In the summer they are Swiss-like, pastoral, and delicious to the artist and angler. Take, at all events, a local guide, and attend to the provend. It was by this Route that Ney advanced, in May, 1809, on Oviedo, and converted these happy valleys into scenes of misery and dens of thieves: the invaders pillaged and destroyed everything within reach. Although Romana and the Junta were warned against this blow, which a thousand men in these defiles might have parried, they were so busied in their low and local intrigues, that nothing was done; nay, even the boats at *Corvellana* were left to facilitate the French passage. Ney pounced on Oviedo, May 19, Romana having ran away the night before.

The valley of the *Navia* is charming. This good salmon and trout river rises near Nogales, and enters the sea at Navia, having wound down a Swiss-like valley, with the high range which divides it from the basin of the Eo, walling it up to the left. The best point is between *Belmonte* and *Corvellana*, which make head-quarters.

Soon the province of *Asturias* is entered; after crossing the *Navia* by a good bridge at *Salime*, the angler may put up at *Berduredo*, in the heart of the *Consejo de Allende*, and in its hill-girt valley. Pop. 500. Another ridge separates the valley of the *Navia*, which now turns up to the l., from that of the *Narcea*, on which *Cangas de Tineo*, the head of its *Consejo*, is built. Here the *Narcea*—Naharcea, the rapid—being joined by other tributaries coming down from the spurs of the Leon range, really becomes a river in the full salmon and trout acceptation of the term. The *cordales*, or hills, with defiles, have each its stream; the best will be found to be the Luina, Naviega, and the Pequeña, lower down.

Cangas de Tineo in its hill-girt shell, *Concha*—the real etymon is *Canga*, a broken country—pop. 1000, is a central point for the sportsman. The wild country abounds in *caza mayor y menor*, and the rivers with fish. The artist and antiquarian will find at *Corias*, close by, in its sweet valley, the rebuilt Benedictine convent, founded in 1034, by the Conde Piñolo Ximenez. At *Obona*, the convent was founded in 680 by Aldegaster, son of the king of Gijon, who is buried here. The situation on the slopes of the Guadia hill is wild, and the chesnut woods are infested with wolves. From *Cangas de Tineo* an excursion may be made to the l. by Sobrado to *Tineo*, 4 L., where there remains a curious old tower; thence to *Salas*, remarkable for the casas solares of the old families of Montijo, Peñalva and the historian Conde de Toreno. Proceed next to *Corvellana*, on the *Narcea*, 2 L., where there is a tidal fountain, and a suppressed Benedictine convent; and thence, at *Grado*, on the *Nalon*, pop. 1800, in its sweet valley, where the angler may put up. The parish church, *San Pedro*, is very ancient: thence to *Oviedo*, 4 L. Those going direct from Cangas to Oviedo, will descend with the Narcea, which empties itself into the Pravia, and both afterwards into the sea near *Muros*. From *Grado* the angler may fish up the valley to Oviedo by *Peñaflor*, 3 L., pop. 500, where he may dine on a trout like Gil Blas, or catch a salmon in the *Nalon*: observe the lofty bridge, and the house of the Visconde de *Campo Grande*, on the hill *Hechega*.—N.B. All this radius round *Grado* is among the best fishing quarters in the N.W. of Spain; and see *Oviedo*, p. 635.

Those not going to *Oviedo* may branch from *Cangas de Tineo* either to Villafranca and the *Vierzo*, or to Leon.

ROUTE 93.—CANGAS DE TINEO TO VILLAFRANCA.

Naviego	2	
Puerto de Leitariegos	2	4
Laceana	3	7
Palacios del Sil	3	10
Toreno	3	13
Cacabelos	2	15
Villafranca	1	16

The lofty and rugged *Puerto*, the pass through the mountains which

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divide Leon from Asturias, is buried during winter in snow. These districts, *Las Brañas*, a word meaning a "high place," consist of small hamlets of chalets, *chozas*, mountain huts, like the *Bordas* of Navarra, to which the breeders of cattle, or *vaqueros*, migrate from the plains in the summer: they are a peeled race, accursed and apart, and probably descendants of Moors, and the term vaquero is one of deadly affront. Jovellanos wrote a paper on them. These nomad pastoral shepherds remove in caravans like gipsies, carrying all their household goods, children, and cattle. They thread in summer the intricate passes of the elevated heights, where they pasture their flocks, and make provisions of hay for winter, herding entirely with their cattle, and holding no commerce with the villagers below, or even the other *Brañas* on high. Each little clan stands alone and aloof, shunning and despising its neighbour: they fence themselves in against mankind, as they do their flocks against the wolf. As they never marry out of their own tribe, and are all too closely connected for the canonical rules of wedlock, the fee for dispensations is considerable. The Oriental spirit of love of self and hatred of all others extends even to the churches, where a bar divides the flock from their fellow-shepherds and villagers, whom they curse even while at prayers. These Bedouins of the mountain have retained many ancient observances, especially as regards their dead and funerals.

Laceana is the first town of the Vierzo. Now the route follows the beautiful Sil, thence to *Toreno*, with a good bridge to Ponferrada (see p. 538).

ROUTE 94.—CANGAS DE TINEO TO LEON.

Puerto de Leitariegos . .	6	
Villableno	2	.. 8
Puerto de la Magdalena .	2	.. 10
Riello	3	.. 13
A la Magdalena	2	.. 15
Campo Sagrado	1½	.. 16½
Lorenzana	2	.. 18½
Leon	1½	.. 20

Nothing can be wilder than all this rarely-trodden sierra. To the l. of the pass of *Leitariegos* are many others; first that of Somiedo, then of Cerezal, then of La Mesa, thus offering openings through the mountains all the way to *Pajares* (see Route 97), through which the grand road is carried. All the Consejo of Somiedo is alpine. The country is broken, and almost impracticable, and quite so in winter. The woods abound with birds and beasts of prey, as well as game; but in the sheltered valleys an abundance of fruit is raised. The rivers, with their Swiss bridges, are picturesque and piscatorial. The *Orbigo*, a beautiful stream, rises near the *Puerta de la Magdalena*; but the Luna, which joins it near *Llamas de la Ribera*, is perhaps the best of them all. It flows before its junction through the *Consejo de Villamor de Riello*. The road then strikes more to the l., and enters the charming valley of the *Bernesga*, which flows down from the *Puerto de Pajares*: of course the traveller will take a local guide, and attend to the provend. For Leon, see p. 546.

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SECTION X.

THE ASTURIAS.

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ROUTE 98.—OVIEDO TO LEON 651

The best periods of visit are the warm spring and summer months. The chief object is Oviedo, with the fishing and geology in its neighbourhood. The scenery and antiquities of Route 95, and the scenery and fishing of Routes 96 and 97, are highly interesting.

El *Principado de las Asturias*, the Principality, (the Wales of the Peninsula,) has always been the mountain refuge of the aborigines, unconquered alike by Roman or Moor. It consists of a narrow strip, separated from Leon by an inner barrier of hills, and bounded to the N. by another outward range, *la cordillera de la costa*, which fringes the Bay of Biscay, while both of these grand dorsal spines have lateral offshoots or *cordales*, that run into the valleys and dips. The entire area contains about 310 square leagues, and is divided into 69 *concejos*, councils or districts; pop. about 350,000. In climate and natural characteristics it is closely analogous to the Basque provinces and parts of Gallicia: the Principality is a land of hill and dale, river and forest; the climate is damp; cold in winter, and temperate in summer, it is a mild form of Devonshire on a larger scale, for some of the elevations rise to 10,000 feet above the sea-level. The clouds, with shadowy wings, always hover above these mountain ranges, which thus become a huge alembic to catch and condense the sea-mists from the Atlantic. Wheat is scarce in these humid regions, and the staple food is maize. The pods and stalks are used for fuel, the leaves for packing fruit and for mattrasses and beds. A bad bread, *Borona*, is made of rye, or of *Escanda*, a sort of spelt wheat which ripens in August. A considerable quantity of cattle is reared here, where, as in Gallicia, bullocks do the work of horses, as women do of asses and men.

The natural timber of oak, chestnut, silver and Scotch firs, and the Pinus uncinata, is very fine, although the woods are much neglected or destroyed; but in remote districts, where safe from the axe, the timber is superb, as in the forest of Liebana. Minerals abound, and many coal and iron works have recently been established by foreigners, who run a risk of being used by the natives, and when no longer wanted, to be abused and ejected: *Cosas de España*. The flowers, vegetables, fruits, and cider resemble those of the West of England: the hills abound with game, and the rivers with salmon, shad, trout, and eels; but they are sadly poached all the year round, and the water is often

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out of order. The horses, as in the times of Silius Italicus (iii. 335), although small, are safe and active, being better cobs than chargers. Nero rejoiced in his Asturcon (Suet. 46), but these mountaineers are better walkers than riders, and use their arms quite as vigorously as their legs, being excellent singlestick players and dancers. The national jigs are *La Muneira* and *la Danza prima*, and a cudgel capering of remote antiquity closely resembling *la Danza dels bastons* of the Catalans.

In the Asturias, a country little exposed to the Moorish and Spanish forays, security of person and property has long existed. There are few robbers, for they would starve in these poor and untravelled hills. Accordingly the peasantry, instead of herding for protection in walled towns, live in small farms, and often own the fields they cultivate. Land in general is more subdivided here than in the south, where large districts were granted to the *conquistadores* who assisted in ousting the infidel occupants. The costume of the lower classes is Swiss-like; the females, when dressed in their best, wear boddices of yellow or green, laced in front and adorned with gold *joyas*, and coral necklaces. Dark coloured serges and black mantles or *dengues* are thrown over the head; sometimes pretty handkerchiefs are used, which are tied closely over the front, while the hair hangs down behind in long plaits or *trenzas*. The rude Gallician *madreñas*, or sabots, wooden shoes, are here replaced by leather ones, and a small sock, edged with red or yellow, is worn over the stockings. The men generally have white felt caps turned up with green, and delight in skittles. Stout in body and enduring in habits, the simple natives retain in thought and deed many an old way obsolete elsewhere. The curious in local customs may refer to their *Medidas y Colonias*, or scapularies touched by images, and held to be phylacteries and talismans—may listen to the tales of *Xanas*, prying fairies, or elves—may attend their *filas* or tertulias where the men flirt while the women spin, or be present at the *Esfoyanas*, when the maize stalks are picked clean from rubbish. They may partake of the *Ramos* or piled picknic dishes, or taste the *Oblada*, the eating offering at funerals where the priests have the best place, sell the offering and pocket the proceeds as their *pitanza* (pittance). The fear of the evil-eye is very prevalent, but the panacea is a drink from harts-*horn* shavings—and in this Asta is clearly to be traced the old Phallic fascinum. For these and other local usages, consult '*Recuerdos de un Viage por España*,' ch. 7, *et seq.*, vol. i. part 2. Madrid, 1849. Both sexes are kind, civil, and well-mannered, especially the women, who are gentle and attentive to the stranger. Their homes may indeed be humble, and their costume homely, but, far away from cities, the best qualities of the heart have never been corrupted. This is a tribute which none who, like ourselves, have ridden over these rugged districts, and shared in their unbought courtesies and hospitalities, will ever deny them.

The Iberian word *ast* implies elevation; thus *ast thor* has been interpreted the "gate of lofty rocks." The Asturians, however, love to derive the name from *Ayster*, the "*armijer*" who, they say, settled here after the fall of Troy (Sil. Ital. iii. 334), just as Santiago did in the equally out-of-the-way damp Gallicia. Be that as it may, the *Astures* were scarcely known before the reign of Augustus, and were then, like the Cantabrians, brought into subjection more in name than in reality. Nor were they mastered by the Goths, against whom they constantly rebelled (San Isid. cr. 641). The Saracenic deluge, which swept unresisted from the East, was first checked and beaten back from these mountains, to which the highlanders are fondly attached: and here, in spite of damp, hard fare, and harder work, the average of life is long, and the population, for which there is neither room nor adequate employment, swarming. Hence the males migrate, and do the work at Madrid of hewers of wood and drawers of water. They also become valets, indoor servants, and are the Swiss of Spain, faithful, but interested—point d'argent point

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d'Asturien. As cooks they are the least bad in Spain—that gastronomic Erebus, where people only eat in order to live, like the beasts that perish.

Many of the natives, and especially *Los Montañeses* and those who come from *Las Montañas*, the hills near Santander, keep the chandlers' and small grocery shops in other parts of Spain: many others seek employment at Xerez and the wine districts, where they frequently become very rich, for, like their ancestors (Astur avarus, Sil. Ital. i. 231; Mart. x. 16. 3), they are thrifty and careful of their hard-earned gains. When they have made money they return to their sweet-aired hills, and, if debarred a hope of return, pine from pure Nostalgia or Heimweh; but this maladie du pays—home-ache, like the goitre or itch, is a disease of the highlander, who cannot live in peace if not sure that his grave will be near his cradle. Those who do not leave their home at all remain poor, and are hardly worked and ill-fed, both male and female, young and old. They are much subject to bronchocele or *goitre—Papera, Lamparon*, and to the *Mal de Rosa*, a sort of erisypelatous scurvy, which some attribute to an insufficiency of good linen and living, and others to the cold shadows of the damp hills, which deprive the skin of the sun's stimulating action.

The Asturias during the Peninsular war produced many notorious personages, of whom the best was Jovellanos. From this, his native province, Toreno set sail, to crave that aid from England which he lived to try to write down. Riego, the leader of the constitutional rebellion in 1820, Arguelles *el divino*, Cayetano Valdes, and sundry stars of the Cadiz Cortes, rose also in these misty hills. Rivals to them in the field, here Blake and Ballesteros jumped into command and defeat, and few men in council or camp, could be named of larger plethora of vanity, combined with greater infeasibility of practice; but the modern Asturians, whatever they may have been and have done before, under Pelayus, have wofully degenerated. Their character was soon found out by Lord Lynedoch, who thus wrote to Moore: "The deputies sent over knew nothing but just concerning their own province, and, *pour se faire valoir*, they exaggerated everything: for example, those of the Asturias talked louder than any body, and Asturias as yet has never produced a man to the army;" and never did since. Again, Carrol writes to Baird: "This province, the first to declare war with France, has during seven months taken no steps that I can discover to make arrangements against the event of the enemy's entering the province. What has been done with the vast sums of money that came from England? you will naturally ask. *Plundered and misapplied*, every person, who had or has anything to do with money concerns, endeavouring to keep in hand all he can, to be ready, let affairs turn out as they may, to help *himself* (Nap'. i. Ap. 57–62). In this money *selfishness* the Astur avarus merely exhibited *one* quality in which, however heterogeneous in other matters, all Spaniards have a common homogeneity, for, as the Duke says of them, the first thing they require uniformly is *money* (Disp. May 7, 1811).

The roads in the Asturias, much like those of Gallicia, savour more of the age of Adam than of Macadam; the ordinary locomotives are the primitive cob, mule, or ass, just as the roads, like those star-paved highways in Gallicia which are superintended by Santiago, are fit for no carriages but King Charles's wain: one magnificent *Camino real*, the only exception, traverses the Principality from Gijon and Leon to Madrid, and cost so much that Charles IV. inquired if it were paved with silver. Soon, *it is said*, an iron railway is to be constructed with the gold of England—that fond ally, who fights and pays for Spain. If this grand project—"there is much virtue in If,"—be ever realized in a land of mountains, and where mountain throes bring forth mouselike abortions, the benefit conferred on Madrid and Spain will be incalculable; the dear and ill-provided capital will be readily supplied with colonial produce, foreign ideas, timber, fuel, fresh fruits, fish, butter, and an outlet of export will be afforded for the corn and wines of the central provinces.

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The Asturian cross communications are impracticable for carriages; alpine in character and accommodations, but delightful to the young, the artist, and the angler whether he wanders inland, or coasts the Bay of Biscay, nothing can be more charming than this sweet interchange of hills and valleys, rivers, woods, and plains, now land, now sea. The antiquarian and lover of romantic annals will remember that this corner to which the soldier remnant of the Goth fled, is the rude cradle from whence Pelayus sallied forth to reconstruct the shattered monarchy and religion of Don Roderick, and here the first blow was dealt which prevented Europe from being Mahomedan. Here, will be found sites and churches of the 8th century, and whose nomenclature, which like form often outlives substance, is very remarkable. The extreme antiquity of the creed is evidenced by the primitive names of the parishes, and by the odd quaint saints who are their tutelars, although elsewhere either unknown, or obsolete; but the localism of the Asturian is rivetted by these old and peculiar tutelars, however superseded by more modern hagiology. Many of the original churches yet remain, and although many have been pillaged and desecrated by the French, or barbarously neglected by the Spaniard, enough exists from which the ingenious architect may reconstruct and understand the former system. The Asturias have been comparatively free from the rage for "beautifying," gilding, and *churrigueriesmo* which came over the more wealthy localities. Left alone in their poverty, potted for antiquarians, and out of the way of rich modernising prelates, they remained fossils of an early ecclesiological strata much boasted of by Spaniards as the *architectura Asturiana*, which led to the Gothic; these curious examples, alas! are practically left to go to ruin. The best specimens are cited by *José Cavedo* in his '*Ensayo Historico de Arquitectura*,' 8vo. Mad. 1849. We again repeat, that antiquarians should especially notice all the parish churches in the Asturias; many particularly in the rural districts, are of the remotest antiquity, and offer specimens of the primitive period based on Roman recollections, and before the Moorish influence, which only obtained real vogue late in the 13th century.

The patois spoken by the peasantry, which differs from the Gallician and is called *Bable*, was one of the first approaches of the Gotho-Spaniard to the *Romance* and present Castilian idiom. It is much to be lamented that no diligent German has collected its remains, whether in proverbs or ballads, for in these, besides being the germs of language, many curious relics of early manners and history are doubtless preserved. For some scanty remarks on this *Bable*, see Duran, iv. 41. Some relics are preserved in the '*Coleccion de Poesias en el dialecto Asturiano*,' José Cavedo, 4to. Mad. 1849. But the Spaniards in the mass, scarcely know what the word *Philology* means, and like Orientals seldom understand any language, except their own. Like the Welchman the pedigree of these descendants of *Astyr* the armiger mounts to the deluge at least, and his *Bable* comes down from the tower of *Babel*; he is equally proud of his religion and cheese, but Parmesan and Puseyism are preferable.

The antiquarian may consult for this province '*El Viaje de Morales*,' published by Florez, in folio, Madrid, 1765; also the '*Esp. Sag.*,' vols. 37, 38, and 39; '*Antigüedades, &c. del Principado de Asturias*,' Luis Alfonso de Carballo, fol. Mad. 1695; '*Asturias ilustrada*,' José Trellez Villademoros, 11 vols. 8vo. Mad. 1760. There is an earlier edition in one folio. The natural history is described by Casal; and the German Professor Schultz prepared a geological and mineralogical survey and map, a résumé of which was printed in the Oviedo '*Boletin*,' in June and July, 1839.

The Asturias gives the title of prince to the Spanish heir apparent, which was done in professed imitation of our Prince of Wales, and at the desire of the Duke of Lancaster in 1388, when his daughter Constance married Enrique, eldest son of Juan I.

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OVIEDO, the central mountain capital of this mountain principality, is a good head-quarter for the fisherman, who will here obtain a guide and replenish his commissariat. Posadas, *La Biscaina*, *La Tinaña*, and *La Catalana*, where the traveller will be better used than Gil Blas was, when he came to bury his father.

Oviedo, a nice clean healthy town, with some 9000 inhab., is the residence of the provincial authorities, has an *audiencia territorial*, a theatre, and a reading society, to which foreigners are readily admitted. The university, a plain square edifice, has the usual collection of modern French instruments, chemical especially, and cabinet of provincial fauna and mineralogy. N.B. Notice the specimen of the Asturian bear. There are also some bad pictures, and a library of 12,000 vols. The four principal and regular streets follow the line of the roads to Gijon, Leon, Grado, and Santander; they cross in a handsome *plaza*, and terminate in alamedas, of which *la Tenderia*, *Chambel* or *Chamberri*, and *Bombé* are the most frequented. The town is well supplied by an aqueduct called *Pilares*, which brings pure water from Gitoria: planned in 1553 by Juan de Cerecedo, and built in 1599 by Gonzalo de la Bercera. The name Oviedo is derived from the rivers *Ove* and *Diva*, on which Pelayus defeated the Moors. Previously to 791 the Gothic princes resided at *Cangas* and *Pravia*, until Alonso el Casto made this place his court and capital, and founded the see in 810.

At first a metropolitan, it afterwards became an *Iglesia exenta*, an excepted church, and not suffragan to any archbishop. The cathedral is called *La Santa*, on account of the relics, and the city *civitas Episcoporum*, because here, in 808-14, a council was held of all the Spanish prelates whose sees were in the possession of the Moors, in partibus infidelium.

Oviedo suffered much in the war of independence. When Soult, after Moore's retreat, advanced into Portugal, he sent Ney from Lugo with 6000 men to pillage the Asturias. Ney, taking the inland line (see Rte. 92), arrived at Oviedo before the careless Asturians even knew of his departure; and while Romana and the Junta were entirely occupied in their own local and base intrigues, the armed spoiler pounced down upon them, May 19, 1809. Thereupon Romana, Worster, and Ballesteros instantly fled, setting an example to their troops, which they followed to a man. Although no defence or resistance was made, the city was mercilessly sacked for three days. The thinness of the silver plating of the holy relics, and the earnest prayers of the chapter, who *presented* M. Ney their solid bullion lamps and images, saved these contents of the *Camara Santa*, which there was no time to conceal. Thus the "work of angels" was rescued from the sacrilegious crucible of mortal men. The defeat of Soult at Oporto recoiled on Ney, who fled from the N.W. with tarnished laurels. But miserable Oviedo was again plundered by Bonnet, who re-entered after the misconduct of the Spaniards at Columbres, where Bonnet, in order to decoy his arrogant enemy, had pretended to retire: Barcena fell instantly into the trap, and advanced, like Cuesta at Talavera, on what he supposed were flying deer, but he found them tigers, for Bonnet turned round and scattered his pursuers like sheep. This man, who rose from the revolutionary ranks, was the Alaric of the Asturias, where his name is held in no less execration than Soult's is at Seville, or Sebastiani's at Granada.

The cathedral, although not large or very ancient, is an elegant cruciform structure, in the perpendicular gothic style. About 1388 Bishop Gutierrez de Toledo in an evil hour took down most of the previous edifice, which was built in 802, and dedicated to San Salvador; and most of what he spared, with the exception of the *Camara Santa*, has subsequently been removed by the modernising chapter. The W. façade is striking. A noble balustraded portico of richly ornamented arches, stands between two towers, only one of which is complete. It rises about 200 feet, and is richly adorned with buttresses, crochetted pinnacles, niches, and open

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parapets. The chapter, in 1575, added an open filigree pyramidical spire—rather low in proportion—instead of finishing the opposite larger and incongruous tower, which is carried up to the height of the nave. Observe the singular arch of the northern tower. In the interior a gallery runs under the clerestory. The *retablo* of the high altar, divided into five tiers, dates from 1440. A modern gilt wooden custodia replaces the former one, which, with a silver *reja*, was melted by the French. The *silleria del coro* is ornamented with inlaid marqueterie. The *reja* good. There is some good painted glass; observe the windows of the absis at the *coro*.

Many of the lateral chapels are disfigured with *churrigueresque* and modern abominations. The *trascoro*, the elegant Gothic centre having been whitewashed, while on each side incongruous altars of dark marble have been erected in a bastard classical style. The chapels at the *trasaltar* are abominable. Here was that of the Virgin, which was the Escorial or burial-place or *Pantheon* of the early kings. This portion of the original building was pulled down in 1712 by Bishop Tomas Reluz, who substituted the present contemptible churrigueresque abortion. The *Cinborio* is overcharged, and the low pillars, and Corinthian pilasters, and heavy disproportionate cornice, are gross failures. This spot is now called *La Capilla del Rey Casto* (Alonso II., obt. 843), who here lies buried, with many of the earliest kings and princes, to wit, Fruela I., Alonso el Catolico, Ramiro, Ordoño I., era 944, Alonso el Magno, Garcia I., Doña Geloira, wife of Bermudo; Urraca, wife of Ramiro I., era 959, &c. Six niches in the walls contain stone coffins. The original sepulchres, epitaphs, and inscriptions, so carefully described by Morales, have been ruthlessly swept away, and now a paltry modern tablet records their time-honoured names. The gorgeous shrine of *Sa. Eulalia*, the patroness of Oviedo, lies to the N. near the entrance; her body, which rests in state in the *Capilla mayor*, is brought out and carried in procession in cases of want of rain! The cloisters are small, but offer elegant specimens of decorated tracery; the windows are in a good pointed Gothic. Consult '*Teatro Eclesiastico de Oviedo*,' Gil Gonzalez Davila, 4to. Mad., 1695; and '*Patrocinio Medrano*,' 2 vols. fol. Oviedo, 1719.

The glory, however, of this cathedral, and of this *holy* city—this asylum of priests and arsenal of pious frauds—are the brands rescued from the infidel by Pelayus.

"The relics and the written works of saints,
Toledo's treasure, prized beyond all wealth,
Their living and their dead remains,
These to the mountain fastnesses he bore."

This superstition of relics, the natural abuse of a yearning placed in every human heart, was therefore marshalled into the service of a crafty, worldly-wise church. There is an amiable poetical feeling in loving a relic, the all that is left to us of a benefactor—a memorial of one lost for ever, and yet to memory dear.

They are deposited in the *Camara Santa*, or the original primitive chapel (repainted, alas!) of *San Miguel*, which is the second oldest Christian building after the Moorish invasion. It is concealed, for greater security, between the cathedral and its cloisters, and is elevated to preserve the relics from damp: 22 steps ascend from the S. transept to an ante-room with a groined roof. Observe the arched way, with foliage and quaint Romanesque sharply cut sculpture, which leads to the chapel of 26 ft. by 16. At the end, and two steps lower, is the inner *sanctum sanctorum*: 12 statues of the apostles, coeval with the building, support the roof, and the mosaic pavement resembles those of Italy of the ninth century, and especially the Norman-Byzantine works in Calabria and Sicily. This holy of holies was once lighted up by magnificent silver lamps, which were carried off by the invaders. The devout kneel before a railing while the holy relics are exhibited. Morales thus writes his official report to Philip II.:—"*Estoy escribiendo en la iglesia antes de la reja, y Dios sabe que estoy fuera de mi de temor y reverencia.*" Such was the fear

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and reverence of this learned man, who trembled before these gold enshrined objects, a fear from which M. Ney, *le brave des braves*, was philosophically exempt.

Printed papers in French, Latin, and Spanish, and vouched for by the dean, are given to pilgrims, authenticating and describing the different items; while Pope Eugenius granted 1004 years and 6 *cuarantenas* (or 40 days) indulgence to all who visit and behold them. The prayer to be recited on the *Fiesta de las Reliquias* runs thus: "Propitiare Domine nobis famulis tuis, per horum sanctorum tuorum, quorum reliquiæ hic continentur, merita gloriosa, et eorum piâ intercessione ab omnibus semper muniamur adversis" (Morales, 85).

Referring for details to the official statement, these relics were removed to Africa from Jerusalem when it was taken by the Persian Chosraes; and thence to Cartagena, Seville, Toledo, to the Monte Sacro, and Oviedo. They were first kept by the Goths at Santo Toribio, near *Los Escobios de Morcin*, until Alonso el Casto built the stronger *fortaleza* of Oviedo in 875. They consist of manna from the desert, a firkin of the marriage of Cana, the bones of Pantaleon, Cucufato, Bachis, Pomposa, and other respectable saints, whose very names indicate their antiquity.

The *Arca*, or chest, in which they are kept, is made of oak, covered with thin silver plating, with bassi rilievi of sacred subjects, and an inscription round the border, which refers to the contents and savours much of Cordovese manufacture. Observe particularly the ivory crucifix carved by Nicodemus, about a foot high: the figure exactly resembles the *Cristo de las batallas* of the Cid at Salamanca, which thus suggests as its age the 11th century. The feet are separate, and not nailed one on the other; and as this crucifiz was made by Nicodemus *beyond all question*, it is referred to by Spanish theologians as settling a position much questioned. Here also is the sandal of St. Peter, and some of the Virgin's milk in a metal box. In another small case is kept the *santo sudario*, or shroud of our Saviour, which three times a year, and always on Good Friday when the bishop preaches, is displayed from a balcony that was barbarously cut out of the staircase of the *Camara Santa* in 1732. The peasants then hold up loaves, beads, and other objects which they are taught and believe do thus acquire a nutritious and medicinal quality. To pry into this arc entailed certain punishment: thus Garibay relates ('Esp. Sag.,' xxxix. 122) that in 1550 the bishop, Cristobal de Rojas Sandoval, although he had prepared himself by fasting and prayer, on attempting to open it was struck senseless. Thus Eurypylus, at the taking of Troy, obtained an arc, which contained an image of Bacchus made by Vulcan, and given to Dardanus by Jupiter; he attempted to open it, but was deprived of his senses (Paus. vii. 19. 6). So Minerva ordered none to peep into the basket in which she concealed Erichthonius, and all who did so, went mad and committed suicide (Paus. i. 18. 2): comp. 1 Sam. vi. 19; 1 Chron. xiii. 9. Minute accounts of the relics will be found in the works of Morales and Florez (see also Southey, 'Don Roderick,' note 89).

The identical *Casulla*, which, made in heaven, the Virgin placed herself on the shoulders of San Ildefonso at Toledo, *is said* to be at Oviedo, for the replies to our inquiries were not satisfactory. See however the portable altar used by the apostles, shaped like a book, encased with silver, and decorated inside with ivory carvings, and certainly a work of the tenth century. Next notice the cross (made of Asturian oak) of Pelayus (*La Cruz de la Victoria*), the *Palladium* which fell from heaven at Cangas before his victory. It is encased in a magnificent filigree-work made at Gauzon, 4 L. from Oviedo. The coeval inscription records that it was given by King Adefonsus et Schemena (Ximena), era 946 A.D. 908. Older still is that which was made (circa 880) by angels, although Morales (p. 76) thinks the front only to be their work, at all events it is studded with Pagan an-

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tiques. This, divine or human, is in the shape of a Maltese cross, enriched with gilt filigree-work, of a Byzantine or Moorish character, and is set with uncut precious stones. The four arms are thus inscribed: "Susceptum placide maneat hoc in honore Dei offert Adefonsus, humilis servus Christi. Hoc signo tuetur pius, hoc signo vincitur inimicus; quisquis auferre presumpserit mihi fulmine divino intereat ipse: nisi libenus voluntas dederit mea. Hoc opus perfectum est in era DCCCXLVI. A.D. 808." This cross therefore, and that at Santiago, are indubitably more than a thousand years old; but neither age nor the threat of lightning could save *La Cruz de la Victoria* from being seized from the altar by one of Ney's marauders, just as the sacrilegious Dionysius stole the pagan *Victoriolas aureas* (Cic. 'N.D.' iii. 34). It was rescued by the canon Alfonso Sanchez Ahumada by a mere accident, as he told us himself, which hereafter will be cited as a miracle: and that anything of silver escaped the Gaul staggers belief. Few cities in fact fared worse than *Oviedo*: it was only by *begging* M. Ney to accept their *solid* bullion, lamps, vases, and images, that the chapter induced the Marshal to spare the relics of the *Camera Santa*, thinly plated with silver (see p. 610): Ney was succeeded by Bonnet. The time-honoured city of saints and bishops, with all the prestige of Pelayus and of the past, was in short handed over to the spoiler, and dates from this fatal occupation its ruin and desecration.

The fine old library of the cathedral, of which many MSS. really came from Toledo, had long been left by the chapter as food for worms, so Gil Blas' good uncle was no unworthy dignitary of these stalls. Enquire for a curious illuminated MS. of the 13th century, with drawings of the officers of the royal palace: *El Libro Gotico*. The register books of deeds, &c., which are kept in most Spanish cathedrals and convents, are here called *Tumbos;* in Arragon they are called *Libros Cabreos*, but the usual name is *Libros de Becerro*, from the *calf* binding. (*Becerro* is the diminutive of the Arabic *Baccara*, an ox; *Vaca;* Latinè, *Vacca.*)

Oviedo, as might be expected, contains some of the most ancient Christian churches in the Peninsula. They are carefully described by Morales in his '*Viage*,' by Cean Bermudez (Arch. i. 4), Widdrington (ii. 102), and Caveda. Their round-headed pillar style, the Romanesque or our early Saxon, is here called *obra de Godos*, work of the Goths, in order to distinguish it from the pointed style, which we most improperly call *Gothic*, but which Spaniards with more judgment term *Tudesco*, or Tedesque; some have termed this ancient style *el Stilo Asturiano*.

These primeval edifices which carry us back centuries, are among the oldest Christian churches in the Peninsula, and, from being out of the town, have been less exposed to the harpy touch of modernising innovators. These true types of the Gotho-Hispano—the small temples of the infant monarchy—resemble baths or vaulted tombs; simple and solid, they are usually provided with a projecting shed or roof at the entrance, as a protection against the rainy climate. The best preserved specimens exist on the lofty hill of red sandstone called *La Cuesta de Naranco*, which rises on the opposite side of a valley to the N. of Oviedo. The *Santa Maria de Naranco*, is still used as a parish church, and the curate lives in a portion of the building, contrived by the irregular level of the hill side. From this point Oviedo, backed by its mountains, is seen to great advantage. The entrance is by a portico. The interior is divided into three parts, the floor of the central portion being the lowest. The main body about 40 feet long by 15 wide, is large, as Morales says, for a hermitage, but small for a church, and looks, indeed, more like a crypt or vaulted tomb. The portion below, says he, was also used as a church, according to the usage of the period. Observe the twisted cable-like pillars, the circular roof, the carved shields, and the three low arches behind the altar. Some of the columns were brought from a Roman temple at Lugo, for the early

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Christians used up the materials of pagan edifices, just as the contemporary Moors did at Cordova and elsewhere. On the capital of one column is a rude sculpture, which is supposed by the vulgar to refer to the female tribute paid to the Moors by Mauregato, obt. 788. This church, a gem of antiquity, was in our time kept in decent repair by the curate, and at his own expense, for the Oviedo authorities care for none of these old stones. Well-meaning, but ignorant, this priest, however, turned out the old font for a spick-and-span new one: now every day this relic church is going to ruin, in spite of the conservative fine arts commission!

San Miguel de Lino, which stands a little higher up the hill, is of a cruciform shape, and must when perfect have been a miniature church in its proportions, with all the usual accessories. It is shamefully neglected and desecrated. Observe the windows in the *Crucero*, the short pillars and arches. The vulgar assert that the *chaste* Alonso and his wife Bertha had their separate beds, to her Majesty's infinite discontent, in two recesses in the *tribuna:* these connubial denegations or derelictions are commoner in the chilly Asturias than in the *tierras calientes;* but these spaces were in reality destined for *objetos de culto*, and the church, according to Morales ('*Viage*,' 103), was not built until after their death by Ramiro I. (circa 850): the architect's name was Tioda, or Fioda. According to Mariana (vii. 13), the cost was paid for out of the spoil taken at Clavijo, where Santiago fought in person; this side of the hill was then covered with houses, which disappeared when Alonso el Magno (circa 935) fortified Oviedo. Morales, in 1572, describes the ruined traces of the palace of Ramiro; and fragments are still encased in the more modern buildings.

The ecclesiologist will not fail to make a pilgrimage to a similar relic, about a mile outside the town on the road to Gijon, built by Tioda, or Fioda, and dedicated to *San Julian* (Santullano). It has three aisles, and is in good proportion. The character is Byzantine, although Cean Bermudez calls it Tuscan. Observe the short pillars on each side of the altar, and singular capitals: examine the exterior, and the window to the E. The *Nuestra Señora de la Vega*, placed in the sweet valley close to the town, was founded by Doña Gontrodo Perez, obt. 1186, mother of Queen Urraca. She was buried here, and Florez ('Rey. Cat.,' i. 300), has preserved her curious Latin epitaph. See also '*Esp. Sag.*,' xxxviii. 151; but, alas! it has been entirely modernised. Observe, however, the 2 tombs.

Examine also in Oviedo, near the cathedral, the remains of *la Corte*, or residence of *el Rey Casto*. This, the *fortaleza*, was added by Alonso III. el Magno, to protect the holy relics from pirates; meaning, no doubt, the Normans, who ravaged the coast in 862 (see p. 164). Morales saw and copied the original inscription. The remains of an old tower have quite the Norman character of the period, but the chief part was pulled down to make space for the cathedral cloister, and from time to time many genuine inscribed stones, mentioned by Sandoval, Florez ('*Esp. Sag.*,' xxxvii. 140), precious historical evidences have been allowed to be lost. The *fortaleza* was converted into a prison, the usual fate of Spanish alcazares. The date (era 913) was inscribed over the door.

Adjoining is another ancient church dedicated to *San Tirso*, but sadly modernised. What it once was may be inferred from the description of the Bishop Sebastiano: Cujus operis pulchritudinem plus præsens potest mirari quam eruditus scriba laudare." A double arch, with columns in the exterior wall, is all that exists. Of this early period is *San Payo* close by, a church which was originally founded by Alonso el Casto to the honour of St. John the Baptist, but the dedication was changed when the remains of San Pelayo were placed here by Ferdinand I., in 1023 or 1053. This St. Pelayus (who must not be confounded with the restorer of the Gothic monarchy), this Shant Pelay

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of the Moorish annalists, was the nephew of a Bishop of Tuy, who, taken prisoner by the Moors at the battle of Junquera, was left at Cordova as a hostage for the prelate, where he was put to death for resisting the unnatural kalif in 925. His body was begged as a favour by Sancho el Gordo, when he went to Cordova to consult Moorish physicians, and it was removed with great pomp by his son Ramiro III. For the lad's legend see '*Antiq. du Tuy*,' Sandoval, p. 62; and for hints how to paint him correctly, consult '*Pictor Christianus*,' Ayala, vi. 18.

The fine old tower on the *Plaza Mayor* was pulled down in 1834, to "beautify" the locality; the *Casas Consistoriales* is a handsome mansion-house of the time of Philip II. The old houses opposite—if not modernised—are more picturesque.

The ecclesiologist will look into the church of *San Juan*, and observe the billet moulding round the front; near it is the huge convent of *San Vicente*, founded in 1281 for Benedictines by the abbot Fromestano, as a double monastery for monks and nuns. The former portion is now converted into the residence of the gefe politico, and serves for public *oficinas*, printing, tobacco, and other governmental departments. Ask to see the cell of Padre Feijoo, one of the brotherhood, whose critical essays, about a century ago, dispelled some of the crassest popular errors of Spain. The fame of the Spanish Benedictines fell off sadly after the death of this Helluo librorum, and their friars never studied much afterwards, because as their *Feijoo* had read and written enough for the whole world and to the end of the world, they had a fair claim to the benefit of his good works of supererogation. His '*Teatro Critico Universal*,' his '*Cartas Eruditas y Curiosas*,' with replies, rejoinders, &c., "more Hispano," fill 19 vols., 4to., and have gone through many editions: our copy, the fifth, was published at Madrid by the heirs of Francisco de Hierro, 1748. Peace to his ashes!

Near San Juan also is an old pilgrim hospital, once a palace of Alonso III., called *Doña Balesquida*, from the foundress, whence the guild of tailors, *Alfayates*, come forth at Pentecost, and perform a masquerade for 3 days after the Preston fashion. The procession, costumes, and concluding feast on the *Pamurion* are things for the artist and antiquarian.

On the wall outside Oviedo, and near the gate *Nocera*, is encased a black marble monument to Jovellanos, placed opposite the road to Gijon, the native town of that enlightened patriot, of whom the *Asturias* may well be vain. Among her other "worthies" may be named *Arguelles*, the man of "divine" *speech* in the Cortes,—*Riego*, the apostle of the *Constitucion*,—*Toreno*, of *loan* celebrity, and one of the first to sail from the Asturias to borrow the gold, iron, and aid of England, which he lived to try to depreciate: accordingly, Madoz (xii. 446) deems the deeds of the Asturians as "*altamente sublimes*." No province in truth did less. At the mere approach of Ney, in 1809, Romana and the Junta took to their heels, while the effect always produced on their troops by the very name of "le brave des braves" was exactly that wrought on their ancestors by the mere sound of Hannibal. *Timuitque* exercitus *Astur*. Sil. Ital., i., 252.

One of the nice walks near Oviedo leads to the former imposing convent of *San Francisco*, founded it is said by St. Francis himself, and now converted into a hospital for some 200 patients. In the convent cloister admirers of "el Rey *casto*" may read the inscription on the blooming portrait of S. Elceario y S^{a} Delfina, "que vivieron siendo casados, en perpetua castidad sin apartar lecho." The view from the stone where criminals are shot is charming, looking over the aqueduct and *San Miguel de Lillo*. In the hospital church look at the chapel of the *Marquezes de Valdecamara*, and read the items of the offering of corn and beef payable for saying a soul mass on the *dia de difuntos*. This *Paseo* is on holidays frequented by the lower classes, who sing and dance their peculiar circular evolu-

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tions: the words of their fight-provoking songs, *viva Pravia! viva Pilona!* refer to Pelayus and his victories over the Moor. Sunday is a grand day for the dressing and dancing of the peasants who flock into the town. They assemble on the market *plaza* after mass, where the local costume may be studied. Observe the fair, fresh complexions of these brown-haired blue-eyed daughters of the Goths, whose long locks are plaited in *trenzas*. They carry their water-vessels and baskets with the upright gait of a Hebe. The men wear a peculiar sky-blue cap or montera, and are fond of an ugly yellow cloth. The sketcher may also walk out on the Santander road, and look back on the imposing jumble which is formed of San Vicente, San Pelayo, the old tower and cathedral. The Santo Domingo, on the Leon road, with its groves, has also become a hospital. The Asturian mountains, as seen from the *Campo Santo*, are very grand. Walk also to the *Bajo voto*, and look at the charming junction of the *Nalon* and *Aller*. Take tackle.

The domestic architecture of Oviedo, with projecting roof, is suited to the damp climate. Among the deserted mansions of the nobility, visit that of the Duque del Parque, now a *fabrica de armas*; that of the Marquis of Campo Sangrado, a fine square building, in which Gen. Bonnet lived, whose atrocities are recorded by Toreno (xi.). Visit also the *Casa Solar* of this *historian*, whose family is one of the most ancient of the Asturias. The *Calle de la Plateria* has some Prout-like bits. Walk out to *Las Caldas*, Calidas, the warm baths, 1 L., charmingly situated *en la ribera de abajo*. The buildings were erected in 1731-80, by Manuel Requero Gonzalez. The season from June 1 to Sept. 30.

Oviedo, like *Lugo*, is the centre of many communications, bridle-tracks mostly, but extremely picturesque, whether running along the coasts or inland. Geologists should be told that in the neighbourhood of *Oviedo* are some of the richest and most extensive coal-fields of the Peninsula; make therefore a détour into the *Concejos of Siero*, 2¼ L., and *Langreo*, 3¼ L., ascend the beautiful Nalon to *Sama*, 3½ L., near which the Marquis de Campo Sagrado, who is most hospitable and a great lover of the angle, has a fine old castle, and hence to *Siero*. The Nalon flows through vast deposits of coal, which, like many other buried treasures in Spain, have long been neglected by the natives until the foreigner came to do the work. The peasants used to scrape out a little, and carry it on muleback to Gijon, where a load, worth 8*d*. at the pit, sold for 2*s*., and this in a country where the raw materials, stone for roads and iron for railroads, iron in juxtaposition with coal, are abundant. Recently, however, a rail has been laid down from *Sama* to *Gijon*, and a carriage-road, *Carretera carbonera*, made by Señor Aguado, who lost his life in the hardships of an Asturian journey in 1842.

This intelligent capitalist rose from the dregs of society, and became an *Afrancesado* in 1808. When the French were driven out of Spain by the Duke, he set up a chocolate shop in Paris, and having managed the 1823 loan for Ferdinand VII., became a millionaire* and was created *Marquis de las Marismas* (Swamps): for, among other irons in the fire, he was mixed up in the Guadalquiver Company. As he was a shrewd raiser of the wind as well as water, *mas agudo que aguado*, his death dealt a serious blow to this district. He established at *Nalon* the most important of the native and foreign companies which are at work here. Many Newcastle and Cornish miners are employed. Lower down on the Nalon is the district of the English company. The coal-beds in some places run 13 feet thick, but the average is between 3 and 4; it is of a better quality than most of the French and foreign sulphureous coal, although it cannot compete with the English.

Since Aguado's death many mining companies have been set on foot for

* *De muchas talegas*, a man of many purses. The *talega* contains 1000 dollars, and is the Arab *talega*.

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working these coal and iron ores, and the district has been surveyed by practical engineers and geologists.

Route 95.—Oviedo to Santander.

Venta de Puga	2	
Gijon	2	4
Villa Viciosa	4	8
Lastres	3	11
Riba de Sella	4	15
Llanes	5	20
Colombres	3	23
San Vicente	2	25
Cumillas	1½	26½
Santillana	3	29½
Puerto del Arce	3	32½
Santander	3	35½

There is a daily coach from Oviedo to *Gijon*.

Gijon, the old Gigia: *posada* decent. Pop. 6000. This seaport, with its old walls and defences, is built on a projecting low peninsula headland, under the hill Catalina. The site of the ancient *Aras Sestianas* (Pomp. Mela, iii. 1), which some consider to be that of Gijon, has been traced at Cabo de Torres. The Roman town was used by the Moors as a quarry to construct a frontier defence. The name *Gyhon*, "valley of grace," is Syrian. After the loss of the battle of Canicas the Moors, under *Munuza*, surrendered the place to Pelayus, who entitled himself Conde de Gijon, and the town became strong enough to beat back the Norman invaders in 844: it was rebuilt in 1410 by Lucas Bernaldo de Quintana: here local steamers touch; thus the rough rides to *La Coruña* or *Santander* may be avoided. Gigon, since the frequent commotions in Spain, has been fortified to afford a place of refuge, to which the authorities of the Asturias might retreat.

Entering at the gate and arch of the Infante (the *Childe*) Pelayo, the handsome *Calle de la Cruz* leads down to the Mole and port. The town is cheap, clean, and improving. On the Plaza is the theatre and an old castle. The *Parroquia de San Pedro* is small; the statues in it of the tutelar and of our Saviour are carved by Antonio Borja. A more suitable church for the growing town was planned by Gaspar Melchior de Jovellanos; born here January 5, 1744, he was the benefactor of the town, where he founded the *Instituto Asturiano*, a well-managed school of a high order, with a fairish library; but the building is unfinished, for Jovellanos died a miserable persecuted man at Vega, Nov. 27, 1811: and in Spain, as in the East, where every man is for himself, few are the tenancies *par auter vie*, and many are the good projects which die with their individual founder, a mere *happy accident* himself; then there is the *falta de fondos*, a true thing of Spain. Cean Bermudez, the excellent author on Spanish art, was born at Gijon, and this was the port whence Toreno and the Asturian deputies sailed, May 30, 1808, to implore the aid of England to save them from Buonaparte, which, when accomplished, he tried to write down. The town was sacked, its warehouses plundered, and its shipping destroyed by the French under Bonnet.

The ecclesiologist may visit *Deva*, 1 L. from Gijon, where there is a church built in 1006. The Cistertian convent of *Santa Maria de Valdedios*, near Gijon, was founded 892 by Alonso el Magno: the newer church was built by Alonso IX.: see the inscription over the door of the older one.

The coast-road to Santander is intersected with *rias*, *tinas* or estuaries, cauldrons, and bays. The ascents and descents, the crossing and fording trout-streams, are wearisome but picturesque. Villa Viciosa, pop. 1200, is *La capital de las Avellanas*, the nuts so largely exported from Gijon. The lover of old houses may look at La Casa de Vaqueros, in which Charles V. slept, Sept. 19th, 1517, before he embarked, having supped on fried sardines—the walnut table remains. At *Amandi*, distant a mile, there exists a singular ecclesiological relic, the *San Juan Bautista*, built on a slope, a simple solid parallelogram, 51 ft. by 25 in breadth, and 35 high. The details are most curious. Some, trusting to an inscription over the window of the *tribuna*, have carried the date up to 634; at the hamlet on the coast, *Lloraza*, 1 L., another of these relics has survived, the *Sa. Eu-*

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lalia, built by Doña Uraca; the arches and capitals are most interesting. *Colunga*, to the rt. of *Lastres*, is celebrated for chesnuts. *Riba de Sella* rises on the "opposite bank of the Sella:" pop. 1200. This, one of the best ports on the coast, has a fine *Muelle*. A lead and silver mine is worked by an English company. The beautiful *Sella* comes down from *Infiesto* and *Cangas de Onis:* the fishing higher up, above the junction of the *Dobra*, near Arriondas, is good. The ride to *San Vicente* is intersected by a number of trout streams. First occurs the Aguamia, near *Pria;* then the Rio Caliente, near *Rales*; then the Niembro or Calabres; then the Poa and the Rio de Llanes. *Llanes*, pop. 2000, is the last town in the Asturias. Two ancient monasteries may be visited, each about 3 m. distant from Llanes, and about 2 m. from each other; one is called *San Antolin*, and the other, *San Salvador de Celorio*, which is charmingly situated, with a fine Gothic chapel. *Colombres*, pop. 400, is the first town in the *Montañas de Santander*, so called to distinguish them from the mountains of *Burgos* and *Reinosa*. From these *Montañas* descend the *Montañeses*, or chandlers of other parts of Spain. The vast forest of *Liebana*, between the Peñas de Europa and Reinosa, contains some of the finest timber in the world (see Rte. 116, and the '*Historia*' of these districts by Cossio, 4to., Madrid, 1688). The Deva is a noble salmon and trout stream. The angler should ascend into the *Concejo de Cabrales*, and make either *Abandones*, *Arenas*, or *La Carrera* his head-quarters, where the Cases, coming down from Carmaneña and the Casano, unite and swell the Deva. The next stream is the Nansa, seldom with water enough in it for the fly-fisher.

San Vicente is a miserable place. Here General Sarrut, with 900 Frenchmen, utterly routed 6000 Spaniards, on Nov. 20, 1808. At one charge of cavalry they took at once to their heels, abandoning all Romana's artillery, and leaving Oviedo open to the spoiler. Such was their leader *Llano Ponte's* hurry to run away, that he did not even pause to destroy the boats, and thus worthy of his name, gave a *broad bridge*, a pont d'or, not to a retreating, but to an advancing foe. (See Schep. ii. 115, and Toreno, xi.)

The fine bridge, with thirty-two arches, was built in 1433; the smaller, with eight, in 1779. 1½ L. distant is *Luez*, with the fine salmon pools below the weir *Muñonrodero*. A well-girt traveller may reach Santander the next day, unless his love for Gil Blas detains him in *Santillana*. This pretty town, the ancient Concana, is placed on the river Besaga, which has good fishing all the way up to *Corales*. *Santillana* lies distant about 1 L. from the seaport *Suances*, Portus Vere-asueca. The *besugos*, a sort of bream, are excellent eating, but the Santillans have ceased to quaff the Tartar drink of horses' blood, the luxury of their ancestors (Sil. Ital. iii. 361; Hor. Od. iii. 4, 34).

The name Santillana is the corruption of *Santa Juliana*, as Illan is of St. Julian, the patron of pilgrims. She is the patroness of the town, to which her body was brought in 1307. Outside her church are sculptured some curious free figures. Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, the friend of Juan II. and the Mæcenas of Spain, assumed her name for his title of Marquis, and gave it to this his city. The works of this early patron of Spanish literature were published at Madrid in 1852, by his descendant the Duke of Osuna, under the editorship of José Amador de los Rios. The civic arms are this Santa Juliana holding the devil, or Asmodeus, in chains. No wonder, therefore, that Le Sage had a partiality to this *native* imp, who may be considered an "*hijo*" del pueblo. The *Casa Consistorial*, in the *Plaza*, is a fine building, and worthy of a town which really did give birth to the architect of the Escorial, Juan de Herrera. At the *Puente de Arce*, the Pas is passed, which flows down from those healthy mountain districts, where stout single-stick-playing peasants beget those juicy wet-nurses, *Las Pasiegas*, who suckle the sickly children of unhealthy

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Madrid, and whose rich costume forms a gay feature on the *Prado*. Thence to thriving Santander.

As we are now in the country of Gil Blas, one word on that charming novel and its author, Le Sage. The lover of Don Quixote and Cervantes may turn to p. 238, and compare the two works and writers: how different, yet both how popular! Le Sage, a *littéraire de Paris*, who wrote for bread, took for his hero a clever low French-like rogue of a valet, in whom, however the scamp may amuse us, personally we take little real interest, for his doings savour of the tricks and tone of the ante-chamber, and this persiflage of life is without principle or earnestness. Cervantes, a soldier and gentleman, chose for his hero the stately old Castilian Hidalgo, for whom, in spite of his monomania, we feel respect and affection. Don Quixote is a *Castellano á las derechas*, a true Spaniard to the backbone, one of the good old stock, while Gil Blas is one only in voice, for his hands are the hands of a Frenchman.

There has been much discussion as to who wrote Gil Blas: certainly the work first appeared in French, and was published at different times; the two first vols. in 1715, a third in 1724, and the fourth and last in 1735. Its success was deservedly immediate, and the book became European, and a pendant, if not a rival to Don Quixote. It was translated into most languages, and at last into Spanish, about 1783, by Padre Isla, the author of '*Fray Gerundio de Campazas*;' this work was a spiritual Don Quixote, in which the absurd ignorance and superstitions of the mendicant monks were cleverly exposed, although, as usual with Spaniards, the jest was overdone; but they can leave nothing in the inkstand. In spite of his perception of ridicule in others, now the Padre Isla boldly asserted that the entire work of Gil Blas was *stolen* by Le Sage from Spain *en bloc*, like the church plate and pictures were in our times appropriated by Messrs. Soult, Dupont, & Co. The Padre, in his translation, retained all the topographical, chronological, and other minor errors, which thick as leaves in Valombrosa, are the straws which show that at least a foreigner had meddled with the original, just as Mons. Bonnemaison tampered with the transported Raphaels of the Escorial, leaving the mark of the beast.

Padre Isla's title-page is a choice specimen of the aptitude of *Nosotros* to take *all* the credit to themselves for the labour and industry of others; 'Aventuras de Gil Blas de Santillana *robadas* á España y adoptadas en Francia por M. Le Sage, *restituidas á su patria* y á sú lengua nativa por un Español celoso, que no sufre *se burlen de su nacion*.' In his fear that the foreigner should make a fool of him, this zealot spoke out the genuine sentiments of *Españolismo*, and the echo reached beyond the Pyrenees, giving deep offence to the French. Accordingly, in 1819, one Mons. Le Comte François de Neufchateau, membre de l'Institut, published a ponderous *Examen* to prove that Gil Blas *must* be a French work because it was so *clever*: this plea was demurred to by Llorente, the author of the excellent exposition of the Spanish inquisition, who published at Paris, in 1822, his rejoinder, '*Observations Critiques*,' and the quarrel became a very pretty one. The substance of the Spaniards' reasoning was put together in a smart paper in Blackwood, June, 1844, although the printer's devil exhibited throughout it a gross ignorance of Spanish language, names, and orthography; Llorente imagined the author of Gil Blas to have been Antonio Solis, the historian of Mexico, for which, however, he could not produce one tittle of evidence. Others had affirmed that it was written by a nameless Andalucian lawyer, who, about 1654, composed this satire on Spanish ministers, justice, drama, and medicine, which he did not dare to print; at his death the MS. is supposed to have been obtained by the Marquis de Lionne, a great book collector, who was in Spain in 1656; just as M. Mignet got the treatise on the retreat of Charles V., prepared by Gonzalez (see p. 498). In no country in the world have more works been left in

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MS. than in Spain, as the expense of printing, the obstacles raised by censors and the Inquisition, and the inadequate remuneration, deterred many authors, who, having gratified their cacoethes scribendi, were content to remain in typeless obscurity. The Marquis, it is said, bequeathed his library to his grandson, the Abbé de Lionne, the early patron of Le Sage, and his instructor in the Spanish language, and from whom—it is assumed—he obtained the Spanish original. It is at least certain that Le Sage never even set his foot in Spain, for, a true Parisian, he adored Paris, more than Socrates loved Athens: his vocation was writing, by which he obtained his living, and he began his career by translating Spanish comedies and novels; he lacked the *invention* of Cervantes, and was an appropriator and embellisher of other men's thunder, nor was he ever held by his contemporaries to be an *original* author, as even Voltaire thought his *Gil Blas* to be pilfered. His genius was synthetical, not creative; he could combine and construct, but could not originate. From the beginning he depended on the sweat of other men's brows: thus our gallic bee was busy in Spanish wastes of flowers, and retaining his own sting, gathered incidents which he flavoured with his own wit, thus grafting a charming lively French style on the rude Iberian stock; accordingly his mind, from frequent translation, became impregnated with the things of Spain, and his pickings and stealings were not severely visited by his countrymen, who in these matters are not over scrupulous. Nay they rather rejoice, "furto lætantur in ipso," or, as they say—

Dans les trésors d'autrui nous puisons à *dessin*,
En nous applaudissant de cet heureux larcin;

It would seem that Le Sage, having all his life avowedly gleaned and paraphrased Spanish books, and having acknowledged that his '*Bachelier de Salamanque*' was translated from a Spanish MS. which he never produced, all at once brought forth this 'Gil Blas,' and claimed it for his own. It is, however, admitted by all critics that two-thirds and the best incidents are certainly of Spanish origin, and Le Sage himself took no pains to conceal the fact. Thus, although the Padre Isla did not know it, he borrowed many of the scenes and characters in 'Gil Blas,' from the '*Marcos de Obregon*' of Vicente Espinel, from whose preface the opening incident of the student and the buried soul of Pedro Garcias, is taken word for word. So are the scenes of the supper at the Posada de Penaflor, cribbed from Quevedo—see '*Gran Tacano*,' ch. 4, and so with the barber Diego de la Fuente and the physician's wife; and, as if to whisper whence he stole those sweets, which Llorente has hunted out, as Dr. Ferriar did the plagiarisms of our Sterne, Le Sage actually and honestly gives the name of Marcos de Obregon to the Escudero. He boldly adopted the maxim of Molière, who, like Corneille, borrowed pretty freely from Spanish books: "Ie beau est *mon bien*, et je le reprends où je le retrouve;" an appropriation and justification, by the way, quite Spanish, as Seneca thus expresses his predaceous principle: "Quicquid bene est dictum ab ullo *meum est*." (Ep. xvi.)

Probably Le Sage made up his 'Bachelier de Salamanque,' as well as his 'Gil Blas,' out of the same Spanish MS.; but as the former novel had been seen by others in MS., he did not venture to appropriate that to himself, but proceeded to eviscerate the original, interweaving other stories, of his own, which, being truly French, are little in harmony with genuine Spanish tone and sentiment.

No wonder, if Le Sage copied from a MS., and not from a book in print, that partly from the difficulty of deciphering a foreign handwriting in a language which he only understood imperfectly, he should fall into errors of orthography, names, geography, &c., that would have disgraced even a Chateaubriand or Laborde. Indeed, they are so numerous that the French argue, with great *naïveté*, that this very carelessness and inaccuracy proves that the work *must* have been written

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by one of themselves. There is, indeed, in 'Gil Blas' a *general* acquaintance with Spain and Spaniards, but the work lacks those nice traits which stamp identity, and mark that intimate acquaintance with τοποι και τροποι, with places and manners, which characterizes the genuine picaresque novels of Spaniards; again, the true *Borracha* is often wanting, while occasionally the sewer-smell of Lutetia is substituted.

Le Sage published his 'Gil Blas' in 1714, when 47 years old, and when he had become a perfect master of that most difficult art—an art in which no nation can compete with his clever and ingenious countrymen—the writing what is agreeable reading: it is his *opus magnum*, and how few mortals ever produce more than one good book. He used his Spanish original as a woof, into which he worked in his own golden threads, that glitter throughout, part indeed of the whole, and yet distinct. Therein he poured out the cream of his mind and life, investing the floating capital of his wit, his hoards of memory and biting common sense, his observations on men and manners, especially as seen on the low, familiar, and ludicrous view, sed ridentem dicere verum, quid vetat? All this is exclusively his own, and if evidence were wanting of how truly it is French, let Padre Isla's version into Spanish be read, which proves of itself that it is a *translation*; and, in truth, 'Gil Blas' is too witty for a genuine Spanish work, and the epigrammatic vein is too sustained, it is too finished, too much a thing of composition. This too is proved by the occasional flashes, which sparkle like grains of gold in the sand amid the truisms, verbiage, discursive episodes, and *glozas*, in which Spaniards, like Orientals, delight to indulge whether in writing or in talking. Le Sage picked out nothing but plums; and winnowing the wheat from the bushels of Spanish chaff, rejected all common-place on stilts, all that moralising at length, and especially all what the natives, who are insensible to bore, and with whom time is of no value, call grave, judicious, and philosophical reflections, *anglicé* twaddle. To Le Sage this merit is due, that he improved on his original; and if he did occasionally kidnap a Spanish hidalgo, he did not disfigure him like a gipsy, but gave to the broader, coarser Iberian the fine polish and amiability of Paris, and at all events never set the stolen gems in lead.

An ignorance of foreign language, an inaccuracy of translation, a tampering with text, and flavouring every thing up to the tastes and prejudices of Paris, frequently turns out, when Spanish or Oriental literature is in question, to be rather a benefit than an injury to the original: thus how much more pleasant to read are the garbled, incorrect French 'Arabian Nights' of Mons. Galland, than the literal, honest English version of Mr. Lane. However, the tact, cleverness, and brilliancy of a French pen are undeniable; and such writers as Le Sage resemble those revolutionary marshals, who plundered Spain of her heavy church plate and pictures long buried in the napkins of unvisited convents. Thus the useless bullion was coined into current cash, and many great masters of art, hitherto almost unknown, were introduced to the general acquaintance and admiration of Europe.

The Spaniard is pleased to compare himself to a *tesoro escondido*, to a hidden treasure. Be it so; but it is too bad to turn round and fall foul, like the Padre Isla, on the pains-taking foreigner, who has dug him up as the student did the soul of Pedro Garcias. No doubt, strictly speaking, Le Sage is a plagiarist; but, like our Sterne, he is far preferable to scores of less amusing originals; and if he appropriated the *raw* Spanish material, he manufactured it with foreign industry and ingenuity, dovetailing in a rich Mosaic work of his own. Such divers of literature fish up neglected pearls, which they string into a precious necklace, and theirs fairly is the merit of the *callida junctura*, and of that qualified originality which confers a real value on the previously unappreciated, and gives a new life to the dead. Great, indeed, ought

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the gratitude of Spain to be to M. Le Sage, but not contented with calling him a thief, she filches from him both his works and glory.

Let no Englishman deny Le Sage his well-deserved laurel. 'Gil Blas' is inimitable in its line, and is one of the few books which posterity will never let die; it is one of those "little books" which dear Dr. Johnson loved, and which every traveller in Spain should always stow away alongside of his Don Quixote in his *alforjas*. The edition of Evaristo Peña y Marin, Mad. 1828, is very convenient in form.

ROUTE 96.—OVIEDO TO SANTANDER.

Siero	3	
Infiesto	4	7
Cangas de Onis	4	11
Covadunga	1½	12½
Peñamelera	4	16½
Abandanes	2½	19
Sn. Vicente	4	23
Santander	9½	32½

The inland road is less fatiguing, because not so much cut up by estuaries as is the one by the sea-coast. It threads those defiles which Pelayus defended and Ballesteros abandoned; it contains the sites of early churches and castles, is highly picturesque and Swiss-like, and the fishing is good. None should venture this way except in fine weather, taking a local guide, and minding the provend. Leaving *Siero* and its coal-beds, and descending to pretty *Infiesto*, with a nice little *Posada:* pop. 600. On the Pitona, near the *corredoiro*, is the spot where Pelayus forded the river. The angler may ride, in a long day, to *Cangas de Onis*, a poor place, but at Sella there are some salmon-pools. The road winds up the pleasant valley of the Sella to *Cangas de Onis*, Canicas (conchas, the shell-like broken valley), with a good bridge over the confluent Sella and Gueña: half a league off is the ancient monastery, *San Pedro de Villanova*, built about 760 by Alonso I., who commemorated on an arch the tragical death of his father. The modernised chapel of *Santa Cruz*, so called from the cross of Victory, was built in 735 by Favila, in the plain near *Mercado de Cangas*; an original inscription of the time remains, a most singular philological relic, and much discussed from Morales down to Caveda. Here it was that Favila killed a bear with his spear, and the *lancia*, a true Iberian weapon and name, still may be traced in the poles of these mountaineers, who in these localities are great single-stick players. On Sundays piles of poles may be seen stacked *outside* the churches to prevent breaches of the peace before the very altar. They handle their shillelahs with Irish good-will and dexterity, and frequently beat away the bayonets of the troops sent out to put down smuggling.

Into these glens (consult '*Memorias del Rey Casto*,' by Reluz) the remnant of the Goths fled after the fatal battle on the Guadalete, in 711. Here Pelayus, Pelayo, whose father Favila—the Fáfila of Arab historians—son of king Chindasvinto, had been murdered by the usurper Witiza, rallied a few brave men, and 7 years afterwards, in 718, gained a victory over the Moors, which delivered Gijon and all this nook of Spain from the Moorish invader.

None will fail to visit the rocky cradle of the monarchy, *La Cueva de Auseva*,

Covadonga, el sitio triunfante,
Cuna que fue de la insigne España.

This cave, to which Pelayus fled like David did to that of Adullam, this den whence the Gothic Lion came forth, is placed at the head of a rocky defile or valley about 5 miles off; the approach and first view is most picturesque; notice the lofty mountain, the midway grotto, the chapel, and the gushing *Deva*. The cave itself opens some 40 feet wide by 30 deep, and might contain the 300 Spaniards, the Marathon band that annihilated 300,000 Moors, como *cuenta* la historia. The interior of the sanctuary will pain the antiquarian. The curious old wooden hermitage was burnt down in 1775, when Charles IV. employed the academical Ventura Rodriguez, whose common-place unfurnished temple has little in common with Pelayus: this hero's curious rude sepulchre must be noticed, as also that of Alonso I. and the

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Hermit's. Pelayus, the Dux or Duke of the Goths, died in 737, having reigned 18 years. He was buried in the small church of Santa Eulalia, built by him at *Abamia*, ½ L. from *Cangas de Onis*, nor to this day is any dead body allowed to be placed in the site where his corpse was laid until it was removed to the Cueva.

This victory was the first serious blow dealt to the Saracenic invaders, and saved France and Europe from the crescent; for it proved a diversion, and raised up a new enemy in the flank of the advancing Moor, who, now occupied with a resistance at home, could ill spare troops for distant conquests beyond the Pyrenees; thus the warlike French gained breathing-time and organised resistance, until Charlemagne rolled back the torrent, and planted the cross on the banks of the Ebro itself. Like Bailen in our times, this victory destroyed the supposed invincibility of the infidel invader; and encouraged resistance, rendering success easier by disheartening the vanquished. The Moor now began to be chary of approaching the mountains; his settlements were formed in the plains, and in the warmer south and eastern coasts; and when the first violence of the invasion became spent, the located strangers grew attached to their rich properties, and became still more unwilling to undertake distant and dangerous conquests, which, when only poor adventurers, they eagerly followed out.

This signal victory was second in none of its results or prodigies to those crowning mercies of Las Navas de Tolosa. According to the Bishop Sebastian (*'Esp. Sag.,'* xxxvii. 79), 124,000 Moors were killed in the valley of Covadunga, and 63,000 more drowned under Monte Amosa, when, according to Paulus Diaconus, "the rest they ran away," into France, where 375,000 were killed. These statements are, in sober truth, things of romance: thus, according to Don Quixote (ii. 1), Orlando himself killed 2,200,000 of king Agrican's army. This Oriental arithmetic formed a model to Buonaparte's *facts, figures,* and bulletins formulæ during Moore's campaign. Those who now tread these narrow defiles of *Covadunga*, will, as at *las Navas de Tolosa* and *Salado*, see the impossibility of moving, to say nothing of feeding, not 500,000 but 20,000 men; the true solution of all these *cuentas* will be to read hundreds instead of thousands. No doubt in these broken localities, as at Bailen, where manœuvring is impracticable, the Spaniards gained the day; and well would it have been for them if they had always acted on the example of history and on our Duke's advice, and kept to their hills, instead of rushing to certain defeat in campal battles. The Moorish annalists treated their conqueror Pelayus with Chinese politeness, calling him a "contemptible barbarian"—"One Belay, who roused the people of Asturish." He was "despised" by the Viceroy, Al-horr, as only commanding 30 men ('Moh. D.' ii. 34,260). Pelayus in reality was a true warrior of Spain, *i. e.* a *Guerrillero*, a Sertorius, Cid, Mina, Zumalacarregui, in short an Abd-el-Kader Cristiano.

On these sites of ancient glory the notorious Ballesteros first emerged, in our times, into disgrace; his refusal to obey the Duke led to the loss of Madrid, the raising the siege of Burgos, and neutralized the victory of Salamanca. Banished to Ceuta, for this disobedience, and soon jobbed out again by the anti-English party, of which he was the leader; now he is the *beau ideal* of a true Spaniard with the Torenos (viii.), Arguelleses (i. 99, 327), and Co., who behold in him the representative of *el orgullo Español*, which will not submit even to be *saved* if a *foreigner* gives the word of command.

Ballesteros, by birth an Arragonese, with all the obstinacy and insubordination of his stiff-necked countrymen, began life as a common soldier in 1804, and was turned out of the ranks for misconduct. Appointed afterwards a tobacco registrar in the Asturias, he was busied with his cigars near Covadunga, at the time of the national rising after the butcheries of Murat; then he became, says Toreno, "*entusiasmado*" with the glorious recollec-

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tions of his "district," and thought himself a second Pelayus; but on May 24, 1810, when the first French detachment came in sight, his tobaccose valour ended in smoke, and he took to his heels at once, never stopping until he reached *Potes*; and again the instant the French reappeared he started off to *Santander*, and leaving his troops in the lurch, rushed with José O'Donnell into an open boat, rowing away with the butts of muskets. Ballesteros being a *lechaculo* or toady of the Marques of Romana, the commander in these districts, manœuvred into place, and passed from being the slave to the tyrant. By nature impatient of any superior or control (self, indeed, was his only centre) he fired like a lucifer match at the least opposition. He would not have obeyed Santiago himself, much less a foreigner.

The Duke soon fathomed this man (see Disp. Feb. 16, Apr. 11, Nov. 15, 1811, and Dec. 18, 1813), "He is a mere freebooter, a chief of a disorderly rabble;" "a curse instead of a benefit to the nation which they are employed to defend." "He is not to be depended upon for one moment. Depend upon it he will not co-operate in conjunction with you." This marplot was chosen by Ferdinand VII. to be his Minister of War, an art of which, except as a *Guerrillero*, he was ignorant as a child. He poisoned the royal ear with anti-English prejudices, and next, in 1820, betrayed his king, becoming in 1823 his worst persecutor; but no sooner did the French troops appear than, as usual, he was again the first to run away. Thus the end of his career was just the same as the beginning. Being caught near Granada by Gen. Molitor in 1823, he saved himself by a dastardly treaty, and died an exile and in disgrace at Paris in 1832.

Covadunga, boasts of a Holy Well whose waters are most popular, since all maidens who drink it with faith, get a husband that year. The peasants still point out the rivulets that ran rivers of Moorish blood, they show the boulders of granite hurled on the foe, the hoof-marks on the rocks of the mule of Pelayus, and the carvings (at *Abamia*) of the Devil carrying off the traitor-bishop Oppas. The *angler* will be no less content: let him try, at least, the *pozo de Monejo*, the "pool" near *Abandares*, where sometimes more than 100 salmon are caught at one haul of a net. The *sportsman* will find *caza mayor y menor*, and should particularly look out in the hills for the *Rebeco*, a sort of chamois. The *naturalist* may here cull simples with more propriety than Southey's Pelayus. "Such a bucolic contemplation of nature is very well for a goatherd (says his friend Wm. Taylor), but where the fate of empires is at stake, the engineer who is sent to reconnoitre is not to lose his time in zoologizing, entomologizing, and botanizing." On quitting this valley, the *Cordales*, or range of hills is ascended, which overlooks the basin of the Deva, and the opposed *Peñas de Europa*, a glorious snow-capped chain, but ague and fever lurk in this bosom of beauty. *Arenas*, *Abandones*, and *Carrera* are good fishing quarters on this beautiful Deva, the best river perhaps of all. Those who put up at *Carrera* should avail themselves of the kind offices of Mr. Roscrow, chief of the coppermines. The crystal Cares and Deva unite in the meadow of Alles. Continuing the stream to *Mier*, in its funnel of hills, cross the trout-stream Cares, and go up the charming valley of *Peñamellera*. At *Cavanzon* we fall in with the Namsa. *Luey* is a good fishing quarter, the weir of *Muñorrodero* preventing the salmon getting higher up the stream: thence, 1½ L., to *San Vicente de la Barquera*, and so to *Santillana* and *Santander*.

Route 97.—Oviedo to Leon.

Mieres	3	
Pola de Leon	2 ..	5
Campomanes	1 ..	6
La Muela	1¼ ..	7¼
Puerto de Pajares	1¼ ..	9
Buidongo	2 ..	11
Buiza	2¼ ..	13¼
Robla	2¼ ..	16
Carbajal	3 ..	19
Leon	1 ..	20

This magnificent carriage-road is better engineered than kept up.

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Charles IV., when the enormous cost was reported, asked if it were paved with silver. The line winds up and down descents, is well provided with bridges and parapets, and is conceived on a needless scale of width and grandeur; it is indeed both a *via lata* and a *camino de plata*. There is a diligence; but to the rider the first day's halt will be at the *Puerto de Pajares*, the *portal* of the tremendous mountain wall which divides the Asturias from Leon. Ascending from *Oviedo*, look back on this mountain capital: below glides away the charming Nalon, on the banks of which the departing angler has left his heart; here he bids the sweet streams a last farewell, as they "stray by many a winding nook, with willing sport, to the wild ocean." A stone seat near a fountain which gushes from the rock, invites the traveller to repose, and enjoy the panorama. Now we descend to *Olloniego*, with its fine bridge built by Manuel Requera Gonzalez. The older ivy-clad bridge stands high and dry in the meadow, the stream having been untrue to its bed, as at Coria; but Spanish rivers are as classically fickle as the Homeric Scamander and Simois. The artist and angler can desire nothing more than these sites. A zigzag course over a limestone ridge leads, by the *Puerto de Padron*, to the charming village *Mieres*, with its bridge, and a decent *posada* near the *Palacio Campo Sagrado*. Pop. 4000. Near this are iron and cinnabar mines, worked as usual by foreign companies. Half a league from *Pola de Lena* is the hermitage *De Santa Cristina*, of the ninth century. *Santullano* over the Lena, and the whole route, recalls Devonshire. To the rt. is the *Monte Sacro* with its hermitage, where the ark of Oviedo rested after the Moorish deluge. The Mieres is soon joined by the Aller. The whole route to Pajares is an alpine scene of verdure and cultivation; sometimes chesnut groves, maize-fields, and May meadows; at others, wild glens of dovetailing hills, where all further advance seems impossible, and where there is but just room for the road and its cheerful way-fellow the torrent, "making sweet music with the enamelled stones," to thread the defile. Near *La Perrusa*, on the highest point of the *Puerto*, is the frontier line between the Asturias and Leon, and close by the ancient *Abadia de Albas*, where monks were established to succour passengers, like those on Mount St. Bernard.

Pajares is a miserable hamlet, but the posada is tolerable, and the trout excellent. This is the region of clouds and cold; we exchange the verdurous valley for the peeled *Sierra*, whose stony heights seem to defy all further progress. Pillars are placed to mark the road when covered over in wintry snows; it is, however seldom quite closed. After the *Puerto* the road ascends gently through a chaos of rocks to the summit, a swampy level, surrounded by barren mountains. This morass, fed by the clouds, is the reservoir from whence tiny streams descending both ways, like silver threads, form the rivers of Leon and the Asturias. The passage, before reaching *Villanueva* or *Villamani*, becomes so narrow that a torrent barely can flow through, and the road is carried along a superb causeway erected at a vast expense; after this the valleys open into sun and life. The bridge of *Torio* is placed in a most romantic position. At 4½ L. we pass the poplar-planted *Vega* or *Pola de Gordon*; thence to *La Robla*, a poor place; pop. 1200. The beautiful trout-stream *La Vernesga* skirts the picturesque road, and fills the valley with verdure, soon to be left behind with its flowers and woods; for, after ascending a steepish hill, the eye roams over the interminable steppes of corn-lands bounded only by the horizon. Adieu mountain, green valley, and crystal stream, soon to be exchanged for the dust and sand of the tawny desert, now doubly odious from the contrast with the fresh highlands. Thence we descend over a lonely heath-clad waste to Leon, with its rivers and poplar-planted banks, its ancient walls, and elegant creamy-toned cathedral. (For Leon, see p. 546.)

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ROUTE 98.—OVIEDO TO LEON.

There are many other *puertos*, difficult at all times to be passed, and impracticable in summer. The tracks are those of goats and goatherds. It is not easy to give mountain distances in these roadless districts, and the traveller will of course take local guides and attend to the provend. The adventurous artist or sportsman may try one to the rt., and on leaving Oviedo commence at Grado, and then ascend the Narcea to romantic *Belmonte*, and thence by the river to *San Andres de Aguera*, and by the Cannedo to picturesque *Pola de Somiedo*; from thence the Puerto of its name is crossed, and we descend through an alpine country to *Carrascante*, *Villa Setana*, to *Truovana*. Here flows the noble trout-stream the Luna; hence to *Las Dueñas*, and 5 L. to Leon, by the valley of the Vernesga.

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SECTION XI.

THE CASTILES; OLD AND NEW.

INTRODUCTION.

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THESE, the two empire provinces of the Castiles, join each other, and constitute a large portion of the central plateau of Spain, of which they are truly *El coro corazon y Castilla*, the choir "heart and citadel:" composed chiefly of tertiary formation, they rise at an average about 2000 feet above the sea, and this table-land is itself encompassed with mountains, and intersected by diverging ranges: thus the *Montes de Toledo* divide the basins of the Guadiana and Tagus, while the *Sierra de Guadarrama* separates those of the Tagus and Duero: to the east rise the *Sierras de Cuenca*, some of the highest mountains of these provinces. These provinces, now divided into Old and New, *Castilla Vieja y Nueva*, formed under the ancients the districts of the Celtiberi, Oretani, and Carpetani. The N.W. portion was called *Bardulia* under the Goths; but this name was changed into that of Castilla so early as 801, and the distinction Vetula, *Vieja*, was afterwards added, to mark the difference between it and the

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new and more southern portions which were subsequently wrested from the Moor. The "canting" name Castilla was taken from the number of fortresses erected on this frontier of Leon and Asturias, whence the Moors called the province *Ardo-l-kaláa*, the "Land of the Castles," and also Kashtellah. Of the number of walled forts in Spain in earlier times, Livy (xxii. 19), Appian (B. H. 467), and Hirtius (B. H. 8), make mention. These primitive Castilian castles were no unsubstantial *Châteaux en Espagne*, but formed real defences, held by brave men, and were built in imitation of Roman citadels, the solid masonry being quite unlike the Oriental *tapia* of the Moorish Alcazares of the south. The Castiles bear for arms, "Gules, a castle or."

Castilla la Vieja, like Leon, being close to the north-west mountains, from whence the Gotho-Spaniard burst forth against the Moors, was soon recovered from the infidel; it became a petty sovereignty, a *Condado*, or "county," often, however, in some measure subject to the kings of Leon, until declared independent about 762, under the Conde Rodrigo Fruelaz. He was father to the renowned judge, Nuño Rasura, whose descendant, Doña Nuña, twelfth countess, married in 1028 Sancho, King of Navarre: their son Ferdinand was the first who assumed the title of King of Castile, and of Leon also, on his marriage with Sancha, daughter and heiress of Bermudo III. These two kingdoms, separated again for a short period, became finally united in the thirteenth century under St. Ferdinand. They were inherited by Isabella, who being *Reina Proprietaria*, or queen of them in her own right, was married in 1479 to Ferdinand, afterwards King of Arragon, and thus at their deaths the consolidated kingdoms were handed down to their grandson, Charles V. For historical details consult '*Historia del Condado*,' Diego Gutierrez Coronel, 4to. Mad. 1785; '*La Castilla*,' Man. Risco, 4to. Mad. 1792; and the paper by Benito Montejo, '*Memorias Acad. Hist.*' iii. 245.

The two Castiles are the largest provinces in Spain, and contain some of the oldest and most truly national Spanish cities. The mountains, highly picturesque, abound in curious botany and geology, and, with their Swiss-like valleys watered by trout-streams, present a perfect contrast to the *parameras*, *tierras de campo y secanos*, the plains and table-lands, which are lonely tiresome steppes, bounded only by the horizon, treeless, songless, joyless, and without hedges, enclosures, or landmarks; this tawny *hortus siccus* looks as if belonging to no one, and not worth possessing; yet the cultivators, who are born and die on these spots, know to whom every inch belongs, and see with the quick glance of an interested proprietor whatever trespasser passes over the, to him, invisible boundary; but the stranger's eye vainly attempts to measure the expanse, and the mind gives way to despondency at the sight, where all around, for far and wide, is of equal dreariness. The Castilians have a classical non-perception of landscape, and a singular antipathy to trees, the πρωτη ὑλη, or raw material for gibbets, and, like Orientals, they seldom plant any, except those which bear fruit or give shade for their alamedas, while the farmers imagine that the branches harbour birds which eat up corn; but in truth *immediate profit* is the utilitarian standard. To plant timber is a thing of foresight and of forethought for others, and is based on confidence in institutions which will guarantee enjoyment at a distant period; all this in a land where people live from day to day, and no one thinks of the *mañana*, or can count on seeing it, much as he talks about it, is held to be downright folly in theory and practice. Fuel and timber for domestic purposes are in consequence dear, and are becoming dearer, at Madrid. The soil, again, exposed to a calcining sun, becomes less favourable for cultivation, while the rains and dews are absorbed, and the sources of rivers diminished. Drought is the curse of the earth, as dryness is of the bright clear air; frequently it does not rain for many successive months, and the crops perish, being burnt up. In summer a salitrose

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dust irritates the eye, already sickened with the nakedness of the land, calcined and ploughed by lightnings, and by all the discomfort of the desert, without its grand associations. As water is scarce, both for irrigation and domestic uses, nature and man are alike adust and tawny; everything is brown, his house, his jacket, his stew, his wife, and his ass. The silence of man and nature chills the heart. Neither traveller nor artist knows what to do with these dusty plains; ah che seccatura! They afford, however, some of the finest wheat districts in the world. The *Chamorro* and the *Candeal* are the best and usual sorts of grain, of which, there are more than twenty varieties. They are also well adapted for the growth of saffron, *Azafran* (Arabicè *Saffrá*, yellow), which enters largely into Spanish cookery and complexion. A tolerable red wine is made in some favoured localities, and the *Garbanzos* are excellent. This *Cicer*, or *Chick Pea*, is *the* vegetable of Spain, where its use, with dried peas, rice, &c., argues a low state of horticultural knowledge. The taste for the *Garbanzo* was introduced by the Carthaginians; it is the *puls punica*, which (like the *fides punica*, forms an especial ingredient in all Spanish messes) afforded such merriment to Plautus, that he introduced the chick-pea-eating Pœnus, pultiphagonides, speaking Punic, just as Shakspeare did the toasted-cheese-eating Welshman, talking Welsh. There are very few isolated farms in these provinces, since a general insecurity forces men to congregate for mutual protection; the hamlets scattered, few and far between, are mostly built of a bad *cob*, mere mud, or of *adobes*, bricks dried in the sun (Arabicè *Attob, tobi*); while the want of glass in the openings called windows, adds, according to our ideas, to the look of dilapidation: their hovels are not even picturesque. Thus, when the invaders tore down the very roofs for their camp fires, the walls, exposed to the winter rain, returned decomposed to their pristine elements, dust to dust. The labour of the cottagers is increased by the distance of their residence from their work: they have to start long before daybreak, and return weary as their cattle after nightfall, in truly antique groups. The peasants wear *capas*, cloaks, or *anguarinas*, greatcoats made of *paño pardo*, and, instead of hats, the inconvenient *montero*. The *capa* at least, with its classical folds, gives dignity to the rags it conceals; but the *anguarina* confers a slovenly, beggarly, Irish look. Some travellers, who merely hurry along the high road, and observe the rustics doing apparently nothing, but loitering in cloaked groups, or resting on their spades to look at them, set all down as idlers or *holgazanes*, which is not the case; for the hand of toil pauses only for the instant when the stranger passes, and then labours per force on unseen and unceasingly from early dawn to dewy eve; and those who stand still in the market-place are willing to work, but there is none to hire them. Generally speaking, both man, woman, and child are overworked in the fields of Spain, where human bone and sinew supply the want of the commonest machinery. These sons of labour eat the bread of affliction earned by the briny sweat of their brow: yet, from knowing no better, they do not complain, nay, among themselves are as fond of amusement as children, and full of raillery, mother-wit, and practical joking, and those unamusing unamuseable *Dons* with which untravelled romancers have peopled the Peninsula are certainly not to be found among the lower classes in either of the Castiles.

The Castilian is *muy honrado y hombre de bien*: he is *Vir bonus*, a good man and true; well bred rather than polite, and inclined to receive rather than to make advances, being seldom what the French call *prévenant*, but then when once attached he is sincere; his manner is serious, and marked by a most practical equality; for all feel equal to the proudest noble through their common birthright of being Castilians. Treat them, however, as they expect to be treated, and the stranger will find that all this ceremony of form and of words, all this nicety of sitting down and getting up, does not extend to deeds. Although a creature of routine, and uneducated, he is shrewd and intelligent

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in his limited scope, which does not in truth extend much farther than the smoke of his chimney; *self*, indeed, is the centre of Castilian gravity; bred and born among difficulties, obstacles, and privations, under a fierce sun, and on a hard soil, the wild weed of strong rank nature grows up harsh and unyielding. Here *man* is to be seen in his unsophisticated, untamed state, in all his native *individual* force; for here everything is personal, and the very antithesis of our social corporate fusing political combinations. Fond of *law*, and respectful in keeping it, he is not; for, disgusted at the limping pace and frequent ophthalmia of slow and venal *justice*, the splendid rage of the people rushes to conclusions, and taking the law and knife in its own hands, acts often as judge, jury, and executioner too; for they do not measure their oriental vengeance and retaliation by scruples, moral or arithmetical: but the Castilian is not addicted to mean, dishonourable crimes. To see the Castilian in a genuine condition, he must be sought for in the better class of villages, at a distance from Madrid; for the capital has exercised no civilizing influence, or caused any care for material comforts, as under its very walls the peasant is a barbarian, while within them resides the worst *populacho* of the Peninsula; and it is difficult to say which are there the worst and most uneducated, the highest or the lowest classes. The superior bearing of the manly country *labrador* over the stinted burgess of Madrid is very remarkable, and in his lowly cottage a truer hospitality, and one with no *arrière pensée* of *pay*, will be found than in the tapestry halls of the grandee, where most it is pretended. Among themselves the villagers are social and gregarious, their light-hearted confidence contrasting with the suspicious reserve of the higher classes. The homes of the yeomen are cleaner and better furnished than the *posadas;* indeed, as throughout Spain, dirt and discomfort lodge rather at the public inn than in the private dwelling. The interior of the Peninsula is too little travelled by foreigners to make it worth while to consult their whims or wants, and the national accommodation is good enough for the national muleteer and his animals.

The Castilians, from their male and trustworthy character, are still Robur Hispaniæ (Flor. ii. 17. 9), they constitute the virility, vitality, and heart of the nation, and the sound stuff of which it has—if ever—to be reconstructed. The Cid was the personification of the genuine character of these ancient chatelains of Christendom, and of the spirit of that age: and however degenerated the pigmy aristocracy, the sinewy, muscular forms of the brave peasants, true children of the Goth, are no unfitting framework of a vigorous and healthy, although uneducated, mind. Here, indeed, the remark of Burns holds good, that "the rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gold for all that." "All the force of Europe," said our gallant Peterborough, "would not be sufficient to subdue the Castiles with the people against it;" and like him, the Duke, however thwarted by the so-called better classes, never despaired while the "*country was with him.*" He quelled his rising indignation at their juntas, and smothered his contempt of their generals; he collected all his energies to buffet the storm, catching the beams of his coming glory; and, "*cheered by the people's support*," proved himself, says Napier, "to be a man made to conquer and uphold kingdoms." The ancient qualities are, *gravedad*, *lealtad*, *y amor de Dios*, self respect, love of God, and loyalty. The genuine old Castilian is true to his king, his faith, and to himself; his religion having a tendency to run into bigotry, his loyalty into subserviency; he hates foreign dictation, clings to the ways of his ancestors, thinks Spain the first kingdom in the world, the Castiles its first provinces, and himself the first of its population. No wonder, therefore, that these peasants, as Addison said of those in the Georgics, toss about even manure with an air of dignity; this is the result also of natural instinct even more than of social conventions, since each, esteeming himself inferior to none but the king, cares little for the accidents of

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rank and fortune. There is the bearing and a look of independence about him; and practically he feels himself to be so, for the despotism which felt the popular pulse through the confessional pressed less upon his class than on that of his betters, and seldom irritated the masses. Safe in their obscurity, they were indemnified by a liberty of action which was denied to possessors of rank, wealth, and intellect, who, being feared by king and priest, were kept down; and this accounts for the apparent anomaly of the lower classes having opposed those reforms, which the higher ones coveted; not that the grandees had any much clearer ideas of real constitutional liberty than a debating club of shop-boys, and simply mistaking names for things, fancied they had a *constitucion*, because the word was inscribed on the walls of market-places. Their real idea of liberty and happiness is exemption from work, and the privilege and power of idling like gentlemen. Nor does poverty, the great crime never to be pardoned in England, here, unless it be very grinding, unfit a person for society; here *Pobreza no es vileza;* nor does it destroy personal respectability and independence; indeed, where the majority are poor, the not being rich does not degrade, and an innate gentility of race, which nothing can take away, renders them indifferent to the changes and chances of fickle prosperity. The *Castellano*, an old though decayed gentleman, never forgets, or permits others to forget, what is due to himself: courteous to others, he expects a reciprocity as regards himself, and when once that is conceded, knows well how to give place. As the beggars cover their shreds and patches under the stately *capa*, so he conceals beneath an outward lofty bearing his inner feelings; he hopes, and his motive is honourable, to divert observation by showing "a more swelling port than the family means would grant continuance;" hence the struggle between ostentation and want, hence the *boato* of the *Bisoño;* but "to boast of the national strength is the national disease."

The Castilian in *particular* claims to be synonymous with the Spaniard in *general*, and gives his name to the kingdom, nation, and language; and his grand pretension is to be an *old* one, *Castellano viejo y rancio*, and spotless, *sin mancha;* that is, uncontaminated with the black blood of new converts from Moor or Jew. His pride and *Españolismo* is immeasurable. According to their modest annalist, Coronel, the sovereignty of Castile is by far the most ancient, noble, and sublime in the world, and is so purely Spanish as to proceed from "divine inspiration;" indeed, if another of their historians, Ferreras, can be trusted, the primitive inhabitants were transported to Spain by angels, *nada menos*. All these assumptions foster a dogged self-esteem, combined with prejudice against the foreigner, and have long kept the heaven-born or imported native and these empire provinces in a low stage of civilization; and whatever the Castilian may predicate of his fool's paradise, every man who has an acre in England, will think this part of the world one of the best to live out of. The most suitable periods to visit these provinces are, either the beginning of autumn, or in May and June, as the summers are very hot and the winters are very cold. The principal objects worth notice are Madrid and the royal *sitios*, Toledo, Avila, Segovia, Cuenca, and Burgos, and the scenery in the ranges of the Guadarrama, and Cuenca mountains.

MADRID. Although the learned compilers of the official *Guia* for 1845 state that this is the 2595th year after the foundation of Rome, and the 4011th after that of Madrid, and that this, the more ancient and nobler city, was called by the Romans, Majoritum and *Mantua Carpentanorum*, to distinguish it from Mantua in Italy, yet the first historical and real mention of Madrid occurs under Ramiro II., c. 930. *Majerit*, as it was called, was only a Moorish fortified outpost of Toledo when captured in 1083 by Alonso VI. Enrique IV., about 1461, made some additions to the older town, which was placed on the west eminence over the river Manzanares. It was then sur-

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rounded with forests, which Argote describes, so late as 1582, as "*buen monte de puerco y oso*," or good cover for boars and bear, on account of which the site was made a royal hunting residence. These woods have long been cut down by the improvident inhabitants; and their loss, as at Rome, has contributed much to the general insalubrity of the town. Real trees now, like their wild beasts, chiefly exist on the city's shield, the arms of which are a "tree vert with fruit gules, up which a bear is climbing, an orle azure with seven stars argent." This bear, say the heralds, is typified by the *Ursa Major*, and they also call that constellation *el Carro*, because indicating *Carpentum* Mantuanorum.

Madrid in historical unpalatable truth, only really rose under Charles V., who, gouty and phlegmatic, felt himself relieved by its brisk and rarefied air; and consulting his personal comfort only, he deserted for this upstart favourite the time-honoured capitals of Valladolid, Seville, Granada, and Toledo, to fix his residence on a spot which Iberian, Roman, Goth, and Moor had all rejected. Madrid was declared the only court by Philip II. in 1560.

The gross mistake of a most faulty position which has no single advantage except the fancied geographical merit of being in the centre of Spain, was soon felt, and Philip III., in 1601, endeavoured to remove the court back again to Valladolid, which, however, was then found to be impracticable, such had been the creation of new interests during the outlay in the preceding reign. Philip II. had moreover neglected the opportunity of placing the capital of the Peninsula at Lisbon, which is admirably situated on a noble river and on the sea, where the marine could not have been left to perish; had this been done Portugal never would or could have revolted, or the Peninsula been thus dissevered, by which the first blow was dealt to Spain's shortlived greatness; thus to Madrid, and to its monkish ulcer the Escorial, is the germ of present decay to be traced. Charles III., a wise prince, contemplated a removal to Seville; so also did the intrusive Joseph, but the thing is now impossible.

Madrid is built on a lofty plateau of several mangy hills that hang over the river Manzanares, at an elevation of some 2412 feet above the sea, although it seems to stand in an apparent plain; the locality, however, is much cut up by gullies that the torrents from the Guadarrama have worn away, and in which some 200 villages pine unseen, concealed in the hollows. This elevation on an open land probably is the reason of the derivation given by some to *Majerit*, which *is said* to signify in Arabic "a current of fresh air," a *Buenos Ayres* of dust. Sousa prefers the Arabic *Maajarit*, "running waters," of which there are scarcely any; indeed one of the curses of Madrid is drought; not merely the result of the desiccating air but of the want of water: recently it has been projected to complete the canal of Isabel II., and the works are progressing, as well as the want of funds and correctly-taken levels will permit. It is contemplated to bring water from the beautiful clear *Lozoya*, which rises some 12 L. distant under the Guadarrama mountains; the cost is estimated above a million sterling. Thus the salitrose dust which in summer poisons the air, streets, eyes, and lungs of Madrid, may be alleviated. The *Ayuntamiento* are talking also about bringing to Madrid water from a spring outside the gate of Segovia, and an Englishman named Sandford is to erect hydraulic engines— *Veremos*.

The basin in which Madrid stands is bounded by the *Sierra* of the Guadarrama and by the *Montes* of Toledo and Guadalupe, and consists chiefly of tertiary formations, marl, gypsum, and limestone. The latter, found at *Colmenar de Oreja*, near Aranjuez, is a freshwater deposit, with planorbes, and being of a good colour and substance, is much used in the buildings of Madrid: the common and excellent granite comes from *Colmenar Viejo* (Arabicè bee-hive), 5 L., near the Escorial. A curious magnesite, with bones of extinct mammalia, occurs at *Vallecas*, 1½ L. from the capital, S.S.E., to which the geologist should ride to examine the flint pits between *Vallecas* and *Vicalvaro*; fullers' earth and

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what looks like Meerschaum occur: a quarter of a mile off is a gypsum quarry; observe the selenite hemitrope crystals.

Madrid, as a residence, is disagreeable and unhealthy, alternating between the extremities of heat and cold, or, according to the adage, with 3 months of winter and 9 of hell, *tres meses de invierno y nueve del infierno*. The mean annual winter temperature is 43° 7′, but every year, for several nights, the thermometer descends many degrees below 32°, and the rivers are covered with ice, although it generally disappears in the day. The springs are often wet and rainy; the mean temperature of the three summer months is 76° 2′; but during the *Solano*, the south-eastern wind, it frequently rises to 90° or even 105° in the shade, while in the sun, the heat and glare are African; nor are the blasts of Siberia wanting, for being placed on a denuded plateau, Madrid is exposed to the keen currents which sweep down, impregnated with death, from the snowy Guadarrama, the nursery of consumption and *pulmonia*—inflammation of the lungs. Hence the summer is a dangerous period, when the pores are open; for often, during a N.E. wind, the difference of temperature on one side of a street to the other, reaches 20 degrees, and the incautious stranger turning out of a spot which is roasted by the sun, passes from an ice-house to an oven, is caught at a corner by Æolus, and incontinently forwarded to the *cementerio*. It was of the *Colico de Madrid*, a peculiar inflammation of the bowels, that the blood-boltered Murat sickened in 1808, which the superstitious populace, according to Foy, ascribed to divine vengeance: but no Nemesis then struck the blow, for the disease is proverbial, and

> " *El aire de Madrid es tan sotil*
> *Que mata á un hombre, y no apaga á un candil,*"—

the subtle air, which will not extinguish a candle, puts out a man's life. Dry, searching, desiccating, and cutting, this assassin breath of death pierces through flesh and bone to the marrow; hence the careful way in which the men cover their mouths, muffling themselves up in their cloaks, *embozandose en las capas*. The average of death at Madrid is as 1 in 28, while in London it is as 1 in 42: no wonder, according to Salas, that even the healthy of those born there live on physic—

> " *Aun las personas mas sanas,*
> *Si son en Madrid nacidas,*
> *Tienen que hacer sus comidas*
> *De píldoras y tisanas.*"

It is particularly fatal to young children during dentition. So much for this "Buena *Madre*"—*mais bien Madrasta*—this good mother, from whose tender mercies Moya derives the name of Madrid. In a word the denizens of the only and crowned court, are sickly in body and superficial in mind; the physical promise of their youth is greater than their mature performance. Meantime as no despot can cure climate, and even if there were no local doctors, this charnel-house capital would soon cease to be a city of the living were it not replenished by the thousands who flock to it from the drained provinces: it is the destructive spider that lures into its web the silly flies who hope to make their fortunes in this centre of jobbery, robbery, and universal corruption; yet the townspeople think Madrid the "envy and admiration" of mankind: they talk of it as the capital of *Spain, i. e.* the world, for *Quien dice España dice todo*. There is but one Madrid, *No hay sino un Madrid*: unique, like the phœnix, it is the *only* court, *Solo Madrid es corte*. Wherever it is mentioned the world is silent with awe, *Donde está Madrid calle el mundo*. There is but one stage from Madrid to *la Gloria*, or paradise, in which there is a window for angels to take bird's-eye peeps and look down on this counterpart heaven on earth. One reason why there are no country-houses in the vicinity is seriously accounted for, because no sane person could ever be found to quit this home of supernatural enjoyment even for a day. When Adam obtained a day's leave to revisit the earth, on

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passing through Spain, he found nothing changed since his time, until he came to Madrid, when he was with difficulty dragged back to Paradise. No wonder mortal men, and even the grandees, should think it the greatest of punishment to be banished from *la Corte* to their distant estates—a term which conveys to Spanish ears a meaning which cannot be translated in English. It is like *La Cour* de Louis XIV., the residence of the Sultan, of the dispenser of rank and fortune: it is the centre of *empeños*, jobs, intrigues, titles, decorations, and plunder, to which flock the vulture tribe of place-hunters and *pretendientes*, who, under this sun, breed like maggots in carrion; yet as a court it is and was at all times a poor representation of real grandeur. The desert comes up to the ignoble mud walls, and the peasant who scratches the fields beyond them is a barbarian, yet the townsfolk compare these environs to those of Palmyra and Rome: but where are the ancient battlements, palaces, and temples? where is the poetry of those widowed cities of past greatness, to which present loneliness and melancholy form a fitting-frame? Everything around Madrid is the abomination of a self-created desolation alike without recollections or associations. Here nature and man seem fitted for each other, for the denuded environs only evince a bad soil and a worse cultivation. Nor are matters much mended inside the girdle of mud that encircles the city, for here lives the worst possible mob or *populacho*. The morals of most classes are not much better than the climate; and Mesonero calculates that one-fifth of all the births in Madrid are exposed in the *Cuna*, or Foundling Hospital, to almost certain death. Few capitals have produced fewer worthies of any kind. More crimes are committed in Madrid than in any city of Spain, of which it is thus both the court and the cloaca, and where it is difficult to say which class is the most uneducated, the highest or the lowest.

Madrid is a city of pride, idleness, and ignorance, without real business or commerce: the grand occupation is intrigue of all kinds. The city is best seen *early* of a morning when the larderless natives are all going to market, to the *plaza*, or *late* in the evening when all are out for amusement.

Madrid, till recently, was not even a city or *Ciudad*, but only the chief of *villas*. It has no cathedral, had no bishop. In this land of anomalies, while some cities, like Zaragosa, have two cathedrals, the crowned and only court of the most Catholic king has none; nowhere either are fine mediæval memorials and sepulchres rarer. When extramural cemeteries were established from hygienic reasons, time-honoured monuments were used as old stones. Few in Spain care for the living, none for the dead; the public burial-grounds are Cockney things, and conducted *à la* Père la Chaise, but without reverence or much decency. The capital rises with a cluster of conical, blue, Flemish-looking, unspanishlike spires; but Madrid scarcely existed in the early period of Castilian history, and was built when the age of cathedrals was passed, that age when edifices were raised in harmony with the deep and noble sentiment within; hence it has little to interest the antiquarian: it swelled up like a wen, which denotes corruption in the system, and took the form and pressure of the decay of creed and country of which it was the exponent. It has been calculated that during the 17th and 18th centuries no less than 68 millions sterling were expended in Spain in the building and *decoration of convents*, instead of making roads and canals: now the Madrid churches were mostly raised during this fatal period. It has, however, no lack of fine Spanish titles: the abbreviations of its *style* are usually thus expressed by letter—La M. N. L. I. C. y M. H. Villa y Corte de M., which signify *La muy noble, leal, Imperial coronada, y muy heroica villa y corte de Madrid.* Built chiefly by Philips III., IV., and Charles II., and perfected under the foreigner, nowhere has the vile Churrigueresque and Rococo of Louis XIV. been carried to greater excesses. Few edifices record the Moorish, mediæval, or greater ages of Spain. The churches, whitened sepulchres, are sad specimens of an insatiable greediness for tinsel,

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and worthy of a period when creed and country alike were starved in realities, while the outside of the platter was made fine, in the vain hope of hiding the rottenness within; again, the Bourbons introduced that particular rage for building and gilding which characterised *Le Grand Monarque*. Charles. III., who wished to be the Augustus of Madrid, unfortunately worked in brick, not marble, and his was the poor age of Mengs and of the commonplace and Royal Academical. Hence the spiritless, meaningless piles. the ostentatious frontage of edifices, run up to flatter the royal eye, behind which were mean, ill-paved, ill-lighted, and ill-drained lanes. The best houses are lofty, and different families live on different floors or flats, having the staircase in common; each apartment is protected by a solid door, an "oak," in which there is generally a small wicket, from which the suspicious inmates inspect visitors before they let them in. The interiors, according to our notions, are uncomfortable and unfurnished, with no books, or appearance of occupation or of life; the kitchens, offices, and other necessaries are on the most continental scale.

Our extended dinner society is all but unknown, except in the houses of the diplomatic corps, and of some few of the rich jobbers, placemen, and contractors, and of those who, having emigrated, have discovered that the whole art of cookery is not condensed, like the imprisoned 'Arabian Nights' Genius, in a *puchero* or pipkin. The grandees, indeed, will *honour* the feasts of the foreign ministers, but with little reciprocity; like the *Principes* of modern Rome, they seldom offer in return even a glass of water: their hospitality consists in dining with any foreigner who will ask them. Fools are here thought to *give* dinners for wise men to eat. It is partly owing to this comparative absence of dinner society that foreign ministers have less influence here than in any other European court; as the whole art of diplomacy is centred in the kitchen, it never can come fully into play in an undining city, where *mecum impransus disputire* is the axiom of most men in Spanish office, who seldom thus "lubricate business." If you look in, however, at an evening *tertulia*, you can count on a little refreshing twaddle, and a comfortable glass of cold water.

Few strangers enjoy much health of mind or body in this unsocial, insalubrious city; nor can plenipotentiaries ever hope for much satisfactory dealing with a stiffnecked, unbusiness-like government, that imputes to its innate majesty and real power, a position which, like that of Turkey, is chiefly upheld by the forbearance, protection, or mutual jealousies of other and more powerful countries. The Madrid officials have always behaved cavalierly towards foreign agents, and to none more than to her best benefactor, her most generous, long-enduring protector. The Duke, even while saving them, was not "treated as a friend, or even as a gentleman," was "utterly without influence in their councils," for they have a "thorough contempt of," and are "utterly reckless of conduct as regards their foreign allies:" see 'Disp.' Aug. 31, 1809, July 2, 1812, Aug. 25, and Sept. 5, 1813, *et passim*. According to him, the only way to get them to do anything on any subject is to *frighten them* (the Spaniards) ('Disp. Nov. 2, 1813). Again, Nov. 27, 1813, "You may rely on this, that if you take a firm, decided line, and show your determination to go through with it, you will bring the Spanish government to their senses, and you will put an end at once to all the petty cabals." "Nothing can ever be done without coming to extremities with them" ('Disp.' Dec. 1, 1813). A man of-war in the Bay of Cadiz will effect more in a day than six months' writing reams of red-taped foolscap. No Spaniard, prince or priest, ever trifled with Cromwell's diplomat.

English diplomacy at Madrid is always exposed to the most unfair odds. It has no secret funds for bribing, no stars and crosses to bestow, no means of hiring newspapers, &c.; all these, and other engines and money powers, have been and will be brought to bear against us; thus an open, honest

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policy is indeed our best and only chance, as every secret paper is likely to be in the hands of the parties most interested to thwart the negociation almost before the ink is dry. Small indeed is, and has ever been, the redress obtained for gross infractions of treaties, repudiations, and ill-usage of our traders. The Spanish man-in-office, like the cuttle-fish, surrounds himself for protection in an obfuscation of papers: protocol succeeds to protocol, *expediente* to *documento*, until the minister and matter both die a natural death from sheer exhaustion: so it always was. Howell, in Charles I.'s time, describes a pile of unredressed complaints as being "higher than himself." Nor was Spanish expedition more satisfactory than its procrastination. When the French envoy remonstrated with Philip II., that some of his countrymen had been kept too long untried by the Inquisition, the King replied, that he would cause good and speedy justice to be shown to them; and they were burnt the next week. Madrid is a city in which a lengthened residence withers mind and body; and well might Gongora exclaim, "Este es Madrid, mejor dijera *infierno!*"

The population of Madrid amounts to about 240,000, which comprises a floating one of foreigners, of which the French are the most numerous. The English average about 140. The capital of Spain has little nationality. The aggregate character is marked by an assumption of a metropolitan and courtier tone of superiority, an aping of the foreigner, an affectation of despising provincial towns and manners, a departure from national costume, and by an insincere frivolity, the result of the false intrigues which are carried around on all sides. The females are by no means so attractive, either morally or physically, as those of Valencia and Andalucia: they are more sickly, and their faces are less expressive; they want also much of that natural light-hearted frankness and absence of art which is the Spanish woman's charm. Like the men, they are more *gazmoñas*, or hypocrites. The lower classes, the *populacho*, male and female, is brutal and corrupted: the *Manolo* or *Manola* (words which are abbreviations of Manuel and Manuela) are the *Majos y Majas* of Madrid, but they are fast diminishing; and when the *Manolas* succumb to cotton and civilisation, there will be no nationality left to Madrid except the mules and bull-fights.

This city, since the death of Ferdinand VII., has been much improved, and chiefly by its *gefe politico*, the Marques de Pontejos, who set the example. There is more life and movement in the streets, some are better cleaned, paved, and lighted; many of the old names have been changed for democratic and patriotic appellations: these, however, as parties upset each other, are again rechanged; and being liable to alterations at every shift of the political scene, we shall adopt the original nomenclature, with which after all the people are best acquainted. The destruction of convents has opened spaces, and new buildings are erecting everywhere, which a *sociedad urbana* has been established to promote. This has been aided by the reform of the municipal corporation. Formerly the large revenues were either jobbed and robbed among the members, or wasted in an expensive present—bribe—to the king, the royal family, or to the minion of the hour: now the funds are destined to real and fancied local improvements. But here, as elsewhere in the Peninsula, there is a rage to imitate the foreigner in the style of house and street architecture; and as ground is dear, the Spaniards borrow from the sky; and steep indeed and inconvenient are their new stairs. The Moorish plans—those true material expressions of southern wants, and so admirably suited to the climate—are rejected, in order to attempt adaptations borrowed from other zones, and fitted to other habits and wants; thus the externals of a civilization of totally different conditions is copied, because it is *à la mode de Paris*, or done in Regent-street.

The best points for a panoramic view are from the top of the *Santa Cruz* church tower, or from the mound at the head of the *Buen Retiro* gardens. In shape the town is almost a square with the corners rounded off. Avenues of

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trees are planted outside the mud walls, and in the principal approaches on the river side. Madrid will most please those who have hurried directly into Spain from France, therefore the costume, *Prado*, and bull-fight will strike with all the charm of novelty and strangeness of contrast, which will be wanting to those who arrive from beautiful Valencia, Moorish Granada, or stately Seville. A couple of weeks suffice to see the marvels, of which the *Museos* are indeed among the finest in Europe; and the best periods are during the carnival, and in May and June, September and October. Generally speaking, the more Madrid is known, the less it will be liked—

"Quien te quiere, no te sabe;
Quien te sabe, no te quiere."

It may not be amiss, since many American travellers honour this Handbook as their cicerone, to reprint the truthful return made in 1852 by Mr. Barringer, the minister of the United States at Madrid, in answer of the circular from the State Department:—

"The fact is, that this is unquestionably one of the dearest capitals in Europe. Even the necessaries of life are extremely high in price. The great distance from the coast in every direction, and the universal want of the means of good internal communication, added to the barrenness of the immediate locality, contribute greatly to this state of things; the peculiar habits of the nation, so far behind the spirit of improvement in this age, their general prejudice against everything foreign, their indifference, and even content, with the stationary condition of their country, have all had a most pernicious influence against the facility of procuring at cheap rates even the necessaries, much more the comforts and luxuries, of life. Water even, which is here carried on men's shoulders to the habitations of all, is very dear. Wood, so often indispensable in the peculiar and extraordinary coolness of the winter months, and which can with great difficulty be procured at all in this treeless table-land, is near 1c. per lb., for it is all sold by weight; so of coal and oil, the latter in such universal use here for lights, and indeed of everything else which is consumed in this capital, and whose intrinsic cost, dear enough from the distance from which they can only be obtained, and the enormous rates of transportation, generally on mules' backs, is greatly enhanced by the onerous system of gate-duties universally prevalent in Spain. As an illustration of the immense cost of internal transportation, I will mention that the amount of the expense of transport of a carriage purchased for me by order from New York, from Cadiz to Madrid, was 300 dols.; yet this was the lowest sum for which this service could be obtained, though the cost of such transportation from New York to Cadiz was only 50 dols.

"The rates of transport are nearly in the same proportion from Paris, and still higher from London. Horses, too, that are fit to be driven, are very dear, and their maintenance very expensive. Entertainments, though to a certain extent indispensable, whether dinners or balls, judging from my own experience at this Court, are more costly than at London or Paris, where there are such facilities for procuring everything required on such occasions.

"It is unnecessary to refer to the sacrifices in the sale of furniture and other effects, which are unavoidably made by foreign ministers on their departure from this as well as other courts, and with which the department must be familiar. Nor is any reference made in the annexed statement to the cost of indispensable uniforms and dress of etiquette, and the necessarily increased personal expenses, which cannot well be accurately ascertained, and which are as much at least at this as any other court."

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MADRID. Prudent travellers, especially if the party be numerous, or if there be ladies in the case, will not omit to write to their bankers or friends beforehand to secure them apartments either in an hotel or private house. Englishmen will do well to lodge with *David Parkiss*, Casa de los Baños, 23, Calle Caballero de Gracia; his house has recently been enlarged; there, the most *eatable* dinner in Madrid is to be had, and some good sherry; there are baths in the house; terms, one to two dollars a day. A capital breakfast, tea, &c., *à l'Anglaise*, is also to be had. The host, a most obliging person, knows Spain well; his wife is a brisk, civil *Aragonese*, and both are anxious to keep up their well-deserved reputation.

HOTELS.—They have long been, and perhaps still are, among the worst in Europe; some new coach companies have set up inns, or *paradores*, of their own. Thus the *Fonda Peninsular*, Calle de Alcalá, although not over clean, is one of the least bad. N.B., get a front room; average charges 40 reals per day. There is a table d'hôte at 14 reals a head.

Better lodgings may be had at *Doña Ramona Belderrain*, commonly called *La Vizcaina*, a nice hostess, who lives in the Calle Mayor, No. 1; her house is also called *La Casa de Cordero*, as having been built by the rich Maragato of that name on the site of *el Felipe Real*, a patio by Herrera having been pulled down. The *Fonda de San Luis*, 27, Calle de la Montera, although small, is placed over a *pasteleria*, where you can dine, and, if the dinner be ordered beforehand, tolerably; *La Nueva Peninsular*, Calle de Alcalá; *Perona*, Calle de Cadiz, No. 8: charge 16 reals per day.

RESTAURANTS.—The best, but dear, is *L'Hardy*, C. San Geronimo. You can dine à la carte from 20 to 30 reals. *El Colmado*, C. de Sevilla, is famous for its fish, Manzanilla and Montilla; but in Spain people eat to live, and few indeed live to eat.

LODGINGS AND CASAS DE PUPILOS.—Both are numerous, and to those who wish to live quietly, cheaply, and to gain an insight into national manners, the latter are preferable to the inns. The best situations are in the streets which are near the *Puerta del Sol;* the traveller will have no difficulty in finding quarters, as a signal of white paper is placed on the windows or balconies. Remember, if this placard or ticket is put in the *middle*, that it signifies "lodgings to let;" if fastened to the *extremities*, it means a "boarding-house," or *Casa de Pupilos*.

Before becoming the inmate of any family, it will be always advisable to consult some Madrilenian friend. Among the best are those in the C. de Alcalá, and C. de Carretas, No. 14; *La Casa Cordero* or *del Maragato*, No. 1, C. Mayor; one at No. 9, C. de Hortaleza; however, these things change every day. The average prices for bed and board are about 30 reals a-day. Those to whom money is no object may put up at *José Calzarredo's*, 1, Plazuela Pontejos.

N.B. In settling for a winter residence, always select a room with a S. aspect, or, if possible, with a *chimenea*, or fire-place, which are on the increase; for a fire is an unspeakable comfort in fine climates, where winter is detestable, as the houses are like hollows of wells, without being always the residences of truth; the hearth, with its cheerful crackle, brings back thoughts of home and England, as a glimpse of the sun recalls Castile to the Spanish exile in Siberia.

CAFÉS.—These are numerous and increasing, being principally set up by foreigners and *à la mode de Paris*. Coffee is very little drunk in Spain, the great towns excepted; it is substituted by chocolate, and since the cholera, by what is here called tea. Coffee, however, is creeping in. In these *cafés* ices are sold during the summer and a variety of national drinks. Among the best establishments are *La Iberia*, *La Perla*, *La Nueva Iberia*, C. de San Jeronimo; *Café Suizo*; *Dos Amigos*; *el de Cervantes*, *de la Aduana*, and *de la Estrella*, all of which are in the C. de Alcalá; also that of *Lorenzini*, Puerta del Sol, and

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el Principe y de Venecia, C. del Principe. These and all cafés are much frequented in an idle town, where people have little to do but kill time and play at *dominos*.

Generally speaking, the fleshly comforts of Madrid are second-rate, although some progress is making, thanks to the French; nevertheless, the staple dish, *le fond de la cuisine*, is the *Puchero* or stew, so called from the pipkin in which it is concocted. The Castilian compound cannot be compared to an Andalucian *olla*, its chief ingredients being stringy savourless beef, *vaca cocida*, and boiled *garbanzos*: it mocks the palate with a show of nutriment, but may be eaten, however, when there is nothing else. It is the struggle of hunger with unsavouriness. A lively Frenchman, jolted in a drive after such a dinner, compared himself to a drum filled with peas. Madrid boasts of its asparagus, grown at Aranjuez, but Battersea beats it hollow. You may try the *Hojaldre*, a light puff paste. The confectioners' shops are mostly kept by foreigners; among the best are those of *La Dulce Alianza*, C. del Sordo; the *Pasteleria Suiza*, C. de Alcalá; the *Pasteleria Estrangera*, Plaza Santa Ana; that in the C. del Principe, and the French *Pâtisserie* in Carrera de San Jeromino: many of these shops combine dining with pastry. As your genuine Spanish pastry, like the buns and tartlets of England, savours of the dark ages, while French *Pâtisserie* is elegant in form, exquisite in material, full of invention, genius, jam, and colour, can we be surprised at Claude Lorraine having begun life as a pastry-cook?

For wines and drinks at Madrid, the common wine, and the best, is the rich red Valdepeñas. It is not easily obtained pure, as the inferior produce of Arganda is constantly sold for it, and both are adulterated with decoction of logwood and other abominations. French and foreign wines are dear, and not good; they may be obtained at the *Andaluces*, C. de Fuencarrol, and *las Delicias de Betica*, C. de las Carretas, and also sherries and Malagas, which are here considered as vins de liqueur. The rich full-flavoured *Naval Carnero* is sold in the C. Vergara, at 2 reals a bottle; the light Vino de Ciudad Real is drinkable.

The snows of the Guadarrama chain during the scorching summer furnish materials for delicious cool drinks and ices in abundance, which are also sold in the streets, and especially by Valencians. The *Agua de Cebada* is very refreshing; so is the *Orchata de Chufas*, or *mitj e mitj*, or "half and half," being made of barley and pounded *chochos*, the lupines of the old Romans, the Tirmis of the Cairo Arab (Lane, ii. 13). These emulsion drinks are very classical, for the *leche de Almendras*, which is prescribed as a panacea by Spanish doctors, is exactly described in Athenæus (ii. 12) Αμυγδαλη — αγαθον φαρμακον. No drink, however, whether medicinal or refrigeratory, comes up to the *Agraz* or clarified verjuice. It cools a man's body and soul, and is delicious when mixed with *Manzanilla* wine. *Cerbeza con limon*, or bottled beer mixed with lemon juice, and well iced, is another favourite summer drink.

Clubs and Reading-Rooms.—The *Casino*, C. San Jeronimo, takes in the English, French, and Belgian papers, as well as the Spanish. Foreigners, introduced by a member, are made honorary ditto, paying 40 reals monthly. During the season there is an excellent table d'hôte, at 6 to 14 reals. Notice of dining to be given beforehand to the president, Señor Salamanca, the *Ateneo*, or Madrid Athenæum, is in the Calle Montera. A new club, *El Circulo del Comercio*, has been established in the Calle Angosta de Peligros, on the site of the Duke of Fernando's house; a good *Café Suizo* and *pasteleria* is attached to it; members pay 10*l.* on entrance and 40 reals monthly. There are many subscription and reading-rooms at Madrid. Those who wish to procure foreign books at Madrid, or when out of Spain to obtain Spanish ones, may apply to *Casimiro Monnier*, who has a capital reading establishment—à la Galignani—here in the No. 10, Carrera San Jeronimo, and another in Paris, No. 7, Rue de Provence: English, French,

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and Spanish papers are regularly filed: there is a fair circulating library.

SPANISH LANGUAGE-MASTER.—Señor Cornellas, 32, C. de Reciados; or Don José Riesga. The noble Spanish idiom is spoken well at Madrid, albeit the true cockney here is laughed at for a certain snuffle, e. g. *Ustedish*, for the *Usted;* the purest Castillian is considered to be that of Toledo.

The baths at Purkiss's house, and those at *Corderos*, C. Mayor, are excellent; ditto in the C. de Hortaleza, and at Monnier's, C. San Geronimo; those of *del Oriente*, Plaza de Isabel II., *la Estrella*, C. de Santa Clara, *San Isidro*, C. Mayor, and *la Fontana de Oro*.

The *Calle de Alcalá* is the chief rendezvous of the fraternity of the whip; here most of the diligence companies have their "booking-offices." Here are to be hired the *Coche de Colleras*. The *Calesa* and "flies," here called *citadinas*, which were introduced into Madrid by Col. Partington in 1846.

Cab-stands are now placed in all the principal streets. The one-horse broughams put the London cabs to the blush!

Fares.

ONE HORSE.	rls.
A "course" by day, 1 or 2 persons	4
,, sunset to midnight	6
,, after midnight	10
By the Hour.	
1 or 2 persons—1st hour	8
,, 2nd and following hours	6
From sunset to midnight—1st hour	10
,, 2nd and following hours	8
After midnight—1st hour	14
,, 2nd and following hours	12

TWO HORSES—4 SEATS.	rls.
A "course" by day	6
,, sunset to midnight	10
,, after midnight	14
By the Hour.	
1st hour	10
2nd and following hours	8
Sunset to midnight—1st hour	12
,, 2nd and following hours	10
After midnight—1st hour	16
,, 2nd and following hours	14

Excellent carriages and horses, with servants in livery, may be hired at the following places: No. 20, C. de la Magdelena; No. 8, C. de Valverde; No. 4, C. de la Greda; No. 9, C. de las Rosas. Average charges: one month, 2500 reals; one day, 100 reals; half-a-day, 50 reals.

Omnibusses and Calesas are to be had, at arranged prices, in the Plazuela del Angel.

Diligence Offices; Postas Generales (to all parts of Spain) 15, C. de Alcalá; Del Poniente, No. 2, C. del Correo; Del Norte y Mediodia, No. 2, C. del Correo; Nueva Peninsula, No. 10, C. de Alcalá; De Oriente, No. 9, C. de Alcalá; De la Neuva Union, No. 28, C. de Alcalá; De la Victoria, No. 4, C. de la Victoria; Primitivas, No. 32, C. de Alcalá; Escorial, No. 11, C. del Fuentes.

The mails start from the Calle del Correo. In them you pay more in order to gain a few hours less travelling, which is achieved at the expense of not stopping anywhere, and at the risk of concussion of the brain from their fearful jolting.

There is an open horse-market every Thursday in the *Plaza del Rastro*. The markets for eatables are tolerably well supplied: the best are those of *San Ildefonso*, where the French pulled down a church, and those of *San Felipe Neri* and *La Plaza de la Cebada*, and *Plazuela del Carmen*.

TRADESMEN.—The best shops are in the vicinity of the *Puerta del Sol*. The Calles Carreras, Mayor, Carmen, San Jeronimo, Montera, &c. The shops have been much improved latterly. As the tradespeople vary so often, only a few names will be given. *Hatter*, Aimable, C. San Jeronimo. *Tailors*, Grandhomme, San Jeronimo; Utrilla, Quatro Calles; Carrera, Puerta del Sol. *Modistas*, Madame Bernop, 23, C. de la Montera; Madame Petitbonne, C. Fuencarral. *Boots*, Burgales, 12, Desengaño; Estruel, 49, C. Carmen; Reynaldo, 23, San Jeronimo. *Jewellers*, Samper, 39, C. Carmen; Pezzala, 43, C. de la Montera; Las Savozanos, 8, San Jeronimo. *Fancy Shops*, Corona de Oro, 8, San Jeronimo; Los Alemanes, 12, C. de laMontera. *Mantillas and Lace*, "La Margarita," C. del Carmen. *Flowers* (Artificial), Lopez, 23,

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C. de Montera, Ville de Paris, 36, C. de Alcalá.

Books at Madrid are scarce and dear; those curious in topography and hagiography will find a copious collection in the *Biblioteca Nacional*, Plazuela de Oriente. Meanwhile the best *Bookseller* is *Sanchez*, C. de Carretas; then *Cuesta* and *Sojo*; *Perez* is middling; but the wretchedness of the "Row" tells the true tale, that a reading public is among the things wanting in the only Court. *Mons. Monnier* can forward purchases to England through France. "Books of the play," which those who wish to learn Spanish should read beforehand, and then take with them to the theatre, are to be had at *Cuesta y Rios*, C. Mayor, opposite the *Casa de Correos*. For *Maps*, *Manuel Pereda*, en la Trinidad; *Lopez*, C. del Principe. By far the best Spanish Atlas, with maps of every province, is that by *Coello*. A new bazaar, *la Villa de Madrid*, has recently been opened. Foreign money can be changed at the brokers' offices in the C. Montera and Toledo, the 200-real bank notes are convenient. It is better to rely in all pecuniary matters on one's banker.

Madrid—say Spaniards—has been so changed for the better since Ferdinand VII.'s death, that old people scarcely know it. The germs of improvement were borrowed from London and Paris, and were first sketched out, by Ramon Mesoneros, in 1835 (see his '*Apendice al Manual*'), wherein the infinite deficiencies were pointed out: gas, pavement, water, cleanliness, inns, cabs, police, &c. The city is divided into 12 districts, consists of 24 parishes, has 18 hospitals, a *cuna* or *casa de espositos*, a university, 9 academies, 4 public libraries, 3 museums, an armoury, a glorious palace, 6 theatres, a *plaza de toros*, 33 public fountains, and 5 chief gates. Those who wish to know all its rights, prerogatives, and glories, are referred to the list of local descriptions appended to the '*Manual de Madrid*,' which is a good guide-book: the author, the aforesaid Ramon de Mesoneros Romano, has also published a '*Panorama Matritense*,' 3 vols. 8vo. 1837; this 'Life in Madrid,' gives the picture as seen by a native's eye: there is a new edition, Mad. 1846. For minute details of the *Corte*, see the careful article in the *Diccionario* of P. Madoz, vol. x., and a copious list of books on the subject.

The collector of Spanish topography should purchase '*Teatro de las Grandezas*,' Gil Gonzalez d'Avila, fol. Mad. 1623; '*Historia de Madrid*,' Geronimo Quintana, fol., Mad. 1629; '*Dialogo de la Antigüedad*,' M. Rod. Mendez Silva, 4to., Mad. 1637; '*Solo Madrid es Corte*,' Alonzo Nuñez de Castro, 4to., Mad. 1658, 4th ed. Barcelona, 1698; '*Compendio Historico*,' José Antonio Alvarez y Baena, 4to., Mad. 1786; Ponz, '*Viage I.*;' and '*Discurso sobre varias Antigüedades*,' Antonio Pellicer, 8vo., Mad. 1791. Although Madrid has produced very few great men beyond Lope de Vega, Quevedo, and Calderon; in the national exaggeration, which magnifies molehills into mountains, the history of those who have even attained mediocrity fills four quartos, '*Hijos Ilustres*,' José Alvarez y Baena, Mad. 1789–91. For the *Provincia de Madrid*, consult the little description by Tomas Lopez, Mad. 1763. The annual court-guide, '*Guia de Forasteros*,' is useful. Mellado, in his '*Guia del Viajero en España*,' has prefixed a good account of the capital; as the old names of the streets have been changed, the '*Calles de Madrid*,' published by Cuesta, is useful. One of the best maps of Madrid is that published by *Lopez*, in 1852, C. del Principe.

The newspapers of Madrid amounted in 1843 to some forty in number; in 1833, under Ferd. VII., they did not reach half a dozen, and only enjoyed a freedom of press similar to that granted by his Holiness at Rome. The sapient Cortes of Cadiz passed from one extreme to another, from the gags of the Inquisition to absolute liberty; thus establishing a moral slavery, and giving a licence to anonymous pens to stab in the dark; the natural consequence of thus arming, without due preparation, a power which England barely can resist, was the raising a new Franken-

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stein tyrant, worse than all the evils which were overturned: the press became, like an emancipated Caliban, as the Duke so often said, venal, insolent, and licentious. It was bought by parties who rode over the Regency and Cortes (Disp. Jan. 27, 1813); and so it has always been since, when *free, i. e.* the slave of some dominant interest, either of the French, with a view to abuse England; or of the Cuban, to uphold the slave-trade; or of the Catalan, to protect smuggling," and write down any tariff or treaty of commerce. Their mis-statements work on the national susceptible mind, and obtain prescriptive authority from never being even contradicted by our careless government: well did the Duke suggest "getting hold of one or two of them," not, however, to disseminate falsehood, but to tell the "*truth, the plain truth.*" (Disp. Apr. 2, 1813). The masses of the people, from having long been taught by ruler and priest that others were to think for them, and from not being accustomed to reading or public discussion, believe in the broad sheet, because it is in print; they go to it for facts and opinions: hence the editors mislead their dupes, and rise on their shoulders into place and power. Journalism being the ladder of greatness, naturally absorbs the talent of the country, to the detriment of literature in general. The press, thus the organ of the aristocracy of intellect, becomes the *whole state*, as must be the case in all countries unfit for such a liberty; and as no fixed institutions guarantee *order*, which only depends on individuals, the broad sheet becomes the organ of change and revolutions, and those who play best on its stops, rise to be personages: thus Gonzalez Bravo passed from editing *El Guirigay*, an Andalucian "*slang*," or Satirist paper, to be premier.

As Englishmen may die in Madrid, where the shears of the Parcæ are sharpened by the deadliest of climates and wielded by the most murderous *sangrados*, it may be a comfort to hear that at last there is some chance of comfortable lying, and christian burial for a protestant, without being dug up to a dead certainty for a Catholic dunghill; the former cemetery details and insults have been pointed out in our '*Gatherings*;' suffice it to say, that when Lord Howden finally obtained the concession of a churchyard for our countrymen, an architect, at the cost of hundreds, was sent from England, to enclose the spot, as if Madrid had no masons. He soon became involved with law-suits and Spanish contractors, and in November 1854, instructions were sent to Madrid to raise a subscription among the living English there, to pay a churchyard keeper, 8 reals a day. Few who know the colossal charges of a Spanish architect, working for an absent foreigner, and the diminutive quality of the work when done, will however think our government did very wrong in securing a well-built wall and a tolerably handsome lodge entrance. Could water be obtained, this spot might be made very ornamental. The English cemetery is situated outside of the Toledo gate, on the right of the road leading to Carabanchal.

SIGHT-SEEING at MADRID.—The stranger will find at the "only court" a lacquai-de-place or Cicerone—animals rare and much wanted in the inland old capitals of Spain. As many places, and the chief Lions, can only be visited on certain days and at certain hours, remember always to ascertain these points beforehand, and whenever an *esquela*, order or permission from some official chief is necessary, to send and procure it plenty of time before it is wanted. Remember also to *get up early*, which all Spaniards do. Most places and shops are shut about noon, and from that time until three all the world is either at dinner or taking the siesta, and nothing can be done or seen. The *Museo* of pictures is open on Sundays; that of sculpture on Mondays; that of artillery on Tuesdays and Fridays; the *Reservada* on Tuesday with a ticket; the royal stables on Thursday; the *Armeria* on Tuesdays and Saturdays; but as these matters change, previous enquiries should be made: generally the exhibition of a passport, backed by a silver key, opens

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most doors to a polite visitor, who has a judicious lacquey. It is as well to take your passport, as greater facilities are afforded to foreigners. Advertisements will also be found as to these and other travellers' wants, in the various daily papers, and *Diarios de Avisos;* in them will also be announced the different sights, religious pageants, theatres, bull-fights, sales, festivals, and other popular amusements. The *Gazeta* is the official paper; and its pages for the last fifty years, the Moniteur only excepted, are perhaps the greatest satire ever deliberately published by any people on itself.

A new police has been recently established at Madrid on the London system; what is wanting is a national respect for the law; here the very word *justicia*, is hateful as our Chancery. Spaniards, in this as in other imitations, have names and forms without the spirit; the buttoned-up collar and stock-strangled "peelite" policeman soon became more the butt than the terror of the populacho: and in truth, these *agonizantes* look piteously helpless, without beats, *areas*, or prestige.

SIGHTS AT MADRID.—Every body must begin with the *Puerta del Sol*, which, like our Temple Bar, is now placed in the centre of the capital, although once it was the east gate, on which the rising sun shone; now it has been built around on all sides, and the gate is gone, the name only remaining. The small *plaza* is situated in the middle of the long line of streets which run E. from W., from the *Prado* by the *Calle de Alcalá*, and then by the *C. Mayor* to the river; at this point two other important streets, the *C. de la Montera*, and *C. de las Carretas*, the Bond Street and Regent Street of Madrid, running N. and S., cross the other two almost at right angles. Thus the *Puerta del Sol* is the real Exchange, and the heart, where all the greater arteries of circulation meet and diverge, and naturally becomes the centre, where the chief pulse of Madrid life beats hardest, and the high tides of affairs flow and ebb. It is to Madrid what Bond Street and its loungers were to London before *clubs* came into common use.

The shops in the streets which branch from it are the most fashionable, and enormously dear: their wares, exposed to the eye, speak for themselves, and have been very much improved since our time, when, although they did not burst with opulence into the streets, the rest of the Peninsula considered them to be the magazine of the universe, an epitome of the civilized world, της οικουμενης επιτομη: "You will get it at Madrid," said the shopkeeper of Toledo, Leon, Salamanca, &c., when asked by the foreigner for some article of commonest necessity: but everything was a day behind the fair, and articles out of fashion, and no longer saleable beyond the Pyrenees, here figured as the last novelties of the season. The shops have a fair outside; but little is done in them on a really grand scale; business is paltry and passive, and people walk about as if they had not much to do, still less to spend; the generality of native shopkeepers have little empressement or prevenance, and seem, like Orientals, to care little whether you buy of them or not. Even necessaries are dear: Madrid, placed in the centre of Spain, producing and supplying nothing, consumes everything, like an exhausting receiver: and as all that enters comes from a distance, the expense is enhanced by transport and heavy duties. These shops are mostly closed from one, when nature rings her dinner bell, until three, when the siesta has been dozed out; the scanty carriages have then crept into their coachhouses, and their beasts and drivers into the stalls; even the creak of cart-wheels is mute; the mules and asses, which do the work of parcel-delivery companies, the goats, which do the office of milk-cows, are all sleeping with their masters on the ground on the shady side of the streets: but every where throughout the length and breadth of the land midday heat empties the streets, and increases the languid, monotonous, pococurante character so common to old inland Spanish towns, where the quiet and want of population mark silent decay

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and pining atrophy. In Madrid, as being the seat of government, during its waking hours there is a greater semblance of life; but ranked with London, or even Liverpool and Edinburgh, every thing is very second-rate and retail. It will indeed disappoint those who have listened to the grandiloquent exaggerations of Madrilenians, who on their part will set down the foreigner who is not positively *dazzled* as either envious, malignant, or a fool.

The hand to mouth makeshifts of Madrid are revealed during the *Feria*, or fair, which begins every Sept. 21, and ends Oct. 4. Then the contents of the houses are turned out of doors, and their nakedness exposed; then the only "*Corte*" becomes one brokers' alley, as every family that has anything to sell exhibits the article in the street. Occasionally, but now rarer everyday, a good book, picture, and old Toledan blade is to be picked up; but sad is the display—how many are anxious to sell, how few to buy! It is said by veteran fair-loungers that the same wares appear every year, just as floating rubbish in a mill-dam keeps coming up and down in one vicious circle. The same results are evident in the *Almonedas*, or sales by private contract, and at the auctions, *Subastas*, a term derived from the Roman *Sub Hastâ*.

The south side of the *Puerta del Sol* is occupied by the post-office, the *Casa de Correos*, a large isolated square edifice raised in 1768 for Charles III., by one M. Jaime Marquet: the approach and arrangements have been deservedly criticised. A strong piquet of soldiers is always mounted here, for the building serves also the purposes of a military *post* and home-office. Commanding, as it does, the central hotbed of outbreak, the fixed bayonet and ball-cartridge are absolutely necessary, since the very air is poisoned with *asonadas*, *alborotos y ajo*, with treasons, uprisings, and garlic; indeed, it was said that for a hundred dollars a revolutionary *funcion* might be any day got up here; the very troops are often infected, and fire upon the regular authorities, killing even their own captains general. Adjoining to, on the top of this post-office is the telegraph to Paris, set up in 1846: a message has been carried in 6 h.; during the days of Louis Philippe, the agents of private communications and stock-jobbing had no sinecure. How extremes meet in this land of anomalies! Now, the Spaniards are wild for news which is flashed by the *electric telegraph*, the last effort of modern civilization, while commerce drags snail pace and on mule backs over three parts of the still roadless Peninsula. Adjoining to the r., at the *Casa de Postas*, are the mail and post-horse establishments. Formerly the open *plaza* was disfigured by a *churrigueresque* fountain, the work of the heresiarch Ribera. The statue on it of *Venus*, called by the people *Maribianca*, was removed in 1848 to the *Plaza de las Descalzas*.

On the east side was the church *Nuestra Señora del buen Suceso*, a paltry building with an illuminated clock. Here, in spite of its auspicious name, occurred a sad scene in the annals of Madrid. Murat chose this church and its *patios* for one place of his terrorist butcheries of the *Dos de Mayo*, 1808. Many of his victims lie buried here: as also does the Canon Matias Vinuesa, murdered by the psuedo-patriots, May 4, 1821. The church of *Buen Suceso* had the privilege of having mass performed so late as 2 o'clock P.M., mid-day being elsewhere the last hour; and accordingly it was the grand place of rendezvous of fine folk, and was much crowded on holidays. The clock, like that of our Horse-Guards, was the one by which people who valued time set their watches. Great demolitions have recently taken place in this spot: a project having been formed of making a clearance in the form of the letter D, in the centre of which the post-office should stand—*está por acabar:* meantime a space is thrown open—very European and civilized, but almost impassable in summer from the sun's glare, and in winter from mud. In this furnace ripened to a focus every intrigue is fever height.

Religion, letters, and locality have long combined to render the *Puerta del*

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Sol the real national *Cortes*, or congress, the site of meetings in the market-place, and the resort of quidnuncs and the many who have nothing to do in a city without trade or industry, and who here begin and here end their day: that day, which indeed is of small value, is thus wasted in a lazy routine; and doing that business which the evil one provides for the idle.

Here, therefore, all who wish to study character and costume will never lack subjects for pen or pencil; for the Madrilenian, like the ancient, lives out of doors, *foris*, in the *forum*, and wisely prefers the cheerful sun to his own comfortless home, which has no fire-side. All this is the classical and Oriental το αγορασθαι of the Athenian, who did little else but "either tell or hear some new thing;" this is the *vespertinum forum* of the otiose Horace, who delighted to pick up the last bit of correct intelligence, "the ephemeral lie that does its business in a day and dies;" just so, there was "no place in the town," said Addison, "which I so much love as the Royal Exchange." This old-fashioned going out to bring in news, was the occupation of our "Paul's walkers" two centuries ago. Now, in the march of intellect, clubs and morning papers have put an end even to Bond-street lounging, since the newspaper brings to our breakfast in description, all that the ancients and Orientals could only see, hear, and touch bodily, and went out of doors and abroad to fetch. Accordingly the Spaniard takes up a position on this *forum* of the *Puerta del Sol*, cloaked like a Roman, while a cigar and the *Gazeta* indicate modern civilization, and soothe him with empty vapour.

The blind are here the usual itinerant vendors of the broad sheet, "second editions," lying bulletins, and flying handbills, *Boletines y hojas volantes*. Indeed, it is quite a proverb to say of one whose vision is going, *Está ya para ir á vender gazetas;* and the blind are the fit guides of those stone-blind who believe in the romances which are printed and circulated in this heart and brain of Madrid. And who can doubt the authority of the *religio loci*, the Puerta del *Sol*? Quis solem dicere falsum audeat? Nor can it be denied, in spite of the clouds of cigars, smoke, and lies, that the shrewd people do, somehow or other, arrive at some truth at last.

Observe the singular groups of sallow, unshorn, hungry, bandit-looking men, with fierce-flashing eyes and thread-bare shorn capas, who cluster like bees round the reader of some "authentic letter." These form two of the three classes into which a large portion of all who wear long-tailed coats may be divided. First observe the *Pretendiente*, or place-hunter, one who aspires to some situation, to a sinecure if possible, his food is hope; next notice the *Empleado*, or fortunate youth, who has got into a good birth, whose bliss is the certainty of taking bribes, and the chance of being paid the salary of his appointment; and lastly, the *Cesante*, or one who, having held some office, is now turned out; his joys and profits have ceased, his misery is memory, his consolation revenge.

The *Pretendientes y Cesantes* either wear away the thresholds of the minister of the hour, or polish the pavement of the *Puerta del Sol*, with the restlessness of caged wild beasts, for this is the den of the *Empleomaniacos*, the victims of that *madness for place* which is the peculiar disease of Madrid; and now the good things of the *church* have been pared away, more applicants are thrown on the *civil* branches of sinecures. Hence this spot, their rendezvous, is the mint of scandal, and all who have lived intimately with them know how invariably every one abuses his neighbour behind his back, the lower orders occasionally using a knife, which is sharper even than the tongue. *Self*, in fact, is every where the idol, for no Spaniard can tolerate a rival or superior. The grand object is to get money—rem quocumque modo rem—by any means but work. These *gents* are the buzzers about of "reports of the best informed circles," from the fiery treason to the frigidus rumour of Horace, the chilling whisper, the *susurro;* they circulate the *se dice en el pueblo*, the personal abuse, the en-

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venomed calumny, the plausible insinuation; and all this either dignified by the splendid phraseology of the Castilian idiom, or enlivened by the mocking satire, cutting sarcasm, and epigrammatic wit, in which the dramatic serio-comic Spaniards have few rivals.

Thus these *Empleomaniacos* exist bored and boring, deceiving and deceived; for, true romancers, they are proportionably credulous:—

> "With them the pleasure is as great
> Of being cheated as to cheat."

The interjections "*Es falso*," "*mentira*," "*mientes*," are in every one's mouth—often the truest thing said—for these free-spoken thoughts are concealed by no parliamentary jargon of conventionality; nor is this giving the lie, which in honest England is *the* deadly insult, often resented. This Asiatic *Doblez* (the Italian *Furberia*), or duplicity, is the more deceptive because it is accompanied by a grave, high-bred manner and plausible apparent frankness which seems honesty itself, and is quite edifying to those who do not know this strange Oriental people; but the Castilian *seems* to be wiser than he is, and, as the Duke said, who was truth personified, "It is difficult to understand Spaniards correctly, they are such a mixture of low intrigue coupled with extreme haughtiness of manner" ('Disp.' Dec. 13, 1810). But a solemn, stilty, external bearing every where is the mask assumed by mediocrity, and is the refuge of the intellectually destitute.

The *Puerta del Sol* (long the "club" of Madrid), is still the haunt of beggars: these vermin are the indigines, the native weed of proud, pauper, indolent Spain; here they swarm with every variety of disgusting disease and importunity; they are a sad eye-sore and nuisance, especially to strangers and the fair sex, who are calculated on as having both purses and hearts.

The spot was once the scene of the national theatre of *rifas*, or raffle lotteries. Sometimes the prizes were trinkets for woman-kind, pictures of saints, a fat pig, or broad ounces of red gold were exposed, which always attract the penniless. They are still doomed, as in Martial's days (x. 80), to pass the long days in looking into shop windows and *wishing* to buy every thing. The dandies and loungers, *Los Pollos*, have resorted, less since the days of clubs, to the *tiendas de quincalla* in the *Calle de la Montera;* next we enter the *Calle de Alcalá*, which is one of the finest streets in Europe, being placed on a gentle slope, and with just curve enough to be graceful. This great aorta widens like a river, disemboguing its living streams into the *Prado*. The perfect effect is destroyed by the lowness of some of the houses, which are not in proportion to the width that they fringe; but the glare in summer is terrific, and Espartero deserves well for having planted the acacias. Meanwhile the chill blasts from the snow-capt Guadarrama, piercing the cross-streets, blow out the brief taper of Madrilenian life.

The first edifice to the l. is the fine quadrilong edifice, and formerly the *Aduana* or custom-house, built in 1769 for Charles III., by Lieut.-Gen. Sabatini, R.A. The east and west fronts are ignoble, but the façade to the street is handsome; the shield and *Famas*, carved by Michel, add little to his fame; while the stone satyrs outside smile at the former farce of business done within it, and the facilities afforded without it to fraud. The custom-house is now removed to the *Puerta de Bilbao*, Paseo de los Recoletos, and this building is made over to the finance minister, to the *Ministerio de la Hacienda y Direcciones del Ramo*.

Adjoining is the Royal Academy of *San Fernando*, a Bourbon exotic, founded in 1744, when the Grand Monarque's *heroic mode* in art, *i. e.* full-bottom wigs and Roman togas, was all the vogue; it was removed here in 1744. Philip IV. had before wished to create an academy, but was prevented by the jealousy, hatred, and uncharitableness of the artists towards each other (Carducho, 'Dial.' 158). Attached to the *Museo* is a collection of natural history; but vainly did Charles III. inscribe over the portal that this was to be the lodging of art *and* nature

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under one and the same roof: the royal academicians, second-rate imitators of other men's works, not of Nature, have effectually barred the banns. This establishment has too often been the hotbed of jobs, and the nurse of mediocrity. Founded ostensibly with a view of restoring expiring art, it was called in too late; nor was it a humane society which could resuscitate a really and not an apparently dead patient. It came rather to smother the last spark of nationality, and then proceeded to "hoist signals of art in distress" by hanging up its copied inanities as proudly as an undertaker puts up a hatchment. It has scarcely created even a tolerable artist.

The Academy possesses some 300 second-rate pictures, the gleanings from royal private and sequestered collections; among them are about a dozen or so good paintings; a set of small coloured terra-cotta figures, representing the massacre of the Innocents, &c., has recently been added, from the confiscated gallery of Don Carlos, and deserve notice. A printed catalogue of the contents of ten saloons is sold at the door. There are some reserved rooms upstairs, which however are shown on application, and for a fee: on the ground-floor is a collection of plaster casts made by Mengs, in the hopes of furnishing models from antique sculpture, in which Spain is so very deficient.

The reception pictures of the R.A.'s are specimens of a bad Mengs style run mad. The gingerbread throne-room glitters with teaboard portraits of the Spanish Bourbons, royal cretins, from the baboon head of Charles III. to the porcine sensuality of Ferdinand VII.; these and their consorts, fit mates, are as fine as feathers, flounces, lace, patent-leather pump painting, and diamonds can make them; everything sparkles save their lack-lustre eyes, everything is princely save their faces; the trappings and externals of royalty supply the total want of innate majesty in these vapid well-dressed puppets; the originals of these vacant inanities seem to have been made by nature's "journeymen," by fiddlers, grooms of the bedchamber, confessors, and so forth. They are painted by Xavier Ramos, Lopez, Cruz, Estevé, R.A.'s, and by others who are *rien, pas même académiciens.* Their nonsense, however, suits the native nonsense, and the semi-Oriental Spanish people, who love and understand red gold and diamonds in esse et posse, burst into ecstasies when they behold this dazzle: "Oh wretch!" said Apelles to a dauber of tinsel, "you could not paint Helen *beautiful*, so you have made her *fine*." There are, however, some better things by Ribera and Moya; observe in the first saloon "a Christ crucified;" and "a Christ in purple," by Alonso Cano; "a Christ before Pilate," by Morales.

Notice particularly the grand Murillo here called "*El Tiñoso*," in which Santa Isabel of Hungary is applying remedies to the scabby head of a pauper urchin; she is full of tenderness, but the sores are too truly painted to be agreeable, for they recall the critique of Pliny (xxxiv. 9) on a similar picture of Leontinus, cujus hulceris dolorem sentire, etiam spectantes videntur; but her saint-like charity ennobles these horrors, on which her woman's eye dares not look, but her royal hand does not refuse to heal, and how gently! The service of love knows no degradation. Her young, beautiful, almost divine head contrasts with that of the beggar hag in the foreground. This picture was carried off by Soult from *La Caridad* of Seville, of which in subject it was the appropriate gem, and presented to the Louvre, *i.e.* offered as a bribe to Buonaparte to induce him to overlook the Marshal's own haul; this noble picture was *restored* by Waterloo to Spain, but not to the fair Bætis, as it was detained on its passage by the Royal Academy; yet the sainted Isabel, although delivered, had not escaped French *restoration*, during its transportation, having been overcleaned and repainted, especially in the rt. corner below. As placed originally by Murillo in a hospital, the subject and intention was evident and appropriate; here it is out of harmony and almost repulsive.

Next observe a good bronze Minerva. In the second saloon are two superb

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Murillos, also taken by Soult from *Santa Maria la Blanca* at Seville, also sent to Paris and also rescued like Santa Isabel. These glorious pictures represent the legend of the dream of *el Patricio Romano*, which preceded the building the *Santa Maria la Mayor* at Rome under Pope Liberius, about the year 360; they are semi-circular in shape, to fit the gaps still visible at Seville. The additional paintings in the angles are an unfortunate *perfectionnement*, added in France, and distract from the originals, which were both ruthlessly overcleaned in Paris, and have since been much repainted by one Garcia. The Dream, the best of the two, is an exquisite representation of the sentiment *sleep*. The Roman senator is dressed like a Spanish hidalgo, for the localism and *Españolismo* of Murillo scorned even to borrow costume from the *foreigner;* the patrician has quite a Shakspere look: he is fast asleep at his *siesta*, and no wonder, since he holds a large book, a *μιγα κακον*, and an undoubted soporific. The Virgin in the air points out the site of the future church. The companion picture, where the dreamer explains his vision to the pontiff, is painted in the *vaporoso* style: the distant procession is admirable.

Observe also a Hercules and Omphale, said to be by Rubens [?]. The bronzes of Charles V. and Philip II. are by Leon Leoni; those of Conde Duque and John of Austria are by Pedro Tacca. In the third room is a copy of the Spasimo de Sicilia, by Juan Carreño (1614–1685). In the fourth saloon are four finely painted monks by Zurbaran, especially one of Jeronimo Perez, with a book. In the sixth and seventh room are the R.A. performances—longe fuge! In the seventh, which is the last saloon, there is however a fine old Pietá by Morales.

The annual exhibitions of the R.A.'s and their compeers take place in these rooms in September and October, but the spirit of ancient Spanish national art has fled, and painting, which rose with the united monarchy, has shared in its fall, perishing under the foreigner. Now everything is borrowed; there is neither high art nor originality: the best modern painters are not much above mediocrities. A very clever son of Madrazo, the director, is certainly one of the best in portrait-painting. Gutierrez is a copier of Murillo, as Villamil is of our Roberts, but at a most respectful distance. Alonso, Ribera, Esquivel, follow in the wake of Mengs, José Madrazo, and David, of whom their style is often an exaggeration. They have learnt a mannerism and masterworship which precludes and defies a return to *nature;* and, in the words of the Roman philosopher, "Magistrum respicientes, Naturam ducem sequi desierunt," and their art has become a pale copy of other and chiefly Frenchmen's ideas and works; art under the R. Academical hothouse pines a sickly forced exotic, and is no longer the vigorous plant of the wild but rich soil of Spain. Not so rose Ribera, Velazquez, or Murillo, whose works bear the impress of the *individual* mind of each of these great *Spaniards*, who borrowed nothing from the past or foreign, nothing from Apelles or Raphael, from Greece or Italy; nay, they spurned them and their ways, and painted the *Hidalgo* and monachial Christianity or Marianism of Spain; they drew with a local colour subjects which were in correspondence with the national eye and mind; while the mens divinior of Murillo, and the pith and savour of manhood of Velazquez imparted to the commonest subjects their own freshness and fire, as Pygmalion, in that beautiful myth, breathed life into a stone. The R A. society just keeps itself alive by infusing a little fresh life's blood—by electing into its close corporation whatever outside talent springs up elsewhere. Meantime this Academy enjoys personal rank, and is addressed as "*Excellency*," a title quite irrespective of their performances; but certain letters—M.D., M.A., R.A., &c., have a magical effect with the many, and stamp a guarantee which your honest A.S.S. does not.

In the second floor is the *Gabinete de Ciencias Naturales*, which occupies eight rooms; formed by Charles III.: it was pillaged and disorganised by

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the invaders, but Ferdinand VII. did what he could to repair and restore it. It is rich in Spanish minerals and marbles. The light, however, is not good, being excluded, as in so many chapels where there are fine pictures, from a perverse ingenuity, as if to spite the blessed sun in his chosen land, where the *light is good* as when approved of by the great Creator, and where there are no *blacks*, fog, or window-tax. There is a poor sort of a guide-book. '*Paseo por el Gabinete Natural*,' Juan Mieg, 8vo. 1819. Zoology, ornithology, and natural history have hitherto hardly been sufficiently attended to in Spain; but this *Gabinete* is now under the direction of a most intelligent Catalan, Don Mariano Graells, from whom better things may be expected. The school of mining is also well managed by Señor Prado, an intelligent gentleman.

The specimens of marbles are splendid, and show what treasures yet remain buried in the napkin of the Peninsula; the ledges of the cabinets are lined with the choicest varieties. Observe the *Verde Antique*, from *el Barranco de San Juan*, near Granada; the brown jaspers, from *Lanjaron*; agates, from *Aracena*; crystallized sulphurs, from *Conil*; lead ores of every tint, from the *Sierra de Gador*; copper, from *Rio Tinto*; muriate of silver, from *Guadalajara*; the celebrated lump of virgin gold, from the *Sonora* mine, weighing 16½ lbs., has recently been stolen, no mineralogical knowledge being necessary to discover its value; there remains, however, a virgin mass of silver, of 250 lbs.; one of copper, of 200 lbs. The grand object of the Spanish gypsies is the large loadstone, *La Piedra Iman*, one weighing 6 lbs. and supporting 60 lbs. They are always plotting how to steal this *Bar Lachi*, which they believe to be a love philtre and a talisman against policemen, excise officers, and the devil.

The animal department is less rich than the mineral, but it possesses *el Megaterio*, the skeleton of a megatherion, which was found in 1789, near the river Lujan, 13 L. from Buenos Ayres, and sent home by the viceroy Loreto. It is the largest and most perfect semi-fossil in existence, and the elephant near it looks diminutive. The specimen is unscientifically set up, but natural history is still low in Spain, and a Cuvier or Owen have yet to be born. A new fossil monster has been added, found 20 feet below the earth, about ½ a L. from Madrid. There are also three rooms not shown to the public, which may be inspected: a silver key unlocks the doors. They contain some S. American, Indian, Chinese, Moorish, and mixed curiosities of no great rarity or interest to those accustomed to the better collections of Europe. There are also some anatomical preparations and fœtuses.

On the opposite side of the street is *La Casa de los Heros*, a great *Almacen de Cristales*, and near it the *Deposito Hidrografico* founded by Charles III.; it was built by Rodriguez, has a tolerable library, and some instruments for nautical and astronomical purposes. Lower down on the same side of the street is the house of the Conde de Campoalenge, which has been let slip in an evil hour, and lost never to be recovered; this ever since 1814, was the residence of the English embassy, and in it a more sustained and splendid hospitality has been shown than in any ten houses of any of the grandees. Sold for 30,000*l.*, and pulled down, all these associations are now gone for ever. The English embassy is now lodged in a bad house, *Calle de Torija*, where, however, the time-honoured national hospitality is nobly kept up by Lord Howden.

Just below this former residence is the house of the Marquis de Alcanices, which contains family portraits, some good tapestry, and a capital picture of the great Spinola on a white prancing horse. Opposite, at the N.E. corner, is the conspicuous square palace *La Buena Vista*, which was built towards the close of the last century by the extravagant Duchess of Alva. It was afterwards bought by the Madrid municipality, and given by them to toady Godoy, then in the height of power. Confiscated in 1808, it was next made the military *Museo*, in which were placed specimens of curious artillery

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and models of fortresses—Cadiz and Gibraltar—&c. Espartero, when regent, lived here, as the minister of war does now. There may be visited the suite of rooms, which inside is noble. Here, in 1844, was lodged the Turkish ambassador Fuad Effendi; and, what is not usual in Madrid, *de valde*, or for nothing; thus this land of anomalies provided free quarters for the representative of the hated infidel, the old enemy of most Catholic Spain; while Isabel II. gave to this Moslem the order of her great namesake, whose boast was the having beaten down the crescent.

At the end of the street the planted and public walks extend; the Prado opens to the rt., while to the l. a less frequented avenue leads to the *Puerta de Recoletos*, and to a new alameda, the *Fuente Castellana* and *Delicias de Isabel II.*; outside the gate is a new *Plaza de Toros*.

Continuing our walk is the *Puerta de Alcalá*, built in 1778 for Charles III., by Sabatini. This, the finest gate in Madrid, is merely ornamental, for the walls, a mean girdle to the "only court," are of mud, and might be jumped over by a tolerably active Remus; but they were never intended for defence against any invaders except smuggled cigars; yet although they might be battered down with *garbanzos*, this architectural ornament was mutilated by the invaders, whose sportive cannon-balls were especially directed at it;—Te saxa loquuntur.

To the l. is the *Plaza de Toros*, which was built in 1749, to support the hospitals, to which it thus furnishes funds and patients. It is about 1100 feet in circumference, and will hold 12,000 spectators. In an architectural point of view it is shabbier than those in many provincial towns; but there is a business-like, murderous intention about it which satisfies the native *aficion*. The interior combines all that is wanted for seeing well, and this is essentially a *spectacle*. It looks mean and mesquin while empty, but when peopled by thousands, it is a striking scene; and as the lower classes sit in the sun-beams at blood heat, the very atmosphere seems to sympathize, and a mist steams over the seething masses. How the past and present meet in Spain, that land of contrasts! Here you have the bloody amphitheatre of Rome, with spectators in hats and coats!

The bull-fights at Madrid are first-rate, as becomes the capital of Tauromachia; they begin in April and continue until November; they generally take place on St. Mondays, and in the afternoon; however, ample notice is given by placards. The *aficionado* will, of course, ride out the previous morning to *el Arroyo de Abroñigal*, and see what the *Ganado* is like; he will also secure a ticket on the *shady* side of the *Plaza*, and be sure to be early in the Calle de Alcalá to see the mob, and to reach the *Plaza* half an hour before the opening the doors, to see the arrival of the company: how striking the winding street filled with a fierce mob hastening to bloodshed like a parti-coloured snake darting on its prey! what a circulation of life in this Aorta of the Only Court! what a din and dust, what costumes and *calesas*, what wild drivers running outside, what picturesque *manolos* and *manolas* inside! now indeed, in this pulvere olimpico, we are in Spain, and no mistake, no civilisation of the coat now: but real Spain, and his Majesty of the many, is better to be studied in the streets than the saloons. The dazzling glare and fierce African sun calcining the heavens and the earth, fires up man and beast to madness; now in a raging thirst for blood, seen in flashing eyes and the irritable ready knife, the passion of the Arab triumphs over the coldness of the Goth: how different is the crowd and noisy hurry from the ordinary still life and monotony of these localities. The horrid excitement fascinates the many, like the tragedy of an execution, for, as a lively Frenchman observes, "*La réalité atroce* is the recreation of the savage, and the sublime of common-place souls." Even quadrupeds seem mad as the bipeds, the poor horses excepted, who are worse *baited* than the bulls.

The *toros* for this *plaza* generally come from the pastures of the Jarama: and that breed was famous even among

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the Moors; but every *aficionado* will read the splendid description of one of this race in *Gazul's* ballad, "*Estando toda la Corte*" (Duran, i. 36). These verses were evidently written by a practical *torero*, and on the spot: they sparkle with daylight and local colour like a Velazquez, and are as minutely correct as a Paul Potter, while Byron's "Bull-fight" is the invention of a foreign poet, and full of slight inaccuracies.

The bull-fights at Madrid are first-rate, nothing is economised except the horses: this is the national spectacle, and the high salaries paid at "Court" naturally attract the most distinguished artists, as they do to our opera in the Haymarket.

Opposite are the gardens of the *Buen Retiro*, and their gate *la Glorieta*. Returning to the Prado, the view is very striking. The *Prado*, a name familiar to all, is the *Prater*, the Hyde-park of Madrid; here, on the winter days from three to five, and summer evenings from eight to twelve, all the rank, beauty, and fashion appear.

The *Prado*, "the meadow," was in the time of Philip IV. a wooded dip renowned for murder and intrigue political and amatory. It was levelled and planted by the Conde de Aranda, under Charles III., and laid out by José Hermonsilla in garden-walks: the length, from the Atocha convent to the Portillo de Recoletos, is about 9650 feet; the most frequented portion, "*el Salon*," extends from the Calle de Alcalá to the Calle de San Jeronimo, and is 1450 feet long by 200 wide. The *Salon* terminates with the fountain of Neptune, sculptured by one Juan de Mena. Of the seven other fountains those of Apollo and Cybele are most admired; but these stony things count as nothing, when compared to the living groups of all age, colour, and costume which walk and talk, ogle and nod, or sit and smoke. The *Prado*, a truly Spanish thing and scene, is unique; and as there is nothing like it in Europe, and oh, wonder! as there are no London Cockneys on it, it fascinates all who pass the Pyrenees. It is the place to study costume and manners, and was in our time the very "Rotten Row" of the Only Court. Here one went to look at antediluvian carriages with ridiculous coachmen and grotesque footmen to match, caricatures which amongst us would be put into the British Museum. These lumbering vehicles drove round and round, a routine dull as the Spaniard's and Oriental's monotonous life, where to-day is the reflection of yesterday, and the anticipation of to-morrow. The exceptions were the equipages of the foreign ministers, and of the few grandees and rich up-starts who managed to purchase those of a departing ambassador, or of those who invested their honest gains on the *Bolsa* in a spick-and-span jingling Parisian *equipage*. Now, these dear old slow coaches are worn out, and have given place to the neat and uninteresting turns-out from Longacre and the Boulevards. The eternal sameness of the Prado is lost to the guest who tarries but a week, while to the native, custom does not stale, nay this very sameness has a charm among a people who hate innovations, and who, like children and Orientals, prefer an old and the same game to a new one. Where artificial amusements are rare and intellectual pursuits not abundant, when the sun scorches, the shade and a gentle stroll suffice, during which love and love-making becomes an obvious resource and occupation to the young of both sexes; and the appetite for this business grows on what it feeds, until mathematics and political economy seem dry and uninviting pastimes: as the parties get older, their life of love is varied with some devotion, a little stabbing, and much tobacco.

Again, it is quite refreshing on the *Prado* to see how united and what good friends all Spaniards *seem* to be. There is no end to compliments and Judas kissings, but deep and deadly are the jealousies and hatreds which lurk beneath; and double-edged are the ideal knives grasped by the murders of the wish, for *muchos besan á manos, que quieren ver cortadas*: arsenic mixed in honey is not more deadly sweet. All this is very Roman. Compare Martial, xi. 98, on the endless kissings, from which there was no escape—to say nothing of

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the garlic perfume. (xii. 59) However, everything is masked most becomingly, for the Spaniards, like the Moslems, are great in externals both in churches and out; they are most observant of forms and ceremonies, and strictly decent in appearances, and in all that the correct French call *les convenances*; therefore nothing here, or indeed anywhere in Spain, offends the public eye, and one would suppose that Themis sat on every judicial bench, and chaste Diana palisaded every *alcoba* with icicles, so pretty a *mantilla* is thrown over every private intrigue. But everything in short is here most concealed, which is most exposed and "reported" in England, and some think by stripping vice of all its grossness, that half of its deformity is taken away. The *Prado*, in sober truth, is a noisy, dusty scene, and to any but the natives is but a poor thing after all: as no grass, not even the continental apology for English lawn, grows on this so-called *meadow*, the name is a modest misnomer after the fashion of Les Champs *Elysées* of Parisian paradise. No flowers enamel this *Prado*, save those offered by impertinent daughters of Flora. Fire and water, *Candela, Fuego! y quien quiere agua?* resound on every side: Murillo-like urchins run about with lighted ropeends for smokers, *i. e.* for ninety-nine out of one hundred males, while *Aguadores* follow the fire, like engines, with fresh water; for your *pimiento* and bacon-eating Spaniard is as adust as his soil, and thirsty as Vesuvius.

Strange as the *Prado* still appears, it is sadly fallen off from the good old times previous to the fatal invasion and the *nuevo progreso*; every afternoon the march of transpyrenean intellect and civilisation, is crushing some national costume and custom. Buonaparte never inflicted more injuries to Spanish man than "your little French milliner" or *modista* has done to the daughters of the *saya y mantilla*.

On the Prado, the mirror of Madrid, will be seen the practical influence of the *foreigner*, for whom in *words* the Spaniards profess such contempt, but Spanish *deeds* are indeed at variance with that boast of every Spanish mouth, "*Los Españoles sobre todos.*" Here they do their best to *denationalize* themselves, and to destroy with suicidal hand their greatest merit, which is the being *Spanish*; for Spain's best attractions are those which are characteristic of *herself*. The Roman toga the *capa*, is now giving way to the English pea-jacket, and the graceful veil the *mantilla*, yields to Boulevard bonnets. Here all that is imitated is poor and second-rate, and displeases the foreigner, who can see the originals much better at home; hence the never-failing interest which the *lower* classes present. They, by continuing to be national and out-and-out Spanish, are always racy and respectable, and, so far from being ridiculous like the better classes, are the delight and admiration of the rest of the world. The *Pasiega* from the Asturias in her gaudy costume is an exception, as it is still the fashion of the rich to decorate these healthy, highland, juicy, nurses of their own puny babies; on them no mother grudges outlay, each thinking her own brat the unique gem of the creation: *Dice el sapo á sus chiquitos, ven acá mis angelitos.* The real force of a country is its nationality; and all this aping the costume of the foreigner is high treason to true patriotism, and what is fondly worn as a type of civilization, is in truth the livery of servitude; so Tacitus said (Agr. 2), when our Pict ancestors took to the *toga*, and thought it a sign of *Humanitas*. "My son," observed a turbanned Turk, looking at a Boulevard badaud, "if ever you forget your God and Prophet, may you look like that thing." Gay and gaudy costume may indeed be now denounced as barbaric, and be changed for cotton and calico. But the marked Moro-Iberian physiognomy never can be effaced, bonnet and blinker it as you may. The *Prado*, as it approaches the *Plaza de Atocha*, becomes more umbrageous and quiet. This is the favourite site of lovers, bores, and button-holders. The *Prado*, like the alamedas and churches of Spain, marks the practical equality and high-bred manners of the Peninsula: here all ranks meet, whatever their age, condition, or costume.

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Advancing to the l. is the simple granite obelisque of the *Dos de Mayo*, raised to the manes of the victims of Murat, on what is called *el Campo de la Lealtad* — The Field of Loyalty. This memorial was begun in 1814 by the Cortes, but was stopped by Ferdinand VII., in whose eyes the senators and heroes of the war of independence found small favour, on account of their reforming tendencies. In the monument completed after his death, the Castilian *Leon* modestly lords it over the whole globe. The anniversary of the 2nd of May is celebrated like our 5th of November. The French consider this to be an affront, and offensive to their honneur: nay, the two Spanish heroes are not even named by M. Thiers in his historical romance; but the annual solemnity is a record and a warning, for the past is the prophet of the future. The bloody truth is soon told. Murat, who in his heart aspired to the throne of Castile, arrived at Madrid March 23, 1808, as a "friend;" but Buonaparte, who had other views, and whose Spanish policy was ruse doublée de force, wishing to strike a blow of terrorism, chose for his instrument this man who, with Loison, had massacred the Parisians with grape-shot, Oct. 5, 1795. The forced departure of the king's brothers was resented by the citizens; angry cries were heard, and the mob were sabred by the French and Mamelukes, a doubly-hateful band, as it recalled the Moorish invader (Toreno, ii). A truce was then agreed between the Spanish authorities and Murat, who pledged his honour to observe it; but the instant quiet was restored, seized old and young, lay and clergy; on the next day he constituted a military commission, headed by Grouchy, when hundreds were put to death on the Prado as being the most public place. The appalling details are given by Toreno and Blanco White (Lett. xii.), eye-witnesses; see also Foy (iii. 172) and Schepeler (i. 53). But Murat only sought to intimidate: "La journée d'hier donne l'Espagne à l'Empereur," wrote he. Poor Franconi fool! that day lost even France to his master, while the fate of the two agents satisfied poetical justice. A ball at Pizzo, Oct. 13, 1815, sent "*le beau sabreur*" to his account, executed himself under the summary provisions of another of his own Draco enactments; while Grouchy is mixed up with the downfall at Waterloo of the prime mover of the tragedy.

Buonaparte, when he discovered that terrorism had only exasperated all Spain, replaced Murat, his blundering executioner, by Savary, who came reeking from the murder of Enghien. This fit tool of his Machiavellianism soon managed to kidnap Ferdinand VII., who, when warned by Escoiquiz of the trap, refused, says even Foy (iii. 147), to believe the project. "La seule idée d'une si horrible perfidie était une injure à la grande âme d'un *Héros* tel que Napoléon."

The Spanish heroes of the *Dos de Mayo* were named Jacinto Ruiz, Luis Daoiz, and Pedro Velarde, whose brother was made *Visconde de dos Mayo* in 1852. These officers of artillery, when ordered to surrender their cannon to the French refused to obey: the two latter were killed. Indirectly this rash deed saved Spain, for the news reached England just as the Duke was being sent to South America. It led to his being landed at Lisbon instead, and thus to the deliverance of Spain. This *Dos de Mayo* is an exponent of Spanish nationality. Their *philosophy* was *Españolismo*, *i. e.* impatience under foreign dictation; the *conduct* was accident, impulse of the moment, personal bravery, and contempt of discipline. But who can ever calculate what this volcanic people will do, who never calculate, but whose impromptu actions are guided by passions fierce as the sun in Africa, capricious, and action instantaneous as the hurricane? Here three individuals, with only three cannon and ten cartridges, disobeyed orders, and dared to pit their weakness and want of preparation against the strength of a most military and powerfully organized foe; they had nothing fixed, but their great personal courage, and greater hatred of the invader, and they

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represented their countrymen at large. And although routed, because exposed to unequal chances by their inexperienced chiefs, and left "wanting of every thing in the critical moment" by their miserable *juntas* and contemptible old woman generals, yet thousands of gallant Spaniards, prodigal of life as Moslems, rose to replace them in this *holy war*. The fugitives carried the sad and exaggerated details into the provinces, like the blood summons of the East (Judg. xx. 6). Daoiz was drunk! according to our Napier's "best French account" (i. 2), who states that the invaders, to convey a terrible idea of their power and severity, encouraged the idea of 5 or even of 14 thousand victims. The cross of fire passed thus from hand to hand, its sparks fell on a prepared train, which exploded throughout the land. The flame blazed out in an Ætna eruption, one heart beat in the bosoms of the masses, one cry, "*Mueran los gavachos!*" burst from every mouth. The honest people neither required "fanatic monks nor English gold" to rouse them, as the Buonapartists falsely stated then and still state. They resented the *desprecio* of the foreigner, who assumed to be the regenerator of proud Castile; they spurned his gifts, scouted all prudential motives, and listened to nothing but the clank of his chains; it was a national instinct: honour therefore eternal is due to the brave and noble *people* of Spain.

Turn now to the l. and enter the *Buen Retiro*. This is no misnomer; it has a *retired* look, for few Spaniards go there: it is not the fashion, and is too far removed from "dear Madrid." This large extent of ruined buildings and pretty gardens was laid out by the Conde Duque de Olivares, who had an aviary here, to offer a "*pleasant retreat*" for Philip IV., and in order to divert his attention from politics and his country's decay. Here was erected a palace and a theatre, in which the plays of Lope de Vega were acted; the former, however, was burnt by accident, when many fine pictures by Titian and Velazquez perished: it was rebuilt by Ferdinand VI., and its present desolation is the work of the invaders, who selected this commanding position for a strong military post from whence they could terrorize Madrid. To erect this the theatre, palace, gardens, museo, observatory, were all "vandalized," to use the just phrase of Miñano (v. 343).

Entering by the *Pelota* gate are the remains of the convent of *San Jeronimo*, founded by Henrique IV. in honour of a tournament given there to the English ambassador by Beltran de la Cueva. Ferdinand and Isabella added much to the edifice, which, one of the few fine Gothic specimens in Madrid, was its Westminster Abbey, being filled with marble sepulchres of soldiers and statesmen; but everything was smashed to pieces by the invaders. In this convent the *jura*, or swearing allegiance to the kings of Spain, took place at their succession; a ceremony equivalent to our coronation. Here in June, 1833, Ferdinand VII. summoned a Cortes to ratify the succession of Isabel II. The *Proceres* or houses of peers, created by the *Estamento real* of 1834, sat in *el cason*, or banqueting-room. This, to us a mock house of lords, or rather imitation of a states-general, was soon swept away in the mania for revolution and reform, which mistook innovation for renovation. This *Estamento* was the invention of Martinez de la Rosa, a Moderate in poetry and politics, and a copyist of France. The *Senadores del Reino*, as they are now called, or upper house, afterwards sat in the former church of the *Doña Maria de Aragon*, near *los Ministerios*. The so-called *House of Commons* of Spain, the *Cortes*, is placed in a new building in the Carrera de San Jeronimo opposite the house of the Duke of Medina Celi.

The banqueting or ball-room of the Retiro, painted by Giordano in his loose, dashing, *Luca fa presto* manner, was much damaged by the invaders. The *Gabinete Topografico* and *Museo militar* have been moved here from the *Buena Vista:* send beforehand for an order of admission, or *esquela de entrada*. There are two

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sections: the first, destined to the ordnance department, contains a good collection of matters appertaining to artillery and engineering practice. In the second, *el Gabinete*, are many admirably executed fac-simile models. Observe particularly the accurate plan of Madrid, the work of Col. Leon Gil Palacio, which gives a bird's-eye view of the capital as if seen from a balloon. Examine also the original model for the projected royal palace by Jubara, the cost of which alone would have built a common house. In the *Museo* are excellent models of citadels and ports—Gerona, Figueras, &c. See the gilt sweetmeat box given by Narvaez in the name of the Madrid garrison, to Isabel II.: a dainty dish to set before a queen.

Near this quarter was *la China*, or royal porcelain manufactory, founded by Charles III., who brought workmen from his similar fabric at Capo di Monte, Naples. Everything was destroyed by the invaders, who turned the manufactory into a fortification, which surrendered, with 200 cannon, Aug. 14, 1812, to the Duke. The military erection was blown up Oct. 30, by Lord Hill, when the misconduct of Ballesteros compelled him to evacuate Madrid. Now *la China* is one of the standing lies and *afrancesado* calumnies against us, as it is stated that we, the English, destroyed this manufactory from commercial jealousy, because it was a rival to our potteries! "What can be done (as the Duke said) with such libels but despise them? There is no end of the calumnies against me and the army, and I should have no time to do anything else if I were to begin either to refute or even to notice them" (Disp. Oct. 16, 1813). This "invention of the enemy" is nevertheless repeated by Señor Mellado in his *Guia* of 1846, p. 93; and of course by M. Maison—no plagiarist of our unpleasing *truths*—in his pirated edition, pp. 166, 203; and what is stranger, much is re-stated by even the worthy Madoz, ix. 906. This nonsense, in sad truth, seems so perfectly to suit the Iberian temperament, that it has become a second nature.

The real plain *truth* is this. The French broke the *ollas*, and converted the manufactory into a bastile and fortress, which, and not the pipkins, was destroyed by us, who now, so far from dreading any Spanish competition, have actually introduced the English system of pottery; and accordingly very fair china is now made at Madrid, and by English workmen. So at Seville, a convent converted by Soult into a citadel, is now made a hardware manufactory by our countryman Mr. Pickman. Ferdinand VII. on his restoration recreated *la China*, removing the workshops and warerooms to *la Moncloa*.

Walk now into the pleasant gardens, which owed their beauty to an English horticulturist named Ward, and were turned into a wilderness by the invaders. Ferdinand VII. took great interest in their restoration; he replanted the trees which had been torn up by the destroyers, and cleared out the large pond, *el Estanque*, on which he manœuvred his swans and miniature fleet. He re-established an aviary and menagerie of wild beasts, *las Fieras*, which were favourite pets of his majesty. He also built Chinese pagodas, after the fashion of George IV., and somewhat more apposite as being near la China, than when perched on the bleak coast of Brighton. At the upper end of the gardens is a mound with a sort of summer-house called *el Belvidere*, and justly, as it commands a good panoramic view of Madrid. Part of these retired and flowery walks are open to the public; however, the *Reservado* or more retired portion, is *reserved* for the royal family; but the *administrador* readily grants to all respectable applicants an *esquela*, or permission to enter.

Return now to the Prado and visit the *Museo;* there, on the outside, is inscribed "Royal British Artillery, 1 Sept. 1812, A. Ramsay." What a page of history is condensed in that simple record of an *English* private soldier, who marched after Salamanca to the delivery of the Spanish capital.

The *Museo* is a huge commonplace edifice: a heavy granite portico sup-

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ports nothing, while above a heavier cornice rises a paltry, low, unarchitectural upper story. The ill-contrived entrance is not even on a level with the building, which moreover is cut up by small square windows, and disfigured by poor crude white statues and medallions. It was built by the commonplace Juan de Villanueva, for Charles III., as the site of the academy and museum of natural history: left unfinished at his death, it was slowly continued by Charles IV. until the French invasion. The enemy first gutted the building and then turned it into a barrack; afterwards they ripped off the lead from the roof, destroyed considerable portions, and left the rest a ruin; and so it remained until destined for the picture-gallery, for the establishment of which Ferdinand VII. has been fulsomely eulogised by Miñano, Mesoneros, Madrazo, Madoz, and others; they discourse eloquently on his love of the arts, about which he cared nothing, and on his paternal affection for his people, about whom he cared less; they cite in proof his thus denuding his own private palaces of their finest ornaments, and solely for the public good, his said Majesty being about as inæsthetic a Goth as ever smoked tobacco. The real history of the gallery is this. When Ferdinand married his second and best wife *La Portuguesa*, one Monte Allegre, who had been a Spanish consul in France, persuaded him to refurnish much of the palace with French papers, chandeliers, and ormolu clocks—his particular fancy; thereupon the quaint original and cinque-cento furniture, much of which was of the period even of Charles V. and Philip II., was carted out, the pictures taken down and stowed away in garrets and corridors were exposed to wind, weather, and plundering—verbum sat. One *Garreta* supplied the king with new chandeliers and clocks; while one *Ximenez de Haro* bought much of the furniture for an old song, which he gradually sold to foreigners as a favour and at a price. The pictures were fast perishing when the Marques de Santa Cruz, *Mayor Domo Mayor* or Lord Steward, and the Duque de Gor persuaded the queen to remove them to the then unused building on the Prado. She advanced 40*l.* a-month towards repairing a few rooms for their reception, and by November, 1819, three saloons were got ready, and 311 pictures exhibited to the public; the extraordinary quality of which, especially of Velazquez, instantly attracted the admiring eye of *foreigners*, who appreciate the merits of the old masters of Spain much better than the natives. Ferdinand VII., seeing that renown was to be obtained, now came forward with 240*l.* a-month, and the *Museo* was slowly advanced, one more saloon being opened in 1821: thus cheaply did he earn the title of an Augustus; but such things occur elsewhere.

The gallery of the Louvre was also formed by accident, when the reforming Austrian Joseph II. reproached the dull Bourbon Louis XV. with allowing treasures of art to rot in magazines.

The *Museo* is open to the public on Sundays, and every day to artists and foreigners on producing their passport. A third edition of the catalogue was published in 1850, and is sold at the door. It enumerates 1833 pictures got together, for many of which rooms are not yet prepared from want of funds! *Cosas de España.* About a hundred of the glorious pictures formerly in the Escorial were brought to Madrid during the panic of 1837, at the advance of the Carlists under Zariategui, and may be known by having the mark E. attached to them. The pictures that have been engraved are marked C. N., or *Calcografia Nacional*, an establishment in the Calle Carretas, where prints may be purchased. The marks C. L., *Calcografia Litografica*, denote those which have been lithographized for the *Coleccion*, begun in 1826 by José Madrazo, the president of the Spanish R. Academy, and published with a verbose stilty letter-press by Cean Bermudez, José Musso y Valiente, and others. Madrazo, the projector, having obtained from Ferdinand VII. a monopoly of lithography in Spain, pro-

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cured his materials and second-rate artists from Paris.

No collection of pictures was ever begun or continued under greater advantages. Charles V. and Philip II., both real patrons of art, were the leading sovereigns of Europe at the bright period of the *Renaissance*, when fine art was an every-day necessity, and pervaded every relation of life. Again, Philip IV. ruled at Naples and in the Low Countries at the second restoration of art, which he truly loved for itself. These three monarchs, like Alexander the Great, took a pleasure in raising their painters to personal intimacy; and nowhere have artists been more highly honoured than Titian, Velazquez, and Rubens, were in the palace of Madrid. At a later period, Philip V., grandson of Louis XIV., added many pictures by the principal French artists of their Augustan age.

While the Spanish kings patronised art at home, their viceroys in Italy and the Low Countries collected and sent home the finest specimens of the great artists who flourished from Raphael down to the Carraccis and Claude: these glorious gems, until the French invasion, were preserved pure as when they issued from the studios of their immortal authors. Spain—where few cared for these things—was their last stronghold; for left neglected in a dry conservative climate, even ruthless Time paused ere he could destroy such works of genius and beauty. Hence the pure undisturbed freshness, the adulterated surface, dirty and cold if you will, and often not even varnished, still not tampered with, but left just as they were when they received their last touches; not things that *were* pictures, like the flayed Correggios at Dresden, or the French repainted Raphaels.

The invaders were the first to ravish and then to defile these virgin pictures, and, what was worse, to set a bad example, and teach Spaniards lessons of corruption which have since been fearfully carried out. Those pictures which returned demoralized and denationalised, captivated with repainted glitter and varnished faces the native authorities, who, now thinking the rest of their gallery dull-looking and out of fashion, preferred the rouge of a strumpet to the simple blush of a maiden. A "*guerra á cuchillo*" was proclaimed against the whole gallery. Picture after picture was taken down and ruined, the point of honour and precedence having apparently been given to "Nosotros;" consequently there is scarcely a pure Murillo left in the whole collection; some of the worst used will be here cited. The work of havoc went on for twenty years: whenever an empty frame bore the fatal sentence, "*Está en la restauracion*," the condemned painting was placed *en Capilla*, like a criminal the eve of execution, and all hope was at an end. It was gone to a purgatory from whence there was no deliverance, no "indulgence;" the last penalty was enforced in underground dissecting-rooms, where the familiars swept away the lines where beauty lingered. The chief executioners were Lopez, Ribera, Bueno, Serafin, De la Huerta, Garcia, &c. Alas for the fine arts! thus flayed, scoured, and daubed over. The glazing and last half-tints were effaced, and much became raw and opaque which once was tender and transparent; while new crude colour was *bañado* or spread on, until, in some cases, the outline only of the divine original is barely left.*

This record is true: quæque ipse miserrima vidi!—all remonstrance was useless. When a Spaniard takes

* Spanish pictures ought never to be much cleaned: they are often thinly painted *de primera mano*, or just glazed over with transparent colours, which fatal spirits remove altogether, especially the peculiar *browns* of Velazquez and Murillo, which these artists made themselves from the burnt and pounded beef-bones of their daily stew, hence the name *Negro de hueso*. This culinary analogy might be carried further by those in the vein: thus as the *olla* of Andalucia is the richest and most unctuous in Spain; this *brown* has become *local* Sevillian colour. Morales, an Estremaduran, adopted the warmer tone of the local *chorizo*, the rich red peppered sausage. The Valencians, *Joanes* and *Ribalta*, &c., preferred the local *morado*, the purple tint of the there prevalent mulberry juice. Localism is the essence of the Spaniard.

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anything into his head, however injurious to himself and his country, nothing, as the Duke said, will prevent his carrying it out.

An official Catalogue is sold at the door, which, in point of historical information, of art or science, is poor and uncritical. One of the author's chief objects seems to be to give the *size* of each picture, and not the soul. Possibly this carpenter-criticism may be meant to enhance the merit of quantity *versus* quality in those acres of canvas on which the Directors seem to have laboured in vain, and which here take up much good space, to the exclusion of better things. As distinct impressions are fixed by characteristics of style, not by a mere catalogue of names, we shall certainly not imitate these official cicerones. We shall point out some of the pearls of price, referring to the numbers as per official Catalogue, just remarking that M. Maison has adopted our criticisms in his pilfered Handbook—*valeat quantum*. In the preface of the edition of 1850 an especial *auto de fé* is celebrated in honour of our heretical *Handbook*, and in defence of that "cattivo coro," by whom the "mark of the beast" has been set, alas! on so many masterpieces in this Museo, skinned and flayed à la José de Ribera, and, we had said, of the *Director* José Madrazo too. It seems that we were mistaken as to the period of this gentleman's *titular* appointment; but during the *three* years —the "*mas de veinte*" of the *Catalogo* —that we had the happiness of passing in well-beloved Spain every one held Madrazo to be the *real acting, managing, and moving power*. If we have wronged his fair fame we are truly sorry, and much rejoice to learn from the *Catalogo* that he, the actual director, is "perhaps one of the most zealous art-conservatives in Europe."

Meantime the *real charge* of this *wholesale official destruction* of what Time and Goth had spared rankles deeply. *Truth* in the fool's paradise of the "only court," seems still to be the greatest of libels; and when pointed out by a foreign or a barbarian eye, is replied to with hard words, and set down as "*mentiras y disparates*," you don't understand us. But many Spaniards, to use the comparison of their Charles III., continue, like naughty, dirty children, to quarrel with those kind nurses who try to wash their faces. So it always was and will be: thus the poor Padre Caimo was assailed and "*despachurrado*" —see p. 73. Touching the actual mischief done, what is the testimony of the really intelligent and enlightened connoisseurs of entire Europe? Those "*viageros inteligentes*" to whose eyes and knowledge the *Catalogo* confidently appeals when vaunting the *original pureza!*—the "patina!!" of the pictures which remain preserved—"segun salieron de mano de sus autores"—as they came from the hands of their authors!!! Rub your spectacles, dear readers, for this rich and rare treat.

How, as the Museo increased, in 1830 did Capt. Cooke Widdrington, bear witness? He was one of the first to penetrate into Spain, that "Timbuctoo of art" according to Wilkie, and one of the ablest writers on its things:—"The worst part of this noble institution is a gang of restorers, who are established below, and carry on their processes, which the Spanish writers justly term *horroroso* and *espantoso*, with a zeal and indefatigable energy worthy a better cause. Every picture in the gallery seems destined to undergo their discipline; and neither age nor school escape their merciless grasp. They appear to view the inestimable productions which are successively doomed to pass through their hands with the same indifference a school of anatomists have for the 'subjects' brought before them.

"Their methods seem to injure the Venetian pictures more than any other; and a mode of disturbing the surface, and then glazing and substituting varnishes of their own, completely alter the appearance of them, and would astonish the artists, if they revisited the earth and saw their productions. There are pictures painted completely over.

"A worthy individual, who is the chief in this species of industry, in-

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serts his name on the back of some of the paintings he has manufactured: like another Eratostratus, consigning himself to immortality with the artist, who is so deeply indebted to him for disfiguring his works. Thus in one of his last performances the *restauracion* of the 'Jubileo de la Porciuncula,' a large painting of Murillo, formerly in the church of the Capuchins at Seville, is inscribed in enormous letters at the back: 'This work of the immortal Murillo was restored in such a year by ——.'

"If these proceedings be not stopped, these magnificent galleries will exhibit a very different appearance in a few years. Every time I returned to Madrid some favourite had been removed, and the fatal '*Está en la restauracion*' was appended in its place."—'*Sketches*,' i. 169. London, 1834.

What says Stirling, in 1848, whose accurate 'Annals of the Artists of Spain' qualify him to speak of facts as an authority?—"It is much to be regretted that the dangerous and often fatal process of cleaning, of which some of the finest Rafaels were the first victims when in the Louvre, has been carried on here, in what is called the restoring-room, with a vigour very unusual in Spain, and an audacity not exceeded in France. The manly touch of Velazquez and the delicate vapory tones of Murillo have in too many instances disappeared beneath masses of fresh paint, flat and hard, as if they had been laid on with a pallet-knife or a trowel."—Vol. i. p. 53.

What was the testimony given before our Parliamentary Committee, June 3, 1853, by that intelligent Italian cognoscenti, G. B. Cavalcaselle?—"A Madrid, i quadri del Museo sono rimpasticciati in maniera unica; da piu di dieci restauratori sono stipendiati."—'*Report on National Gallery*,' p. 785.

What says in 1853 the learned German, J. D. Passavant, himself a director of a picture gallery? (see '*Die christliche Kunst in Spanien*,' p. 151):—"Es ist öfters behauptet worden, dass sich die gemälde in Museum zu Madrid auch dadurch auszeichnen, dass sie noch in ihrem ursprünglichen Zustand, nie durch Herstellungen berührt worden seien. Es ist dieses jedoch nur bei Weningen der Fall, und dass bei dem Museum eine grosse Zahl Bilder-Restauratoren wenn ich nicht irre *vierzehn!* angestellt und beschäftight sind, ist eben kein Beweis für estere Behauptung. Jedoch ist zuzugeben, dass jetzt mit grosser Vorsicht Verfahren wird." This intelligent, impartial connoisseur, when penning this passage, held in one hand the "calumniating, malicious, false, and ignorant" *Handbook*, and in the other its corrective, the official *Catalogo*. Meantime, as the *corpus delicti*, the poor flayed restored pictures, rose ghastly before his eyes, he could not as an honest man, really conversant with the subject, deliver any other verdict than this, which is *just and true*.

Such therefore are the most truthful statements of gentlemen really friends of Spain, who will neither state the thing that is not, for her honour, nor talk about things they do not understand. Matters, it is said, have latterly been mended. No picture of "the Spanish school" has, according to the *Catalogo*, been *restored* since 1838; possibly new victims may be wanting to the executions from the extent of previous wholesale operations—or is the *foreigner's* turn come now? It is after all a question which all but the blind, and those led by the blind, will decide for themselves; and we dare the *Catalogo* by citing some of those the worst handled.

This Museo is a creature of *accident* rather than of design. There is little order, scientific systematic arrangement, or classification; no series of painters marking the chronology, either of art in general, or of any school in particular. It is wanting in specimens of Fra Bartolomeo, Perugino, M. Angelo, Julio Romano, Ludovico Carracci, Caravaggio, Carlo Dolci, &c. It is also deficient not only in the early Italian and German artists, but even in the Spanish, the splendid Valencian and Seville schools (Murillo, Velazquez, and Joanes excepted). Those early pictures which

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were to be found scattered in convents were mostly either destroyed or allowed to disappear: a commission of painters (*pintamonas*) was indeed sent from Madrid to inspect them, but their verdict was, that these *Momarrachas* were not worth preserving. To give a general idea of the extraordinary contents, of this the finest gallery in the world, suffice it to say that there are 27 Bassanos, 49 Breughels, 8 Alonso Canos, 10 Claudes, 22 Vandykes, 16 Guidos, 55 by Luca Giordano, 13 by Antonio Moro, 46 by Murillo, 3 by Parmigianino, 21 by N. Poussin, 10 by Raphael, 53 by Ribera, 62 by Rubens, 23 by Snyders, 52 by Teniers, 43 by Titian, 27 by Tintoretto, 62 by Velazquez, 24 by Paul Veronese, 10 by Wouvermans, 14 by Zurbaran.

The galleries themselves are not well adapted for pictures, having been built for other purposes, but the servants understand opening and closing shutters, etc., so as to improve the lights. The rooms are simple; no gewgaw *glyptothèque* ornaments distract the eye from the pictures, which here are as they ought to be, *the* emphatic objects. What a palace of thought and beauty! How filled with mighty spirits of the past! The victory of the grave is disputed; and they appear here again, as in a vision of life, and one of delight, not dread! When we pass these crowded walls, it seems as if a year were too short to examine the contents: a too princely banquet is set before us, and we run the risk either of feasting on more than we can digest, or of becoming sated with excellence, and loathing the honeycomb: but we soon get fastidious, and the masses simplify themselves; then the planets shine forth, and we reject the modern and rubbish as by instinct. But of one thing, oh beware!—beware, dear reader, of any lassitude of the beautiful: be indeed weary of bores, fly the bad, eschew David, Aparicio, Madrazo, the devil and all his works: but never, oh never, risk the being tired of the fine and good. Picture-seeing is more fatiguing than people think, for one is standing all the while, and with the body the mind is also at exercise in judging, and is exhausted by admiration. Let, therefore, the visits be often and frequent; take also one master at a time, as a knowledge of his peculiarities is more likely to be fixed, than by mixing up many artists and subjects together, which fritters and distracts. A new room was opened in 1853, a sort of tribune, in which many of the finest pictures are placed.

The grand masters to observe are Raphael, Titian, Murillo, and still more Velazquez, for the three former may be comprehended equally as well at Rome, Hampton Court, Venice, and Seville; but Madrid is the only home of the mighty Andalucian, for here is almost his entire work.

The opening *Rotunda* contains rubbish: No. 27 is an allegory by J. Baptista Mayno (1569–1649), a poorish imitator of P. Veronese, and a friend of Lope de Vega. On the rt. and l. open the saloons appropriated to the old Spanish masters; the centre room, the post of honour, being given to the modern ones, with whom we will begin, reserving the good wine for the last. Not that the natives think so, as for one of them who ever looks at Raphael, a score will admire low commonplace art, always the most popular with the many, for mankind only sympathises with what it understands: and here the director's nonsense suits the directed's nonsense, and not to be able to estimate real excellence, is one sure proof of mediocrity of intellect. Modern Spanish art, the child of corrupt parents, carries from its birth a germ of weakness. Mengs, the hero of ephemeral reputation, and the incarnation of the academical mediocre, led the way; then followed David, fit painter of the Revolution, who trampled on the fine arts of cowed Europe. His theatrical scenes *à la Corneille*, his swaggering, attitudinarian heroes, *à la Grand Opéra*, combined with a certain Roman severity of drawing and a *réchauffé* of the antique, bewildered the Spanish R.A.s, already predisposed in his favour by his Mengs-like style, by his mannerism and conventionality. To him they turned submissively, in spite of his

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want of *real* colour, air, nature and *life*, the soul of painting; and the disciples, as is common in heresies, outheroded their master. Take, for instance, by José Aparicio (1773–1815), a pupil of David, 554, "Ransomed Slaves:" when this was exhibited at Rome, Canova, who knew the man, told him, "This is the finest thing in the world, and you are the first of painters." Soon afterwards Thorwaldsen came in and ventured a critique, whereupon the Don indignantly quoted Canova: "Sir, he has been laughing at you," said the honest Dane, to whom Aparicio never spoke again: 577, ditto, "The Glories of Spain." This pet picture, like Maldonado's *History*, is an exponent of *Españolismo*. Here *Nosotros* do the whole work, they *alone* flutter the French eagles. 584, "The Famine at Madrid;" these are pictures that present the ne plus ultra of all that is bad in colour and composition.

Of the Director José Madrazo himself, also a pupil of David of blood-stained hand and brush, observe 564, "Death of Viriatus;" transportation is loudly called for: 570, his "Ferdinand VII. on Horseback," is worse if possible than the former; alas for Spain, when any countryman of Velazquez, and in the presence of his divine models, should perpetrate such wooden teaboard opaque inanities! 574, Madrazo "Divine and Profane Love," partakes considerably of the latter epithet in conception and execution. The works of Bayeu and Maella are feeble and commonplace. Goya alone (1746–1828) shows talent: 551, "Maria Luisa," the royal Messalina of Spain of her time: 595, "A Bullfighter," a thing of Spain. Goya was also an etcher, and published some spirited caricatures, and subjects of low bullfighting life and free subjects. But Goya was a Spanish Swift, and delighted in dirty subjects from which others revolt. Those who admire him should visit his son Don Javier (No. 9, *C. de las Aguas*), who has many of his father's sketches and paintings.

Now enter the saloon to the rt. Here are the *Castellanos viejos y sin mancha*, the *old* masters of Spain, good men and true, free from all infidel and foreign taint, but who now seem to be hung up here *in terrorem*, as examples of what modern students should avoid; for, if their Directors are artists, then Murillo was a blockhead and Velazquez a dauber; and who, on hurrying away from these wretched modern daubs, "sticks left at the door," will not agree with the clever Viardot ('*Etudes en Espagne*,' 309)?—"Je n'ai pas le courage d'en parler: ce serait avouer non la décadence, mais la ruine, la mort, l'oubli complet de l'art et de ses traditions."

Now for Velazquez, who here is to be seen in all his glory—implens majestate locum. Fortunately for Spain, as Buonaparte's generals did not quite understand or appreciate either his artistic or *money* value, few of his pictures were "transported." Again, from having been exclusively the court painter, his works were monopolized by the crown; and being in the palace of Joseph, were tolerably respected. Here, therefore, *alone*, is he to be studied, in all his protean variety of power. For his biography consult Cean Bermudez (Dicc°. v. 155). For a critical examination of his style, consult our Life of Velazquez in the '*Penny Cyclopædia*,' 1843; '*The Handbook of Spanish Art*,' Sir Edmund Head, Bart., 1848; the '*Annals of Spanish Painters*,' Wm. Stirling, 1848; and for fuller biographical details, Stirling's excellent '*Velazquez*,' 1855. Beware at all events of consulting the blunderers Huard, Quillet, C. Blanc, and Co., who caper on the banks of the Seine, in utter unconsciousness of the indecent nakedness of their ignorance.

Suffice it here to say that Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velazquez was born at Seville in 1599, and died at Madrid, Aug. 7, 1660. He is the Homer of the Spanish school, of which Murillo is the Virgil. Simple, unaffected, and manly, he was emphatically a man and the painter of *men*, and particularly of those lofty, stately men which Spain *once* produced. In this masculine quality he rivalled Timanthes, "artem ipsam complexus

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viros pingendi" (Pliny, 'N. H.' xxxv. 10). He was equally great in portrait, history, Sujets de Genre, and landskip; he transmigrated at once, without effort or violence, into each style, and into every variety of each,—passing from the epic to the farce, from low life to high, from the old to the young, from the rich to the poor, while he elevated portrait painting to the dignity of history. He was less successful in delineations of female beauty, in the tender ideal, and holy subjects, wherein he was inferior to Murillo. Diego indeed could draw anything and everything that he could see and touch, then he was master of his subject and never mastered by it; but he could not grapple with the unreal, or comprehend the invisible, immortal, and divine; and whenever he attempted any elevated compositions, which was seldom, the unpoetical models from which he studied in youth were too often reproduced. "Homo sum," he might have said with Cicero, after Terence, "et nihil humani a me alienum esse puto." Yet even in this style, *prose* if you please, but terse, nervous, and Thucydidean, there is no mistake, no doubt, and always so much humanity, so much serious, dignified manhood, such truth to nature, and meaning, that the mind is satisfied, and we sympathise with transcripts of beings of living flesh and blood, like ourselves. No man, again, Titian not excepted, could draw the minds of men, or paint the very air we breathe better than he: his colour is clean and truthful, although subdued; to those accustomed to the glowing tints of Titian and Rubens his tones appear at first to be cold, and his greys almost green; but his mastery over his materials, his representation of texture, air, and individual identity, are absolutely startling, his lineal and aerial perspective is magical. His touch was free and firm, uniting perfect precision with the greatest executional facility. He seems to have *drawn*, improvisoed as it were, on the canvas, for sketches or previous studies on paper are very seldom to be met with. When at work he always went directly to the point, knowing *what* he wanted, and *when* he had got it, and then selected the salient features, and omitted the trivial; and as he never touched his canvas without an intention, or ever put one touch too much, his emphatic objects are always effective; this is the true philosophy of art: again, his subdued tone and slight treatment of accessories conferred a solidity and importance to his leading points, which are all thus brought up and tell. Having been employed by the king, and not by the usual patrons of art in Spain, the priest and monk, his pictures are more secularised and are less gloomy than those of many Spanish artists who were depressed by the cold shadow of the Inquisition. For *truth* and life-conferring *power* he carries everything before him, and is by far the greatest painter of the so-called *naturalist* school: hence the sympathy between him and English artists, of whose style he was the anticipation; for similar causes must produce similar effects, allowances being made for the disturbing influence of a different religion, habits, and climate. Art with our Velazquez, who took nature for his guide, truth for his end, and man for his model, followed the current of life, and was the reflection of the court. He held up the mirror of the period of Philip IV., and of the locality of Madrid; but his works bear a stamp for all time, as excellence is independent of the mere accidents of externals and localities.

Look therefore at every one of his pictures; for, take them for all and all, we "ne'er shall see their like again." Those to be peered into and analysed every day, are:—81, a sculptor, and the presumed portrait of Alonso Cano; great truth and force: 87, C. L., St. Antonio and St. Paul Hermits. "In breadth," says Wilkie, "and richness unexampled, the beau idéal of landskip, not much detail or imitation, but the very same sun we see, and the air we breathe, the very soul and spirit of nature;" indeed all is so simple that many are at first disappointed, it seems so easy: 114, portrait of Philip IV.'s

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second wife, Mariana of Austria: 117, a masterly sketch, said to be of the Marques de Pescara, full of individual identity: 127, C. N., portrait, a fine fierce old Turkish pirate, said to be of the corsair Barbaroja: 138, C. L., C. N., *Los Bebedores* or *Los Borrachos;* this mock coronation of a drunken group combines the humour of Teniers with the breadth and effect of Caravaggio. The actors may indeed be low in intellectual character, but they are not vulgar, being true to the life; and if deficient in elevated sentiment, are rich in meaning, and transcripts of real man.

Next observe 142, Philip IV. when aged; it is the individual himself, with the Austrian "foolish hanging of the nether lip:" 145, C. L., Fountain at Aranjuez, an exquisite landskip, full of local colour and verdurous freshness, with groups that realize the very form and pressure of the period of Philip IV. and of the stately Spaniard, the very antithesis of the Watteau Arcadia of powdered, rouged petit-maîtres; these pictures are, in fact, in *painting*, what the letters of Madame D'Aunoy are in *description*. Compare 145 with 540, C. L., another view at Aranjuez. Observe, however, *particularly* all his small bits of landskip, studies of ruins and architecture done at Rome, others with moonlight effects, and all marvellous gems of art. See 101, 102, 118, the arch of Titus; 128, 132, 143. Remark much 155, C. N., *Las Meninas;* here we have Velazquez in his own studio. This was called *La Teologia*, the Theology, the "Gospel of Art" by Luca Giordano, while Wilkie held its power to amount almost to inspiration: nor can aërial and lineal perspective, local colour, animal and human life, be represented beyond this. The gradation of tones in lights, shadows, and colours, gives an absolute concavity to the flat surface of the canvas, we look into space as into a room, or as into the reflection of a mirror. The shadows are truly given in the *chiaro oscuro*, being transparent and diaphanous, and rather a subdued light and a less pronounced colour than a dark veil. The picture is remarkable for the chariness of bright colours: an olive greenish tone pervades the background: the accessories are only indicated; indeed of Velazquez it may be also said, as Pliny ('N. H.' xxxv, 11) observed of Timanthes, "Intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur, et cum ars summa sit, ingenium tamen ultra artem est:" but no painter was ever more *objective;* there is no showing off of the artist; no calling attention to the performer's dexterity, to the ego, the adsum qui feci: Velazquez loved art for itself without one disturbing thought of self.

The scene represents the dull Infanta Margarita, who is tried to be amused by her pages, while her two dwarfs, Maria Borbolá and Nicolasico Pertusano, worry a patient dog, which is painted finer than a Snyders; these disports and distorts of nature, then the fashion of the court, are in truth as hideous as Voltaire *ce bouffon du diable;* yet this painting is no caricature nor ludicrous, they are dwarfs nothing more or less, but just as they were in nature. These *Enanos* are the *νανοι*, the *Nani* of the ancients, which were the delight of Julia (Plin. 'N. H.' vii. 16) and of Tiberius (Suet. in Vit. 61), although Augustus had the good taste to dislike them. At Rome, as in Spain, the ugliest were the most esteemed, and brought a price proportionate to their oddity, like Scotch terriers, who have their Velazquez in E. Landseer. Our Charles I., who took Philip IV. as a model in many things, delighted in dwarfs, and had his Hudsons, &c., painted and served up in pies. Remark the *Infanta*, with her child-like mealy-faced and uninteresting countenance; but Velazquez was too honest to flatter even royalty or its fools.

Next observe 156, Philip IV., a glorious portrait: 177, C. L., C. N., the Conde Duque de Olivares, the celebrated and much overrated premier of Philip IV., on horseback: the animal is somewhat large, and his seat is awkwardly forward, but no doubt it was true to life, for Velazquez would not stoop to woo even a premier or conciliate the spectator: his practical

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genius saw everything as it really was, and his hand, that obeyed his eye and intellect, gave the exact form and pressure without much refining. Nothing can be better than the effects produced by the chary use of gaudy colour in this picture and the preceding 155; but no man was ever more sparing of colour; he husbanded his whites and even yellows, which tell up like gold on his undertoned back-grounds, which always represented nature with the intervention of air. Passing now into the saloon to the l., 195, C. L., C. N., the Forge of Vulcan; forcible, but painted from vulgar ill-selected models. The Apollo has nothing of the deity, while Vulcan is a mere Gallician blacksmith: 198, the Infanta Maria in the court costume of the day. This portrait is interesting to us, as she was the object of our Charles's romantic visit to Madrid. Howell, who was then there, described her "as a very comely lady, rather of a Flemish complexion than a Spaniard; fair-haired, and carrying a most pure mixture of red and white in her face; she is full and big-lipped, which is held a beauty rather than a blemish, or any excess, in the Austrian family." Afterwards, when the match was off, he spoke with more truth of her being of "fading flaxen hair, big-lipped, and heavy-eyed." His letters, '*Epistolæ Hoelianæ*,' 4to., London, 1645, give many curious details of Charles and his visit, and what a loss to this series, is the portrait of Charles himself, which Velazquez began! pariunt desideria non traditi vultus (Pliny, 'N. H.' xxxv. 2). The "Fife" daub recently exhibited in London as this missing sketch is a complete *snare* and delusion: if it be a Spanish picture at all, which is very doubtful, it is certainly not by Velazquez. It would have been interesting to have compared the real picture sketched by the Great Spaniard, with those portraits which we have by Vandyke, who knew Charles by heart, as well indeed as Velazquez did Philip IV., and as well as we seem to do too, after visiting this precious *Museo*, where he is set before us, embalmed in every stage of his life.

Next observe 200, C. L., Philip IV. when young and in a shooting-dress: 209, a fine Old Lady, in his early forcible style: 230, C. L., C. N., Philip III. on horseback, a marvellous specimen of the effects produced by placing his figure on cool greys; the royal head is full of the individual imbecility of this poor bigot, who was twelve years learning his alphabet: 245, C. N., an old man named Mænipo: 254, C N., Esop, finely painted, but looking more like a shirtless cobbler than a philosopher: 255, C. N., a bearded Dwarf, seated as Velazquez saw him, and as no one else could have ventured to paint him: 267, *Un Pretendiente*, or place-hunter, one of the Autochthones of Madrid; the attitude is admirable: 270, C. L., the young Prince Baltasar, aged 6, with his dog and gun. Observe particularly all the numerous sporting portraits of theriomaniac Austrian royalty; for whether the subjects are dressed for the court or the chace, they wear their clothes with ease and fitness; they are the real everyday garments of living flexible bodies underneath, not dresses stuck on like the fancy masquerade of an imaginative painter, or copied from a wooden lay figure: 279, C. N., an admirable full-length portrait of a Dwarf; observe how costume, feather, and Dog are painted: 284, C. N., *El Niño de Vallecas;* it is wonderful how Velazquez could have fixed the attitude: 289, a magnificently-painted portrait; how much effect is produced, with how little detail; how unlike the finished style of Pantoja, yet never was armour better represented; but Velazquez was above all tricks, and never masked poverty of hand and idea under meritricious glitter; with him everything was sober, real, and sterling: 291, C. N., *El Bobo de Coria;* observe the green tones and expression of roguish waggery: 295, the Surprise of Io; nothing can exceed the profound sleep of Argos or the stealthy action of Mercury; the god of thieves is painted in an absolute anticipation of Sir Joshua's style: 299, C. L., C. N., Philip IV., an equestrian portrait; this true Φιλιππος is witching

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the world with noble horsemanship, the only attitude in which the Monarch of *Caballeros* ought to be painted. The bounding horse is alive, and knows its rider; how everything tells up on the cool blue and greens in the background: 303, C. N., Queen Isabel, first wife of Philip IV., a superb white steed; observe how her costume is painted, and despair; remark also the difference of the horses, those which carry men are fiery and prancing, while those on which women are mounted are gentle and ambling as if conscious of their timid delicate burden: 319, C. L., the Surrender of Breda, or *Las Lanzas*, is perhaps the finest picture of Velazquez; never were knights, soldiers, or national character better painted, or the heavy Fleming, the intellectual Italian, and the proud Spaniard more nicely marked even to their boots and breeches: the lances of the guards actually vibrate. Observe the contrast of the light-blue delicate page, with the dark iron-clad General Spinola, who, the model of a high-bred generous warrior, is consoling a gallant but vanquished enemy. He took Breda, June 2, 1625, and died 5 years afterwards, broken-hearted at Philip IV.'s treatment, exclaiming, "*Me han quitado la honra?*" They have robbed me of honour! Velazquez has introduced his own noble head into this picture, which is placed in the corner with a plumed hat. This is indeed a *male* subject, and treated with a *masculine* mind and hand; nor are men aware of how much the sexual undercurrent leads them to admire pictures in which beautiful females are presented: here, where there is no woman whatever, the painting is the triumph of art by itself.

Observe particularly 332, C. L., C. N., Don Baltasar on horseback; the child actually gallops out of the frame, and is the anticipation of our Edwin Landseer, and his young Highland Chieftains on their wild ponies: 335, C. N., *Las Hilanderas*, is the perfection of reality, taken from ordinary life; here the artist, feeling at once his power and weakness, has, like Timanthes, turned aside the head of the lady, leaving to the imagination of each spectator to invest her with that quality of beauty which best accords with his peculiar liking: 527, in another saloon, is the portrait of Gongora. The short-comings of Velazquez, this great *mortal*, for he was not a painter of the ideal, will be seen in 62, C. L., Coronation of the Virgin, who seems a somewhat sulky female, while the Deity is degraded to a toothless monk. But he could not escape from humanity nor soar above into the clouds; he was neither a poet nor an enthusiast, and somewhat deficient in creative power: again, he painted for the court and not for the church; in a word, Nature was his guide, truth his object, and man, not always well selected, his model; no Virgin ever descended into his studio, no cherubs ever hovered round his pallet, no saint came down from heaven to sit for his portrait: hence the neglect and partial failure of his sacred subjects, holy indeed like those of Caravaggio in nothing but name, being groups rather of low life, and that so truly painted as still more to mar the elevated sentiment, by a treatment not in harmony with the subject. Velazquez went to the earth not to heaven for types and models; hence his Virgin has neither the womanly tenderness of Murillo, the unspotted loveliness of Raphael, or the serenity unruffled by human passions of the antique; he rather lowered heaven to earth, than raised earth to heaven. Look, however, at No. 51, The Crucifixion—a sublime representation of the death of the Son of *Man*; the treatment is solemn and impressive. How fine the darkness over the face of the earth, and the partial concealment of the face by dishevelled and scattered hair. 63, C. N., the God Mars, is a vulgar Gallician porter: 167, C. L., an Adoration of the Magi, is in his hard early style, before he was emancipated from the prevalent Ribera peculiarities. So the celebrated Jacob and his Sons, formerly in the Escorial—where is it now?—although a picture of great truth and force, was but a group of Gallicians; yet even when displeased with such repulsive subjects we are forced to submit to the power of master

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mind displayed in the representation; strange to say this *naturalist* picture was painted in the Vatican itself, so little influence had the *foreigners* Raphael and M. Angelo, on the local Spaniard, that he dared them with his very failings; in fact when Velazquez was in Italy he had eyes only for the Venetian school, and he did not understand or like Raphael, as he candidly told Salvator Rosa. See 'Carta del Navegar Pintoresco,' M. Boschini, p. 56.—N.B. As this picture is not forthcoming, those who question about it may be scouted as *impertinente curiosos*.

Murillo will naturally come next to Velazquez. He, however, is seen in greater glory at Seville, his native home. Referring therefore to p. 191 for some account of Murillo, suffice it to say here that the specimens of this master of female and infantine grace are numerous, but scarcely one has escaped the fatal *restauracion*, *i. e.*, destruction. On him the most perilous experiments have been tried by the official flayers, poulticers, and plasterers. However, Murillo is so full of subject, so dramatic, comes so home to, and appeals so much to the commonsense of mankind, and is recommended by such a magical fascination of colour, that he captivates alike the learned and unlearned—sure test of undeniable excellence. He has more grace, but far less of the masculine mind than Velazquez, who, compared to him, seems somewhat cold and grey in colour; for Murillo painted flesh as he saw it in Andalucia, roasted, toasted, and bronzed by the glowing sun, and not recalling the pale, unripened beauty of the north. Like Titian, his strength lay in ravishing *colour;* none ever rivalled him in the luminous diaphanous streams of golden ether in which his cherubs float like butterflies; his blending continuity of tints, like those of nature, slide into each other, without a particle of harshness or abruptness; led on by an imperceptible transition, where there is no outline, no drawing, so that it is difficult to say where one tint ends and another begins.

Murillo, like Velazquez, lacked the highest quality of the Italian ideal; true Spaniards, they were local, and imitated nature as they saw her; thus Murillo's holy subjects are not glorified forms and visions, which compel us to bow the knee and adore, but pleasing scenes of a domestic family, where sports of graceful children attract the delighted attention of affectionate parents. There is neither the awful sublimity of M. Angelo, nor the unearthly purity of Raphael. Again, his *Niños Dios* are not meditative prescient Infant Gods, nor are his cherubs those angels of heaven from whence Raphael took his types, but simply pretty mortal babes with wings, and not even babes of the world at large, but Spanish ones, nay more, only local Andalucian children; and such also are his male saints, who mostly rose to glory in their own brown Bætican bodies and clothes.

The stranger will of course look at *all* the Murillos, halting particularly at 43 C. L., a Holy Family; a pretty scene of conjugal and parental happiness. It has been cruelly cleaned and repainted, especially the dog and face of the Virgin; 46, C. L., a fine representation of the Infant Deity: 50, C. L., the Companion Infant Forerunner; the left leg is not pleasing; observe the contrast of the callous foot hardened by exposure, with the delicate flesh of 46: 52, Conversion of St. Paul; the thigh of the Apostle and his white horse, mercilessly repainted: 54, *La Porciuncula* (see Index), over-cleaned: 56, C. L. the annunciation; the Virgin's cheek is repainted: 65, *La Concepcion*, one of those representations of sweet cherubs, and of the fair virgin floating amid flowers in a golden atmosphere, which none could paint like Murillo; and then the gossamer gauze-like draperies which play in the air, just veiling human charms, which might suggest thoughts that war with the purity of the Virgin: 82, C. L., a penitent Magdalen, all legs and arms, and in his imitation of Ribera style: 174, San Francisco de Paula, was a magnificent head and beard, before ruined by the

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picture-cleaner Bueno: 182, Death of St. Andrew, in his *vaporoso* style, was a glorious picture, but is much disharmonized by the violent white repainting of the horse; the drapery of the Apostle has also been clumsily *bañado:* 189, C. L., Santiago, a vulgar, coarse head, of rather a Flemish character: 191, C. L., C. N., Adoration of Shepherds, in his second style, hovering between Velazquez and Ribera; the drawing is fine and careful; observe the local colouring and foot of peasant, and how their rich browns give value to the delicate flesh of the Virgin and Child: 202, C. L., Infant Saviour and St. John, a rich and delightful picture: 208, C. L., Rebecca at the Well, in his middle style: the females are somewhat Flemish: 211, 2, 6, 7, the Parable of the Prodigal Son; all excellent, but treated both as to costume and conception rather according to a picaresque Spanish novel than Holy Writ: 219, a rich blue Concepcion: 220, St. Augustine; the Virgin, somewhat too far off, gives her milk to a vulgar burly monk in a black robe, with rich, red *casulla:* 229, C. L., another *Conception*, innocence itself, and beautifully painted; how rich and juicy the flesh, how full of pulp and throbbing life: 310, C. L., Santa Ana teaching the Virgin. The pouting child is admirable, but purely mortal; the draperies are in imitation of Roelas: 315, C. N., Vision of St. Bernard; this again shows how closely Murillo observed Roelas; the draperies of the saint have been repainted; but his head is fine, and the sentiments of gratitude and veneration are admirably expressed. The concealing the feet of the Virgin gives her figure too much height. St. Bernard was a champion of the Virgin, second only to San Buonaventura, the Seraphic Doctor; and both advocated Mariolatry to its wildest extent, substituting her for the Father and the Redeemer. The gift of her milk, so common in Spanish legends, is but a Papal repetition of Pagan Juno's suckling Hercules. A volume, however, has been written on the event, 'Ilustracion del portentoso favor,' by A. O. Raymundo Pasqual, 1782; but heretics prefer the *Lieb frauens* milk of the Rhine. 326, C. N., the miracle of the Virgin giving the *Casulla* to San Ildefonso at Toledo, but it is of earth, earthy, and the angels are nothing but milliners, and the saint a monkish tailor.

Next observe the paintings of Juan V. Joanes, the Spanish Raphael, who, however, should be studied in his native Valencia (see p. 375). 73. Visit of Santa Isabel to the Virgin; early and hardish, but quite Italian: 75, Death of Santa Ines, painted like Julio Romano: 150, a Saviour, holding the cup and water; a subject often treated in this manner by Joanes: 158, the Ecce Homo: 165, Christ bearing the Cross; a fine specimen: 169, Portrait of Luis de Castelvi, equal to anything of Bronzino: 196, 7, 9, and 336, 337, C. L., subjects from the life and martyrdom of St. Stephen, are an Italian-looking series, but the stones (in 196) are too much like apple-dumplings. Observe the delight of the wicked boys; the faces of the Hebrews, with their hook noses, are somewhat too Jewish for fine art. This remark applies equally to 225, C. L., the Last Supper, for Joanes was rather a mannerist; but the head of Christ is very fine, although it has, unfortunately, been much repainted: 259, the Saviour on the Mount of Olives: 268, Descent from the Cross, one of his best pictures. Joanes, because savouring of a Roman style, and with a harder outline, and more decided drawing, is admired by more Spaniards than foreigners.

José Ribera, better known as Spagnoletto (see Xativa, p. 359), may be truly studied at Madrid; here, this cruel forcible imitator of ordinary ill-selected nature, riots in hard ascetic monks and blood-boltered subjects, in which this painter of the bigot, inquisitor, and executioner delighted: a power of drawing, of expressing long suffering and sufferance, a force of colour and effect, a contempt of the ideal, beautiful, and tender, characterize his productions; unpopular in England, his unforgiving repulsiveness,

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and stern harsh character, have ranked him among the model-painters of Spain. He was the personal friend of Velazquez, who, like Murillo, studied his style deeply, as may be seen in all their early productions. As Ribera was a mannerist, those who will closely examine half-a-dozen of his pictures, will exhaust the master. Observe 42, C. L., the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, a favourite subject of his, and one which few else ever wish to see twice: 44, a Virgin, elderly and haggard; Raphael would have chosen her young and beautiful: 53, another St. Bartholomew: 72, C. N., the Hermit St. Paul, a repetition of the picture in the cathedral of Granada: 116, C. L., Jacob's Ladder, a fine picture. The general effect is very grand: the wild, broken tree stumps are painted like Salvator Rosa, and the sleep of Jacob (a vulgar brown monk) is admirable: 121, Prometheus, a finely painted picture of gore and bowels, such as could be conceived by a bull-fighter, and please a people whose sports are blood and torture; how different from the same subject by the poetical Titian (see 787): 125, Martyrdom of St. Sebastian: 204, C. L., the Trinity, painted like Caravaggio: 243, C. N., the Magdalen, a hard early picture. There are here also many Apostles well painted by Ribera, which we do not enumerate. 285, another St. Bartholomew. In other saloons, observe 415, E., St. Jerome: 419, E., a good portrait of a blind Sculptor, *El Ciego de Gambazo*, in which the sentiment of *touch* is well expressed: 473, St. Jerome: 480, St. Joseph and the Infant Saviour busy with his tools, a transcript of a Spanish carpenter's shop: 484, Ixion at the wheel, say rather a portly Jew on the rack of the Spanish Inquisition: 542, a Dead Christ lamented; a powerfully painted group: 545, C. L., two Female Gladiators.

The specimens of other Spanish masters in these two saloons, which best deserve notice, are 40, C. L., St. Peter appearing to St. Peter Nolasco, by Francisco Zurbaran (1598–1662); his style is based on Ribera, Domenichino, and Titian; his best pictures are at Seville; no one ever painted a Carthusian monk like him; while the substance, texture, and splendour of his velvets and brocades surpass P. Veronese, having more real stuff in them; his best pictures are at Seville: Notice 47, portrait of Murillo, by Alonso Miguel de Tobar (1678–1758), Murillo's best pupil: 48, St. Jerome, Mateo Cerezo of Burgos (1635–1685); an imitator of Rubens and Vandyke: by him also is 57, C. L., an Assumption: 45, C. L., and 49, a Virgin and Saviour, Luis de Morales, called *el Divino*, who is best to be studied in Estremadura: 61, C. L., Boys at Play, Pedro Nuñez de Villavicencio of Seville (1635–1700) a pupil of Murillo and El Calabrese, and this excellent picture proves how well he had studied his first master: 67, C. L., Baptism of Christ, Vicente Carducci, a Florentine naturalized at Madrid: 69, a Flower-piece, Juan de Arellano, (1614–1676); he was the Van Huysen of Spain, and is superior to Menendez in fruits and flowers: 79, C. L., View of Zaragoza, Juan Bautista del Mazo, Madrid (1630–1687); a disciple of Velazquez, but his landskips are apt to be too dark: 85, portrait of Wife of Philip IV., Juan Carreño de Miranda of Avilés (1614–1685); the last of the old Spanish painters, and a feeble imitator of Velazquez: 88, C. L., St. John at Patmos, Alonso Cano of Granada (1601–1667); a grand picture: 90, ditto, a Gothic King, in feeble imitation of Velazquez: 95, Moses Striking the Rock, Juan de las Roelas of Seville (1558?–1625); a dark inferior specimen of this truly great man, who only is to be studied at Seville: 96, C. L., Adoration of Shepherds, Pedro Orrente, a Murcian, and imitator of the Bassanos: 100, C. L., a Dead Christ, Francisco de Ribalta, Valencia (1597–1628); this grand artist, the Annibal Carracci and Sebastian del Piombo of Spain, is only to be really understood at Valencia: 108, Vision of Ezekiel, Francisco Collantes of Madrid (1599–1656); a horrid subject, and fitter for the monkish cloister than a gallery: 124,

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Carreño, a Fat Woman: 134, the Calling of St. Matthew, Juan de Pareja of Seville (1606–1670), first the slave and then the pupil of Velazquez; it is truly local and Spanish. The face of the Saviour is most ordinary, while the groups are dressed as in the time of Philip IV.: 146, St. Bernard, Antonio Palomino (1653-1726); he was the Vasari of Spain, but feebler alike with pen and pencil. 151, C. L., the Siege of Cadiz, Eugenio Caxes of Madrid (1577-1642); this is described in the official catalogue as the attack of the English in 1625, by the "Conde de *Lest*," Spanish, perhaps, for Essex, whose siege occurred in 1596; the real leader of the one in 1625 being Lord Wimbleton; the head of Giron, the Spanish general, is fine: 152, C. L., portrait of Don Carlos, son of Philip II., Alonso Sanchez Coello, a Valencian, ob. 1590; a very interesting historical picture: 153, portrait of Maria of Portugal, first wife of Philip II., Juan Pantoja de la Cruz of Madrid (1551–1610), pupil of Coello, and, like his master, admirable in painting the rich costumes of the period: 154, portrait of Isabel, the favourite daughter of Philip II., by Coello; the marvellous jewels and ornaments tell up on the dark back ground: 157, Virgin and Child, Morales: 166, C. L., C. N., a Dead Christ, A. Cano, fine, but stony, and the painting of a sculptor: 170, Virgin and Saints, Blas del Pardo of Toledo, (1497–1557), pupil of Berruguete, and Florentine in style and colour. His conceptions are grand, and partake of Andrea del Sarto, but his colouring is apt to be leaden. The kneeling half figure is Alfonso de Villegas, author of the 'Flos Sanctorum:' 175, Birth of Virgin, and 181, Birth of Christ, are both by Pantoja; he was a hard painter, but excelled in portraits: 188, a Sunset and rocky scene, Mazo.

Now pass into the saloon to the l., 206, Coello, portrait, it is said, of Antonio Perez, the persecuted minister of Philip II.: 221, a Magdalen, Jacinto Geronimo de Espinosa, of Valencia, where his best pictures are: 222, Margaret, wife of Philip III., Pantoja; the elaborate finished details are in perfect contrast with the broad handling by Velazquez: 226, C. L., *La Divina Pastora*, Tobar, cold and poor when compared with Murillo: 227, St. Jerome, Cano: 237 and 238, Apostles by Francisco Pacheco of Seville, (1571–1654), a feeble painter, but useful author on Spanish art: 277, Pantoja, Philip II. when old, very curious and historical: 283, C. N., Zurbaran, Santa Casilda: 287, St. Jerome, Antonio Pereda of Valladodid (1599–1669); he imitated Ribera; the cross is well painted: 290, Pantoja, Charles V., aged about 40, in black and gold armour: 297, Naval Combat, Juan de Toledo of Lorca (1611–1665): he was the Bourgignone of Spain: 305, Mazo, a dark brown view of Campillo near the Escorial: 307, C. L., Virgin and Sleeping Christ, Cano; although the side of head has been repainted, this is one of his best pictures in this gallery, and of fine rich colour: 314, C. L., Baptism of Christ, Juan Fernandez Navarrete, *El Mudo*, Logroño (1526–1579); his finest works are in the chapel of the Escorial: 317, Zurbaran, Sleeping Christ with dark purple drapery, and a fine effect.

Now pass to *la Bajada*, and observe 357, portrait of the poor creature Charles II., Carreño; 362, Charles IV., an Allegory. Under these two imbeciles Spain and art lost alike their force and nationality;—the last daub is by Vicente Lopez, *Pintor de Camara!* and director of the academy, a colleague and compeer of Madrazo; Ay! de mi España. 368, Charles V. and Philip II., Pereda: 375, a Dead Christ, Domenico Theotocupuli, *El Greco* (see Toledo).

Next enter *las Escuelas varias*, collection of different schools, with many fine things from the Escorial; the grand central gallery is divided into the modern Spanish masters, the old Italians, German, and French. Let us take the chiefs singly, and first for RAPHAEL (1483-1520): 723, C. L., a Holy Family, called *del* Agnus Dei, from the inscription carried by St. John, whose body has been very much repainted at Paris, where the exquisite face of the Virgin was rouged. The

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ruined architecture and landscape, equal to Titian, is said to be by Giovanni da Udina. 726, E., C. N., the celebrated *Perla*, which belonged to our Charles I., and was sold with his other pictures by the tasteless puritans and reformers. Philip IV. paid for this, the then enormous sum of 2000*l*. The king bought so largely at the auction through his ambassador Alonso de Cardenas, that 18 mules were laden with the lots, and he was so anxious to get them into Madrid, that he made an excuse to turn out the Lords Clarendon and Cottington, then ambassadors from Charles II., being ashamed to exhibit his acquisitions from what once belonged to his old friend and visitor. When Philip IV. beheld this Raphael, he exclaimed, "This is the Pearl of my pictures," and he was a good judge, for never was the serious gentleness of the blessed Virgin Mother, her beauty of form, her purity of soul, better portrayed; the rich Titian-like blue sky, streaked with red, forms a fine background: this pearl of great price was overcleaned when taken to Paris, and has, in 1845, undergone another cruel operation at Madrid, and the shadows are somewhat dark. 741, E., C. N., Tobit and the Fish, *la Virgen del Pez*, a simple grand symmetrical composition, perhaps somewhat too yellow in colour. This painting also was taken to Paris, and was there removed from board to canvas, a dangerous process invented at Ferrara by one Antonio Contri; it had been first scrubbed and over-varnished, yet on the whole it is one of the grandest Raphaels at Madrid: 784, Christ bearing the Cross, called *El Pasmo de Sicilia*, from having been painted for a church in Sicily, *la Madonna del Spasimo*; it is accounted as second in excellence to the Transfiguration only by those who look to size as a test, or the timid who are afraid to express an honest dissent when called upon as a matter of course to fall into stereotyped common-form raptures. This picture when at Paris was also removed from boards to canvas by Mons. Bonnemaison, of whom Passavant (Kunstreise 77) records this anecdote: Mons. David calling one morning, found him sponging these Raphaels with spirit of turpentine. Even the man of the guillotine was shocked, and ventured to remonstrate, but was answered, "It does no harm, it is nourishing." As the tortured *Pasmo* was then much repainted, the tone is hard, brick-dusty and relackered. In 1845 it was subjected to another ruthless operator at Madrid! Again, however fine the expression of the mother, beautiful the Veronica and groups to the r., the principal figure of the soldier in front is somewhat attitudinarian, theatrical, and exaggerated: Veronica's hands seem to hold her *napkin*, which some say was effaced in an injury, received by the picture on its journey. How short, alas! the life of pictures! Apelles is but a name.

Next observe, 794, E., a sweetly-composed Holy Family, called *De la Rosa*; the originality has, however, been doubted: 798, E., a small Holy Family painted in 1507: 834, E., St. Elizabeth visits the Virgin; this contrast of aged and youthful *pregnancy* forms a subject never over-pleasing. The composition is very simple, with a fine landscape. This also was removed when at Paris from board to canvas, and was then painted over and extra-varnished. It is inscribed in letters of gold, Raphael Urbinas, F.; Marinus Branconius, F.F.—fieri fecit: 901, a portrait, according to some, of Bartolo, the jurisconsult: according to others of Andrea Navagiero, ambassador to Charles V., and author of '*Il Viaggio de Espagna*.' Although somewhat hard and reddish, it is very grand, simple, suggestive, and effective: 905, C. L., portrait of Cardinal Julio de Medicis, a truly Italian head; how full of mental power; observe the decision in the fine compressed lips and the keen intellect of the pursuing eyes: 909, a portrait thought by some to be that of Agostino Beazano.

And now we may whisper to our countrymen another little fact, new, probably, to the gentlemen who *do* the official catalogue for the *Spanish*

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public. During the Carlo-Christinist struggle, information reached Lord Monteagle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, that these four Raphaels—the Spasimo, the Perla, the Tobit, and the Annunciation—were to be had for a consideration; having consulted Lord Melbourne, they determined on their own responsibility, and to their infinite credit, on offering 80,000*l.* for the four pictures. When Lord Clarendon, then our envoy at Madrid, made this bidding to the Spanish Minister, it was declined as offensive to Castilian pride, honour, love of art, &c.; and the affair went off *officially*. Not long afterwards, nevertheless, a duly-empowered agent visited Lord Monteagle, re-opened the affair, and accepted the offer, undertaking that the four pictures should be sent to Downing-street, in order that their originality might be tested before the 80,000*l.* was paid. On mention, however, of the necessity of this sum being voted for in the House of Commons, the negotiation went off at the idea of publicity. Had this secret bargain and sale been effected, would copies have been quietly substituted for the originals? Such things have occurred in the best-regulated galleries. Some will think they could easily guess who employed this secret agent.

Of all the Italian schools, that of Venice is the richest, in which Titian towers so supremely over all, that our Wilkie compared the Escorial to his "workshop." Titian was the personal friend of Charles V. and Philip II.; and (although Kugler doubts it, being evidently unacquainted with the Spanish collections) he came to Madrid in 1532, and remained there until 1535, which accounts for the number and fineness of his works (see Cean Bermudez 'Dicc.' v. 30).

Again, of all the Italian schools, that of Venice was the most admired by Velazquez, who went purposely to that city to purchase pictures for Philip IV.; at Madrid, therefore, Titian is to be seen in all his senatorial dignity of portrait and his glorious power of colour—oh magical, ravishing colour! pounded flesh rather, if not rubies and emeralds, and which, in spite of unlearned drawing, carries all before it. Titian was, indeed, a *painter*—not, indeed, of Spain, for in him the religious sentiment is subordinate to colour and composition.

By Giovanni Bellini of Venice (1426-1516), observe 665, Virgin and Child; although curious, it is hard, and has been repainted; 414, Jesus giving the Keys to Peter, is a truly early Italian picture; it came from the Escorial, where it was attributed to Giorgione, and was the companion of 792, by that great artist, the Virgin with Saints, which is one of his very finest pictures: observe the man in armour. Giorgio Barbarelli il Giorgione (1477-1511), died too young, while Titian, his co-pupil, lived too long. His picture, 780, of David killing Goliath, is fine; the cinque cento costume is interesting, but the proportions between the stripling and the giant are not well observed.

By the immortal Tiziano Vecellio, of Cadore (1477–1576), there are 43 pictures, a museum of themselves. Notice 421, E., The Virgin: 428, E., Christ in the Garden, much injured: 437, E., St. Jerome: 465, E., the Virgin, a Dolorosa: 492, E., St. Jerome: 680, Portrait: 682, Ditto: 685, C. L., Charles V. on Horseback: this, before its recent restoration, was the finest equestrian picture in the world; it is more sublime and poetical than Velazquez, yet equally true to life; the knight-errant emperor, a king, aye, every inch a king, inspires an awe, like the Theodore of Dryden pursuing the perjured Honoria; the identical suit of armour is preserved in the *Armeria*, No. 2308: 695, Titian's own Portrait, venerable and intelligent: 724, a Portrait: 728, C. L., Diana and Actæon, the myth of the fox-hunter, who leaves his wife, nay mistress, for his dogs, and is ultimately eaten up, *i. e.* ruined by keeping hounds. She, too, is wide-awake, while Cupid, good-for-nothing boy, dozes: 729, C. L., Diana and Calisto, two charming sketches, coloured with pounded flesh and turquoise skies; they have been draped and painted

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over, owing to Spanish prudery; the drawing is not very accurate, but Titian was 84 years old when these were produced. 740, Portrait of a Knight of Malta: 752, E., the celebrated, alas! repainted *Gloria*, or apotheosis of Charles V. and Philip II., who, kings on earth, now appear as suppliants before the King of heaven and the angelic court. The Moses and the naked figures are admirable. This, by some considered the masterpiece of Titian, was painted in his best time for Charles V., who directed by his will that it should always be hung up where his body was buried; it accordingly remained at Yuste until Philip II. removed his father's remains to the Escorial.

Next observe 756, The Punishment of Sisyphus, painted for our bloody Mary: 765, C. L., Charles V., with his favourite Irish dog; this picture belonged to our Charles I.; here is the emperor in his privacy, with his look of care, gout, and dyspepsia: 769, C. L., is his son Philip II., young, and in a sort of armour, still preserved in the Armeria, No. 2388; rich in costume, delicate in form and feature, and how different the heir apparent from the cold bigot and tyrant of his later years! These full-lengths are fac-similes of the men; indeed Titian and Velazquez have so identified the Austrian branch, that we here become as personally acquainted with them as if we had known them alive. 775, E., St. Margaret, very fine, but it has been repainted with false draperies: 776, C. L., Salome, with the Head of the Baptist; this exquisite picture is said to be a portrait of Titian's daughter, and if the face be not strictly correct beauty, it is individual: 787, Prometheus captive and tortured; this was painted for our bloody Mary; "here is the rock, the vulture, and the chain, and all the proud can feel of pain;" compare the poetical treatment by our Italian with No. 121, the butcher production of the practical Spaniard Ribera; it is Æschylus contrasted with Torquemada: 801, C. L., Venus and Adonis, glorious; there is an inferior repetition in our National Gallery: seen from a certain distance, when the demitints tell up, all that seems flat when one is near, becomes form and meaning: 805, E., The Catholic Faith flying for Protection to Spain: 812, Adam and Eve; observe the *pentimientos* in Adam's head: this picture was Rubens' favourite, and no wonder, for the forms are more sprawling and the fleshes heavier than is usual in Titian: 813, E., Christ placed in the sepulchre, fine: 821, the Marquis del Vasto, the illustrious D'Avalos, addressing his troops, finely coloured, but cruelly restored; it belonged to our Charles I.; 822, E., is a repetition of 813: 851, another St. Margaret; the figure is well relieved by the gloomy rocky back-ground; this also was our Charles's: 852, C. L., Offering to Fecundity, marvellous; but it will shock all Malthusians, for never were so many or such playful living children better grouped and painted; unfortunately it has been spotted by retouches: this was the picture which, when at Rome, in the Ludovisi Gallery, was the study and the making of N. Poussin. 854, Victory of Lepanto, painted by Titian when 91 years old; and even in his age live his wonted fires, for the colouring is rich, the harmonious effect fine, but the composition is feeble; age will not be defied; the rows of pillars look like organ-pipes, and the angel seems as if it had been thrown out of window and must break its neck; Philip II., in his red breeches and yellow boots, places his naked son Fernando somewhat awkwardly on the table; however, as a curiosity of the sustained art of Titian this picture deserves notice. 864, C. L., a Bacchanal; Ariadne, in the isle of Naxos, abandoned by Theseus; this, before its *restauracion*, was one of the finest pictures in the world; joyous mirth and a dance of light never were so gloriously coloured; it is a companion to the inferior Bacchus and Ariadne in our National Gallery; read, while looking at it, the spirit-stirring verses of Catullus, lxii. 251. The God, born in flame, dashes from his car, all fire and passion, and soon will weeping Ariadne be consoled for

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her perfidious Theseus: thus, indeed, should poetry be illustrated by painting: 868, E., Repose in Egypt, a superb landscape; this is the subject engraved by Bonasoni: 878, C. L., Portrait of Isabella, wife of Charles V., superbly-painted costume: 882, Adoration of Kings: 915, a magnificent Portrait; what a subtlety of intellect! observe the effect of the blue sash: 926, Portrait of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara; fine costume and also blue sash.

Jacobo Robusti il Tintoretto, of Venice (1512–1594), worthily sustains his master's style. 490, E., a Magdalen, almost naked: 602, Minerva, an allegory: 607, a truly Titianesque Portrait: 626, Ditto: 628, 645, Ditto, very fine: 672, Judith and Holophernes: 679, this singular picture of the Doge seated in Council, in a superb saloon of state, long ascribed to Tintoretto, is now ascertained to be by Pietro Malombra, Venice (1556–1618); it is highly interesting, both as a work of art and for the original portraits and local costume. 704, *La Gloria*, the original sketch for the picture in the Doge's palace at Venice, and brought there by Velazquez; it is heavy in colour, and quite a fricassee of legs and arms; the man with a large head in the corner seems scared and disappointed, as he well might be with such a Paradise. 830, St. Jerome in the desert: 839, Death of Holophernes: 904, a superb Cardinal: 913, a Venetian Senator: 919, Portrait of General Sebastian Veniero.

Paul Veronese (1528–1588) appears in all his gorgeous brocade, splendour of drapery, fine portraiture, and all that glitter which he studied in the oriental groups assembled on St. Mark's: notice 453, E., Marriage of Cana; it belonged to our Charles I.: 497, E., Christ at the Column: 625, E., Christ and the Centurion, fine: 661, Rebecca at the Well, rather dark: 691, Moses found in the Nile, a charming gay cabinet picture, ascribed by some to Tintoretto: 710, The Birth of a Prince—celebris mundi Veneris partus; an allegory, with too much blue sky and red curtain: 764, Portrait of a Lady: 793, Ditto: 825, E., Christ and the Centurion, fine; 843, C. L., Venus and Adonis, a very fine picture of great repose and effect; the flesh and rich draperies are equal to Titian: 876, C. L., an allegory, Virtue and Vice; neither are very attractive, and the youth is stupid, although finely painted, and the attitudes are very awkward: 896, Cain, an outcast with his Family, a magnificent composition, a picture of man's despair consoled by a true wife, who will not desert the father of her children: the brown landskip, lowering sky, and breaking halo, are in sombre harmony with the sentiment. 897, E., a Martyrdom of San Gines, fine: 898, C. L., Susanna and the Elders, fine: 899, Christ disputing with the Doctors, excellently composed, but somewhat grey, green, and wanting in effect.

Of the Da Pontes, or Bassanos, there are many and choice specimens, but it is tedious to describe these cattle-show pictures of sheep and oxen, for the sacred figures are often only accessories to the beasts; 615 (Leandro), Orpheus, and animals: 620 (Jacobo, 1510–1592), Dives and Lazarus: 632, E., The Money-changers in the Temple, finely coloured: 673 (Jacobo), Adam and Eve: 675 (Francesco), the Last Supper: 701 (Leandro), Coppersmiths at Work, a fine specimen: 730 (Francesco), Jacob Travelling: 841 (Jacobo), his own Portrait: 877 (Francesco), Paradise, an excellent specimen of the master: 880 (Leandro), Forge of Vulcan, fine: 910 (Leandro), Venice, The Doge Embarking.

Having examined the Spanish school, Raphael, and the Venetians in detail, now take a general view of the rest of the gallery. In the *Bajada á varias Escuelas*, avoid No. 382, a Christ Buffeted, by the *Director* Señor Madrazo, which suggests the somewhat irreverent criticism of Luis de Vargas, on being shown a badly executed crucifix, "Forgive them, Lord! for they know not what they do." In the *Escuelas varias* observe No. 407, E., Rubens (1577–1640), The Supper at Emmaus, a fine, rich, brown painting, although the Silenus-like figure of

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"mine host" destroys the dignity of sentiment: 409, an early picture of the Marriage of the Virgin: 422, E., a Concepcion, Rubens, but how Flemishly inferior in grace to 229 of Murillo: 439, E., a Dead Christ, Rubens: 475, E., a Magdalen, Luis de Carbajal, whose best pictures remain at the Escorial: 496, E., Coronation of Christ with Thorns, Vandyke: 515, Ignacio Iriarte (1620–1685), a Landskip; Murillo used to say that Iriarte was fit to paint scenes in *heaven*, which must be understood as meaning *Andalucia*, the elysium of these local Sevillians: 526 and 532 are other specimens, yet, compared to the Italian, Dutch, and English landskip painters, Iriarte is very second-rate. The love of wild nature is quite modern, and almost English; but in Spain, as among the classical ancients, *landskip* was only an accessory or conventional, and seldom really treated as a principal either in art or literature: their efforts were vague bald generalities, with no true graphic quality, no precision of touch, no local colour, air, sensibility, no individuality. They seldom saw nature with the poet's feeling combined with the painter's eye; the pen and pencil were then sculpturesque rather than picturesque, man being *the* absorbing object. In *Spain*, where art was the handmaid of the altar, no form or image of inanimate nature was required for exciting and keeping up the religious tendencies and worship of the people. Again, a taste for *landskip* is acquired, and few Orientals or Spaniards have much feeling for nature beyond local associations, or notions of profit and personal enjoyment. Living within walled towns, they love the country, not for itself, but as in relation to themselves: but even some of our gentlemen farmers are often so blunted by professional habits, as only to be thinking of draining, where Turner would go crazy with delight, and when talking of bullocks which would drive Paul Potter mad, are solely speculating on what per score the carcass will fetch, sinking the offal.

Next observe 531, San Hermenegildo, Francisco de Herrera el Mozo, of Seville (1622-1685): 533, Pantoja, Portrait of Doña Juana: 543, Magdalen, Antonio Antolinez of Seville (1639–1676): 549, Pantoja, Charles V.

Passing on and avoiding as the plague the vile modern Spanish pictures, enter the magnificent Italian gallery, where masters, schools, periods, sizes, and subjects are jumbled together in a most admired disorder. Where most are good, select, 603, C. L., Giovanni Francisco Barbieri, Il Guercino (1590-1666), St. Peter in prison: 609, Andres Vaccaro of Naples (1598-1670), San Cayetano, offered when a child, to the Virgin: 611, Giulio Cesare Procaccini of Bologna (1548-1626), Samson destroying the Philistines: 612, Landskip, Gaspar Poussin; the St. Jerome is painted by his cousin Nicolas: 630, Dominico Zampieri, Il Domenichino of Bologna (1581-1641), St. Jerome visited by Angels, fine: 633, Christofano Allori of Florence (1577-1621), portrait of a Lady: 634, Guido Reni of Bologna (1575-1642), St. Sebastian: 636, ditto, Cleopatra, but somewhat green and slaty: 637, C. L., Federigo Fiori, Baroccio, Urbino (1559-1613), Birth of the Saviour: 643, St. John preaching, El Caballero Maximo, Massimo Stanzioni of Naples (1585-1656), whose pictures should be examined, as his style very much influenced Velazquez, who twice visited him and Ribera at Naples: 647, Guercino, the Genius of Painting in a rich orange drapery: 651, a curious Venetian portrait of Pejeron, jester to the Conde de Benavente: 653, Gaspar Poussin, landskip and animals: 660, Francesco Albano of Bologna (1578-1660), C. L., Venus at her toilet, very transparent, but the flesh is flat and unprofitable when compared to Titian; and however elegant the cupids, they are conventional, and lack the reality of living, childlike joyousness.

Next observe 664, C. L., Andrea Vannuchi del Sarto, Florence (1488-1530), portrait of his wife Lucretia Fede; this once exquisite picture was cruelly restored in 1833: 666, C. L., Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), por-

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trait of Mona Lisa, a repetition of the one in the Louvre; this has been doubted; the drapery is heavy, the cheeks puffy, and the eyes too near the nose: 671, Albano, Judgment of Paris: 670, Giovanni Baptista Tiepolo of Venice (1693-1770), a Concepcion, but far inferior to Spanish treatment; in this the Virgin's feet are shown: 681, C. L., A. del Sarto, Virgin and Saints; compare it with 911: 683. Landskip, G. Poussin: 689, Sebastian Luciano, Sebastian del Piombo, pupil of Michael Angelo (1483-1547), Christ bearing the Cross, small, and painted on slate; it has been doubted; 693, Paris Bordone (1500-1570), portrait of a Lady: 705, Agostino Carracci (1558-1601), St. Francis beholding a heavenly Vision; dark, the saint awkward, and the joined hand of angel to rt. commonplace; how superior was Murillo's treatment of this subject: 706, Domenichino, Sacrifice of Abraham: 711, Caballero Maximo, Sacrifice to Bacchus, a fine specimen · 721, M. Angelo Buonarotti (1474-1563), Christ at the Pillar, doubtful: 734, Angiolo Bronzino (1501-1570), a splendid portrait; a fine pensive character of the high-bred Italian youth: 737, Caballero Maximo, the Message to Zacharias: 743, C. L., Salvator Rosa (1615-1673), a view in the Bay of Salerno: 751, E., Guido, Virgin on a Throne, a magnificent picture, finely coloured, and grand in expression. In this there is none of his insipid mannerism, want of real life and personal interest: 759, E., Sebastian del Piombo, Christ in Hades; grandly conceived, and a sublime representation of the ghostly mysterious character which marked all the appearances of the Saviour after the Resurrection. Sebastian was the Dante of painting: who, homeless on earth, made his home more and more in the awful other world. He was indeed worthy to paint Hades and the Revelations.

Next observe 761, Alessandro Allori (1535-1607), Santa Veronica: 771, Giorgio Vasari of Arezzo (1512-1574), a Charity, hard and affected, and merely coloured sculpture: 772, C. L., A. del Sarto, Holy Family, very fine and grand; it belonged to our Charles I., and both Murillo and Mengs must have carefully studied this admirable picture: 778, E., Holy Family, L. da Vinci, but thought by some to be by Luini: 779, E., Christ bearing his Cross, another very grand Sebastian del Piombo: 786, Jacobo Palma, an Adoration of Shepherds most richly coloured: 788, E., Repose in Egypt, A. del Sarto: 789, Jacobo Carucci da Pontormo (1493-1558), Holy Family: 790, Caballero Maximo, the Beheading of St. John the Baptist: 795, Artemisa Lomi Gentileschi, the Birth of the Baptist; the satiny drapery is painted like Zurbaran: 797, Lorenzo Lotto, a Marriage, said to be between Ferdinand and Isabella, curious for costume: 799, Bernardo Luini, Salome with the Baptist's head; she is a coquettish Italian beauty; it has been cruelly repainted: 809, E., a so-called Antonio Allegri Correggio (1494-1534), Jesus and Mary Magdalen. This poorly painted and feebly foreshortened picture, has been justly doubted, and still more since the false draperies have recently been removed. Its pedigree is better; alluded to by Vasari in the Ercolani palace, it was brought into Spain by the D. of Medina Torres. Spain is deficient in Correggios; those which Godoy had "collected" were "re-collected" by Murat: two of them purchased from his widow by Lord Londonderry, are now in the London National Gallery; the Venus having originally belonged to our unfortunate Charles I.: Nos. 814 and 816 are attributed, without good reason, to Correggio: 817, Baroccio, a Crucifixion, fine and delicately painted, with much resigned softness in the expression; a view of Urbino forms the background: 833, Luigi Cardi, Il Cigoli (1559-1613), the Magdalen: 837, A. del Sarto, the Sacrifice of Abraham; curious from being a repetition of the picture sent by the artist to François I., as some atonement for the money which he had embezzled: 840 and 844, fine portraits, Duke and Duchess of Tuscany, Bronzino: 847, Guercino, a Magdalen, and singularly unpleasing: 849, Giovanni Antonio Licinio Regillo de Pordenone

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(1484-1539), the death of Abel: 855, Guido, a Magdalen: 861, Bronzino, a fine Portrait of a Violin Player: 867, Francesco Mazzuoli, Il Parmigianino (1503-1534), a superb portrait; the silk velvet and fur edging are marvellously painted; the head is full of quiet Italian dignity: 871, A. del Sarto, a fine Holy Family; the child looks charmingly at the spectator: 879, Parmigianino, C. L., a Holy Family, and a capital specimen: 883, E., An. Carracci (1560-1609), Assumption of the Virgin: 884, Giovanni Lanfranco (1581-1647), Funeral of Julius Cæsar, of larger size than merit: 890, Luca Giordano, an Allegory of Peace, of colossal dimensions and diminutive merit: 894, Guercino, Bethshebah at her bath; fine, and like Domenichino; her body, however, is rather stony: 900 and 903, G. Poussin, fine: 911, attributed to A. del Sarto: 917, L. da Vinci, still more doubtful; but certainly much overcleaned and repainted: 920, G. Poussin; this and 916 are superb full-toned specimens, and full of subject: 929, Bronzino, a Lady with three Children, grand, but hard and Florentine.

Now examine the German, Flemish, and French schools, collected in a circular saloon by themselves, not that they have much in common with each other. The Spaniards have very properly placed Gaspar Poussin, who was born at Rome, among the Italians, and yet have included Nicolas Poussin and Claude among the French; but Claude left France, aged 12, a pastry-cook's boy, and pies, capital ones no doubt, he would have lived and died making in that paradise of patisserie and of transcendental culinary *artistes*. In beautiful poetical Italy, the nurse of art, where there are more altars than ovens, more painters than pastry-cooks, his other dormant capabilities were awakened; then and there the mighty genius imprisoned in a *French* jam-pot burst forth to better things; * and the youngster having been born artistically again in a new and congenial country, became a great *Italian* painter: and, like him, Poussin early in life abandoned his unpicturesque country; re-educated at Rome, he became so entirely a Roman, majestic, historical, and so utterly un-French, that he could only breathe a classical air: thus, when compelled by Louis XIV. to return to fickle France, this serious earnest man pined, sickened, and would have died, unless restored to a better atmosphere and scenery. Both are essentially Italians by adoption as painters, which is their whole attraction; and if this be doubted, compare their stile and sentiment, to that of the veritable Frenchmen, whose works are hung near them, to wit, the wilderness of monkeys and wigs of the Jouvenets, Lafosses, Mignards, and Rigauds. As Holbein and Vandyke were formed by painting English gentlemen and ladies, the noblest and most beautiful models in the creation, so Claude and Poussin were created by the sunny skies, the temples and antiquities of Italy, and they both lived and died at Rome their adopted country; and their ashes repose on the banks of the classical Tiber, not on those of the commonplace Seine. *Ingrata* patria ne ossa quidem! Their nationality must be decided by their fruit, and theirs are the golden apples of a garden of Hesperus; to both in truth may be applied the old adage, non ubi nascitur, sed ubi pascitur. If Claude is to change his country, he should be naturalised in nature-worshiping England, where he is best estimated, and where his finest works were first to be appreciated, and still are to be found.

The Poussins here, both Gaspar and Nicolas, are first-rate. Observe 942, C. L., Claude Gilee, Lorraine (1600-1682), Ruins at Rome, with the Coliseum; the figures are by Philipo Laura, for our modest and pastoral Claude was accustomed to say that he *sold* his landskips, but gave away *his* figures.

* Another Claude furnished to Rome by France was Claudius Cæsar; born at Lyons, and raised to the empire by the Guard, he was poisoned by his wife with a medicated mushroom. This exemplary lady was in her turn killed by her son Hero—belle race, belle cuisine; but literature, at least, has been the gainer, for never was culprit carbonadoed by a Quevedo more than this Claude was by the old Cordovese Seneca, whose αποκυλαντρωσις is one of the wittiest doggrels of antiquity.

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It is doubtful, however, whether even better-drawn figures by another hand really *tell*, either in form or colour, half so well as those dashed into by the *landskip* painter himself. He would place and use them not for themselves, but as aids and accessories, which a *figure* painter would forget and convert them into principals. 945, Nicolas Poussin, of Normandy (1594-1665) was so learned, nay pedantic, so classical, that his pictures are almost coloured basso relievos: 947, C. L., Claude, a Sunset; full of exquisite repose; the figures, except the Shepherd, are by Courtois: 948, N. Poussin, Bacchus and Nymphs, a most classical group, in a splendid landskip: 963, 964, Antonio Rafael Mengs (1728-1779), Charles IV. and his Wife; both are most truly commonplace and odious as the originals: 967, a German picture of the miraculous Hostia at Bolsena: 971, Antonio Watteau (1684-1721), one of his agreeable Village Weddings: 972, Albert Durer (1470-1528), his own Portrait, aged 26, signed and inscribed, "Dass malt ich nach meine gestalt, ich war sechs und zwanzig yar alt:" 975, C. L., Claude, Sunset, with a Hermit, doubtful; the figure is by Francesco da Gubbio: 976, C. L., N. Poussin, fine: 982, C. L., N. Poussin, David and Goliath: 983, ditto, a Bacchanal: 988, Claude Joseph Vernet (1714-1789), Landskip, with a Cascade: 989, N. Poussin, Mount Parnassus: 991, Watteau, a pretty Scene at St. Cloud: 992, A. Durer, a fine Portrait: 1003, Claude: 1004, 1005, 1025, and 1026, C. L., are small J. van Ostades: 1006, 1020, two curious hunting pictures, by Lucas Cranach (1472-1552): the Elector John of Saxony entertains Charles V., who may be recognised by his Golden Fleece. The buildings and costume are truly old German; then there is a sea of hartshorn, and a marvellous contempt of perspective: 1009, A. Durer, a Musical Allegory: 1013 and 1014, N. Poussin: 1017, an Allegory, and 1019, a Holy Family, both attributed to A. Durer: 1023, Santa Cecilia, and 1024, Ancient Rome, both N. Poussin's: 1033, Claude, Ruins, and St. Anthony being tempted: 1040, Diana, N. Poussin: 1042, Quintin Matsys (1450-1529), a Village Surgeon: 1044, 1045, and 1047 are three good Vernets: 1049, Claude, a Morning Scene, with the Magdalen: 1050, N. Poussin, Meleager hunting; a most truly classical composition: 1051, ditto, Silenus: 1057, Mengs, Adoration of Shepherds, an academical, eclectic, and feeble veneering of other men's ideas, especially those of Correggio: 1062, a very fine early Holy Family, with architecture, ascribed to Lucas van Leyden, it resembles Fernando Gallegos: 1067 and 1070, N. Poussin: 1069, A. Durer, Adam and Eve: 1080, C. L., Claude, a glorious Italian Sunset, with beautiful water; the figures of Tobit and the Angel are by Courtois; it is No. 32 in the '*Liber Veritatis*:' 1081, C. L., Claude, a superb Sunrise, with sea and architecture; the groups embarking are by Courtois; No. 51 also in '*Lib. Ver.*:' 1082, C. L., Claude, a Morning Scene, rather dark, and in an earlier style; figures by P. Laura: 1086, C. L., Claude, Landskip, with a Ford; also in an early style, with figures, by P. Laura. These Claudes, when we last saw them, were much in want of lining, but were pure as the day they were painted. These truly *Italian* gems are surrounded by pictures, of whose nationality there can be no mistake; but the clinquant Louis XIV. periwigs act like foils, by contrasting style; how the simple feeling of a nature pure and undefiled soars above the theatrical and artificial!

Now pass to the Flemish and Dutch schools. In the *Galeria de Paso* are examples of the Neapolitan and Bolognese artists of the seventeenth century: among them Luca Giordano is remarkable, whose *fa presto* style, fatal facility, and hasty presumption, led to the utter decline of painting. The gods grant no excellence to mortals without labour. Venus, the mother of love and the type of beauty, was united to the hard-working Vulcan: thus Lope de Vega, prodigal in verse and all the fashion of his day, of an age and country on its decline, is now deservedly forgotten. By this Luca are, 1088, Her-

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cules: 1090, Perseus: 1094, Susanna: 1096, Repentance of St. Peter: 1098, Rinaldo and Armida: 1100, Erminia taking refuge with Shepherds: 1124, Tancredi and Clorinda: 1128, Jacob wrestling with the Angel: 1138, Turnus conquered by Æneas: 1168, Christ bearing the Cross: 1175, Andromeda: 1186, Flora. All these tiresome affairs are on a large scale of canvas; and there are several on a smaller, which are neither worth mention nor observation. This master possessed great rapidity of execution, but as little thought and sentiment redeems the masses, we carry nothing away. Much the same may be said of 1105, Reward of Bravery; and 1114, its companion, Gladiators: 1151, Naval combat; 1160, Consultation at a Sacrifice, by Lanfranco, who, like Giordano, was a better painter of fresco ceilings than of easel pictures.

There is an apartment of state, called *La Sala del Descanso*, where the royal family repose after the *fatigue* of visiting the Museo, where was hung, by order of Ferdinand VII., a painting of his landing at *Puerto de Santa Maria*, by Aparicio: anything so bad was scarcely ever painted or conceived. It rivals in demerit the conduct then and there of the monarch itself; and yet an especial description of this disgraceful scene and picture was sold at the entrance of the Museo, which speaks volumes as to the fulsome servility and artistical ignorance of those who directed the taste of Spain.

The Flemish and Dutch pictures come the last in the Catalogue, and are of the highest quality and very pure. The long connexion between Spain and the Low Countries ensured a constant supply of the best works; and hitherto, from not being valued by Spaniards so much as those of their own and the Italian masters, they have escaped the fatal *restauracion*. The Spaniard, long accustomed to see art the handmaid of religion, associates the altar with all painting of a high class; accordingly, the low, earthy doings of the Dutch seem to him to be vulgar, and beneath the dignity of art; while the compensating truth and beauty of their landskip are lost on a nation which is by no means keenly alive to the charms of the country and nature itself. Landskip flourished rather in flat, foggy Holland, than in sunny Italy or Spain: where the subject is *poor* the artist's *mind* is called on to make a picture: *fine* subjects, like rich land, check industry; look at the daubs still perpetrated in Italy and Spain by "native talent."

The best pictures here, of these schools, are those by Rubens, Vandyke, and Antonio Moro, who was long in Spain. RUBENS, in spite of his want of purity, his occasional Helot sensuality, Flemish forms, worse conceptions, and ill-selected models, has the compensating power of a glowing, rich, and harmonious colour, which shines like a light from within: nor can any one fail to be charmed with bold animal nature, riotous impulses, real life, energy of action, and pulpy delineation of flesh and blood. VANDYKE is the Velazquez of England, with the advantage of better models, both male and female; for he painted the aristocracy of Great Britain, the most manly, finely formed, and beautiful in the world. Again, he had the advantage of painting ladies, whose portraits were not so often taken in Spain, from the then jealous habits of Spaniards. Vandyke is as elegant and satiny as Velazquez is dark and stately. The specimens of Wouvermans are gems of purest art beyond all price. Those by Teniers, Snyders, Breughel, P. Neefs, Both, are very fine, but here again, as in the Italian and Spanish schools, the collection is very imperfect. There is little or nothing of such great masters as Rembrandt, Carl du Jardin, Cuyp, Hobbema, Jan Steen, "mine jolly host," of Vandervelt, Mieris, Backhuisen, Vanderneer, Ostade, Ruisdael, Adrien and William Vandervelde, of Paul Potter, Van Hooghe, Terburg, Metza, Gerard Dow, Paul Brill, &c.

To give any particular description of the wilderness of monkeys by Teniers, of the dogs, game, kitchenware, and dead drunken Dutchmen by Ostade, would be tedious as to count the

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cattle of the Bassans; these subjects, it is true, are intelligible, and therefore delightful, to the meanest capacities; since, where one person comprehends the ideality of Raphael, or the sublimity of M. Angelo, a thousand will relish a true delineation of a flask of beer, and the humour of the boor who drinks it. Again, the item accuracy and conscientious working out of details, are easier understood by your practical men of business and *common* sense, since they make no demand on the imagination; while effects produced by broad masses, indistinct shadowings out, by neglect of accessories, and by appeals to the mind, positively appear, especially where there is no mind, to be dishonest and unworkmanlike, they are caviare to the general. But an appreciation of all this mechanical detail and *bonâ fide* fulfilment of contract is lost on the Spaniard, who is at best a bungling operative, and one who sometimes promises rather than pays or performs.

Commencing with the saloon to the l., observe 1199, 1205, Rubens, Portrait of Archduke Albert and his wife Isabel; the landskips are ascribed to J. Breughel: 1210, D. Teniers (1610–1694), a Rustic Festival: 1213, Rubens, Saturn devouring his own Children; this type of revolutions is too infanticidal to be pleasing: 1216, Rubens, the Combat of the Lapithæ; it is full of muscle, movement, and flesh, horse and human: 1217, F. Snyders (1579–1657), a grand Boar-hunt:* 1220, Rubens, a Holy Family, with St. George; very fine: 1229, C. L. Rubens, Rape of Proserpine; grand: 1230 and 1247, Snyders, Dog subjects: 1233, Vandyke, Portrait of the Painter Richart; 1241, Antonio Moro (1512–1568), a superb Portrait of Catherine, wife of John III. of Portugal: 1242, Vandyke, Portrait of a Cardinal: 1245, C. L., Vandyke, an exquisite Portrait of the Countess of Oxford: 1251, C. L. Rubens, Moses staying the Plague by elevating the Brazen Serpent: 1258, Antonio Moro, full-length Portrait of Doña Juana of Austria; very fine: 1269, 1270, D. Teniers, a Pastoral subject and a Rural Feast: 1272, 1273, Vandyke, Portraits of Henry of Nassau and his wife Amelia: 1274, D. Teniers; the Artist is showing a Picture-Gallery to the Archduke Albert: 1282, Vandyke, Charles I. in Armour and on Horseback: 1285, 1288, two fine Game subjects by Snyders: 1292, C. L., Rubens, Adoration of the Magi; it is said that he added the right portion to this picture when at Madrid, and also introduced his own portrait: 1294, C. L., D. Teniers, *La Graciosa Fregatriz*; this is one of his best specimens; here a stealthy, jealous, ill-favoured, feline old wife watches, like a cat, her truant husband, who is caressing a young and pretty burnisher of saucepans: 1296, D. Teniers, one of his common Temptations of St. Anthony:* 1300, Rubens, the Banquet of Tereus, who, as he well may be, is horrified at seeing the limbs and head of his son served up; nor can the talent of the painter unbrutalise the unpleasing subject: 1305, 1335, P. Neefs, two of his highly-finished church interiors: 1308, T. Porbus (1570–1622), a fine portrait of a lady in black: 1314, Vandyke, ditto, ditto:

* Snyders painted much in Madrid for the M^s. de Leganes, whose collection was inherited and sold by the M^s. de Altamira. *Ronchi*, the administrator, might furnish curious details.

* *San Antonio*, a model of monks, was the first hermit who eschewed the world, its sheets, soaps, and towels, and took to a den of the desert, in which he worked so many miracles, that hundreds turned anchorites; thereupon the devil worried him day and night under the shape of animals great and small. The sole and bosom friend of the recluse was a pig, for "idem velle atque idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia," says Sallust; in vain Satan tempted him with beautiful women, the saint remained true to his first love. In the mediæval ages a boar and a sow of this breed were allowed free quarters in towns, being distinguished by a particular mark, and their produce fetched higher prices than ordinary porkers, from the flavour and orthodoxy of their bacon. San Antonio is still the patron of Spanish pigs, mules, and asses, which are blessed and sprinkled on the 17th of January, his day. The hermit has also befriended artists by furnishing both grand and ludicrous subjects taken from his solitudes, penances, and temptations. See Ribad., i. 178.

There is still in Spain a steady demand for the portrait of this tutelar against temptations of the flesh and the devil. Rude prints of him are hung up in Spanish bed-rooms, like insurance badges, for he also protects houses from fire; at his popular *velada* Spanish lasses pray to him for good sweethearts.

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1320, C. L., Rubens, Mercury and Argos: 1328, 1329, D. Teniers, Monkey Artists: 1330, Rembrandt (1606–1674), Artemisia about to swallow the Ashes of her husband: 1336, Ph. Wouvermans, a Mounted Sportsman refreshing at a Venta, capital: 1338, C. L. Rubens, Cadmus and Minerva: 1339, J. Breughel, a large rustic festival, at which the Archduke Albert and his wife are present; a good specimen: 1344, J. Both, a fine Sunset in a rocky scene, with cowherds: 1345, Rubens, Portrait of Mary of Medicis: 1350, C. L., Rubens, Equestrian Portrait of Ferdinand of Austria; how inferior to Velazquez: 1354, Both, the Passage of the Mountain, fine: 1358, C. L. Rubens, Portrait of a Princess in black costume: 1361, another large Breughel, allegorical figures of Art and Science in a rich gallery: 1373, Rubens, a fine and agreeable picture of a dancing, peasant group: 1374, 1375, P. Neefs, fine church interiors; the figures are ascribed to Franck: 1376, Antonio Moro, superb Portrait of Doña Maria, Infante of Portugal: 1377, Wouvermans, an exquisite hunting scene with ladies and gentlemen on horseback: 1378, Snyders: 1380, D. Teniers, a Rustic Dance: 1382, Antonio Moro, fine Portrait of a Lady: 1383, Wouvermans, a Sporting Party crossing a River; a perfect gem.

Passing now into the saloon to the r., 1392, Vandyke, a fine portrait of an armed knight with red scarf: 1393, ditto, a Musician, and fine: 1394, ditto, a Cavalier in black satin, slashed, and very fine: 1400, C. L. Rubens, Philip II. on Horseback, very feebly conceived and drawn, both as regards man and beast; the rider's head is too big, and his seat very awkward: 1401, Van-Eyk (1370–1448), Henry Werlis (for whom this was painted in 1438) Kneeling in his Cell; a curious early picture: 1402, J. Breughel, another of his allegorical pictures like 1361: 1405, Snyders, a fine Lion in a net: 1407, Vandyke, portraits of himself and the Earl of Bristol, so long minister of Charles I. at Madrid; fine and interesting: 1410, J. Ruisdael (1640–1681), a small wooded scene: 1418, 1419, P. Neefs, a small pair of church interiors: 1422, 1423, J. Breughel, a large pair of landscapes, with a marketing and junketing: 1425, and the series by D. Teniers, eleven small subjects taken from Tasso, and not over-poetically treated: 1440, Ruisdael, a wooded scene with a lake and ferry: 1442, Rubens, St. George delivering the Damsel from the Dragon: 1443, 1444, J. Breughel, two large Rustic Festivals: 1446, Antonio Moro, a superb portrait of our bloody Queen Mary, which has been well engraved by Vasquez, C. N. The careless *Cataloguers*, no great readers of history, long called this, although the wife of their own Philip II., the portrait of an *unknown* person, and yet Antonio had been sent to England by Charles V. previously to the marriage, to paint this very picture: 1447, Vandyke, Portrait of Liberti, an organist of Antwerp: 1448, D. Teniers, a good Rustic Merry-making: 1449, Rubens, Ulysses discovers Achilles by his grasping a sword: 1451, C. L., D. Teniers, another Temptation of St. Anthony: 1457, Both, a mountain and woody scene: 1461, Rubens, Jeremiah in his Cave: 1463, T. Wouvermans, a Party passing a River, a pure gem: 1465, Rubens, Silenus: 1467, T. Wouvermans, Repose after Chase, with horses drinking, a first-rate picture: 1470, C. L., Both, a fine landscape with hermits: 1474, a grand subject of Ceres and Pan, painted by Rubens and Snyders: 1487, J. Breughel, Ladies Gardening: 1488, D. Teniers, Hermits; both these are on a large scale: 1501, D. Teniers, Gipsies, telling an old Man his fortune: 1507, Rubens, Mercury; by whom also are the series of Apostles from 1509 to 1514, and from 1531 to 1536, and how tired we get of them: much finer, indeed, is 1515, C. L., his splendid Portrait of Thomas More: 1528, Rubens, Atalanta and Meleager: 1546, C. L., Vandyke, a fine Pietà: 1551, G. Metzu: 1556, Rubens, Archimedes: 1573, P. Wouvermans, a Departure from an Inn, most beautiful: 1575, C. L., Rubens, Rudolph of Hapsburg places on his Horse a Priest who is bearing the

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Host: 1576, C. L., Rubens, a very fine picture, of gallants and their ladies, a chef-d'œuvre: 1578, Rubens, Vulcan: 1587, ditto, Ganymede: 1588, ditto, Rape of Europa, said to have been copied from Titian by Rubens for our Charles I.; the two masters will bear no comparison except in their exuberance of works, for how coarse, physical, and sensual is the Fleming, compared to the elegant, intellectual voluptuousness of the great Venetian: 1591, Snyders, a good picture of Quarrelsome Fowls: 1598, M. Coxcis, the Death of the Virgin; this was brought from Santa Gudula of Bruxelles by Philip II.: 1599, Castle of Emmaus, ascribed by some to Rubens: 1602, a large landscape by Monper, figures by J. Breughel: 1607, C. L., Vandyke, the Treachery of Judas: 1610, C. L., Wouvermans, a charming halt of ladies and gentlemen at a country inn, first rate: 1615, D. Teniers.

Now descend to the new Flemish saloons on the ground-floor. The *bajada* is hung with second-rate miscellaneous pictures. 1620, L. Giordano, a feeble imitation of the Murillo urchins at play and quarrel: 1623, P. de Cortona, Gladiators, large in size and small in merit; this master, born at the end of real art, was the anticipation of the Mengs and West school; 1625, V. Carducci, a huge head of diminutive intelligence; indeed, here size of pictures seems to have been selected in opposition to quality, *e. g.* 1636. Virtues, &c., by San Bourdon, and 1641, a tremendous, Beheading of St. John, with portraits of the period of Philip III.; to say nothing of 1642, a Noah's Ark, by Rosa de Tivoli: 1646 and 1647 are more interesting, as being portraits of Isabella and Ferdinand, copied from Antonio Rincon.

Leaving these acres of painted canvas, we arrive at the new Flemish saloons, where observe, 1654, Rubens, Perseus delivering Andromeda. The armour is finely painted, but the lady is Flemish, flabby, and knock-kneed. 1662, Rubens, Ceres and Pomona: 1666, Rubens, Adam and Eve, finely painted from Titian for our Charles I.: 1670, Flora, a joint work of Rubens and J. Breughel: 1679, 1683, Both, Views of Tivoli: 1681, Rubens, Nymphs surprised by Satyrs, superb: 1685, Vandyke, Diana and Endymion, treated with more elegance than his master: 1686, Rubens, Nymphs and Satyrs, a magnificent picture, and one, like 1681, of those subjects in which he loved to revel, and which none ever painted better: 1689, C. L., Rubens, Orpheus and Eurydice: 1696, C. L., Rubens, the Milky Way, Juno in her Peacock-drawn Car suckling Hercules, which may be compared with No. 220, the Virgin giving her milk to a burly monk: 1699, a fine Portrait of a Knight of Santiago: 1704, Rubens, Judgment of Paris, sprawling, flabby, and inelegant: 1710, C. L., Rubens, the Graces, finely painted: 1714, 1717, 1719, all by Antonio Moro, and fine female portraits: 1716, Rubens, Diana and Calisto, superb colour: 1720, C. L., Rubens, Fortune gliding over the Waters: 1721, Vandyke, St. Francis in Ecstacy, fine: 1727, Rubens, the Infant Saviour with St. John: 1729, Snyders, Dead Game on a Kitchen Table: 1739, Synders, a Goat suckling a Young Wolf: 1743, 1746, two large Landskips, J. Breughel: 1745, 1753, Synders, Fruit, Live Animals, and Dead Game: 1767, Both, a fine Sunset in a Mountain Scene, St. James baptizes the Eunuch: 1768, Porbus, Portrait of Mary of Medicis: 1772, Vandyke, Portrait of the Marquesa de Leganés: 1774, Both, a Sunrise, with Cowherds: 1778, Both, Garden at Frascati: 1782, Both, Rocky Scene, with Santa Rosalia of Palermo: 1784, the Companion with San Bruno: 1786, ditto with San Francisco, figures by P. de Laar: 1788, Swanevelt, 1620-1690, landskip, St. Paul Preaching: 1792, Antonio Moro, full-length portrait of Maria, wife of Maximilian II.: 1803, ditto, Portrait of that Emperor when young: 1793, Swanevelt, a Sunset: 1794, Antonio Moro, a fine portrait of one of the Daughters of Charles V.: 1799, Swanevelt, a fine Sunset: 1804 Antonio Moro, Portrait of a Lady, richly dressed: 1826, Porbus, Portrait of a

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Young Lady: 1827, Both, Landskip, with Cascade and Fishermen, figures by J. Miel.

La galeria reservada in its primitive state was a sort of penitentiary, into which were banished all peccant pictures, whose nudities might corrupt the purity of Madrid; here Italian and Flemish Ledas and Danaës blushed unseen by the general eye. All were lumped together, like the naughty epigrams of Martial when collected into one appendix in well-intentioned editions: not that in this harem there was much really offensive, or what in colder climates, and among a less prudish and inflammable people, would have been hidden from public gaze. Again, nudity in art is offensive rather in disposition and intention, than in mere exhibition; thus the nakedness of Milton's Eve causes no shame. All these peccant pictures consigned to the shades below were the works of foreigners; for, under the censure of the Inquisition, in Spain art took the veil and sculpture the cowl, content to dwell in decencies for ever. Thus, while much up-stairs was all drapery, more below was all flesh, colour, and sex, gods and goddesses without stays or boddices; here were selected the poetical, voluptuous dreams of mythology, instead of the ascetic legends of vulgar monks and cruel familiars. Several of these paintings, especially those by Rubens, were first emancipated after Ferdinand's death, when freedom—auspice Christina—was the order of the day; and, indeed, many of the flabby females of Rubens, like drunken Helots, were better calculated to inspire disgust than passion; and recently the whole happy family has been still more broken up. Observe 53, Titian, Woman on Couch, with a Youth playing an Organ: 58, Titian, a Female amusing herself with a Dog; the flesh is wonderfully painted: 51, Titian, Danaë, a sketch, but a perfect gem, and when seen from a certain distance it is living flesh: Susanna and the Elders, Tintoretto: some copies from Correggio: Leda and the Swan.

It is contemplated to form a gallery or an attic of portraits to be added to the *Museo*.

The lover of cinquecento goldsmith-work should by all means inquire for the superb collection of above a hundred cups, tazzas, and exquisite jewelled plate, by the Cellinis, D'Arphes, Beceriles, &c., which have recently been removed to the *Museo* by the laudable exertions of Vicente Carderera; thus they were rescued from the shameful neglect in which they were long abandoned in the academy of San Fernando, just in the disorder and damaged condition as they were left by French ravagers: among them observe particularly a mermaid with emerald tail, rising out of gold studded with rubies, by Cellini; and a cup supported by a female.

The gallery of sculpture is placed down stairs, and is very inferior, for Spain never possessed much good antique or modern marble sculpture. Here, again, everything is incomplete, and is the work of accident rather than design. There are no specimens of the Berruguetes, Celmas, D'Arphes, &c., the pupils, contemporaries, and rivals of the M. Angelos, Jean de Bolognas, and Cellinis of Italy, nor any of other illustrious Spaniards who breathed immortal life into marble, bronze, iron, and silver; there are none of the carved images, *pasos*, either of *barro*, terracotta, or of wooden painted sculpture, in which Spain stands alone and unrivalled; there is no sample of that phalanx of mighty men, Alonso Cano, Montañes, Juni, Hernandez, Becerra, Forment, &c. In truth, their great names and works are scarcely more unknown at Madrid than in London; they belong to other provinces and must be sought for in their native localities.

The best of what antique sculpture is here once belonged to Christina of Sweden, not Naples, and was removed from San Ildefonso. Some of the cinquecento bronzes and antique heads are good, but in general the restorations are numerous and bad. Observe a small marble Flora with modern head; a bronze cast of the Hermaphrodite, and some fine

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pietre dure tables; the two seated statues of Charles IV. and his wife Luisa are symbolic of imbecility coupled with vice; a Castor and Pollux, delicately designed; Isabella, wife of Charles V., in elaborate costume,—it looks like an iron statue; a Grecian colossal head, full of manly beauty,—the original bronze must have been at least 12 feet high; a fine bronze of Charles V. in rich cinquecento taste; an alabaster bust of Philip II.; a good female torso, apparently a muse: a bronze head of an Antinous; Alexander, dying; a Meleager, the torso is antique; a Mercury; a Cupid. But the grand objects of Madrilenian admiration are the works of Señores Sala and Alvarez, especially two figures in boots and pantaloons, called *El grupo de Zaragoza*: this heroic affair appeals to national glory; and Alvarez, 1768–1826, is popular more from patriotical than artistical reasons, he having refused to make a bust of Buonaparte.

A new and central Museum, opened by Espartero, on the anniversary of the *Dos de Mayo*, 1842, in the Calle de Atocha, is called *Museo de la Trinidad*, because established in the suppressed convent of that name. A grand saloon is formed, or is forming, in the church by inserting a floor about halfway up the pilasters, and converting the lateral chapels into rooms for smaller pictures: underneath is to be a drawing academy for evening instruction. The edifice was designed, it is said, by Philip II. himself, and built by Gaspar Ordoñez; it was desecrated by the French, who placed here the library of the Escorial. This Museo has long been in a state of transition, as many alterations and additions are contemplated, but funds—as usual—are wanting. Here have been got together from the convents and galleries of Don Carlos and the Infante Sebastian, some 1500 pictures, good and bad: there is no printed catalogue.

Among the best things, of which it is impossible to give a regular account, as nothing is in order, and changes constantly are taking place, observe the series of pictures representing the life of St. Bruno, and the sufferings of Carthusian monks, when persecuted by our Henry VIII.; these were painted for the convent of El Paular by Carducho (the author of the Dialogos, 1633). The Miracle of Manna, by Herrera el Viejo; a fine portrait of a *Letrado* with Spectacles, and a *Concepcion*, by Spagnoletto; a Descent from the Cross, by D. Volterra; Misers, by Q. Matzis; some *Caprichos*, by Goya: a portrait of Melendez, by himself; the Abbot Socinas, administering the Sacrament to Santa Maria Egypciaca, who lived 47 years alone and naked in the Desert (see Ribad. i. 557); this was painted by Francisco Camillo (obt. 1671) for the Capuchin convent of Alcalá de Henares, and is considered his best work. San Bernardo kneeling before the Virgin, Alonso Cano; Charles II., by Careño; a copy of the Transfiguration, by Julio Romano, from the Escorial: a fine picture, by Penni il Fattore; Woman taken in Adultery, by Titian; Samson and the Lion; portrait of Archdeacon Albert, Rubens. Observe particularly *el Jubileo de la Porciuncula*, a large picture, which *once* was by Murillo; as its history may be useful to those about to purchase "*undoubted originals*" in Spain. In former times it belonged to the *Capuchinos* at Seville, whose ignorant monks exchanged it with one Bejarano, a bungling picture-restorer, for some modern daubs to fill their cloisters. Although much injured from exposure to sun and air, the surface was then pure; Bejarano began by painting it all over, and then offered it to Mr. Williams for £120, who declined it: at last it was purchased on speculation for £180, by our informant Joaquin Cortes (director of the Seville Academy) for Madrazo (director of Madrid ditto), who, having worked much on it himself, ultimately handed it over to Señor Bueno, one of the most daring of his familiars. Finally 2000*l.* was asked for the picture—pure, as the *Catalogo* will some day assert, as when it came from the easel of Murillo—which eventually was bought by the Infante Don Sebastian for 900*l.* In the days of Godoy, a painter was put in prison for palm-

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ing off on him a pseudo and touched-up Raffaelle. All these facts, *and many others* were told us by Señor Cortes.

This *Porciuncula*, which no Franciscan convent in Spain was without, referred to a sanctum sanctorum in which their grand jubilee was held every 1st of August, when all penitents who visited this temporary cave arranged in the chapel obtained absolution from all sins; the jubilee called "*toties quoties*" arose thus: St. Francis, the founder, retired in 1206 to the wildest retreats of the Apennine range, to the Monte Alverno, about five miles from Assisi, "nel crudo sasso infra Tever ed Arno;" he there repaired a small deserted church, Santa Maria degli Angioli, called also *la Porciuncula*, because a *portion* of some property of some Benedictines. There he founded his order, which soon got rich by their vows of *poverty*, the bride—not popular in these days—to which St. Francis was mystically married; there he received the stigmata, while meditating on the Saviour's passion; there he died, the rocks being cleft asunder at his death: from the favours he there received from the Virgin the spot became the holy of holies: the scene, as generally treated in paintings, represents his scourging himself with thorns. He was on that occasion visited by the Virgin and Saviour, who brought him red and white roses, which bloomed from his rods; they granted such an immunity to the spot, "that if a man had killed all the other men in the world, by only entering this grotto he would come out as pure as a newly-baptized infant:" hence this grotto was soon prodigiously frequented; whereupon the Spanish Franciscans induced the Pontiff to concede to each of their convents its imaginary cave, in which the same benefits could be obtained by all who first offered pious donations without going to Italy. Accordingly the Spaniards, in their grotto chapel, explained this profitable legend by a painting to those who could see but not read.

Inquire in this Museo for a curious old German picture of a contest between a Pope and Jewish high-priest, with coins and money miraculously flying out of a fountain, with architecture, and angels playing on musical instruments, &c.; notice also a fine Christ before the high-priest, by Gerardo della Notte: a portrait of Ferdinand III., by Murillo: a Dead Christ, by Pereda. There are also several good specimens of the Rizi, father and sons, especially of Francesco, who, like Luca Giordano, was one of those who gave the last blow to decaying art. Observe the paintings by Pantoja de la Cruz. The series of pictures of the life and passion of our Saviour were painted in 1550 by D. Correa, an excellent but little known artist, for the Bernardine monks of San Martin de Valdeiglesias; his works deserve particular notice. Correa is conjectured to have studied in Florence.

Among other precious things rescued from the infuriate mob are the carvings by Raffael de Leon, wrought in 1561-71, for the aforesaid Bernardines. This *silleria del coro*, with much other carving from San Felipe el Real and other suppressed convents, is or was stowed away in the magazines of the new university, which is being arranged in what was the Noviciate of Jesuits, in an admirable situation on an eminence above the palace. The sculpture, meanwhile, is seen to great disadvantage; the subjects are the mysteries of the Passion, &c., which are carved in low-relief; the ornaments are the usual cinquecento mixture of the Christian and Pagan. The cariatides are in excellent taste. Remember to inquire particularly for the admirable statue of San Bruno by Manuel Pereyra (obt. 1667), which used to stand in the niche over the *Hospederia de los Cartujos* in the Calle de Alcalá. It is absolutely a monk petrified: his equally fine *San Martin* was knocked to pieces by the French.

The private collections of Madrid are not of great importance; for fifty years they have been plundered and broken up without mercy or conscience. Among the largest and best is that of Director Madrazo: see the details in Madoz (x. 859), who informs us that

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they were all obtained from descendants of grandees, and *son todos originales* —caveat emptor. The *Duque de Osuna* (Vistillas, 17) has preserved many hereditary pictures, which, to his credit, he is having properly taken care of. The *Remisa* collection, 13, Calle de Salud, is of recent date. The archæologist should not fail to visit *Don Vicente Carderera*, Puerte de las Cortes, 7; this learned and industrious antiquarian has formed a remarkable assemblage of drawings of curious architectural and sepulchral objects, and other brands rescued from the burning of churches and sequestration of convents.

Recommencing our walk at the old *Museo*, and continuing up the *Prado*, just beyond the *Museo* to the l. is the *Jardin Botanico*, which is fenced in by a fine iron railing; it was first founded in 1755 by Ferdinand VI., and was removed from the Prado to its present site in 1781, by the Conde Florida Blanca. The Linnæan system was adopted, and the plants were scientifically arranged and classified by Cavanilles, under whom, when full of curious specimens, it was an oasis of Flora in the desert of the Castiles. The invaders converted this Eden into a wilderness, uprooting plant and shrub; but when the Duke expelled the destroyers, the face of the earth was renewed, and Art and Nature revived. Placed under the management of Mr. Williams, an Englishman, it was a spot of recreation and instruction, but now-a-days, like other *cosas de España*, the whole is in a bankrupt condition, with hothouses falling to decay, and no funds for repairs.

During a fire that happened some time back at the menagerie in the Retiro, two boa-constrictors made their escape, and took up their quarters in this garden, where they remained till last year, when Mr. Williams shot one, 22 feet long. The Valencians (who considered it a dainty) obtained in a few moments, with their knives, upwards of 20 lbs. of meat from this monster. One of the old ones still remains, and there are several young ones, remnants, no doubt, of the numerous broods of which the winter has destroyed the greater part. They feed on the rabbits and on any unfortunate cat or dog who unwittingly stray in to study botany.

Advancing to the Atocha gate, on the eminence San Blas, the view over Madrid is good; here is the *Campo Santo* or cemetery, and *El Observatorio Astronomico*. The brick and granite edifice with dome and porticos was built for Charles III. by Juan Villanueva. To the S. is a Corinthian vestibule. The observatory is designed to imitate an Ionic temple. This building of science was entirely gutted by the invaders, who here mounted cannon instead of telescopes. According to their Brillat Savarin, that mortal who discovers a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than he who discovers a new star, for we have enough of them already; this gastronomic aphorism Murat, who had been a waiter in a restaurant, understood and acted upon. Ferdinand VII. only partially restored the ravages. The thing remains most incomplete and unscientific; but most Spaniards want money and time to attend to the stars, and look more after jobs than planets. Under the hill is the convent of *Atocha*, founded in 1523 for Dominicans, by Hurtado de Mendoza, confessor to Charles V. It was enriched by a succession of pious princes, and mostly in a period of vilest taste. The ceilings were painted by L. Giordano, and the chapels were filled with vessels of gold and silver. These were desecrated and pillaged by the invaders; Ferdinand VII., on his return, employed one Isidro Velazquez (neither a saint nor an artist) to rebuild it.

In the chapel is the celebrated image of the Virgin, the patroness of Madrid, and especial protectress of the royal family, who always worship it here every Saturday. Thus Ferdinand VII., when he conspired against his parents, first bowed down before it and craved assistance. Again, when he was kidnapped by Savary, before starting for Bayonne he took the ribbon of the Immaculate Conception off his breast and hung it

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on hers. Again, after his restoration, the first thing he did on reaching Madrid was to kneel before the image, and thank it for having interfered and delivered him. So his ancestor Alonso VI., in 1083, on the first reconquest of Madrid, laid his banner at her feet. Here the royal family is married, and, when a queen is in the case, her wedding-dress becomes a perquisite of this Virgin, as was observed in the case of Isabel II., when she was married *after* and therefore not at the *same time* as her sister, "pas en même temps," as M. Guizot would say: but he, posterity will say, did at *the same time* thereby lose a character to himself and a throne to his master. Ferdinand has been laughed at by those who know nothing of Spain and Spaniards for having, during his captivity in France, embroidered for her a petticoat (which he did not do, although his uncle Antonio did). Considering the popular traditions and belief, he could not have done a more politic act, or one which would come more home to the feelings of the masses of the Mariolatrous Madrilenians, who honoured a king the counterpart of themselves. So before this local tutelar his widow Christina bowed, March 23, 1844, previously to entering Madrid, after her return to Spain; not so, however, at Barcelona, where she prayed before S^a^ Eulalia, the patroness of that locality. This Virgin is the royal mistress of the robes, and the queen always gives her the dress she wears at the feast of the Epiphany. Isabel II. was on her way to this shrine when she was stabbed by Merino; the dress, with the dagger breach in it, went to swell the wardrobe of the protecting image.

This Virgin ranks as third in holiness of the many in Spain, and is only preceded by those of Zaragoza and Guadalupe. Volumes have been written on it and its miracles; consult, besides the sonnets of Lope de Vega, '*La Patrona de Madrid*,' Francisco de Pereda, Duo Valladolid, 1604; '*Historia de la Santa Imagen*,' Juan de Marieta, Mad. 1604; Ditto, Juan Hurtado Mendoza, 8vo. Mad. 1604; '*Origen y Antiguedad*,' Jeronimo de Quintana, 4to. Mad. 1637.

Some Spanish prelates contend that this image was graven at Ephesus, A.D. 470, during the Nestorian dispute, and was inscribed *θεοτοκος*, unde *Atocha*. According to Villafane, it was either carved or, at least, varnished by St. Luke, and certainly was taken by Gregory the Great from Antioch, unde *Atocha*. Others are positive that St. Peter brought it with him to Spain, and that it was here in the time of the Goths, having been visited by San Ildefonso; again when the Moors invaded the Castiles, one Garcia Ramirez concealed it so well that he could not find it again: whereupon the image revealed itself in some *Ballico* or ryegrass; or, according to others, in some *Atocha* or bass-weed, whence the name; but see, on these disputed questions, Villafane, '*Imagenes Aparecidas*,' p. 126.

Ramirez built a hermitage on the spot, and the Moors who endeavoured to prevent him were struck blind. Villafane devotes thirty-three pages to its miracles. It expelled a devil from a boy named Blas, p. 97 (? Gil); gave speech to a dumb beggar, who then distinctly said "*De me un cuarto*" (p. 102); it raised a cobbler's son from the dead (p. 103); it stopped a mason mid-air, who was falling from a roof (p. 111, &c.), but this was a very common miracle in Spain in those times (see Valencia, p. 379), as naturally would be the case, since while convents were being erected on every side, such accidents must constantly happen. The image is very black and old, but the petticoat is brilliant and new; above the heavy altar are hung banners of Spanish victories; while all around is a rag fair, from the clothes, crutches, and the votive tablets offered, as among the Pagans, by the cured sick for her miraculous intervention.

The other remarkable *Pasos* and images at Madrid—not that they are fine—are the *Santo Cristo de la Lluvia*, kept in San Pedro, on its plaza; the *Santo Cristo de la Fé*, in San Sebastian, Calle Atocha; the *Santo Cristo de las Injurias*,

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in San Millan, Plazuela de la Cebada; the other *Pasos* or holy images brought out at Easter in the streets, are kept in San Juan de Dios, Plaza de Anton Martin. Other *Pasos* are *Nuestro Señor de los Azotes*, by Pedro Hermoso; *Nuestro Señor en el Sepulcro*; *La Soledad*, by Becerra; and *Santo Tomas*, by Miguel Ribiales. The *Cofradias* or holy confraternities instituted in honour of the Virgin, and in order to light candles to the Host, &c., are infinite.

Outside the *Atocha* gate is the station of the rail to *Aranjuez*, and which is to be carried on to Valencia and Alicante. The line to *Aranjuez*—about 8 L.—begun in 1846, passes by *Pinto*, and a branch is to be carried to Toledo from *Villa Seguilla*: the line was inaugurated, Feb. 9, 1851, the heretical engines being first blessed by the Archbishop of Toledo.

Continuing our circuit of the city to the r., at the corner of the Calle de Atocha, is the huge hospital called *El General*, founded in 1582 by Philip II., and removed here in 1748 by Ferdinand VI. Adjoining is *El Colegio de San Carlos*, founded in 1783 by Charles III. as a college of surgeons. It has an anatomical museum, and some wax preparations chiefly relating to the obstetric art.

Spanish hospitals, long most deficient in improved medical appliances, have recently been much improved; but the sanative science does not progress in proportion to the destructive, for the *puñales* of Albacete are generally more effective than the scalpels; but at no period were native Spaniards careful of their own lives, and much less of those of others, being a people of untender bowels. Familiarity with pain deadens the finer feelings of those employed even in our hospitals, for those who live by the dead have only an undertaker's sympathy for the living, and are as dull to the poetry of innocent health as Mr. Giblet's man is to a sportive house-fed lamb. Matters progress slowly in Spain, where the wounds, blood, and death of the pastime bull-fight, the *muera* mob-cries, and *pasarle por las armas*, the Draco and Durango decrees, and practices of all in power, have long educated all sexes to indifference to blood, and the fatal knife-stab, or surgeons's cut, as *Cosas de España* and things of course.

However, by way of compensation, the saving the *soul** has been made just as primary a consideration in Spain as the curing the *body* has been in England. Here charms and amulets represented our patent medicines; and the wonder is how any one in Great Britain can be condemned to death in this world, or how any one in the Peninsula can be doomed to perdition in the next; possibly the panaceas are in neither case quite specific. Be that as it may, how numerous and well appointed were the churches and convents here compared to the hospitals, how amply provided the *Relicarios* compared to the *Boticas* and anatomical museums! again, what a flock of holy practitioners came forth *after* a *Castellano rancio* had been stabbed, starved, or executed, not one of whom would have stirred a step for any number of his countrymen when alive; and what coppers are not now collected to pay masses to get his soul out of purgatory!

Although a change for the better is coming over these things, beware, nevertheless, gentle Protestant reader, of dying in Spain, where there is hardly snug lying for heretics; and for your life avoid being even sick at Madrid, since if once handed over to the *Cirujanos latinos*, or to the *Cirujanos romancistas*, make thy last testament forthwith, as, if the judgment passed on their own doctors by Spaniards be true, Esculapius cannot save thee from the crows. This low state of medicine has, however, this good effect, that it makes all prudent invalids shun the faculty, and consequently many are rescued by the vis medicatrix Naturæ. Pass, therefore, my dear countrymen, through the Peninsula without making the acquaintance of a single medical man,

* The preamble of the law (*Recop.*, lib. iii., tit. xvi., ley 3) expressly states that "the chief object in cases of sickness is to cure the soul," and every physician who fails after his first visit to prescribe confession is liable to a fine of 10,000 maravedis.

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which is not likely if health be attended to, for in this land of anomalies the soldier who sabres takes the highest rank, and he who cures, the lowest; here the M.D.s whom the infallible Pope consults and the autocrat king obeys, are admitted only into the *sick* rooms of good company, which, when well, shuts on them the door of their saloons; but the excluded take their revenge on those who morally cut them, and Madrid is indeed *la Corte de la Muerte*, the court of death and *Pulmonia*. The '*Descripcion*' of the Escorial by Bermejo (p. 153) furnishes the surest evidence of this, in the premature decease of royalty, which may be expected to have the best advice and aid, both medical and theologico-therapeutical, that the capital can afford; but brief is the royal span, especially in the case of females and *infantes*, and the *result* is undeniable in these statistics of death; the cause lies between the climate and the doctor, who, as they aid the other, may fairly be left to settle the question of relative excellence between each other: according to the proverb, their mere feeling the patient's pulse gives a hint to prepare a gravestone—*Tomar el pulso, es pronosticar la loza.*

In Spain, as in the East, all who kill, soldiers excepted, are of low caste, the butcher torero and public executioner for example; the medical man is shunned, not only on this account, and because dangerous, like a rattlesnake, but from prejudices which the church, that abhors blood-shedding and dissection, has always encouraged against a rival profession, which, if well received, might come in for some share of the legacies and power-conferring secrets, obtained easily at death-beds when mind and body are deprived of strength. Thus the universities, governed by ecclesiastics, persuaded the poor bigot Philip III. to pass a law ('*Recop.*' lib. iii. tit. xvi. ley 9) prohibiting the study of any new system of medicine, and *requiring* Galen, Hippocrates, and Avicena; they scouted the exact sciences and experimental philosophy, which, said they, made every medical man a Tiberius "circa Deos ac religiones negligentior quippe addictus mathematicæ" (Suet. in Vit. 69); and so they scared the timid Ferdinand VII. in 1830, by telling him that the schools of medicine created materialists, heretics, and revolutionists; thereupon the beloved monarch shut up the lecture-rooms forthwith. This low social position is very classical: the physicians of Rome, chiefly *liberti*, were only made citizens by Cæsar, who wished to *conciliate* these ministers of the Parcæ when the capital was wanting in population after extreme emigrations (Suet. in Vit. 42): an act which may cut two ways; thus Adrian VI. (tutor to the Spanish Charles V.) approved of there being 500 physicians in the eternal city, because otherwise "the *multitude* of living beings would eat each other up." However, when his turn came to be diminished, the grateful people serenaded his surgeon as the "deliverer of the country."

In our days there was only one medical man admitted by the *sangre su* of Seville, when in rude and anti-phlebotomical health; and every stranger was informed apologetically by the noble amphitryons that the M.D. was *de casa conocida*, or born of a good family; thus his social introduction was owing to personal, not professional qualifications. And while adventurers of every kind are betitled, the most prodigal dispenser of Spanish honours never dreams of making his doctor even a *titulado*, a rank hovering between Lords and Commons; this aristocratical ban confined doctors much to each other's society, which was neither unpleasant nor dangerous, as they never take each other's physic, for *entre lobos no se come*. At Seville the medical *tertulia* was held at *Campelos*, *Calle de San Pablo*, and a sable *junta* or consultation it was of birds of bad omen, who croaked over the general health with which the city was afflicted, praying, like Sangrado in 'Gil Blas,' that by the blessing of Providence much sickness might speedily ensue. The crowded or deserted state of this rookery was the surest evidence of the hygeian condi-

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tion of the fair capital of Bætica, and one which we have often anxiously inspected; for whatever be the pleasantries of those in merry health, when sickness brings in the doctor all joking is at an end; then he is made much of even in Spain, from a choice of evils, and for fear of the confessor and undertaker. Spanish doctors are generally well dressed, partly to raise a despised profession, partly to avoid causing sombre impressions on the patient. Galen counsels this cheerful exterior: a cadaverous look and undertaker-pantaloons are the harbingers of blue-devils and death. For further medical details see our '*Gatherings*,' chap. xvii.

Turning S. towards the gate *de los Embajadores*, we enter some bald Champs Elysées-like avenues, modestly called *Las Delicias*. Here is the *Casino* which the Madrid municipality in former days of unblushing jobbing gave to Isabel *La Portuguesa*, the second and best wife of Ferdinand VII. It is a pretty plaything, with pleasant gardens, hothouses, conservatories, statues, and a sort of Trianon, once nicely fitted up; the ceilings of the best rooms are painted by Vicente Lopez. This Casino is sometimes called *Las Vacas*, "the Cows," from her majesty's dairy here.

Three avenues now branch off from the circular plantation above the Casino: the two W. lead to the Manzanares, the Thames of Madrid, and termed by euphuists *Visconde de Rios y Duque de Arroyos;* but the Madrilenian cockneys are called *Ballenatos, hijos de Ballena*, because they took an albarda or pack-saddle floating down their noble river for a whale; in reality the paltry streamlet, although scarcely furnishing water for the washerwomen, has also fed the dry humour of Spanish wags and satirists from Quevedo, Gongora, and downwards for some centuries. It is entitled a river by courtesy, because it has bridges —superfluous luxuries—which many real simple streams in Spain have not. The dilemma here has been whether to sell a bridge or buy water; but in this land of anomalies, rivers often want water and bridges, while bridges want water and rivers. These enormous *Puentes*, about which there is no mistake, are (as at Valencia) not quite pontes asinorum, since they serve as viaducts across the dip, and sometimes the rain torrents descend from the Guadarrama in such a body, that even their gigantic piers are threatened by the inundations; however, the deluge soon passes away, spent in its own fury; and whenever it rains, the stranger should run quickly down to see the river before it is gone. In summer the rivulet is scarcely so wide as its name is long, and they say the bed was once *watered* when Ferd. VII. passed it, to prevent his being annoyed by the dust. The dry-shod foot-passenger during the dog days almost crosses without knowing it, as in Lucan (ix. 974):—

"Inscius in sicco serpentem pulvere rivum
Transierat, qui Xanthus erat."

Gongora, besides sundry profane and scurvy jests, likened this river-god, whose urn is so often dry, to the rich man in flames calling for one drop of water. Tirso de Molina's epigram compares it to the *long vocations* in summer of universities:—

"*Como Alcalá y Salamanca,*
Teneis y no sois Colegio,
Vacaciones en Verano
Y curso solo en Invierno."

The water of this anatomy, which has the form of a river without the circulation, is enticed into holes by naiads, to whom are committed the shirts and shifts, *Los paños menores* of Madrid; quos et venti subeunt et auræ. The lavation, especially under the royal palace by the tree-fringed banks, is garrulous and picturesque, for brightly do the parti-coloured garments glitter in the sun. There are also some baths, in which the *Madrileños* in summer cool their parched bodies.

The Manzanares rises about 7 L. from Madrid, and enters the Jarama near *Vacia Madrid*. Down stream E. is the unfinished Canal, projected in 1668 to connect Madrid with the

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Tagus, which was begun, as usual, eagerly, and, as usual, soon neglected, and only 2 L. are finished. The stagnant waters are a reservoir of fever; thus becoming a curse, not a benefit, and adding to the insalubrity of sickly Madrid: there are a few buildings, and also a chapel for pious bargemen who bring lime to the capital, but wash their own bodies less than the Romans and Horace did at the temple of Feronia of the Pomptine canal. Here on Ash Wednesday the carnival is closed by the burial of a *Sardiña*; although this picturesque nationality and irreverent caricature of a religious ceremony is voted just now to be uncivilized; but it is not to be put down: the people, in the fun of picnics, are not scandalised by the mock funeral of a poor fish.

There are four bridges over the Manzanares: one of wood at the extreme E. end crosses over to the hermitage of *San Isidro del Campo*. The grand pilgrimage and festival of this revered rustic, this male patron of Madrid takes place on May 15, and is a truly national scene; here may be studied most of the costumes, songs, and dances of the provinces, as the natives settled at Madrid congregate in parties with true local spirit, each preserving their own peculiarities. Booths are erected, and eating-houses in which the *Gaita Gallega* resounds with the *Guitarra Andaluza;* vast numbers of the saints' small pig-bells made of clay are sold, as they avert lightning when well rung; this fair is to the Madrilenian what Greenwich is, on Easter Monday, to the Cockney; the holy ceremony, tis true, has degenerated into a junket or a tomfoolery and St. Bartholomew fair, but most classes refer to it with pleasure in recollection of their sweet days of youth, fun, and frolic. N.B. Do not omit going there on the *Vispera* or the afternoon of the 14th. By these and other melodrames given gratis, in a poor land where amusements are rare, the church maintained its popularity: labour was gladdened by a holiday, which, while it refreshed the body, combined religious consolation for the soul: but Christianity was thereby dwarfed into a superstition and Paganism was virtually revived, for it might be the festival of Bacchus or of Venus; but the stock in trade of the old firm was soon taken by the early Popes, and by these pilgrimages of piety and fun, the infallible Vatican rendered acts of devotion sources of enjoyment to its believers; and their flocks, wedded to festivals which suited themselves and their climate, will long prefer them to the dreary Sundays of our purer Protestantism, which has no machinery for canonizing white-bait; nay, our Parliament contemplates the prohibition of the profane use of these fishes on the Sabbath.

San Isidro is a very different saint from San Isidoro. The former (like St. Cuthbert, the tutelar of Durham) was a day-labourer, whence he is also called *el Labrador;* but, as Southey says, "he was a good honest one, and indebted for his apotheosis to the fables which others have invented for him, and not to any roguery of his own." See also the droll ballads of the Laureate (*'Letters,'* i. 191). The better judgment of Paris was proved by the French choice of the pretty St. Genevieve for their pastoral patroness. Isidro, instead of minding his plough, passed his time in a siestose consideration of the sainted namesake, having been born on the very day that San Isidoro's body was removed to Leon. Angels during his ecstacies came down from heaven and did his work for him, which well became the saint of a people who like to call upon Hercules to drag their carts out of the mire, and who love to lean in the hour of need and difficulty on any divine or human help rather than on, as the Duke said, "the simple performance every man of his duty." Hence, among townsfolk whose idle day is rounded by a sleep, this lazy advocate of the do-nothing system is truly popular, and he is the Madrilenian St. Monday. Some busybodies, however, thought it hard that the pious ploughman should be idling while heavenly agents were labouring for him—

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" Es bueno Isidro que holgando
Esteys en el campo vos,
Y los angeles de Dios
Esten por vos trabajando?"

Hence, say the chroniclers, the still existing miraculous fertility of the environs of Madrid. Philip III. having been cured by touching his body, obtained from the pope the canonization of this tutelar; on him Lope de Vega edited a *Justa Poetica*, or eulogistic *joust*, written by the leading poets of the day, in which the miracles of the ploughman are set forth in a style more orthodox and serious than in the ballads made by our Southey on this worthy. Isidro, the son of *Ibn* (the son) de Vargas, was born in the tenth century; he married Maria de la Cabeza, a hind's daughter, and also a saint; but this breed of rustics has become scarce near Madrid. His miracles were agricultural; thus he found out water-springs, raised horses from the dead; and grew corn, but without ploughing; and as he fed the angelic host who came down to do his work, his *olla* also was miraculously replenished. He appeared to Alonso VIII., in the form of the peasant who showed the path at *las Navas de Tolosa* (p. 236). When Isabel *la Catolica*, having been cured by his intervention, went to pray at his tomb, one of her maids of honour, kissing his feet, bit off his second toe as a relic, and forthwith lost her powers of speech; but on ejecting the mouthful miraculously and mercifully recovered her pristine fluency. The Spanish church quotes *San Isidro* as proving their *carrière ouverte aux talens;* behold, say they, a lowly labourer rising to be the tutelar even of Madrid, *donde está la nobleza del mundo*. The miracles he every day works are so astounding that it is a miracle how anybody can ever die at all at Madrid, which they do, *como chinches*. The body of this ploughboy was often placed on the sick-bed of the king, when Sir Henry Halford would have prescribed a warming-pan or a blister; but the natural and medicinal history of relics is too authentic and too clearly understood to require being enlarged on.

Meanwhile as the pagans worshipped St. Triptolemus because he *invented* the plough, so the Madrilenians adore Sn. Isidro because he *superseded* its use: compare the holy father Matias and his self-acting miraculous cuisine at Salamanca. But the standing *miracle* is, how, with these supernatural assistances, the agriculture near Madrid and the cookery at Salamanca should in reality be just the worst in the world. The pagans, instead of Sn. Isidro, had their St. Robigo, and celebrated his *fiesta* on the 7th calends of May, not on the 15th, as at present, but spring time was *the* necessary season, and a few days sooner or later made no difference. The tutelar was fêted, and his priests were paid in order to secure success to the corn and drive away blight, the *anublo:* aspera Rubigo parcas cerealibus herbis (Ovid, '*Fast.*' iv. 911; and see Pliny, '*N. H.*' xviii. 29). The dancings in honour of the wife of Sn. Isidro are the exact ambervalia of the Georgics (i. 343). And, as now at Madrid, these holidays were celebrated *outside* the city, on the Via Nomentana, for the convenience of the *Pagani* or villagers.

Those who wish to know San Isidro's authentic history, as authorised by the church, are referred, in addition to Ribadeneyra (ii. 81), to his biography by Alonso de Villegas, 8vo. Mad. 1592; '*San Isidro,*' L. de Vega, duo Mad. 1613; '*Relacion de las Fiestas,*' &c.; ditto, 8vo. Mad. 1622; also to the work of Jaime Bleda, 4to. Mad. 1622; '*Vida y Milagros,*' &c., Juan Diacona, 4to Mad. 1622; ditto, Reginal Poc, Perpiñan, 1627; ditto, Gregorio Argaiz, fol. Mad. 1671. These works are Spanish classics, which few private families can do without.

Returning to the Manzanares, pass, without crossing it, the bridge viaduct *El Puente de Toledo*, which was built in 1735 by Philip V., and is 385 ft. long by 36 wide. Nothing can be in worse taste, although San Isidro and his wife adorn the scene, looking out for water. The city gate above was begun in 1813 by the Madrid municipality, and finished in 1827 by Antonio Aguado, in honour of Ferdinand

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VII.'s return and the extermination of the French usurpation by the Spanish armies. Here the public executions take place, and generally by the *garrote*, a sort of strangling-machine based on the Oriental bowstring. The new English burial ground lies near here, on the way to Caravanchel. As a more agreeable spectacle, the artist and lover of picturesque peasantry should visit this gate early in the morning, and sketch the groups of market-people, their wares and beasts, who congregate around, awaiting the opening of the gates: how they used to execrate the ceremony of the *derecho de Puertas*, the old Sisa, and how their splendid bile at the *Resguardos* gave animation to their eyes and gestures.

The next bridge, that *de Segovia*, was designed for Philip II. by Herrera, and is also a huge viaduct, being 695 feet long, 31 wide. The accumulated sands injure its fine proportions. The truly royal palace rising above now sparkles like white marble backed by the clear blue sky. The declivities and ragged bare slopes below, long left in a most unseemly neglect, waiting for San Isidro, might, as we suggested ten years ago, easily be levelled and terraced by mortal navvies into hanging gardens: this good work has at last been begun, and when finished, the approach will be really magnificent.

To the l. are the enclosures of the *Casa del Campo*, a shooting-box of Charles III., and connected with the palace by a bridge and a tunnel, not quite equal to that under the Thames. The house and gardens were ravaged by the invaders, but they were restored by Christina, who here formed a model farm. The gardens are well supplied with water, and there is a beautiful Italian marble fountain. Here horse and hurdle races are given, where the Queen's plate was bravely ridden for by the descendants of the iron Alvas and of the good Guzmans, equipped like Derby jockeys; but the equitation is somewhat inferior to the riding at Epsom.

Crossing the Manzanares are the avenues and the *La Florida*, planted lines which continue on the road to the Escorial, and were a very fashionable promenade in the reign of Charles III. Those who like to walk out to the Hermitage of *San Antonio* will see some of his miracles painted by Goya, and some tawdry frescoes by the feeble Maella. Another walk ascends to the r. to *San Bernardino*, and hence to the gate of Fuencarral, outside of which is a cemetery. The planted avenues are carried round the shabby walls to the *Prado* by the gates San Fernando, Santa Barbara, and Los Recoletos, where a fountain, *La Castellana*, has been raised in commemoration of the national allegiance to Isabel II. The space has been laid out in walks and gardens, and a new *Paseo* is in contemplation, to be called *de la Independencia*, which is to occupy the site of the convent *de Recoletos*.

The better plan to avoid this dull walk is to turn out of the Florida at the gate San Vicente, and ascend to the palace. Entering at the *Portillo*, to the l. is the huge *Seminario de Nobles*, built in 1725 by Philip V., in the hope that his nobility might be better instructed; but his countrymen the invaders converted the school into a barrack. Close by is the fine residence of the Alva family, built by Rodriguez, but injured by frequent fires, and especially by that in 1841. Here was the Correggio Venus teaching Cupid, which once belonged to our Charles I. "Collected" by Murat, it was sold by his widow to Lord Londonderry, and now again has found its way back to London. Among the best pictures which we saw here, was a portrait of Columbus, in crimson flowered with gold; observe the Mary Queen of Scots: the great Alva, by Titian: a landskip and battle of Amazons, Rubens: a fine boy in red velvet, Velazquez: a splendid S. Rosa: a Last Supper: and Cupid and a Lion, Titian: Moncada on horseback, Vandyke, very fine: it is engraved by R. Morghen: a Storm, Beerstraten, 1649: Herodias with the head of St. John, Guido: and a noble Florentine cartoon of the Virgin and Child. The university moved from time-honoured Alcalá

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to Madrid, much as if Oxford had been transported to Gower Street, is placed in the *Calle Ancha de San Bernardo:* here are some splendid carvings (see p. 709).

Thence to the royal palace, which certainly is one of the most magnificent in the world. It has two open *plazas:* that to the E., *del Oriente,* was begun by Joseph, as a sort of Place de Carousel; but the invaders having demolished eighty-seven houses, just left the space a desert of dust and glare, and impassable in the dog-days. Ferdinand VII. removed the ruins, had the locality levelled, and commenced a magnificent theatre and colonnade. The site, indeed, was handy to the royal residence; but by no means so for the citizens in general, as the *plaza* is in a distant angle of the town. The theatre was built in equal defiance of economy and a good plan. It has been likened to the back of a dress-coat. There is a fine-ball room inside, and here the national cortes long sat, and now, during winters, a tolerable Italian company performs. Although not good for sound and hearing, the interior is handsome; the crimson lining of the boxes decorated in white and gold, sets off the dark sex. The *Butacas* or stalls are comfortable. Public balls and carnival masquerades are given in this theatre. The gardens with royal statues, &c., were finished by A. G. Arguelles.

In the centre of a circular garden is one of the finest equestrian statues in the world, which was moved in 1844 from the *Buen Retiro* gardens. It represents Philip IV. mounted on his war charger, witching the world with noble horsemanship, and seen as became a king, who was pronounced by the Duke of Newcastle, an equestrian authority, to be "absolutely the best horseman in Spain." This grand monument is in fact a solid Velazquez. Montañes carved the model in wood, while the bronze was cast at Florence in 1640, by Pedro Tacca. See the inscription on the saddle girth. It is 19 feet high, and weighs 180 cwt., yet the horse curvets, supported by the hind legs, and the mane and scarf absolutely float in air; the great Galileo, it is said, having suggested the means by which the balance is preserved. As this fine thing was comparatively lost in the *Retiro,* it was often before proposed to move it into Madrid; but the Minister Grimaldi declared that to be too great an honour for any Austrian king, and protested that he would only consent if the head of Philip were cut off, and the baboon, Bourbon one of Charles III. substituted—a pantomimic change worthy of the greater clown, Grimaldi. But so Caligula wished to put his own hideous head on a Jupiter by Phidias (Suet. 22); so the toady Claudius cut the head of Alexander from a picture of Apelles to substitute that of Augustus (Pliny, xxxv. 2).

At No. 4 in this plaza are the Museums of Mineralogy and of Antiquities.

The emphatic feature is the Royal Palace: colossal in scale, it does not quite satisfy when nearly approached and examined. The square port-holes of the *entresuelos* or *entresols,* (those *mezzanini* of Borromini, the corruptor of architecture), and the irregular, unsightly chimney-pots mar the elevation, and the general untidy, unfinished character is unsatisfactory; were it not that here is the premier's office, the palace would have the deserted look of our uninhabited St. James, but the throng of *pretendientes, empleados, cesantes, ojaleteros, y demas pordioseros,* gives life to the scene. This edifice occupies the site, some say, of the original outpost Alcazar of the Moors, which Enrique IV. made his residence. This was burnt down on Christmas-eve, 1734, when Philip V. determined to rebuild a rival to Versailles, and Felipe de Jubara, a Sicilian, prepared the model (see p. 680). The architect judiciously wished to change the site for the San Bernardino hill, but Elizabeth Farnese, the queen, whose ambition it was to advance her children, grudged the expense, and combined *en camarilla* with the minister Patiño; so many difficulties were made, that Jubara died of hope deferred. Philip then

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directed Juan Bautisti Sachetti, of Turin, to prepare a smaller and less expensive plan, which, the queen not objecting, was adopted, April 7, 1737.

It is a square of 470 feet each way, by 100 feet high, but the wings and the hanging gardens are unfinished. The rustic base is of granite; the window-work of white stone of Colmenar, which in the bright sun glitters as a fair palace of marble. Visit it also at moonlight, when, in the silent death-like loneliness, the pile looms like a ghostly thing of the enchanter, or a castle of snow. On the heavy balustrade above stood a series of heavier royal statues, which were taken down and sent to Toledo and Burgos, or buried in the vaults, from whence some have been taken out to *adorn* the *Plaza del Oriente*. The principal entrance is to the S., and disappoints; it leads into a huge *patio* of some 240 feet square, with a glazed upper gallery like a manufactory. Between the arches are several bad statues by de Castro, Olivieri, &c., of Spanish Roman emperors — Trajan, Adrian, Honorius, and Theodosius. The bewigged smirking statue of the baboon-faced Charles III. is no better; it disfigures the grand staircase, which is noble in design and easy of ascent; but, as in some other palaces, *l'escalier dérobé*, the *back staircase*, is the most frequented. It is said, when Buonaparte ascended these stately steps, that he told his brother Joseph, "Vous serez mieux logé que moi." He laid his hand on one of the white marble lions, exclaiming, "Je la tiens enfin, cette Espagne, si désirée!" So spake Cæsar on landing, "Teneo te, Africa!" But the French, like the Romans, at last discovered that Spain is a morsel easier to be swallowed than digested: "Plus est provinciam retinere quam facere." (Florus, ii. 17. 8). The Duke shortened poor Pepe's tenure: he entered Madrid in triumph after the victory of Salamanca, on the 12th of August, 1812, and was lodged in this palace. "It is impossible," wrote he from it, "to describe the joy manifested by the inhabitants upon our arrival, or their detestation of the French yoke." That yoke, removed by a stranger, was replaced by the *orgullo Español* of a native, by Ballesteros! (See p. 354.)

Few things can be more tiresome than a foreign palace, a house of velvet, tapestry, gold, lords of the bedchamber, and bore. Yet this is a truly royal residence, in which the most precious marbles are used prodigally in floorings and doorways. The multitudinous French clocks were the especial hobby of Ferdinand VII. On these walls hung those glorious pictures, now in the *Museo*, which that monarch ejected to hang up French papers. The vaults and store-rooms were filled with fine old furniture; but since his death a gigantic removal has, it is said, gone on as regards jewels and every thing of portable value. The chief saloon is called *de los Embajadores*, or the Reception or Throne room, and its decorations are indeed most princely; the crystal chandeliers, colossal looking-glasses, cast at San Ildefonso, the marble tables, crimsons and gildings, will enchant lovers of royal magnificence. Here the sovereigns of the Spains receive on grand occasions, when alive, and when dead are laid out in state. There we beheld the "beloved" Ferdinand VII., dead and dressed in full uniform, with a cocked hat on his head, and his stick in his hand, his face, hideous in life, now purple like a ripe fig, was fearful to behold.

The ceiling is painted by Tiepolo, with the "Majesty of Spain," the virtues of the kings, and the people in the different costumes of the provinces. Mellado (p. 36) lauds these *sublimes rasgos, de sublimes ingenios;* certainly, being on ceilings, they are so far *sublime*, but it is only the sublime of mediocrity, and the Spanish genii, or geniuses, were Conrado, Mengs, Tiepolo, Maella, Bayeu, Velazquez (no relation to *the* Man), de Castro, and Lopez, with some modern rubbish by Madrazo and Co. The most admired ceilings are the apotheosis of Trajan and the Aurora, in the 21st room, by Mengs; this reviver of fresco, and the man *à la mode* of his day, has now sunk lower than he deserves; but oil-painting he could not revive

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from the leaden drowsiness in which it lay: so says Wilkie. There is a 4to. description of these frescoes by Francisco Fabre, Mad., 1829. These feeble attempts to unite the excellencies of antique sculpture and modern-school painting in what the Davids call "le beau style" are inexpressibly bald, wearisome and uninteresting.

Visit the *Gabinete* fitted up with china. There are fine specimens of the *Capo di Monte* ware, when Charles III. brought that manufacture to Madrid from Naples.

The views from the windows which overlook the river are true landskips of the Castilian school; the slopes under the royal eye, long left in rugged ragged mangy deformity, are now being levelled or terraced; how the magic wand of the Moor would have clothed the waste with flowers and verdure, and raised hanging gardens and fountains, in imitation of those on the declivity of the Alhambra, which although artificial, rival nature herself. How long all remained abandoned under the Gotho-Spaniard! below trickles the Manzanares with its great name and scanty stream: beyond stretch the ragged woods of the *Casa del Campo*, and then the hopeless tawny steppes, bounded by the icy Guadarrama, whose sharp outline cuts the bright sky, and whose snowy heights freeze the gale; all is harsh and torrid, colourless and blanched, but yet not devoid of a certain savage grandeur.

The *Bibliotheca de Camara* is one of the many treasures buried in Spanish napkins, and which are virtually closed to foreign enterprise. Here are left to the worms some 100,000 volumes. N.B. The MSS. of Gondomar call loudly for an English editor (see for particulars, p. 581). It cannot be expected that any Spaniard, even if so inclined, could know what to select.

The royal chapel lies to the N., and is on a level with the state-rooms. It is still splendid, although plundered in 1808 by Gen. Belliard, who carried off the pictures painted for Philip II. by *Michael Coxis*: this general, from having been governor of Brussels, and knowing their local value, sent his spoil there to be sold. The order is Corinthian, the marbles rich, the stucco gilt. The ceiling was painted by Giaquinto. Here figure San Isidro, the tutelar of Madrid, and Santiago, the patron of Spain; there is some fine tapestry, which is hung up on grand festivals. The foundations only of a larger chapel are laid. Those who are fond of relics of saints, &c., may look at the show exhibited here.

The traveller should visit the site of the night attack of Oct. 7, 1841, when the Gallo-Christinos endeavoured to carry off the young queen. The plot, planned at Paris, was headed by Pezuela, and Concha the brother-in-law of Espartero; this leader, when his scheme failed, ran away and hid himself under one of the bridges of the Manzanares, while Diego Leon, a brave sabreur and his tool, was taken and executed. The regent pardoned the other criminals, who repaid him by conspiring to his ruin; nay, Concha hunted his benefactor even to the bay of Cadiz, and, had he caught him, assuredly would not have saved him from death. The regiment *de la Princesa* fired all night at the handful of *Alabarderos*. The magniloquent Spanish was unequal to do justice to the *prodijios de valor;* indeed four men were killed and wounded between them, and Col. Dulce, who beat back the conspirators, was turned out of his place by Christina. The palace, from standing on an eminence exposed directly to the winds from the snowy Guadarrama, is so bitter cold in winter that the sentinels are constantly frozen to death.

Now visit *La Real Cochera* and *Las Caballerizas*. These enormous coach-houses and stables lie to the N.E.: the latter, were once filled with the mules and horses which conveyed the kings to their daily shootings. This antediluvian museum contains carriages of all forms and ages, from the cumbrous state-coach to the Cupid-bedizened car, from the oldest *coche de colleras* to the newest *équipage de Paris* and the last hearse. The hearse made by the Bluebeard Ferd. VII. for his royal

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wives was found when he died to be too small for his larger coffin, and nothing, as usual, being ready, a *coche de colleras* was taken. The front windows were removed, out of which stuck the foot of the coffin, and a *mayoral* and *zagal*, dressed in the common *calesero* costume, drove it, swearing as usual. They tied up their cloaks and bundles to the holders behind, and so jogged on, smoking their *papelitos*, to the Escorial, the empty hearse following them, for the sake of company and propriety. Monks on sorry hacks led the way, then followed a few ill-appointed soldiers and grandees (one, the first pimp to his late majesty, riding close to the coffin), whose nether man was clothed in undertaker black trousers, and upper man in embroidered coats, like Lord Mayor's footmen. Thus we beheld the beloved Ferdinand conveyed to his last home. But public ceremonials in Spain are positively shabby compared to those in England or France; and so it always was (Justin. xliv. 2). So Philip III. was buried with *fort petite cérémonie*, and his son's procession was made "en grande magnificence pour Madrid, mais qui n'esgale point les moindres de celles que l'on fait en France:" as wrote Bassompière to Henri IV., May 16, 1621.

The *Biblioteca Nacional* is placed at the corner of the Calle de la Bola, on the Plaza del Oriente, in a house which once belonged to the Alcañices family, but the handsome fittings up of walnut and gilt capitals were put in by Godoy. It contains about 200,000 volumes, is open from ten until three, and is very well conducted, and the cool and quiet is truly refreshing after the dust and glare of the Plaza. It is rich in Spanish literature, especially theology and topography, and possesses some cameos, antiquities, and curious MSS. This library has been much increased, *numerically*, since the suppression of convents: the accession, however, has been rather in works of supererogation, ancient books, and monkish lore, and good modern books are here, as in most other Spanish libraries, the things needful; but want of funds, as usual, is the cause, if indeed a real reading public did exist here. This library is well managed, and the *Empleados* are civil and attentive. In *La Sala del Trono* are the coins and medals, which exceed 150,000 in number, and contain very curious specimens of the early Spanish, Gothic, and Moorish mints. Numismatic science is of Spanish origin, as Alonso V. of Arragon, in the 15th century, was the first collector for pleasure, as Antonio Agustin, archb. of Tarragona, was the first for science, and his work '*Dialogos de las Medallas*,' Tarragona, 1587, has been the model of most others published since: the edition of Andres G. de Barcia Carballido, 4to., Mad., 1744, has a portrait of the prelate.

Coined money did not exist among the aboriginal Iberians, but was first introduced by the Carthaginians to pay their mercenary Celtiberian troops, who would not take the "leather bank-notes" of Carthage. Murcia and Bætica were mints to the Carthaginians, as Sicily had been before, and hence the quantity of coin still found in these provinces. Under the Romans more than 100 cities between Cadiz and Tarragona had the privilege of a mint, but no gold was ever struck, as the people were too poor to require that precious metal: to coin even silver was a prerogative of the Roman governors, and the subjected Iberians only struck copper. Silver was current in bars as well as coin, and this distinction always occurs in the accounts of the enormous plunder sent to Rome, which was remitted in silver either σεσημον or ασημαντον (App. 'B. H.' 448), terms that the Romans rendered by either *Argentum infectum*, unwrought bars or ingots, or *Bigatum*, coins stamped with the *Biga* or two-horsed chariot. The generic phrase for Spanish coined money was *Argentum oscense*, *Signatum oscense* (see Livy, xxxiv. 46; xl. 43, et passim). This epithet has by some been interpreted as referring to the particular mint of *Osca*, but Florez, 'Med.' ii. 520, justly pointed out the impossibility of one place supplying such enormous quantities, and suggested the true meaning of *Oscensis* to be Oscan or

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Spanish, that word being a corruption of *Eus cara*, the national name, whence the still existing term *Basque*. The Iberians broke off pieces of silver bars (Strabo iii. 233), which represented the value of the weight of the fragment; this custom long prevailed among modern Spaniards, who term such fractions *Macuquinos*, and they are still current. The coins struck by the Romans were frequently bilingual; having legends in the Latin and *Iberian* character, just as the paper money in Austria is inscribed in the idioms of those among whom it is to be current. The latter character, from its arrow-headed cuneiform letters, has been supposed to be the old Punic, and many Spaniards have attempted to decyper and interpret the writing, which each author reads quite legibly as he does Hebrew, Phœnician, or Basque, interpreting all according to his crotchet and the key that he prefers; but Wm. von Humboldt justly deems all these conjectures to be wild and incorrect. He arrived after much labour to the conclusion that the whole secret has yet to be solved. The early copper coinage is much ruder than the silver, but both continued to be current among the Goths until 567, when Liuva commenced a still ruder substitute, which was used unchanged in form or execution down to Roderick the last of the race; the Gothic coins are small and thin, with the head seen in full face. For all details consult the admirable *Medallas* of Florez.

The Moorish coinage in gold, silver, and copper is much neater and sharper. The coins are very thin, and are struck out of such pure metal, that they bend easily on pressure. They are inscribed with Arabic characters, which generally denote the name of the petty prince and the place of the mint. This branch of the Madrid collection has been admirably and scientifically arranged by Gayangos, and is probably the only place in Europe where the subject can be fully understood; not that the superscriptions possess much interest, being for the most part the monotonous records of obscure *sheiks*.

Now return to the S. façade of the palace, and visit *La Armeria Real*, which is one of the finest armouries in the world. It is open on Saturdays from 1 to 3, and on other days to foreigners on showing their passports; it is, however, as well to procure a *permiso*, or an *esquela*, to see it, from the *director de Reales Caballerizas*, or Master of the Horse. The noble gallery, which fronts the S. side of the palace, is 227 ft. long by 36 wide: it was built in 1565 by Gaspar de la Vega, for Philip II., when he removed the royal armoury from Valladolid. This, as it really contains weapons of all kinds, is a double curiosity, being the best provided arsenal in the land, although, as in other matters, the *modern* implements are somewhat behind those used by more advanced nations. This is, moreover, the finest *ancient* armoury in Spain, for many of the others were gutted by the people in 1808, when they rose against the French; as the national arsenals then contained nothing, nor had the Government means or inclination to procure weapons, it confided in Santa Teresa, and the triple defence of a good cause,—thrice is he *armed* who has his quarrel just. But the less poetical people, before muskets were forwarded from England, broke open the existing armouries, and thus were equipped with the identical weapons with which their ancestors had fought against their infidel invader. So the Romans were armed after the defeat at Cannæ (Val. Max. vii. 6). The few armouries, ancient or modern, that escaped the patriots, were plundered by the invaders; and even in this collection, almost everthing of gold and silver, not stolen by them, has since been *weeded* out by Spaniards; all precious stones were especially picked out.

In this armeria there exists a MS. catalogue of the time of Philip II., with drawings, and a poor catalogue was published in 1793 by Ignacio Abadia; and a fine French work, with engravings, by Gaspar Sensi, at Paris, 1838, with a letterpress by one *Jubinal*, full of inaccuracies. Amateurs should by all means buy the excellent new *Catalogo* of 1849, both

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as a guide here and for their libraries at home; the work originated with this same Sensi, who prepared an inventory, and the MS. is in the Armeria. A commission was appointed to see this properly published, but little was done, as the MS. was too long; it at last was given to *M. de Romero* to abridge, *Marquesi*, the director, being profoundly ignorant of the whole subject. *Cosas de España.* It is a trifle technical; the Arabic inscriptions were translated by the accurate Gayangos; the glossary will be found useful, and the marks or monograms used by the best armourists are cited and engraved.

The first entrance is very striking, and worthy of this land of the Cid and chivalry, it carries one back to the heroic age of Spain. Here are the swords of her noblest champions, the helmets of her wisest, and the breastplates under which her greatest hearts beat. How these silent records realise history; what a contrast of the glorious past with the present miserable hopeless degradation! All down the middle of the saloon are drawn up equestrian figures, while armed knights stand against the walls, surrounded in every direction with implements of war and tournament. Above hang banners taken from the enemy, while the walls are lined with coats of armour; but a Meyrick and Scriblerus would grieve at the over-bright polish, for the busy *Fregatriz* of the Museo (No. 1294) has been here, and mistaking the dry rustless climate of Castile for her own Dutch damp land, has been eager to scrub off with pumice and emery the respectable ærugo. The Madrid Murillos are scarcely more overcleaned by the directors and their myrmidons than these fine relics have been by the active armourist Zuloaga and his vulcans.

The finest armour is foreign, German and Italian. One specimen, 557, is inscribed, "Desiderio Colman Cays: May: Harnashmagher ausgemacht in Augusta den 15 Aprilis, 1552," by this Colman also is 2433, a black and gold helmet, dated 1550. The armour of Philip II., when prince, has the arms of England engraved on it, in an escutcheon of pretence for his wife, our Mary. The so-called armour of Philip of Burgundy is inscribed "Philippus Jacobi et frater Negroli faciebant." Toledo furnished blades of the finest temper; but the most highly-wrought artistical armour came from Augsburg and Milan. (See '*Don Quixote*,' i. 39; Juan de Mena, copla 180.) Observe all the chased shields of these fine Milan artists, especially 990 and 1666, with head of Minerva; and 2316, a portion of a helmet. A most elegant steel gun, 2319, is inscribed "Hizóme en Ricla, Christobal Frisleva, año 1565." Here, as was the case at our Tower, much nonsense is repeated by rote by the keeper regarding sundry helmets of Hannibal and Julius Cæsar: the latter one is evidently Italian, and of the 16th century. The armour of the Cid is probably fictitious; so, probably, is his saddle, No. 2311; and so, we fear, is his sword, *Colada*, 1727. If the suit said to have been worn by Isabella at the siege of Granada, and with the monogram *Isabel* worked on the vizor, is authentic she must have been a portly dame. More probably it belonged to the husband of Isabel, daughter of Philip II., Regent of Flanders, who used his wife's cypher from gallantry. A woman in real armour is an absurdity, let alone a princess. Meanwhile Ferdinand, her husband, used to be shown dressed in bran new red breeches, and armed in black and gold armour, mounted on a war-horse. San Fernando was formerly kept in a glazed case like a wax-work show. His effigy was dressed in defiance of every propriety of period and costume, especially touching his apocryphal small clothes; this anachronism of the vilest bad taste, has at last been shamed and scheduled out; and yet to all who looked at it with faith infinite indulgences were granted, as per an affixed notice, after this fashion: "Souls saved in the only Court by the only *true* Faith." Now-a-days, No. 1785 gives a more correct representation of the royal Saint. The effigy was carved by José Picquet, after the supposed original portrait at Seville, and the

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crown made by Zuluaga, an excellent artificer. This graven image is duly borne to the royal chapel by priests on the 29th of May, the anniversary of the capture of Seville, and then bowed down to for an entire *Novenario*.

Some of the shields on the walls are superb. Observe 1666, a superb specimen by Negroli, inscribed 1541, with a Medusa's head; and another studded with cameos, and given to Philip II. by a Duke of Savoy. The armour of the Great Captain is authentic: there are four suits, all richly chased, with a badge of two palm-trees issuing from a coronet. Remark, 1004, the peculiar coal-scuttle heaume—(a box or *baul*—pot-de-fer), said to have been that of the Rey Chico, and a suit of armour, worked with silver filigree, given to Philip II. by the city of Pamplona. Observe the armour of Guzman el Bueno, of Fernan Cortes, of John of Austria, and worn at Lepanto; of Columbus, black and white, with silver medallions; also a suit of a German elector, heavy, square, web-footed, and short-legged — there is no mistaking the country of the wearer. The smaller suits, for Infantes and young heroes, are military playthings. The Turkish banners were mostly taken at Lepanto. The collection of guns belonging to Charles III. and Charles IV. is worthy of these royal gamekeepers; many are inlaid with jewels: one—2223—was a present from Buonaparte, who soon after *accepted* from his friend his crown and kingdom.

The collection of swords is much more interesting; for this weapon, Spain has always been celebrated (see p. 797): many are of undoubted authenticity, although some want confirmation, which is a sad pity, as these are the symbol relics of Spain's heroic and best age; they realise her ballad *Epos*, her best poetry. Look at least with veneration at the scimitars of two creatures of romance: No. 1698, that of Bernardo del Carpio, a mythic personage, the personification of Spain's antipathy to France; and 1662, the celebrated *Durindana*, *Durandal*, of Roldan (Orlando); this is of rich filigree, and *no doubt* is the identical blade with which he divided the Pyrenees. Observe, 1620, the equally authentic and formidable *Montante*, or double-handed falchion of Garcia de Paredes, No. 453, with which no doubt also he kept whole French armies at bay; a manufactory come now to an end in Spain; for his armour see No. 453.

Observe the swords of St. Ferdinand, 1654, the conqueror of Seville, Nov. 23, 1248; the capturer of Granada, Jan. 2, 1492; No. 1705, is that of his gentle Queen Isabella, one of the best of princesses. No. 1696 is the sword of *Fernando el Catolico*, and No. 1702 is that — one rather of state than battle — of the "Great Captain," and really one in every sense. This noble blade is used as the *Estoque real*, or sword of state, at the Royal Juras, when it is borne by the *C. de Oropesa*. It is also used when knighthood is conferred on distinguished persons. Next remark those of Charles V., Philip II., Fernan Cortes, and 1769, that of Pizarro, in a steel sheath, given to Sir John Downie, see p. 170. In vain the historian will inquire for the sword which François I. surrendered at Pavia; it was *given* to Murat, March 30, 1808, and, to make the dishonour complete, surrendered by the Marquis de Astorga, whose duty, as *Divisero de Madrid*, it was to have guarded the relic; but Murat's imperial brother-in-law had before carried off the sword of Frederick the Great from his tomb. The original sword of François I. is now in the Museum at Paris, No. 832; an exact copy, made by Zuloaga, is now substituted at Madrid; a gift of the Infante Francisco. The implements of tournaments and hunting are extremely curious and complete, as the German love of heraldry and the lists flourished in the congenial soil of the Castiles, the land of personal prowess and the hidalgo and *Paso Honroso;* here, by the way, is the sword of the very Suero de Quiñones, No. 1917; for this true knight (see p. 545). Observe 1711, the halbert of Don Pedro the Cruel, and the *hastas de gallardete*, which were

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fixed on the walls of captured cities. The saddles and leather shields of the Moors are curious; the latter, or *Adargas*, although light, resisted spear and sword: their two hides are cemented together by a mortar composed of herbs and camel-hair; the forms are ovals, and ornamented with three tassels and the *umbo* or knob: they are the unchanged *Cetræ* of the Carthaginians and Iberians (see Sil. Ital. iii. 278; x. 231; Pliny, 'Nat. Hist.' xi. 39; San Isidoro, 'Or,' xviii. 12).

It will perhaps be more convenient to travellers to specify some of the other curious objects, just remarking that this Armeria deserves the most careful examination, realising history, as we have said, and containing relics of Spain's greatest epochs; relics, on the whole, truer and more valuable than all the rubbish and pious frauds of monkhood and priestcraft.

Observe No. 321, the complete suit of John the Elector of Saxony, taken prisoner in 1547, at Muhlberg, by Charles V. How tedesque the forms. 402, the panoply of Don Juan of Austria, natural son of Charles V., and the victor of Lepanto.

Observe the infinite suits of armour of Charles V., some chased in fine cinque-cento. On the front is engraved the Virgin his tutelar, and at the back either Santa Clara or Santa Barbara, the latter is the patroness of Spanish artillery, as Santa Teresa is generalissima of infantry. Santa Barbara is also invoked by all the old women of Spain in thunder-storms, for she directs the artillery both of heaven and of earth. No. 2308 is a grand equestrian suit. Observe particularly No. 2321; the horse is carved by Perez. 2364 is interesting, as being the identical suit painted by Titian; as No. 2388 is that of Philip II., also painted by him. 2410 is the identical and ponderous suit arrayed in which Charles V. entered Tunis, July 20, 1535. No. 2412 is his splendid *Borgoñota*, damascened and worked à la repousé and à la Cellini. The suits of Philip II. are very fine, especially those worked in black and gold. Here is the rude litter in which Charles V. was carried when suffering from the gout; it is something between a black coffin-like trunk and a Sclavonian kibitka. Observe his four *iron* campaigning dinner-plates; how the simple service of this born and bred emperor contrasts with the *golden* nécessaires left behind by the upstart fugitives of Vitoria and Waterloo. 321 is the suit of armour of *John* Elector of Saxony, taken prisoner by Charles V. at Muhlberg, in 1547. Among the elegant suits for children observe one, 630, given by the celebrated Duke of Osuna to Philip III., when young. 901 and 975 belonged to *F. de Avalos*, the Marquis of Pescara, one of the best generals of Charles V. 927, *Garcilaso de la Vega*, general and poet, killed in battle in 1536, a death unusual to the tuneful tribe. 1132, *Juan de Padilla*, general of the *Comuneros*, who was beaten at Villalar, and executed in 1520. 1249, half-suit of *Alonso de Cespedes*, one of the Samsons or strong men of Charles V., killed in 1569. 1501, and the following, are Turkish relics taken, Oct. 5, 1571, at Lepanto, the Trafalgar of its day. 1598 is the sword of Boabdil, the last of his race, the loser of Granada, and truly called *El Zogoibi*, the unfortunate. 1614 is one of the numerous *Montantes*, or double-handed swords, sent to Spanish kings by Popes, who used them — the kings—as their executioners. 1632 is the helm of *Jaime el Conquistador*, with the *Drac pennat*, or winged-dragon crest, of that illustrious conqueror. 1644 is this true hero's victorious sword. 1659 is the sword of *Pelayus*; which, *if genuine*, carries us back to the cradle of the Gotho-Hispano monarchy and to its immortal restorer. Lovers of true Toledan blades should look at 1692, a superb specimen of Philip II., by *Miguel Cantero*. 1564, an exquisite specimen of Toledan workmanship. Look at 1721, a blade by Sebastian Hernandez; and also at 1773, a first-rate sword of Philip II. 1794, an estoque, belonging to *Don Juan of Austria*, is a specimen of the rare *Perrillo* brand; so also is 1807, the sword of *Hernando Cortes*. Look also at 1868, a grand shield in the

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Cellini style, with ovals of the Rape of the Sabines, &c.; ditto, 1879, with the Triumph of Love for subject. 1913 is the sword of the Conde Duque, the overrated premier of Philip IV. 1916 carries one back to the conquest of Granada, and is the sword of Garcilaso de la Vega, *el que mató el Moro;* of that gallant soldier of the Virgin, who slew the Moor that mocked at her Ave Maria. 2309 is the suit of the fighting Bishop of Zamora, Antonio de Acuña, who was hung, in 1522, for high treason by the famous Alcalde Ronquillo. No. 2332, imperfect; belonged to Alva, the Great Duke of Spain. 2399 is the elegant suit of Don Carlos, the ill-conditioned son of Philip II., about whose death poets have predicated much *fiction*. Flags taken from the English by the Spaniards (?) are plentiful also, 2475; and fail not to observe 2498, the equestrian statue of *Hernando de Alarcon* (see p. 326). 2521 is said to be the helmet of his prisoner François I.

Next visit *la Casa de los Ministerios*, built for the secretaries of state by Lt.-Gen. Sabatini, by order of Charles IV.: it was splendidly fitted up by Godoy, and has a grand staircase and column-supported vestibule. The anterooms were thronged with waiters on providence and with patient sufferers, emblems of hope and salary deferred, since here used to be the offices of the Ministers of War, Marine, Justice, and Finance; now that of the shipless sinecure the Admiralty or *Marina* only remains; now Finance is moved to the *Aduana*, War to the *Buena Vista*, Gracia y Justicia to the old *Inquisicion:* these, too, are tolerable misnomers and nonentities. This *Casa de Ministerios* was much damaged by fire, Oct. 31, 1846, when many of the archives were burnt and lost.

Spanish governments, however well lodged, are shortlived, and premiers particularly; all, be they the best or the worst, are equally liable to be upset by intrigues. The inveterate curse of Spain always has been and is *misgovernment*. When San Fernando, who captured Seville, the capital of *La tierra de la Santisima*, reached heaven, the Virgin desired her champion to ask any favour for his beloved Spain. The monarch begged for fine climate, *granted:*—for brave men, beautiful women, fertile soil, oil, wine, garbanzos, *granted:*—but when he begged for a *good government*, "Nay," replied the sovereign lady, "that boon can never be conceded, as then every angel would instantly leave heaven for España." Accordingly, the real governors of Spain have long been, with few exceptions, either incapables or rogues. "The *great want* of this nation," wrote the Duke (Disp. July 20, 1813), "is of men capable of conducting business of *any description;* and the revolution, as it is called, instead of having caused an improvement in this respect, has rather augmented the evil, by bringing forward into public employments of importance more inexperienced people, and by giving men in general false notions entirely incompatible to their business." *Empleomanía*, or madness for place, has, in fact, infected the nation; for *place*, as in the East, is the source of real power and profit: accordingly, the veriest Jack-in-office, *el villano con poder*, armed with that authority, is sufficient for the oppression of thousands, as the jaw-bone of an ass was in the hands of Samson; the *Charte* and constitutions are practically but waste paper, through which a *coche de colleras* is driven every day. *Place* gives the holder the key of the public till; *place* enables him to work the telegraph, and thus watch the turn of the stock-market. The object of almost every official is to make his fortune as quickly as he can, and his hurry is not over-scrupulous, for the tenure of possession is brief and uncertain, since countless competitors are trying to oust him and get in themselves. Thus the gorged leech is succeeded by one worse and more hungry, caterpillar follows locust, and the real evils of the state are not only unredressed but increased. Poor Spain, like a dying patient, in vain changes her ministers, turning in her restless bed from one side to another, from one quack to another; their tenure is short, for each in his turn becomes the object to be de-

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stroyed, and all shout, "Let his days be few, and let another *take his office*" (Ps. cix. 8). From 1800 to 1814 there have been 74 ministers of finance, most of them with "no effects;" thus, from 1833 to 1853, 36 prime ministers have mushroomed up and have died away—not a 7 months' duration of office;—each of them indeed worse than his predecessor, and all perishing either in the malaria of their own unpopularity and inefficiency, or despatched by their colleagues, as a wounded hyæna is by his, or Buonaparte was by his marshals.

How can any country be well governed, or the Catholic Queen's government be carried on at all, where there is no fixity of official tenure, and where, as in the East, in the absence of permanent *institutions*, reliance is placed on *individuals*, on the "happy accident" of the hour? Accordingly, every *pretendiente* pretends to place; his self-love teaches him that he is quite as capable of ruining his country and of benefiting himself as any other man in Spain, just as the Blakes & Co. aspired to command armies and lose battles. These incapables, like the clown at Astley's, are all wanting to get up and ride the high horse, jealous as Turks who will bear no rival; so

"All from a government deserve a prize,
Which lives by shuffling and exists by lies."

In truth, there are only the changes of *persons* not of *systems*, and thus, in fact, while the universal *private* and *personal* ambition prevents any honest co-operation for the *public* good, an equally universal jealousy and impatience of any rival, and the consequent want of confidence in a colleague, offers sure tools to *Absolutism*, which, *Cortes and Constitution* to the contrary notwithstanding, is the normal political condition; thus, indeed, is injury added to insult, where the theories and forms of liberty serve only to rivet tighter the practice and reality of despotism; where all are jobbing and intriguing for place and profit, the political system is lowered to one of cabal and camarilla, and the best statesman that ever ruled cannot be surer than the very worst of remaining in office one day after it is possible for any other person or party to turn him out. To put forth manifests, *expedientes*, expedients, *documentos*, and the most plausible falsehoods in the most ingenious grandiloquence of state paper style, is *the* great ministerial requisite. Thence the secret of the rise and success of all adventurers, from the Alberonis, Ripperdas, Calomardes, &c., down to the last *Don Fulano Embustero*. These charlatans, in field and cabinet, have prospered by fooling a generous, self-estimating, imaginative people to the top of their bent; those who have *promised* to pay the most, who have talked the loudest of national honour, dignity, and strength, have ever been the most popular: nor when the cheat is exposed has the next quack the least difficulty in offering as a new nostrum, the self-same sham wares, in the same language as his predecessor; and thus too long, in peace or war, has the people been their victim! What just now is most wanting are *middle classes*, which some hope will in time be supplied among the purchasers of church properties and other vast estates hitherto kept out of the market under the lock of mortmains and entails.

Espartero (July 1855) is indeed honest, sincere, and most constitutionally inclined, nor is there any transpyrenean ally of Christina now to undermine him and counteract his well-meant efforts. We wish him all success; but time alone will show whether any Spaniard born in the last century is up to the work of cleansing the stable.

Lovers of parliaments may be told that the ancient *Donna Maria de Aragon*, since its suppression, has been used as the Spanish House of Lords, or Palace of the Senate; the *Congreso de los Diputados*, or House of Commons or Congress, is now held in the handsome new edifice on the *Plaza de las Cortes*. The interior is lofty, and the galleries for strangers convenient, but the look is French and theatrical: the frescoes on the ceilings are gaudy and staring, appealing more to the eye than the intellect. The names of patriots and martyrs to liberty and constitution are blazoned on the walls, plentiful as blackberries: but names are not things.

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Among modern relics here are shown *Las Esposas*, the handcuffs of the *Empecinado*, and a sample of shoes contracted for by Mendizabal, whose purity of patriotism in the matter was doubted.

For what a Spanish Cortes was, see p. 139; nor is Spain much more just now fitted for a real deliberative assembly, either as regards materials for a real constituency or members. The *Vocales*, whose vocations are vocal, are too often prone to neglect the plain performance of their legislative duties to talk the fluent bombast and nonsense that they love so well. Their debates are puddles in storms, the ocean into tempest tossed, to waft a feather or to drown a fly. More real business is done, and in a more workmanlike manner, at an English country-parish vestry in a week, than here in a whole session. But Spaniards, in their *collective corporate* juntas, rarely exhibit the common sense, courage, honourable feelings, or even good manners, in which, as *individuals*, they most certainly are very remarkable. The Spaniard taken singly, and by himself, is indeed a fine fellow, but place him under leaders, in whom he has no confidence, and whose pre-eminence wounds his self-love—since he holds them cheap as compared to himself—mix him up with colleagues whom he suspects and distrusts, who appropriate to themselves the funds which ought to supply sinews of action in peace or war, then he considers the game as lost and despairs; and from knowing that most of the rest will only consult their *private* interest, he e'en goes with the stream. Hence there is little union, except to weaken, for few dream of making a combined effort for the *public* good; the very idea would be scouted with *carcajadas* of derisive laughter.

Political society cannot be kept together without mutual *concession*, which exists not in the harsh independent character of the Spaniard. Again, parliamentary parties, so necessary for the well-working of the representative system, are by no means well organized here. There is no regular "her majesty's opposition;" everything is personal and accidental. With us a leader of opposition is a minister "in posse;" here, as in the East, the premier fungus is a thing of the time being only: the rocket shoots up and falls, seldom to rise again. As real power and superiority is here derived from office and employment alone, the moment the accidental temporary superiority of office is withdrawn the holder relapses into his former nothingness, and is forgotten the next week, or *contado con los muertos*, as much as if he were really dead. Rare, rare indeed, is a second appearance on the official stage. And this must long continue to be the condition of ill-fated Spain, until some master-mind appears, who can wield these discordant elements. The noble PEOPLE of Spain have, indeed, legs, arms, and hearts, but a head is wanting, and moreover the members disagree, as in the old fable, or like that of the "trees" in that truly Spanish and Oriental parable, Judges ix. The only abstract Spanish idea of government or sovereignty, either in church or state, as in the East, is that it be *despotic* (see Durango); even the Inquisition was not really unpopular, and whenever Ferd. VII. committed any extra atrocious act his subjects exclaimed with rapture, "*Carajo! es mucho Rey!*" he is indeed a king, ay, every inch! There spoke the whole nation, for all Spaniards felt that, in his place, they would have done exactly the same, and therefore sympathizingly admired. *Power* expressed by violence flattered their pride, as each atom beheld his own personal greatness represented and reflected in that of his monarch. Despotism, accordingly, if it can only be rendered *enlightened*, or *ilustrado*, will long prove a blessing to Spaniards, until their soil is better trenched and prepared for the tree, or rather sapling, of Liberty, for it cannot be transplanted when full grown. Therefore the nation, wearied with civil wars, and a succession of theories and rulers one worse than another, has become apathetic as the burden mule, and turns towards the throne as a refuge from petty tyrants. Thus the governmental incapacity of the Cortes

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made the *people* rush headlong into the asylum of despotism and Ferdinand.

What is now wanting for Madrid, as indeed for the whole peninsula, is PEACE and a *strong fixed government.* It is to this craving, to this necessity of repose after the excitement of civil wars, and rival parties, that must be attributed the apathy of the shrewd nation, and the well-advised indifference with which it allowed its new charters to be rent by the sword of Narvaez. The country at large, disgusted with the unprincipled adventurers and miserable mediocrity which mocking fortune floats up from the dregs to the surface, gets indifferent, and despising and mistrusting its worthless rulers, flies from the losing game of *public* politics to *private* and individual interests.

The Cortes and constitution have too long been mere words, and the elections a snare and delusion. The elections are a mockery; the *jefes políticos* and their *escribanos* tampered with the registries, intimidated the voters; while opposition candidates were put out of the way, and those elected were terrorised by the sword: the House was only fit to commit suicide, and vote away the last securities of its own and the nation's liberty. This, indeed, according to our notions, seems to be adding injury to insult, when the forms and safeguards of free men are prostituted, and made the instruments of lawless autocrats; but true liberty is no child of such revolutions, whose euthanasia is military despotism.

Such results are the inevitable consequence of adopting the usages of totally distinct nations, for Spain is little fitted for an English parliament, which has grown most slowly with our growth, and in a land of order, peace, and liberty civil and religious. We might as well adopt the Spanish bull-fight, as they should adopt our House of Commons, much less one of those *paper* constitutions, *plus raisonnés que raisonnables*, which have been imported from the manufactories of Siéyes, Bentham, and other liberty-mongers: it is true such articles pay no duty, or what is the same thing, an ad valorem one.

The *Casa de los Consejos*, close by, built by Francisco de Mora for the Duque de Uceda, is a fine Herrera elevation, but the interior was never properly finished: the chief façade looks N. and faces the Santa Maria de la *Almudena*. This church, once a Moorish mosque, retains, like the tower at Tortosa, its name of the Moslem *Mueddin*. It was purified by Alonso VI., and dedicated to the Virgin. The church itself is small, and of no interest; it however enjoys the privileges of an *Iglesia Mayor*, of a mother church, in this cathedral-less capital. There is a folio volume on the 'Invention and Miracles' worked by this image; José de Vera Tarsis y Villaroel, Mad. 1692.

This metropolitan was unfortunately repaired and beautified in 1777, by V. Rodriguez. Look at the plateresque chapel of the Bosmedianos, and also a fineish *reja*, almost the only one in Madrid, a plated *retablo*, and a *San Isidro*, ascribed to Cano. In this church Antonio Perez took refuge. The Princess of Eboli, mistress of Philip II., lived on this *plaza;* here Escovedo was stabbed: here Queen Christina long lived and ruled.

Now cross the Calle de Segovia to *las Vistillas*, long the town residence of the Duques de Infantado, and where Ferdinand and Isabella lived. From the windows Ximenez, when asked by what authority he assumed the Regency, pointed to his artillery and soldiers in the court below. It is now occupied by the Duque de Osuna, the heir of his uncle *Infantado*. This nobleman, the most illustrious in descent of Spain, unites no less than 17 grandeeships in himself, or in Spanish parlance, "*tiene diez y siete sombreros.*" He is doing his best to restore order to the pillaged library and picture-gallery. Beyond is *San Francisco*, a vast pile, placed in an out-of-the-way locality. The convent is now made a barrack, and the chapel a parish church. It was designed by the monk Francisco Cabezas, and finished in 1784 by Sabatini. The church, one of the finest in Madrid, is a rotunda, surrounded with chapels: the dome is 163 feet high. The *Jubileo*

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de la Porciuncula (see p. 708) was painted by the feeble Bayeu: the pictures in the chapels by Maella, Calleja, Goya, Velazquez (*not* Diego), and others, are no better.

Proceed next into the intricate Proutlike jumble of lanes, the old *Moreria*, which is now thought a "parenthesis of barbarism" in an age of civilization: there is a plan of opening a wide street to the *Calle de Segovia;* all this side of Madrid which hangs over the river was the ancient town, and contrasts with the newer portions near and beyond the *Puerta del Sol:* pass on to the *Puerta de los Moros*, and thence to *San Andres* in its *plazuela*, which was used by Ferdinand and Isabella the catholic as their parish church. Here Madrid's glorious ploughboy patron, San Isidro (see p. 715) went to mass and was buried; his body was removed in 1769 to *San Isidro Real*, but a small reja in the *presbiterio* marks the site where he was buried in 1130: observe the ancient arch and inspect his coffin-box; his standing wooden effigy is curious for costume. The gaudy churrigueresque chapel was raised about 1657. The miracles of the tutelar are painted by Carreño and the Rizzi; observe that in which Alonso VIII. recognises in the body of San Isidro the peasant who led his armies to victory at *las Navas de Tolosa*. Adjoining is *la Capilla del Obispo*, one of the few old Gothic specimens in modern Madrid. It is so called because built by Gutierez de Vargas y Carvajal, *Bishop* of Plasencia in 1547. The excellent *Retablo* and Berruguete carvings are by Francisco Giralte, and painted by Juan de Villondo in 1548, and not by Blas del Pardo, as some state: by Giralte also are the superb plateresque sepulchres of the prelate and his family. This chapel was injured in 1755 by an earthquake, and repaired in vile taste. There are also some good carvings in the *Sacristia*, and a wooden effigy of the saint in his rustic costume.

Now visit *la Plazuela de la Cebada*, the forage, the "hay," the "grass market," and where executions formerly took place. The artist and naturalist will come here to study costume and produce; the scene is busy, noisy, and pictorial. Look at the portal of *la Latina*, or *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion*, a hospital founded in 1499 by Beatriz Galindo, who taught Queen Isabella Latin. It was built by a Moor named Hazan, and finished, see date over portal, in 1507. Those who wish to see old Madrid and the quarters of the *Populacho*, may now thread the Calles del D. de Alba, Jesus y Maria, to the *Lavapies:* all this locality is a sort of Seven Dials: every Sunday morning at the Rastro, near the Portillo de los Embajadores, is a sort of *feria* and a setting up of book-stalls. The Calle de Zurita, de la Comadre, Campillo de Manuela, &c., are and have long been the homes and styes of *Manolos* and *Manolas*, of *Chisperos*, *Gitanos*, *Chalanes*, and other picturesque rogues since the days of Quevedo, although, alas! in the present civilization of the coat and cotton; every year they are abandoning their national costume—

> "En Madrid se juntaron
> Cuantos pobres y pobras,
> A la *fuente del piojo*
> En sus *Zahurdas* moran."

Those who have no taste for a Castilian St. Giles, may pass up la Latina to *San Isidro el Real*, in the Calle de Toledo. This, once a Jesuit's college, was built in 1651, and, now a parish church, is called *la Colegiata:* here bad taste and churriguerismo reign undisputed. Some cupolas are painted in fresco by Donoso and Claudio Coello: an image by Becerra, *Nª. Sª. de la Soledad*, placed in a small gilded chapel, is well carved and painted and is full of sorrow and solitude. In the Sacristia is a Christ and St. Peter, by Morales. This convent was attacked by the Madrid mob, July 17, 1834, who murdered the monks on the pretence that they had caused the cholera; enter and look at *the Capilla* Mayor, which was "repaired" by Rodriguez. Here repose the ashes of the holy ploughboy San Isidro and his *Santa Esposa:* his statue is by Pereyra. Here rest the remains of Daoiz, Velarde, and some of Murat's victims of the "*Dos de Mayo*," which were removed from the Prado May 2, 1814, with

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great pomp. Look into the chapels and sacristies to see to what extent marbles, cupolas, and gilt gingerbread Rococo can be carried: observe a Morales. The library which once belonged to the Jesuits is still here, and is open to the public.

Turn now to the l. to the *Plazuela de la Villa*, which opens on one side to the Calle Mayor. Here Cardinal Ximenez lived in the house now belonging to Mr. O'Shea, but the venerable pile has been beautified and repaired. The "Mansion-house," or *Casa del Ayuntamiento*, was built in the sixteenth century; the portals are later, and bad. The peristyle facing the *Calle de la Almudena* was added by Villanueva: the *patio* and staircase inside are simple. At the balcony overlooking the *Platerías*, Wellington, entering Madrid as a conqueror, presented himself to the applause of the delivered citizens.

Opposite, in what was *la Casa de los Lujanes* the (tower of which is now used for a telegraph), François I. was confined after his defeat at Pavia, until removed, Jan. 14, 1526, to the *alcazar*. Here he plighted his word of a king to treaties which, forgetting his chivalrous lament after Pavia, tout est perdu hors l'honneur, he violated the instant he crossed the Bidasoa and touched the sacred soil of France. But this most *Christian* king was absolved from all his oaths by Clement VII. the vicar of Christ; Peter Martyr (Ep. 813) thus wrote prophetically, when François I. was making solemn promises: "Gallum ergo in Matritensem caveam die Aug. 14, Aquila clausit. Quem ex tantâ victoriâ fructum exerpsemus tempus dicet. *Parvum existimo*, quia nimis mitis est Cæsar, Galli *vafri* nimium in actionibus negociorum;" and he was right. On the *mauvaise foi* of François, so unworthy of a king, see Sismondi, xvi. 39. Mons. A. Champollion Figeac has published in Paris, 1847, a 4to. on the *Captivité du Roi*; he is an advocate rather than an historian, and his foregone conlusion was to blink the royal bad faith. The battle of Pavia was fought Feb. 24, 1525, on Friday, a day of glorious sunshine. The king was taken early, and soon solaced himself with making bad verses on the event. His armour, sent to Ambras, in the Tyrol, was removed to Paris by Berthier in 1807. (See Musée d'Artillerie, No. 28.) As to his sword see p. 724.

Now cross the fine *Calle Mayor* to *San Gines*, in the Calle del Arenal. This church was built about 1358, and was injured by fire in 1824. Observe inside the *Paso* of Santo Cristo, carved by Vergaz, and a good painting of "Christ seated and stripped," by Alonso Cano. Descend to the *Boveda*, or dark vault, where during Lent flagellants whip themselves, the sexton furnishing the cats; some have nine tails, and are really stained with blood. The penitents being their own judges and executioners, lay on according to their consciences, Γνωθι and scourge Σεαυτον. In the good old times of Philip IV. Spaniards whipped themselves publicly in the streets, and the nice thing was to scourge so stoutly on passing their mistresses, that the blood should spurt on them in a delicate attention which their tender hearts could not resist. The fair sex were only professionally bled, and it was usual that at each venisection the lover should make his *querida* a present, whereby male purses and female arteries were equally exhausted. This gentle self-scourging prevailed among ancient female worshippers; the self-flagellants of Isis (Herod. ii. 61) set the fashion to the devotees of Bellona at Rome; but when people's religion lies no deeper than the skin they may flagellate themselves with considerable benefit: since the *progreso*, *Young Spain*, although it still worships female divinities in church and out, whips itself rather less, if not, no more; it is thinking, like honest Sancho Panza, that the custom is more honoured in the breach than the observance.

Next cross over to the *Plaza mayor*, the grand square of Madrid; the houses have been subject to many fires, although in 1790, the "Host" was brought to the balconies to put one out, just as Protestants bring up engines. The square, some 2450 feet

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above the sea, was erected in 1619, by Juan de Mora; the superb equestrian bronze of Philip III. cast by Juan de Bologna, from a drawing made by Pantoja, has been recently removed to it from the *Casa del Campo*. It was the companion to that of Henry IV. at Paris, which was destroyed at the Revolution. Left unfinished by J. de Bologna, it was completed by Pedro Tacca, whose brother-in-law, Antonio Guidi, brought it to Madrid in 1616. The belly has been criticised. On this *Plaza* the executions, *Autos de Fé*, and the *Fiestas Reales*, or royal bull-fights, were celebrated; here our Charles I. beheld one given to him by Philip IV. The locality, 434 feet long by 334 wide, is well adapted for spectacles. By a clause in their leases the inmates of houses are bound on these occasions to give up their front rooms and balconies, which are then fitted up as boxes. The royal seat is prepared on the part called *La Panaderia*, the saloons of which, painted in fresco by Claudio Coello and Donoso, were destined by Charles III. to the Academy of History, who have here a tolerable library. Look at some curious MS. and early rituals and missals from St. Millan; the *Forum Judicum*, &c., a gothic ritual, earlier even than the Musarabic rite, ought to be printed, in order to put the Pope, his novelties, and inventions out of court. This MS. will probably disappear when the Vatican hears of it. Ask also for the grand votive silver shield in honour of Theodosius — weighing 533 oz. — and found near Merida: this, long declined to be purchased by the Academy, was bought at last from shame, on the hearing that an Englishman was after it.—*Cosas de España*.

Recently an under part of the *Casa del Peso*, in the C. de Leon, has been given to the Academy for their increasing books. they still, however, hold their sittings in the Plaza.

Going out at the S.E. corner was the old *Carcel de Corte*, built in 1634, for Philip IV., by Juan Bautista Crescenti; it has long been the home of guilt and misery, a seat of disease and death placed in the very heart of the only Court; the dwelling, indeed, as Cervantes says, "of every discomfort, and of every wretched sound." Our reforming Howard was expressly kept out of the prisons of Madrid in 1783. Meantime a criminal—political cases excepted—is pretty well off, as long as he has money wherewith to anoint the itching palm of *Justicia*, high and low; his life is seldom prolonged after his purse comes to an end. Borrow, an inmate for publishing the Bible, has given a graphic picture of the Newgate of Madrid. Since 1808 and the many political changes and chances, these dungeons never wanted a tenant from every shade of opinion. Here Joseph incarcerated the patriots, and the Cortes imprisoned the *afrancesados*. Here Ferdinand confined the liberals, here the liberals fettered the royalists; here Carlist and Christinist, *Servile*, *Exaltado*, and *Moderado* have each in their turn tasted the retaliatory iron of their national *justicia*; here Ferdinand's even-handed widow Christina, shut up the *royalists* in 1836, and encaged the *liberals* in 1844. The prison, all but the front, has been recently demolished, and is to be re-built.

Having observed *effects*, the jurisconsult may next inquire into *causes*, for here are the tribunals of the *Audiencia*, or supreme court of *justice*, as it is here called. In it every man is assumed to be guilty until he is proved innocent, the judge endeavouring by every means fair and foul to convict the accused; a Westminster Hall barrister if transported by special retainer to the Rhadamantine court below, would scarcely find himself in a newer practice. True justice perhaps lies between the two extremes, and if the poor guiltless are sometimes condemned in Spain, the guilty, thanks to the jury system, oftener get off in England; yet our defective laws work well, because fairly administered by able and upright judges, while the better system of Spain works ill, because the ministers are too often corrupt and unjust. A pure administration of the law, and not a new code is what is wanting for the peace and welfare of Spaniards. The Lord Chief rejoices in the title of Regent

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and in a salary of 500*l.* a-year! The city prison, called *la Casa del Saladero*, is near the gate of Santa Barbara: gaol-fanciers may also go to the Calle de Hortaliza, and visit *Las Recogidas*, or *Santa Maria Magdalena*. No women can take the benefit of this institution without having duly qualified by undoubted guilt, and none, once admitted, can get out, except to take the veil or marry. Here also is a quarter in which those ladies are confined whose relations think them likely to be benefited by a little restraint; an institution which might be usefully extended to some capitals out of Spain.

In the Calle de Fuencarral is the *Hospital de San Fernando*, founded in 1688. The façade by the heresiarch Pedro Ribera, 1726, is the pet specimen of the vile taste of the Philip V. period, and certainly it entitled the inventor to his admission into any receptacle for criminals or lunatics. It rivals in outrageous churrigueresque the *Retablo* in San Luis, and the *Portada* of Santo Tomas. In this hospital poor persons of both sexes are received and employed.

The hospital *San Antonio*, Corredera de San Pablo, was founded in 1606, and has a good oval chapel, with fresco ceilings, by the Rizzi, Carreño, and Giordano. Observe the Santa Isabel and Santa Engracia, painted by Eugenio Caxes, and the statue of the tutelar by Pereyra.

The Foundling Hospital, *La Inclusa*, in the Calle de los Embajadores, is so called from a much-venerated image of the Virgin, which was brought by a Spanish soldier from *Enkuissen* (Enchusen), in Holland; here more than 1200 infants, sinless children of sin, are annually exposed by their unnatural parents. The lying-in asylum for these mothers, in the Calle del Rosal, is called, as if in mockery, Nuestra Señora de *la Esperanza*,—what *hope* is there for such deserted offspring? the more honest vulgar, however, call it *el Pecado mortal*, the deadly sin: here unmarried women are *confined* in both senses of the word.

A well-managed Poor-house, or mendicity asylum, was founded in 1834, outside the gate San Bernardino, by the Marquis de Pontejos, by whom was first established, in 1839, the *Caja de Ahorros*, or savings-bank, which has worked well; 4 per cent. is paid to depositors.

The *Imprenta Real*, Calle de Carretas, a heavy building by one Turillo, contains the royal printing and engraving establishment. From this press have issued many splendid specimens of typography; here may be obtained impressions of those pictures in the Museo which have been engraved; but they are second-rate, for Spaniards have never excelled in the burin, which requires too much patience, and is too mechanical; at first they employed foreigners, Flemings and Italians, and latterly Frenchmen. Very few Spanish artists have ever etched, for Ribera was, in fact, a Neapolitan; and in no country have fewer illustrated works been produced. The Bourbons introduced a taste for engraving portraits, and some plates by Celma and Carmona are tolerable.

The *Casa de Moneda*, or mint, was in the Calle de Segovia: the coinage is slovenly, the machinery foreign, the dies ill cut and worse worked; but since the great prevalence of 5-franc pieces struck in France, no great activity has been shown here.

The public and stock-exchange, or *Bolsa de Comercio*, established in 1831, was then held at *San Martin*. Removed to *Los Basilios*, No. 11, Calle del Desengaño, of "finding out the trick" (not a badly chosen name), and now established in the *Plazuela de la Leña*. It is often *sin operaciones*, and is then the *coldest* place in the capital, and has been likened to a tomb inscribed "Here *lies* Spanish credit." It is open from 10 A.M. until 3 o'clock, where those who like Spanish 5 per cents. may buy them at a low figure; there are a great variety of different stocks, and suited to all tastes and pockets, whether those funded by Aguado, Arduoin, Toreno, or Mendizabal, "all honourable men;" in some the principle is consolidated, in others,

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the interest is deferred; one grand financial principle in all seems to have been to receive as much as possible, and pay back in an inverse ratio; in short, every sort of funding except refunding. As in measuring out money and oil, a little will stick to the cleanest fingers, the ministers and contractors made fortunes and actually "did" the Hebrews of London. But from Philip II. downwards, theologians have never been wanting to prove the religious, however painful, duty of bankruptcy, and particularly in contracts with usurious heretics. The stranger, when shown over the Madrid bank, had better evince no impertinent curiosity to see the "Dividend *pay* office," as it might give offence. Their punctuality is *unremitting*, and their Pundhonor settles debts rather with steel than gold. Whatever be our reader's pursuit in the Peninsula, let him

"Neither a borrower or lender be,
For loan oft loseth both itself and friend."

Beware of Spanish stock, for in spite of official reports, *documentos*, and arithmetical mazes, which, intricate as an arabesque pattern, look well on paper, without being intelligible; in spite of ingenious conversions, fundings of interest, &c., the thimblerig is always the same; and this is the question, since national credit depends on national good faith and surplus income, how can a country pay interest on debts, whose revenues have long been, and now are, miserably insufficient for the ordinary expenses of government. You cannot get blood from a stone.

Matters are not much changed since Mr. Macgregor's Report on Spain in 1844, where a truthful description is given of the commercial ignorance, habitual disregard of treaties, violation of contracts, and a detail of the public *securities* of Punic Spain, past and present. Certainly they had infinite *Juros*, *Vales reales*, *Cedulas*, *Deudas sin interes*, active, passive, and other repudiatory varieties, all very fine-sounding and imposing; but no oaths can attach real value to dishonoured paper. According to some financiers, the public debts of Spain, previously to 1808, amounted to £83,763,966, which have since been increased to £279,083,089, farthings omitted: possibly this may be an exaggeration, but it is not the duty of a useful *Handbook* to recommend these investments. What with the invasion, civil wars, official peculation, and financial ignorance, Spain is over head and ears in debt, and seems to be irremediably insolvent. And yet few countries, if we regard the fertility of her soil, her golden possessions at home and abroad, her frugal temperate population, ought to have been less embarrassed than Spain; but Santiago has granted her every blessing, except a good and honest government.

It may perhaps interest the bulls and bears of our Stock Exchange to hear the view taken by not a few Spaniards on the nonpayment of either interest or principal of moneys raised abroad. Independently of general repudiatory predilections, punic faith tendencies and maxims, many deny the obligation in toto: they ask who contracted these debts, and under what circumstances the loans were raised, and for whose benefit; they maintain that it was either the job of a faction or of a government *de facto* and not *de jure*, and that the real end was to injure not to benefit the nation; that the royalists borrowed to put down constitutional *liberty*, that the liberals borrowed to put down church and state, god and the king; both parties strenuously affirm that the foreign capitalist made most usurious bargains, and that the proceeds paid in cash to *Nosotros* bore a very trifling proportion to the debt created on paper. The nation at large contend that as it had no hand in these transactions, it has no right to be taxed to pay either interest or principal: in a word, that Spaniards, the most honourable people in the world, are not bound to defray the debts of a mere handful of swindlers in office. Beggar your neighbour is a grand game, and base is the slave that pays is an old saying; but if there be a thing that *la perfide Albion*, that shopkeeping nation, abhors, it is an insolvent, so the name of Spain is not popular in our Capel Court City.

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The national or government bank, called *de San Fernando*, Calle de la Montera, issues notes for 200, 500, 1000 and 10,000 reals, which will not readily pass out of Madrid. These notes are cashed every day from ten to one. Previously there existed that of San Carlos, founded in 1782 by Charles III., and the first of Madrid which ever enjoyed exclusive privileges of receiving deposits, and a monopoly of issuing paper; but, in spite of charters, Ferdinand VII., July 9, 1829, created this rival, in favour of some capitalists who advanced him money, in consequence of which the older establishment failed. In spite of the charters of this new *San Fernando*, an opposition governmental bank, *Santa Isabel*, was set up, which discounted promissory notes or *pagarés*. The two rivals have, however, recently coalesced; other banks went to the dogs, dragging sundry English speculators down with them. Another was formed, called *El Fomento*, to facilitate new roads and canals; and another, *El Progreso*, which is a sort of savings'-bank. All of these are doing well, with their shares at a premium; the profits large, since the arts of banking are yet in their infancy in Spain, and the rates of discount and interest very high. A general Life and House Insurance Company (*Calle del Prado*, No. 42) was only founded in 1842: so new here is any security for person or property: it is said that few Spanish women will insure, because it is necessary to state their real age. Since the fall of the monks, Spaniards are getting over the oriental notion, that these human precautions evinced a want of confidence in God—*aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera.*

In the Calle San Juan is the *Platería*, established by Charles III., who sent one Antonio Martinez to Paris and London for ideas and machinery: the workroom is fine; but not much plate is now made in Spain, whose gold and silver ages are past. Recently several literary and artistical societies have been formed, such as *El Ateneo*, a kind of club: the time-honoured University of Alcalá was moved in 1837 to C. Ancha San Bernardo, just as if Oxford had been carted to Gower-street; *El Liceo artistico y literario*, is a sort of Royal Institution for lectures and meetings every Thursday; a Philharmonic Academy; there is a *Conservatorio de Artes*, Calle del Turco, with a few mechanical models, and library on those subjects; the *Conservatorio de Musica* was founded in 1830 by Christina, in order to force Italian notes down Spanish *gargantas*. The pupils hitherto have not attained mediocrity: Spaniards are musical without being harmonious, as those who read Sil. Ital. (iii. 346) must know; and as those who do not, may learn of any muleteer, or in any of the national operas, the Venta. This performance is indeed racy and true, if not delightful, but wherever the Italian opera rules, and *Le Théâtre Français* despotises, adieu to the tunes, ballads, and tales of the people; so effectually does art and fashion oust nature and nationality.

There are several theatres at Madrid, besides the opera or *Teatro Real*. The two oldest, the *Principe* and *Cruz*, were the mean and unworthy cradles of the modern drama of Europe. The original theatre for which Calderon, Cervantes, and Lope de Vega wrote for Philip IV., was burnt by the French. The present *Teatro de la Cruz*, of the Cross! destined for comedies, farces, and dancing, which will hold about 1300 persons, is badly contrived; it was built in 1737, by Ribera, who exercised his genius, fertile in absurdities, in erecting such an edifice, that no subsequent efforts, short of pulling down, can ever render it tolerable. The other theatre, called *Del Principe*, intended for the Spanish drama, was built by Villanueva, in 1806, and will contain only 1200 spectators. Both of them are dirty and ill-lighted. The place or galleries set apart for women, into which no males are admitted, and which hence used to be called *La Tertulia de las Mujeres*, is yet uninvaded by civilization of the *chapeau*, and admits no bonnets.

Spanish tragedy is wearisome: the language is stilty, the declamation

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ranting, French, and unnatural; passion is torn to rags. The Spanish theatre, whence the modern drama has arisen, and from which the French borrowed so largely, has shared in the national decline, and is now content to borrow from those it formerly taught. Translations and adaptations from France are now *à la mode*; Spain, indeed, is afraid now to exhibit herself on the mirror stage. Her flag is tattered, her capa is torn; all that represents present nationality is scouted as vulgar, and if Spain will appear on the boards, it is to strut with the Cid and Charles V. Thus she blinks the present in the past, and builds up bright hopes for the future — *Châteaux d'Espagne*. The *sainetes*, or farces, are broad, but amusing, and perfectly well acted; these, indeed, are the true vehicles of the love for sarcasm, satire, and intrigue, the mirth and mother-wit, for which Spaniards are so remarkable; and no people are more essentially serio-comic and dramatic than they are. The *sainete* is deserving of its name, which signifies the tit-bit, the *brain* of the quarry, with which the sportsman rewarded his hawk. The *Bolero* or *Baile Nacional*, of course, is the *Salsa de la Comedia, on n'écoute que le ballet;* then women cease even to talk, and men to expectorate. The elegant French ballet is just tolerated. The *Circo*, Plaza del Rey, or Spanish opera, where *Zarzuelas* and comic pieces are given, is very popular and well filled: *Butacas*, stalls, cost 10 reals. The minor theatres are *Las Variedades*, in the Calle de la Magdalena; the *Buena Vista*, Calle de la Luna, where the old bank of San Carlos was; the Lope de Vega; the *Museo*, Calle de Alcalá; and the *Instituto*, Calle de las Urosas. On the Spanish theatre, see our paper in the '*Quar. Review*,' No. cxvii.

In general, Spanish theatres are cold and full of draughts and smells, mostly abominable, being a compound of garlic, tobacco, &c. Between the acts a long interval takes place, one calculated by cigar consumption; the house is then soon filled with smoke from the lobbies. The wiser clergy use sweet incense during their melodramatic spectacle.

Very few of the palaces of the Grandees contain anything worth notice. They were plundered by the invaders, and their owners are not over-gifted with taste. They are large and empty according to our ideas, as are the heads of most of their owners; real furniture and an air of occupation and life are wanting; cellars and libraries are curiosities; the kitchens are caricatures; but in truth the *art of dining* has yet to be really learnt, for the Spaniard, accustomed to his own desultory, free and easy, impromptu, scrambling style of eating, is bored and constrained by the order and discipline, the pomp and ceremony, and serious importance of a well-regulated dinner, and their observance of forms extends mostly to persons, not to things: so many a titulado even has only a thin European polish spread over his Gotho-Bedouin dining-table; he lives and eats surrounded by an humble clique, in his huge barrack-house, without any elegance, luxury, or even comfort, according to sound trans-pyrenean notions: few indeed are the *cocinas* which possess a *cordon bleu*, and fewer are the masters who really like an orthodox *entrée*, one unpolluted with the heresies of garlic and red pepper: again, whenever their cookery attempts to be foreign, as in their other imitations, it ends in being a flavourless copy; but few things are ever done in Spain in *real style*, which implies forethought and expense. Here almost everything is a makeshift; the noble master *reposes* and shifts his affairs on an unjust steward, and dozes away life on this bed of roses, somnolescent over business and awake only to intrigue; his numerous ill-conditioned, ill-appointed *servidumbre* have no idea of discipline or subordination; you never can calculate on their laying even the tablecloth, as they prefer idling in the church or on the *plaza* to doing their duty, and would rather starve, and sing, dance, and sleep out of place and independently, than feast and earn their wages by fair work; nor has the employer any redress, for if he dismisses them he will

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only get just such another set, or even worse. Spain, indeed, is a shadow of departed greatness, and of all shadows few are more unsubstantial, with rare exceptions, than the present holders of the time-honoured titles of her heroic age. To be a *Grande* it almost now seems necessary to be small in person and intellect. The poor descendants of those real men who rendered great names glorious still flutter in the faint reflection of a past effulgence, their present insignificance being heightened by the former importance of those whom they misrepresent: they have grown with the growth and declined with the decline of their country. Living ruins without the dignity of antiquity, they are degenerate alike in body, mind, and estate; their close intermarriages, by breeding in-and-in, have perpetuated physical and moral insignificance as their birthright; they have set the laws of organic nature at defiance, and hence their stinted forms and defective brains. This pigmy proportion of body and brain is in an inverse ratio to magnitude of rank and wealth, as if it would seem that Providence created them in order to show how little importance it attached to these gifts, so coveted by mortals. They rarely reach mediocrity, for the few *Duques* who have held office or scribbled would not in England be admitted into an annual, or appointed on the committee of a country book-club; no wonder then that these *Hijos de algo* are ousted in political power by *novi homines* either *Hijos de se y de sus obras*, or by upstart adventurers, lampooners, stock-jobbers, small littérateurs, and soldiers of fortune. From never allying themselves with the commonalty, the nobles stand alone like barren palm-trees and on the surface; they have no deep roots intertwined with the social system, nor have they education or talent to carve out for themselves a position. Uneducated and untravelled, these popinjay butterflies are fit only to swell the levees, the *Besamanos* of the court, where, true *Palaciegos*, the insects glitter in embroidery and decoration. The essentials of a true grandee are, to be *chico, endeudado y cornudo*; and the late Duque de F—s used proudly to boast that he was "all three." Madrid is indeed *the* court of fine names, gilt gingerbread, and trappings of honour, as the *forms* of real strength are resorted to, in order to raise the apparent splendour of a faded country, to mask the absence of living spirit by the symbol. It has rather the abuse than the use of a nobility; nowhere, not even at cognate Naples, is there a greater prodigality of utterly undeserved titles and decorations. The meaner the man the more does individual insignificance require to be plastered over, the more must the base metal be gilded. The badge confers, indeed, small honour, but not to have it is a disgrace. Formerly, said the shrewd *Populacho*, rogues were hung on crosses, now crosses are hung on rogues: for these grandee and heraldic matters, see our paper in '*Quart. Rev.*' cxxiii. 110.

The largest of the Grandees' houses, and a real *poor* house, is that of the Duque de Medinaceli, Carrera de San Geronimo: it looks like ten leaseholds taken from Baker Street. The plate and armoury were appropriated by the French. Here are kept, in sad neglect, some second-rate antiques which were brought from the *Casa de Pilatos* at Seville. Observe a fawn, a Mercury, and Apollo. Here are two very early cannon: the library, no longer open to the public, is now food for worms. The Conde de Oñate has also a good house; so has the Duque de Hijar, and the Marquis de Astorga. The Duque de Osuna, in the Vistillas, is setting in order the hereditary books, pictures, and ancient arms.

Charles I., when at Madrid, lived in the *Casa de las siete Chimineas*, No. 2, Calle de las Infantas, Plazuela del Rey; it was the house which the Venetian envoy held so long, and even against Philip IV., and our minister Fanshaw. (See his Letters, ii. 129.) Built by Herrera, this is one of the oldest mansions in Madrid.

Pursuing that street, is *Las Salesas Viejas*. This enormous nunnery, a second Escorial, was built in 1758, by

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one Carlier, for Barbara, queen of Ferdinand VI., in imitation of Madame de Maintenon's St. Cyr, as a place of retreat for herself, and a seminary for young noble females. The size, enormous cost, and bad taste, led the critics to exclaim, "*Barbara Reina, barbara obra, barbaro gusto, barbara gasto.*" *Barbara*, besides meaning *barbarous*, has, in Spanish, the secondary signification of immense, outrageous. Over the façade is a bas-relief of *Nuestra Señora de la Visitacion*, to which mystery the building is dedicated. The imposing Corinthian chapel is now converted into a parish church. The king and queen, who would not mix their French ashes with those of Austrians, are buried here: their tombs, designed by Sabatini, and executed by Gutierrez, are wrought of the finest materials, but the figures of Plenty and Justice are imagined after the taste and truth of the grand epitaphs *composed* by the *poet* Juan de Iriarte. The marbles of the high altar are truly magnificent: the green pillars were brought from the quarries of San Juan near Granada. The handsomest façade of the *Palacio*, so called because the residence of Queen Barbara, looks to the garden.

The convent *Descalzas Reales* in its *plaza* was founded by Juana, daughter of Charles V. Observe her kneeling effigy placed on her tomb, and wrought in marble by P. Leoni. The frescoes were painted in 1756, by Velazquez (*not* Diego). The *Retablo* of the high altar is by Becerra. The abbess of this convent ranked as a grandee.

There are very few interesting tombs in modern Madrid, as the finest in the *San Geronimo* and *San Martin* were destroyed by the invaders. *Herrera*, the architect, was buried in San Nicholas; *Lope de Vega* in San Sebastian: he died Aug. 27, 1637, at No. 11, Calle Francos. *Velazquez*, who died Aug. 7, 1660, was buried in San Juan. It was pulled down in 1811, in the time of the French, and his ashes scattered to the winds, as Soult had treated those of Murillo (see p. 182). So were scattered those of Cervantes: he died April 23, 1616, in the Calle del Leon, No. 20, Manzana, 228, and was buried in the Trinitarias Descalzas, Calle del Humilladero, and when the nuns moved to the Calle de Cantarranas, the site was forgotten, and his remains are now left unhonoured. In that convent the daughters both of Cervantes and Lope de Vega took the veil.

Spain, having denied bread to Cervantes when alive, has recently given him when dead, a stone; an indifferent monument has been raised opposite the Cortes, with his statue modelled by Antonio Sola of Barcelona and cast in bronze by a Prussian named Hofgarten. Dressed in the old Spanish costume, he *hides* under his cloak his arm mutilated at Lepanto, which he never did in life, it being the great pride of his existence. The reliefs on the pedestal of Don Quixote's adventures were designed by José Piquer; the cost was defrayed out of the *Bula de Cruzada*: thus Cervantes, who when alive was ransomed from Algiers by the monks of Merced, when dead owed to a religious fund this tardy monument. The street in which he lived is now called Calle de Cervantes; and the house, No. 2, which he is supposed to have occupied, has his profile placed over the door. The bones of *Calderon de la Barca* were moved April 19, 1841, from La Calatrava nunnery, and interred in the *Campo Santo de San Andreas*.

The celebrated Padre Henrique Florez, whose works we so often quote, died, aged 71, May 5, 1773, in his convent *San Felipe el Real*, near the *Puerta del Sol*, and was buried in the fine chapel; now all is swept away. Here was preserved his splendid library and his extraordinary collection of notes and papers for the continuation of the '*España Sagrada*,' and for the preservation of which he obtained from Clement XIII. a bull excommunicating all who should remove or injure them. This, however, proved a brutum fulmen against the invader, as General Belliard,* in 1808, turned

* So Mons. de Tilli, the Vandal of the Palatinate, littered his dragoons with the rare MSS. of the library at Heidelberg. So Pichegru, with his apostles of infidelity, burnt at Antwerp, June 1794, the materials of the Bollandists: this

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the beautiful church into a stable, and used up those MSS. and books of Florez which were not burnt under French camp-kettles, to make beds of for the troopers: thus perished antiquarian researches that never can be replaced, as most of the original documents afterwards met with the same fate from other generals of the invaders: hence the present difficulty in continuing the '*España Sagrada*.' The volumes printed about this fatal period are rare: the printers ran away, and the sheets were either sold as waste paper or destroyed. See for details Risco's preface, '*Esp. Sag.*,' xliii. ix. For particulars of the life of Florez, see '*Noticias de la Vida*,' by Francisco Mendez, Mad. 1780, his friend and companion, and the learned author of the '*Typographia Española*.'

Santo Domingo el Real was founded in 1217. The portal and *coro* were added by Herrera for Philip II. in 1599, whose son Don Carlos was buried here, until the body was removed to the Escorial. Observe the kneeling effigy of Don Pedro, and the costume of his grand-daughter, 1478. Here is kept the wonderful *Pila* of the saint, which is brought forth at the baptism of royalty. *San Ildefonso* was rebuilt in 1827, the French having destroyed the former church. *San Marcos*, Calle de San Leonardo, was erected by Ventura Rodriguez, who lies buried in it. There are so very few churches worth visiting at Madrid that the ecclesiologist had better hasten to imperial Toledo, the seat of the primate of Spain.

The immediate environs of Madrid offer small attraction, as the city stands alone in its desert solitude. There are no daughter suburbs, no Belgravia or Tiburnia, no Nouvelle Athènes; few are the villas, the rures in urbe, which tempt the citizens beyond the mud wall of their paradise. The rare exceptions are mostly royal property; one of the prettiest is *la Moncloa*, on the r. of the road to the Escorial, and overlooking the bed of the Manzanares. It once belonged to the Alva family; it was purchased by Ferdinand VII., who removed to it the porcelain manufactory after the French had destroyed *la China*. Here his Majesty made some bad, coarse, and very dear pots and pans.

El Pardo, a royal *sitio* or shooting-box, distant 2 L. on the Manzanares, built by Charles V., was burnt March 13, 1604; then perished many magnificent portraits by Titian, A. Moro, Coello, &c.; the present pile was repaired by F. de Mora for Philip III.; it was added to by Charles III., as a shooting-box near his favourite preserve: the covers extend to 15 L. in circumference. The royal apartments are commodious, and there is a small theatre in the building; some of the ceilings painted in fresco by Galvez and Ribera; the glass chandeliers are large and fine, and a portion of the fine tapestry inside is of the time of Charles V. Those with rural and sporting subjects are after designs of Goya. In the Retablo of the Oratory is a copy of the Christ bearing the Cross, by Ribalta, of which there is a replica at Magdalen College, Oxford.

The *Alameda* is a pleasant villa erected on the road to *Guadalajara* by the late Duchess Countess of Benavente, at an enormous expense. The grounds are nicely laid out, well wooded, and refreshing in the desert. Here the princely Osuna has a fine haras, managed by Mr. Cook. The humbler citizens occasionally venture outside the gate of Alcalá, or to *Chamberi* outside the gate of Bilbao, where they refresh themselves in second-rate public-houses. On a hill about ¾ of a L. on the road to Toledo is *Caravanchel*, or rather the *Caravancheles*, for the two villages closely adjoin each other, being distinguished by the epithets upper and lower, *de arriba y de abajo*. They offer to Madrid what Highgate and Hampstead do to London, and are visited by Castilian cockneys on holidays. *La Vista Alegre*, so called from the *chcerful* view over the nakedness of the land, was bought

Belliard was the officer who surrendered with the French army to the English in Egypt, and was the first of his brother generals to betray his master Buonaparte at Fontainebleau; and see p. 720.

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by Christina, who here created a gingerbread villa, where royal and rural fêtes were given, and the courtiers were amused amazingly, in the want of food and drink, by countesses tumbling into fish-ponds, and by grandees falling off whirligig St. Bartholomew Fair wooden horses; oh! what a falling off was there, from the Cid and his Babieca! According to the *Clamor Publico* (Feb. 11, 1846), the Queen-Mother sold this suburban elysium to her daughter Isabel for 200,000*l*.—"a bargain in which maternal love prevailed over private interest." Christina, although bred and born at beautiful Naples, was so fond of this place, that she took from it the title of *Condesa de Vista Alegre*, on departing quasi incognita from Valencia, after her first abdication, and when her throne and children were left behind; but the classical and quixotic denomination of the "rueful countenance" would better have suited the sadness of the occasion and her own forced errantry.

Communications from Madrid.

Before quitting the capital remember to get the passport *en règle*, and do not put off the obtaining all necessary *visés* to the last moment, as the official subalterns are not to be hurried more than masters of our Court of Chancery, and a day is soon lost in loitering in the ante-rooms, where real business *festinat lenté* and moves *con pies de plomo*.

Madrid, being placed like a spider in the middle of the Peninsular web, may justly be termed the heart in which the grand arteries of the circulation, such as it is, centre, and from whence, until the projected railroads are finished, the mails and diligences start. For all particulars consult the printed bills and particulars, which are to be had everywhere at Madrid; and the great companies generally advertise their days and time of departure in the papers. There is also a useful little book called '*El Estado sinoptico de Correos*,' which gives an account of all the coaches, &c. which enter and leave Madrid.

Just now there is much talk of *railroads*, and splendid official and other *documentos* are issued by which the "whole country is to be intersected (on paper) with a network of rapid and bowling-green communications;" these are to create a "perfect homogeneity among Spaniards;" for great as have been the labours of Herculean steam, this amalgamation of the Iberian rope of sand has properly been reserved for the crowning performance. Most of this is to be effected by the iron and gold of England, that fond and foolish ally who fights and pays for all. But Spain is a land which never yet has been able to construct or support even a sufficient number of common roads or canals for her poor and passive commerce and circulation. In other countries roads, canals, and traffic precede the rail, which in this land of anomalies is to precede them: here, while commerce jogs on on the pack-horse, jobbing flies by the electric telegraph, and the last new invention of civilisation is coupled to the ways and means of primeval antiquity. The distances are too great, and the traffic too small, to call yet for the rail, while the geological formation of the country offers difficulties which, if met with even in England, would baffle the colossal science and extravagance of our first-rate engineers. Spain is a land of mountains, which rise everywhere in alpine barriers, walling off province from province, and district from district. These mighty cloud-capped *sierras* are solid masses of hard stone, and any tunnels which ever perforate their ranges will reduce that at Box to the delving of the poor mole. You might as well cover Switzerland and the Tyrol with a network of *level* lines, as all simpletons caught in the aforesaid net will soon discover to their cost. The outlay will be in an inverse ratio to the remuneration, for the one will be enormous, and the other paltry. The parturient mountains will in all probility only produce a most musipular interest.

Spain again is a land of *dehesas y despoblados:* in these wild unpeopled

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wastes, next to travellers, commerce and cash are what is scarce, while even Madrid, the capital, is a city without industry or resources, and poorer than many of our provincial cities. The Spaniard, a creature of routine and foe to innovations, is not a locomotive animal; local, and a fixture by nature, he hates moving like a Turk, and has a particular horror of being hurried; long, therefore, has an ambling mule here answered all the purposes of transporting man and his goods. The English contractors will be indeed welcomed in Spain with honours almost divine, as all who come with cash in their sacks always are and will be; but when the work is done, the villagers who, next to disliking regular sustained labour themselves, abhor seeing the foreigner toiling even in their service, and wasting his gold and sinews in the thankless task, will rise against the stranger and heretic who comes to "suck the wealth of Spain." What has ever been the recompense which the foreigner has met with but breach of promise and ingratitude? He will be used, as in the East, until the native thinks that he has mastered his arts, and then he will be cast out and trodden under foot.

The lines most likely to succeed will be those which are the shortest, and pass through a level country of some natural productions, such as from Cadiz to Seville through the wine and oil districts; from Barcelona to Mataró, from Reinosa to Santander, and from Oviedo to Aviles, through the coal country. Certainly, if the rail can be laid down in Spain by the gold and science of England, the gift, like that of steam, will be worthy of the ocean's queen, and of the world's real leader of peace, order, liberty, good faith, commerce and civilisation; and what a change will then come over the spirit of the Peninsula! how the siesta of torpid man-vegetation will be disturbed by the shrill whistle and panting snort of the monster engine! how the seals of this long hermetically shut-up land will be broken! how the cloistered obscure, and dreams of treasures in heaven will be enlightened by this flashing fire-demon of the wide-awake money-worshipper! what owls will be vexed, what bats dispossessed, what drones, *Maragatos*, mules, *Ojalateros*, and asses, will be scared, run over, and annihilated! Those who love Spain, and pray, like the author, daily for her prosperity, must indeed hope to see this "net-work of rails" concluded, but will take especial care at the same time not to invest one *Curto* in the imposing speculation.

Meanwhile diligences, *coches de colleras*, and quadrupeds, do the road work until these wonderful rails are laid down.

One word before starting. Hurry across the Castiles and central provinces by day and night by extra post and mails, until the rails can convey you quicker; above all things beware of walking or riding journeys, especially in winter or summer: preferable even is the mud, wet, and cold of the former to the calcining heats of the latter, which bake the mortal clay until it becomes more brittle than an *olla*, more combustible than a cigar. Those "rayes," to use the words of old Howell, "that do but warm you in England, do half roast you here; those beams that irradiate onely, and gild your honeysuckled fields, do here scorch and parch the chinky, gaping soyle, and put too many wrinkles upon the face of your common mother." Then, when the heavens and earth are on fire, and the sun drinks up rivers at one draught; when the earth is tawny, and the ashy olive blanched into the livery of the desert, or shrivelled up into gunpowder-tea, then will an Englishman discover that he is made of dust, only drier, and learn to estimate water; then, in the Hagar-like thirst of the wilderness, every mummy hag rushing from a reed hut, with a porous cup of brackish water, is changed by the mirage into a Hebe, bearing the nectar of the immortals; then how one longs for the most wretched *Venta*, which heat and thirst convert into the Clarendon, since in it at least will be found water and shade, and an escape from the god of fire. Well may Spanish historians boast,

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that this orb at the creation first shone over Toledo, and never since has set on the dominions of the Great King, who, as we are assured by Berni (' *Creacion*,' p. 82), "has the sun for his hat," —*tiene al sol por su sombrero:* but humbler mortals who are not grandees of this solar system, and to whom a *coup de soleil* is neither a joke nor a metaphor, should double up sheets of brown paper in the crown of their beavers. Sic nos servavit Apollo. And oh! ye our fair readers, who value complexion, take for heaven's sake a parasol. On these occasions the pleasure of a *fine climate* seems to be somewhat overrated; and we ask, in what one country can out-of-door exercise be enjoyed so many days in the year as in our vilified England?—where is human life so much prolonged?—where are finer animals raised, male or female, biped or quadruped?

Excursions round Madrid.

Every one of course will visit *los Sitios Reales*, or the "royal seats" of the *Escorial*, *San Ildefonso*, and *Aranjuez*, to which the monarchs of Spain, who change their quarters like merino sheep, resort every year at fixed periods: in order to economise time, these residences may be included in other routes; thus those about to travel from Madrid to the S. or E. may first take *Toledo* and *Aranjuez*, and then journey on, if to *Valencia*, by *Cuenca*, and if to Andalucia, by Valdepeñas and the Sierra Morena. Those proceeding from Madrid to France may pass by *Avila*, the *Escorial*, and *San Ildefonso* to *Segovia*, and thence to *Valladolid* and *Burgos*. Those going from *Madrid* to *Vigo* may proceed by *Segovia*, *San Ildefonso*, the *Escorial*, *Avila*, and *Salamanca*, to all of which there are coaches, and the means of communication are every day improving.

Route 99.—Madrid to Avila.

Boadilla	. . . . .	2¾ ..	
Brunete	. . . . .	2¼ ..	5
Chapinera	. . . . .	3 ..	8
Valdeiglesias	. . . . .	2 ..	10
Guisando	. . . . .	1 ..	11
Tiemblo	. . . . .	1 ..	12
Berraco	. . . . .	2 ..	14
Avila	. . . . .	2 ..	16

There is a sort of *coche* to Avila, which starts from the *Meson de los Huevos*, Calle de la Concepcion Geronima, and performs the distance in about 11 hours; after ascending the Guadarama, and turning to l. at *Espinar* (10 L.), where there is a good Parroquia by Herrera, it goes to *Uraca*. The diligence to Salamanca generally sleeps here the first night. *Avila*, by the direct *Villacastin* road, lies about 20 L. from Madrid: the shortest road is by the Escorial, 16 L. (see R. 100, 101); but the antiquarian will hire horses and a guide and ride across by *Guisando*. Meanwhile the making a new road to Vigo, which will confer vitality on these long abandoned localities, is talked about.

Quitting the capital, after crossing the Manzanares, the road strikes into a desert-like country. On passing the rivers Guadarrama and Alberche, we enter Old Castile and soon reach *San Martin de Valdeiglesias* (12 L.) which, being a cool retreat in the dog-days, is frequented by the parched Madrilenians in summer. The fine Bernardine convent near it was celebrated for its carvings and paintings by Correa. The Escorial lies to the r. distant about 2 L.; the intervening farm *del Guexijar*, produces the rich full-bodied almost black, wine called *el vino del santo*, so relished by the holy monks of the Escorial, who were *αινοβιοι* rather than *κοινοβιοι*. Formerly most of the windows of that convent with a sunny aspect, were lined with portly bottles exposed to the mellowing rays by which the *blackstrap* was bleached, after the Horatian maxim—Massica si cœlo, &c. Such was the wine of the Græcian priests (Od. ix. 196), and the *Vinum Dominicum* of the Romans (Pet. Arb. 31.) The best is made at *Pelayos*.

The lover of old pictures may turn off about 5 L. to *Robledo de Chavela*, a poor village in its rocky valley, and amid scrub oaks, *Robles*. The Escorial is only 2 L. distant. In the parroquia, a solid simple building with a square

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tower, is a gilt and gothic *retablo*, formed of nine lancet divisions, with some 17 paintings of the life of the Virgin, by Rincon, the court painter to Ferdinand and Isabella: although thus *arrinconado*, or buried in an out-of-the-way corner, many have been vilely repainted, and without some timely attention will perish: the assumption of the Virgin is the largest and the best: Rincon—the Mabuse of Spain—is more Italian in his manner than Gallegos. See p. 521.

Guisando, distant 1 L. from *Valdeiglesias*, is celebrated for its Geronimite convent; observe in the vineyard, now belonging, we believe, to Narvaez, some of the strange animals of granite, called *Toros* by tauromachian Spaniards, who ought to have known better what a bull was like, and what he was not; to us they seemed more of the hippopotamus or rhinoceros breed. These sculptures have been injured both by man and time, and the inscriptions on one plinth are not coeval with the animal. Some consider them to refer to victories gained by Cæsar over the sons of Pompey. Similar *Toros* were once very numerous in the central regions of Spain; thus Gil de Avila, writing in 1598, enumerates 63 of them, while Somorrostro, in 1820, numbers only 37; so rapidly are these unexplained relics of antiquity disappearing, for although interesting as our Druidical cromlechs, they are used up by barbarians to mend roads and to repair pigsties. Much ink has been expended in discussing their origin and object: some contend that they were set up by Hercules, *i. e.* the Phœnicians, in commemoration of the bull Apis; but Tyre never would have selected an Egyptian symbol, even supposing that her merchants ever penetrated so far into the interior of Spain, which they did not. Others maintain that Hannibal—the Carthaginians—made these *landmarks* in the shape of elephants; others, and perhaps more correctly, hold them to be the rude idols of the aborigines, whose god, *Neton* or Mars, was derived from the Sun, a deity adored at Heliopolis under the form of a bull, and, in fact, the "golden calf" of the Israelites (Macrob. 'Sat.' i. 19, 21). All, however, is mere conjecture, whereat in derision Cervantes makes his knight of the wood weigh one of these *Toros*. Now-a-days Young Spain cares still less; and one live bull in the *plaza* in her eyes is worth a hecatomb of these brutes in granite. Consult '*Declaracion del Toro*.' Gil de Avila, 4to., Salamanca, 1597: '*Viage artistico*,' Bosarte, 32; '*Noticias*' de Florez, 133. It was at *Guisando*, Sept. 9, 1468, that the memorable meeting took place between Henrique IV. and Isabella: then the impotent king declared his sister as his heir, but while signing the deed with one hand, he plotted with the other its non-execution: see Prescot, '*Ferdinand and Isabella*,' ch. iii.

Turning up the trout-stream Alberche, cross over to *Berraco*, amid pine-clad hills. Observe the costume of the women. Soon the road enters the rugged hilly districts of Avila; and passing over the *Puerto*, the pleasant *vega* opens, watered by the Adaja, with the picturesque lines of walls and towers of the ancient feudal city, which has a most imposing look. Put up at the Parador de las Diligencias; *la Minjoriana* on the Plaza is indifferent, and *la del Empecinado* on the Rastro is a trifle better, but bad is the best.

Avila, despised by the Spaniards, and hitherto too much overlooked by foreigners, is a noble specimen of a stern mediæval city of Castile, and abounding with *quasi* Norman, and Gothic architecture. This capital of an agricultural province is one of the most neglected in Spain, in spite of many natural capabilities. Pop. about 4500. The Avilese physically and morally are of a low standard. The clumsy uncourteous boors gape with ignorant wonder at the interest taken by travellers in objects to which they are stupidly indifferent. Avila is placed near a snow-capped and well wooded sierra, and suggests to Madrid charming retreats from summer and autumnal heats; and when the new road to *Vigo* is opened, the site must be more frequented, for the *parameras* are

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fresh, the vega fertile, and many are the sweet valleys enclosed in the spurs of the hills, and watered by trout-streams. There is also wild shooting in the *montes y dehesas*. The peasantry are miserably poor, and much land remains uncultivated. The laws of mortmain, and manorial and feudal rights, have here been peculiarly oppressive (consult Miñano, i. 328, and '*Estadistica, etc. de Avila*,' Bernardo de Borjas y Tarrius, Mad., 1804; and for the city itself, consult '*Epilogo de algunas Cosas de Avila*,' Gonzalo de Ayora, Sal. 1519; this rare book was reprinted at Madrid, 8vo. 1851, with a preface by Gayangos; '*Historia de las Grandezas de Avila*,' Luis Ariz, fol. Alcalá de Henares, 1607. This book contains some curious pedigrees; indeed, from the number of knightly families, the town was entitled *Avila de los Caballeros;* for an account of one of these local heroes, see '*El Rayo de la Guerra*,' 4to. Valld. 1713.

Avila, say the Spaniards, was originally called *Abula*, after the mother of Hercules, by whom the place was founded 1660 years before Christ. Which Hercules of the 43 demigods this particular one was, whether the Theban or the Egyptian, is not yet quite settled. Meantime Avila was certainly rebuilt about A.D. 1088 by Don Ramon of Burgundy, son-in-law of Alonso VI.; he employed two foreigners, Cassandro and Florin de Pituenga, to construct a stone frontier city; and they did the work well, as is evidenced by still-existing walls some 40 feet high and 12 thick, defended by 88 towers, and a half a fortress-cathedral of which the east end is let into the circumvallation. Before the use of artillery Avila must have been impregnable, for it is itself a castle-city. The granite—somewhat gloomy—adds to the sentiment of strength. The streets are narrow, irregular, ill paved, very uncomfortable and picturesque. It is the see of a bishop suffragan to Santiago, and has a university. This dull and dilapidated place has never recovered the French ravages under General Hugo.

The dark iron-grey granite Gothic cathedral was built in 1107, by Alvar Garcia de Estrella: the principal entrance is enriched with work of an early period. First examine the exterior, the strong *cimborio*, the *absis*, with its castellated machicolations, half church, half fortress; a cross marks the spot where the loyal citizens elevated Alonso VIII. for their king, when only a child of four years old, and hence called *el Rey Niño*. They defended him against his usurping uncle, Ferdinand II. of Leon, who wished to profit by the civil feuds between the great Laras and de Castros, the former family having taken offence at the child's father having appointed their rivals as his guardians. *Avila* defended Alonso until he was eleven years old, and received the title of *Avila del Rey*, and for armorial bearings a tower with the royal figure at the window. If, however, the loyal townsfolk could uphold, so they could degrade their sovereigns: here, June 5, 1465, the effigy of the weak Henrique IV. was placed on a throne, clad in royal robes; sceptre, crown, and other attributes were then one by one taken away by the grandees, headed by Alonso Carrillo, archbishop of Toledo, and the denuded statue was kicked off the throne, and his brother Alonso proclaimed in his stead: see Prescott, '*Ferdinand and Isabella*,' chr. iii.

The severe interior of the cathedral, less blocked up by the *coro* than usual, is somewhat simple, but very striking. Observe the beautiful circular absis behind the high altar, and the glorious stained glass. Notice the forms of the windows, especially the smaller and upper ones, almost in the very arches of the roof. The *retablo* of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, is divided into many compartments, each with a rich canopy; the pictures are by Santos Cruz, Pedro Berruguete, and Juan de Borgoña; painted in 1508, they are among the oldest specimens in Spain, and although much neglected are in good preservation. The Annunciation is gracefully designed: the Adoration and Six Apostles is striking, but generally

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the style is hard and Tedesque. The transept was finished in 1350, by Bishop Sancho de Avila; the painted glass is very fine; much of it was executed in 1498, by Juan de Santillana. Observe the St. John the Baptist, the *Santas* Ines, Christeta, and Cecilia, and those in the *Capilla del Cardenal;* the latter windows were painted in 1520 by Alberto de Hollanda. Consult also the '*Memoria,*' &c., by Andres Hernandez Callejo, Mad. 1849. The *silleria del coro* was excellently carved in 1536–47 by Cornielis, with an infinity of saints and small figures. The backs are inlaid with a dark wood called *texo*, which grows on the neighbouring hills of *Las Navas*. In the *trascoro* remark, among some fine reliefs, an Adoration of the Kings, a Flight into Egypt, a San Joaquin and Santa Ana. Observe particularly, behind the *Capilla Mayor*, the tomb of the learned *Alfonso Tostado de Madrigal*, bishop of Avila in 1449, and hence called *el Abulense;* his effigy, carved in alabaster, and clad in pontificalibus, represents the prelate in the act of writing, which was the joy and business of his life: obiit 1455, aged 55. He was the Solomon of his age, or, as his epitaph has it, "Hic stupor est mundi, qui scibile discutit omne." The inscription, among other necrological information, states that he lived and died a virgin, and "wrote for certain three sheets per day, every day of his life, and so enlightened were his doctrines, that they caused the blind to see." Ponz ('*Viage,*' xii. 306) calculates that his pen covered 60,225 pages, with *Sana Catolica y verdadera doctrina!* No wonder that his name be equivalent to voluminous (Don Quixote, ii. 3). After all Tostado was a poor polemical pedant, who never reconciled divinity with wit, and his books, undeniable unmitigated prose, are now food, or rather poison for worms. Look also at the ancient *retablos* in the chapel of San Antolin: the chapel of *San Segundo*, the first bishop, and a tutelar of Avila, and attached to the cathedral, was built in 1595 by Francisco de Mora, one of Herrera's best pupils; the fine stone came from the quarries of *Cardeñosa*. The chapel is quite Norman. The bishop kneels at a fine tomb before an open book; his bust, or *bulto*, was brought here from Valladolid in 1573. For S. Segundo's '*Historia,*' consult the 4to. by Antonio de Ciança, Mad. 1595. For his biography, consult his Life by Gil de Avila, 4to., Salamanca, 1611. The cathedral cloisters are simple, but deserve notice.

The greatest glory, however, of Avila is *Nuestra Serafica Madre Santa Teresa de Jesus:* born here, March 28 1515, of noble parents, Alonso de Cepeda, and Beatriz de Ahumada, when only seven years old, she longed to go to Africa to be martyrized by the Moors: soon she wrote a romance of knight-errantry, which shows the early bent of her mind for the improbable. At twenty she took the veil, and soon after was carried up into heaven, and was shown the plan of reformed nunneries, which on her return to earth she carried out, founding herself seventeen convents of barefooted Carmelites. She next became the "spouse of the Saviour," and took his name: she is a great favourite with Spanish artists, who generally represent her as dying away, while an angel touches her heart with a fire-tipped arrow. The 27th of August is kept all over the Peninsula as the holy day sacred to this mystery, which is called *La transverberacion del corazon de Santa Teresa de Jesus.* Spanish monks, however, were quite as combustible; thus San Luis de Gonzaga is always painted so inflamed with love, that fire issues from his breast. In others the internal heat required buckets of cold water to be thrown over their bodies. Teresa is at other times drawn "writing at a table, while a dove at her ear whispers 'Newes from her spouse.'" The best edition of her voluminous revelations is that of Madrid, 1793, '*Obras y Cartas,*' 6 vols. 4to. Philip II. collected her manuscripts, like Sibylline books, which are preserved in the Escorial, and were shown by the monks as gems. According to her, the pains of the damned in hell consisted in their incapacity of loving or being loved.

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For details of her compositions, see Antonio (Bib. Nov. ii. 294), in which, published at Madrid in 1793! they are treated as "inspired writings;" but she in truth was a mere tool of the Jesuits, and especially of Francisco de Borja, while her writings were *edited* by two crafty Dominicans named Ibañez and Garcia, who, knowing how strong in man is the tendency to believe in some revelation, put forth these cheats, which their dupes swallowed greedily. "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophecy falsely, and the *priests have rule* by their means, and the *people love to have it so*" (Jer. v. 31): compare also Isaiah viii. 19 with Acts xvi. 16; and the damsel possessed with a spirit of divination, which brought her masters *much gain* by soothsaying. Philip II. upheld Teresa, who in her turn was as ready εἰς τὸ φιλιππίζειν, and to support his bigotry, as the Pythia of old was to act in collusion with his namesake of Macedon (Cic. '*De Div.*' ii. 57.)

Santa Teresa died at Alva de Tormes, Oct. 4, 1582, 10,000 martyrs assisting at her bedside, and the Saviour coming down in person to convey his bride to heaven. Her festival is celebrated Oct. 15. See for exact and authentic details Ribadeneyra (iii. 252). Consult also the work of Diego de Yepes, Mad. 1599; the 4to. of Francisco de Ribera (her confessor), Mad. 1602; the poem in 8vo. by Pablo Verdugo, Mad. 1615, and '*La Amazona Cristiana*,' Bartolomé de Segura, 8vo., Mad. 1619; and her Life by Miguel Bautista de Lanuza, folio, Zaragoza, 1657.

Santa Teresa has now superseded the mediæval goddesses, the Eulalias, Leocadias, &c., for she was declared by the silly Philip III. to be the lady patroness of Spain, just as Juno was of Carthage, and Minerva of Athens; Santiago remaining the male Hercules. On March 12, 1622, Gregory XV., bribed by the gold of Philip IV., placed this love-sick nun in the calendar of Romish saintesses, instead of in Bedlam; but "Omnia Romæ cum pretio," as Juvenal said. And now Avila is termed "a precious shell which contains a pearl of great price," to wit, her fragrant uncorrupted miracle-working body; and to this the Cadiz Cortes, the collected wisdom of Spain, turned in their hour of need, and having refused command to the Duke, appointed her *Generalisima* of the Spanish armies—*Dux fœmina facti;* and the first act of the war minister in 1844 was to promote Queen Christina to be a colonel of Chasseurs, whose uniform, as a delicate compliment to her virtue, was white and blue, the colours of the *immaculate* conception.

Spanish priests and monks have never shown much invention in their legends or miracles, which they either imported from other countries ready made, or went to Paganism for materials. Santa Teresa is an imitation of St. Bridget of Sweden, who also was the "spouse of Christ," as also the revealer of his wishes, and an envoy from heaven, *Embajadrix del Cielo*, also a founder of convents, a tool in the hands of her crafty confessors, Peter and Mattias, and also canonized.

In days of little intercommunication, and before *Handbooks*, the elder frauds had the prestige of success, and what answered in one place was likely to take in another: thus the trouble of invention and of tasking the brain was saved; thus these Santa Teresas and Catherines of Sienna, &c., were but the Pythonesses and Sibyls of old, reproduced under new names. The Circes and Syrens changed men into beasts, just as these *santas* made them fools; but so it has ever been since the father of all lies selected the first woman to beguile the first man, and the father of all men; for when a lady is in the case, bird-lime is never wanting for the wicked one to catch male souls. Their persuasive eloquence, which requires small fuel of facts, added to sexual influence, is irresistible, nor is nonsense any solid objection. The sayings of Santa Teresa, like those of San Tiresias of old, either came true or did not. But solemn humbug always captivates the many, who estimate as magnificent whatever they do not understand; so the spirit-moved Teresa of the Ænead (vi. 59) spoke the

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unknown tongue, "nec mortale sonans," and her influence, of course, was unbounded; indeed, the sane Pagans reasonably derived the term Μαντις, απο του μαινεσθαι, from the decided symptoms of loss of intellect. A want of common-sense has never in Spain been an objection in a ruler or leader, male or female; nay, some of their most venerable saints have been selected from the most ignorant monks and nuns. Thus Ribadeneyra, the grand hagiographical authority, quotes largely from the writings of *el Sapientisimo Idiota*, who wrote worthily of his name. So the Moors respect their idiots, and call them *Santons*, thinking, because they are fools on earth, that their sainted minds are wandering in heaven: "Hæc et alia generis ejusdem, ita defenditis, ut ii qui ista finxerunt, non modo non insani, sed etiam fuisse *sapientes* videantur" (Cicero '*N. D.*' iii. 24). The Pagan philosophers attributed much of all this to wind and flatulence, and when these ravings were belched forth, afflata est numine quando, termed the performers Εγγαστριμυθαι or ventriloquists. These, the priests of Delphi put on a tripod, and the Spaniards crowned with an aureola, when in England a straight waistcoat would generally be called for, except in real cases, such as Johanna Southcot. Again, how Pagan and Oriental are all the minor details of Santa Teresa. Mahomet fed a tame pigeon from his ear, and persuaded true believers that it communicated to him the Koran; long before, however, Herodotus (ii 55) had noticed the doves of Dodona, and the word πελεια, in Thessalian, signified both an old woman and a pigeon. As to marriages with the Deity, the Pythoness Dione was allowed to cohabit with Jupiter (Strabo, vii. 506), who was also thought by a Roman *beata* to be in love with her; and St. Augustine, justly indignant at these blasphemies, remarks, "Si *verum* attendamus, deteriora sunt templa ubi hæc *ajuntur*, quam theatra ubi *finguntur*" ('De Civ. Dei.' vi. 10). In Spain, where the passions are fierce, the monks, victims of unnatural celibacy, fell in love with the paintings and images of the Virgin, as the Pagans did with those of Venus (compare Pliny, '*N. H.*' xxxvi. 5, with Palomino, '*Mus. Pit.*' ii. 139, and Carducho, '*Dialogos*,' 121). The nuns, unwilling brides of heaven, more than adored beautiful male saints, and especially San Sebastian, the Romanist Apollo; but as Pliny observed ('*N. H.*' ii. 7), the alliances with the Pantheon never were prolific. Cupid and Psyche, Bacchus and Ariadne, &c., are all types of these "spouses." (See also Bayle's article on St. Catherine of Sienna, and Bochart's '*Hierozoicon*,' ii. chr. 49.)

Visit San José, her nunnery *de las Carmelitas descalzas*, known here as *el Convento de las Madres*. Her statue sanctifies the portal, and her bust adorns the high altar. The room in which she was born, now converted into a chapel, is a sacred spot to pilgrims. The nuns have preserved as relics her oaken rosary and staff. At the side altars are some small paintings worth notice. Among the tombs observe that of her brother, Lorenzo de Cepeda, obiit 1580; and a kneeling prelate, Alvaro de Mendoza, obiit 1586: also two superb sepulchres under niches, with Corinthian pilasters, and kneeling statues of Francisco Velazquez, &c., 1630. The trees of *La Encarnacion* are said to have been planted by Santa Teresa.

Another of the objects of great interest in Avila is the *Santo Tomas*, a suppressed Dominican convent outside the town, with two deserted, grass-grown cloisters. The simple edifice, commanding a grand view of the snowy sierra, rises in its stone-strewed unenclosed field; neglect, decay, and solitude form the prevailing sentiment. Founded in 1482 from the spoils of plundered Jews, the interior is grave yet graceful; as the *coro*, the *silleria* of which is delicately carved, is placed on an elliptical arch; the general view is therefore unbroken. Some of the paintings in the *retablo* have been attributed to Fernando Gallegos. The pearl of the place is the most delicate white marble sepulchre of Prince Juan, only son of

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Ferdinand and Isabella, who died at Salamanca in 1497, aged only 19. He was a youth of infinite promise, and his loss entailed the ruin of Spain, which his parents had raised to its real but short-lived greatness. At the death of this native heir, the crown passed to the *foreigner*, for Charles V., a Fleming by birth, was an Austrian in heart, and wasted on German politics the blood and gold of Spain. This beautiful tomb, on which the effigy of the prince reposes, is the masterpiece of Micer Domenico of Florence, and was raised by the prince's treasurer, Juan Velazquez, who added a short but pathetic epitaph. In the *Capilla de San Luis Beltran* is another fine monument to Juan Dávila and Juana Velazquez, attendants on the prince; it is most elaborately carved. How long all these will remain is uncertain, the building having been sold to a most worthy gentleman named Don José Bachiller, fortunately a lover of fine art. The tomb was reserved and ordered to be removed to the cathedral; but, from the usual want of funds, nothing has yet been done (1854). He possesses some curious letters from the prince and his parents, rescued from the wreck of the conventual archives.

Next visit another extramural church, *San Vicente*, in its *plaza*, near the gate leading to Segovia. Notice the towers—one incomplete—and the ball ornaments, the graceful portico with slender clustered columns, and the principal entrance, although much concealed with buildings. The view also of *Avila* is charming, including the unique eastern end of the cathedral, let into the city wall, the beautiful *Vega*, the frowning city gate, and the fanciful elegant *San Vicente* itself. This ancient church was built in 1313, and, according to the inscription, by a converted Jew, who is buried here. Observe the enriched principal and lateral entrances. This St. Vincent, like his namesake of the Cape martyrized by Dacian, was born at Evora or Talavera, and when brought before an image of Jupiter, stamped upon the altar, which instantly received the impressions of his feet. Accordingly he was executed, Oct. 27, 303, and his body cast to the dogs, but a serpent watched over it, which flew at a mocking Jew—a notion taken from the *draco* which guarded the tomb of Scipio Africanus (Pliny, 'N. H.' xvi. 44). This Israelite in his fright vowed, if he escaped, to build and endow a church, which he did. (See Ribad. iii. 308; Morales, '*Cor. Gen.*' x. 362; and Ariz. 30.) The hole out of which the snake came, *el Bujo* (improperly called *el Herrojo de San Vicente*), was one of the three sites of adjuration. (Compare Santa Gadea of Burgos, and San Isidoro of Leon.) About the year 1458 the prelate who succeeded Tostado, one Martin Vilches, wishing to ascertain whether the saint's body was really below the stone, put his arm into the hole, and drew it out quickly, bitten and bleeding; thereupon he raised the present tomb, to which many devotees contributed, whose arms are noted thereon. After that all who wished to make a solemn adjuration, put their fingers into the hole, as the populace at Rome does into that of the Bocca de la Veritá, under the nose of the infallible pope, until the ceremony was prohibited by Isabella. The geologist may descend into the Santa Maria Soterrana and inspect the stone.

The artist and architect will find much to study in Avila. The ecclesiologist should examine many other of the old churches in which the Norman infusion is very prevalent; *e. g. San Pedro, San Esteban, San Andres*, and *San Salvador:* nor must he neglect the picturesque *Mercados*, both the *grande* and *chico*. Among the ancient mansions, observe those of the *Condes de Polentinos*, with an enriched portal of armed men, and an elegant but dilapidated *patio;* visit also the *Casa de Colmenares*, and the noble courtyard in the house of the *Marques de Velares*. In *Avila* are some of the *Toros* of the Guisando breed; four of these *marranos* are in the patio of the Duke of Medina Celi's house, and others go to ruin outside the residence of the Gobernador.

Touching modern matters, a cotton

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fabrica was set up at *Avila*, near the *puerta del Pico*, by Charles III., who enticed two Englishmen out, named Milne and Berry: in due time their success rendered them unpopular with the natives, who ended in ousting the foreigners and heretics, and getting the concern for themselves, when it soon went to the dogs (Madoz, i. 170): *Cosas de España*.—Compare Mr. Wetherall's treatment at Seville, p. 208. For communications with *Salamanca*, see R. 67.

AVILA TO SEGOVIA.

A well-girt horseman may ride these 11 L. in 10 or 11 hours; at *Villa Castin*, 5 L.: make the half-way halt, *Posada del Arco;* in the yard of the house of the Duke of Abrantes, is one of the Guisando *Toros:* the Parroquia is a good Græco Romano church of grey granite placed on a raised platform, with light and lofty columns, and with one pointed tower. A fine retablo, with 6 pictures by A. Herrera, was repainted in 1734 by Joseph Bermejo: others near the basement escaped better. Observe another retablo given in 1597 by the Tobar family. A flat country leads to *Segovia*, with fine views of the cathedral and the Guadarrama Sierra.

ROUTE 100.—AVILA TO THE ESCORIAL AND SEGOVIA.

Urraca	2¼		
Las Navas del Marques	3	..	5¼
Al Escorial	3	..	8¼
Guadarrama	2	..	10¼
Venta de Cercedilla	2	..	12¼
Castrejones	2	..	14¼
San Ildefonso	2	..	16¼
Segovia	2	..	18¼

This rough mountain ride is often snowed up from November to April. The hilly crest overlooks the *parameras* of Avila, and the sweet valley of the Alberche, with the dreary environs of Madrid sweeping to the horizon. In the cold elevations near *Las Navas* grows the *texo*—amantes frigora taxi — whose dark wood resembles mahogany. The cream or curds *la Nata*, made here, is celebrated at Madrid, but would not do in Devonshire. *Nata*, in Arabic, signifies "whatever rises to the top;" *Manteca*, butter, is also Arabic, the "pith or marrow." *Las Navas*, containing 3000 inhabitants, lies in a damp hollow, fenced in by mountains, and was much injured by a storm, September 1846. After crossing a tributary of the Alberche, and ascending a spur of the *Sierra*, the vasty grey Escorial looms in view.

ROUTE 101.—MADRID TO THE ESCORIAL AND SEGOVIA.

A las Rosas	3		
Puente del Ratamar	2	..	5
Galapagar	1¼	..	6¼
Al Escorial	2	..	8¼
Segovia	8	..	16¼

The road is unnecessarily magnificent; but no expense was grudged on this *Camino real*, which led to the game covers and convent of the king, whether he played the part of monk, gamekeeper, or of both, as the Austrians and Bourbons mostly did. Leaving Madrid by the planted banks of the Manzanares, pleasant enough when there is any water in the river, to the r. is *Moncloa* (see p. 739). On passing the *Plaza de Hierro*, the toll-house, and huge bridge (of San Fernando), with heavy statues of San Fernando and San Barbara, placed to keep off lightnings and inundations! soon the desert environs of Madrid are entered; the contrast of leaving a crowded city increased by the forlorn loneliness and dilapidation.

The whole route continues barren and desolate, nothing is *riant* or verdurous; few are the smiles on the face either of man or nature; everything is harsh, and devoid of the tender and love, however full of fire and passion; the melancholy grandeur and the perfect solitude of the desert is wanting; here there is just population enough to show how scanty it is, and yet sufficient to disenchant the poetry of utter uninhabited loneliness. The soil is poor, and the boor who scratches it is almost a savage: this wilderness, however, which disfigures Madrid, forms no bad approach to the gloomy Escorial which, at the fifth L., is seen in dreary solitary state rising under the jagged, sullen *Sierra*, and looming so large,

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that it is not lost even among mountains. The E. end of the chapel, and the projecting handle of the gridiron, mar the elevation; but as a whole the pile rises grandly from the gardens, terraces, and embosoming plantations, which fringe the edge of the desert, that extends all around. At roseless *Las Rosas*, the road branches off to *Guadarrama;* then we reach *Galapagar*, where the bodies of royalty rest the first night when on their way to their last home. A great officer comes in the morning to the coffin to inquire if his Majesty will move on. Philip II., says Brantome, was 6 days going to the Escorial to die, and in no great hurry. Here and there long lines of walls enclose the now deserted stunted covers of *el Pardo la Zarzuela*, and other preserves of therimonaic royalty. On passing a boulder granite stone, a cross indicates the former dominion of the cowl; hence the road ascends, through poplars and pollarded elms, to the wind-blown hamlet, which looks paltry when compared to the vasty edifice, whose despot disproportioned size is increased by the insignificance of so many smaller buildings near it. The *Escorial* is placed by some geographers in Old Castile, but the division of the provinces is carried on the crest of the *Sierra*, which rises behind it. The convent itself, as it has been declared a *Real Patrimonio y Patronato*, probably will be saved from the general wreck of suppressed monastic monuments.

The best inn has been divided into two—*los Milaneses* and *la Vizcaina*. You can lodge at *Las Animas*, clean and decent, for 24 reals a-day. The best guide is Cornelio, a blind man who leads the blind, but he sees clearly with his "mind's eye," knows every corner, and particularly points out the finest views. And even did things change in Spain, a guide dead to light does well in this huge house of tombs. The Escorial is now a shadow of the past, for the shell has lost its living monks, and those revenues whereby they lived. The enormous pile, exposed to the hurricane and mountain snows, was only to be kept in repair at a great outlay. In the five years after the sequestrations of convents, more injury ensued than during the preceding two centuries. The rains penetrated through the damaged roof, and damp, sad destroyer, crept into the untenanted chambers. The *Octava Maravilla*, the eighth marvel of the world, which cost some 10 millions, was perishing for the sake of a few hundreds, until Arguelles, in 1842, destined a pittance out of the queen's privy purse, and stayed the immediate ruin, and these outlays have been continued at fits and starts. The convent was first stripped of much of its golden ornaments by the invaders; and in July, 1837, when the Carlists, under Zariategui, advanced on Segovia, a hundred of the best pictures were removed to Madrid. For the Escorial as it was, consult the excellent '*Historia de la Orden de San Geronymo*,' by José de Sigüenza; he was its first prior, and an eye-witness of its building; 4 vols. Madrid, 1st and 2nd parts, 1590; 3rd part, 1605; 4th by Francisco de los Santos, 1680. Sigüenza also wrote the '*Vida de San Geronimo*,' 4to., Mad., 1595: see also '*Further Observations, &c.*,' James Wadsworth, London, 1630: '*Descripcion . . . del Escorial*,' Fra. de los Santos, fol. Mad. 1657; of this there is a meagre translation in 4to., London, 1671, by a servant of Lord Sandwich: there is another 4to. by George Thomson, London, 1761: '*Le reali grandezze del Escuriale*,' Ilario Mazzorali de Cremona, 4to., Bologna, 1648: '*Descripcion*,' &c., Andres Ximenez, fol. Mad. 1764. These works describe its splendid past condition before the fatal invasion. The best modern guide is the '*Descripcion Artistica*,' Damian Bermejo, duo. Mad. 1820, which is to be had in the village; see also a more recent one by Quevedo. There is a set of accurate views by Thomas Lope Enguidanos, sold at the Madrid *Imprenta real*. Herrera published himself a list of his original plans and elevations, '*Sumario de los Diseños*,' a rare duo. Mad. 1589. The 13 prints were engraved at Antwerp: some of the original drawings are in the British Museum.

The correct title of the edifice is *El*

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Real sitio de San Lorenzo el real del Escorial. The latter name is derived by some from *Escoriæ*, the *dross* of iron mines, which still exist here. Casiri (Bib. Arab. Es., i. 20; ii. 61) reads in the name the Arabic "a place of rocks;" others prefer "Æsculetum," a place of scrub oaks, the Quercus Quejigo, which are the weed of the locality. The edifice is a combined palace, convent, and tomb, and for these purposes was it reared by Philip II., *el prudente*, who is called by the monks "the holy founder," and by others *el Escorialense*. His ostensible object was to carry out the will of his father in constructing a royal burial-place, and at the same time to fulfil a panic-inspired vow made during the battle of St. Quentin, when he implored the aid of San Lorenzo, on whose day (August 10, 1557) it was fought. Thus, in doubtful conflict, Fulvius Flaccus bribed Jupiter by vowing a temple (Livy, xl. 40); so, says the same author (x. 19), did Appius Claudius; and Cæsar himself before the fight at Pharsalia promised a shrine to Venus Victrix (Plut. *in Pomp.*).

San Lorenzo, the Hercules of this most ultra-Catholic Philip, was a native of Huesca, and like a true Arragonese stood fire better than the holy founder. He was broiled by Valentianus, Aug. 10, 261, on a slow fire, and not quickly done, *à la bifstec*. He bore the operation with great sang froid, for Prudentius (Peri. ii. 401) relates that he directed the cooks to turn him, when one side was burnt, "converte partem corporis, satis crematum," then "ludibundus" he jocosely invited them to eat him and see whether he was most savoury, if welldone or underdone.

> "Tunc ille: coctum est, devora
> Et experimentum cape
> Sit crudum an assum suavius."

So Justin, xliv. 2, describes an Iberian, qui inter tormenta risu exultavit, serenâque lætitiâ crudelitatem torquentium vicit. See for more details the '*Historia Laurentiana*,' &c., Pascual Haguet, 4to. Val. 1717.

The victory of St. Quintin now claimed by the Spaniards for themselves—as some others have been—was won by a *foreign* commander, by Philibert of Savoy, ably seconded by D'Egmont with Flemish infantry and German cavalry, and better still by 8000 English, under Lord Pembroke. The French were completely routed, and lost 3000 men, 4000 prisoners, with their colours, baggage, and artillery. Had Philip II. pressed on he might have captured Paris as easily as the Duke did after Waterloo;* but he wanted both the will and means of moving, like Castaños, and like him (see Bailen, p. 234) was not even on the field of *his* victory. He passed his time between two confessors, making vows to found convents, and swearing, if once safe, never to conquer twice. And this colossal pile is proportionate to his piety and fears, for 'celui qui faisait un si grand vœu,' said the Duke of Braganza, 'doit avoir eu grand peur,' and prudence indeed was the better part of his valour; and, in truth, this pile is the only *benefit* which Spain derived from that important victory. Philip, tired of war's alarms, reposed under *his* borrowed laurels, and took to building, for which he was really fitted, being a man of taste and a true patron of artists. As he was of a shy phlegmatic temperament, he, like Tiberius, made the dedication of this temple his excuse to escape from the public city of Madrid: certus ab urbe procul degere (Tac. ann. iv. 57). One of the fatal effects of the Escorial has been, that it tended to fix the Royal residence at Madrid.

The first stone was laid April 23, 1563, by Juan Bautista de Toledo, whose great pupil, Juan de Herrera, finished the pile Sept. 13, 1584; yet now, in the seventh edition of the ponderous 'Encyclopædia Britannica' (iii. 427), it is gravely asserted, "that the Spaniards, less patriotic than the French, have, for their greatest works, employed the architects of France and

* According to De Thou (xix.), the real obstacle was the withdrawal of the English troops in disgust at the arrogance and bad faith of the Spaniards. The moment they retired victory departed with them (compare Navarrete, 863).

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Italy; so that *of course* (!) the country can boast of no peculiarity of style redounding to its own credit; the palace of the Escorial being by a *French architect*, and abounding with deformities of the French and Italian schools, cannot be cited in favour of Spain." This mistake arose from the audacious assertion of a common French mason, one Louis Foix, who having carried a hod there, said, on his return to France, that he had "built the Escorial." This, possibly a bad joke, was believed by Colmenar, Moreri, and Voltaire. "L'Escurial fut bâti sur les desseins d'un Français" (*'Ess. sur les Mœurs,'* ch. 177). But what will not vanity gulp down or dishonesty misstate; thus *la Tour de Corduan*, a pepper-box-domed lighthouse, raised near the mouth of the Gironde in 1611, is ascribed to this Foix, "an architect of the Escorial."

On the same 13th of Sept., 1598, did Philip II. die here, having lived in his vast convent 14 years, half-king, half-monk, and boasting that from the foot of a mountain he governed the world, old and new, with two inches of paper. He loved the place because a creation of his own, and one congenial to his sombre temperament. The holy founder is compared to Solomon, who reared the temple, which was not permitted to men of blood, like David and Charles V.

The edifice disappoints at closer sight; it has not the prestige of antiquity, the proportions of a pagan temple, or the religious sentiment of the Christian Gothic; it has nothing in form or colour which is either royal, religious, or ancient, mediæval or national. The clean granite, blue slates, and leaden roofs, look new and as if built yesterday for an overgrown commonplace barrack, lunatic asylum, or manufactory. The multitude of bald windows (they say that there are 11,000, in compliment to the Cologne virgins), the green shutters and crickets are offensive; the windows of the entresols resemble a ship's portholes, and from the thickness of the walls, they might be made real embrazures for cannon. The windows are too small, but had they been planned in proportion to the vasty façades, the rooms lighted by them would have been too lofty, and thus external appearance was sacrificed for internal accommodation: now these windows are spots which cut up breadth and interfere with the sentiment of solidity. Bigoted, indeed, was Philip when he could sacrifice architecture to hagiography, and thus lose an opportunity of building a perfect palace, in order to stick to an idle legend of a gridiron: poor Herrera, forced to lower his genius to a plan worthy of the Beefsteak Club or Cobbett's register, was indeed the real martyr. The redeeming qualities of the elevation are size, simplicity, and situation. It stands about 2700 feet above the level of the sea, and is part and parcel of the mountain out of which it has been constructed: it is so large that it looks, not a wart upon Olympus, but grand even amid the mighty buttresses of nature, which form an appropriate frame to the severe picture. The ashy pile looms like the palace of Death, whence Æolus sends forth his blasts of consumption, which descend from these peeled Sierras to sweep away human and vegetable life from the desert of Madrid. Cold as the grey eye and granite heart of its founder, this monument of fear and superstition would have been out of keeping, if placed amid the flowers and sunshine of a happy valley; untenanted and dilapidated, this belle alliance of church and state in the worst forms of papal intolerance and Spanish despotism, is now no inapt type of Spain—a carcass without life.

The edifice is a rectangular parallelogram, of some 744 feet from N. to S., and 580 from E. to W., but let us not measure it, for the sentiment of vastness is independent of actual size; and all the line and rule, clerk-of-the-works details are to be found in Madoz, vii. 527. It is chiefly built in the Doric order. The interior is divided into courts, which represent the interstices of the bars of a gridiron, while the handle forms the royal residence; the feet are supplied by the four towers at the corners, which represent the legs of a reversed gridiron! The N.

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and W. sides, which front the village and mountains, have a fine paved *Lonja* or platform: to the E. and S. terraces look over formal hanging gardens and fishponds. The slopes below are well planted, especially *la Herreria* and *la Fresneda:* the elms, according to Evelyn (*'Silva'* i. 4), were brought by Philip II. from England. The W. or grand façade faces the Sierra, for the convent turns its back on Madrid. On the north *Lonja* is a subterraneous gallery 180 ft. long, 10 high, and 7 broad, tunnelled in 1770 by the monk Pontones, in order to afford a communication with the village during the winter hurricanes; these storms, the guides say, once hoisted an ambassador, coach and all, into the air, to say nothing of the petticoats of monks and women blown up like balloons, and lords of the bedchamber by the score whirled round and round like dead leaves. The convent is not placed according "to the cardinal points;" on account of the winds, their violence is disarmed by its being set a little out of the square. The guides know by rote all the proportions. They repeat that the square of the building covers 3002 feet; that in the centre is the chapel, surmounted by a dome; that there are 63 fountains, 12 cloisters, 80 staircases, 16 courtyards, and 3000 feet of painted fresco. It was at once a temple, a palace, a treasury, a tomb house, and a museum; "exceeding magnifical, of fame and glory throughout all countries." But in December, 1808, the invaders under La Houssaye, arrived and sacked a pile which recorded their former defeat at St. Quintin. See the deplorable details in Miñano (iii. 381). The Escorial never recovered this razzia, which he justly terms "the ferocious vandalism of an accursed warfare leagued with plundering avarice." But the French had long hungered for the ruin of this record, thus Malherbe hopes that the dauphin Louis XIII. will live to thus enlighten Europeans—

> Fait leur ouïr cette nouvelle
> Qu'il a *razé* L'Escurial.

Ferdinand VII., however, did what he could to repair his birthplace, and hence has been called the *second* founder.

The *porteria*, or porter's hall, is on the N. façade, but is seldom used; you proceed therefore to the W., and either enter by a wicket door in the large portal, or by a smaller door of the kitchen, over which a San Lorenzo, 15 feet high, is placed; at the sides two jaw-bones of a whale, caught off Valencia in 1574, complete this *bodegon*, or *tableau de cuisine*. This monster of the deep could have swallowed San Lorenzo, done or undone, and these relics are fit emblems of monastic maws and powers of deglutition. But now, alas! the monks are swept away, and the picture is incomplete. These Jeronimites, as usual with this order, were great agriculturists, or rather bailiffs, for they only superintended the working la bourers, who, like Job's oxen, "were *ploughing*, and the asses *feeding* by them." The many windows of the convent were garnished with portly bottles of *vino santo;* and when strangers arrived, the anchorites, smoking their *cigarritos*, peered out from between the flasks, looking down on the vain world which they had renounced; their black heads and fleecy robes resembled sleek maggots well fed in filberts, for few of the monastic order were fatter, and a gaunt Jeronimite was rarer than a plump Spanish soldier; but beasts of prey never attain the good condition of farinaceously fed animals. Here experiments were tried on the elasticity of the human skin, and it was ascertained how much stretching it would stand without bursting. The prize monks rejoiced in their fat, like the white-teethed swine of Homer, *ἁλιθόωντες ἀλοιφῇ*; now the lean kine of reformers have eaten them up; peace to their bones!

The grand central Doric and Ionic portal is never opened, save to admit royalty, either alive or dead; the monarch in the latter case, is borne in by 3 nobles and 3 monks. The first *patio* is called *de los Reyes*, from the statues of "the Kings" of Judah, connected with the Temple of Jerusalem. They are 17 feet high,

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and were all cut by Juan Bautista Monegro, out of one granite block, of which enough, so says the inscription, still remains to make up the dozen. The hands and heads are of marble, the crowns of gilt bronze, but the figures are lanky and without merit; the least bad is that of Solomon. The court is 320 feet deep by 230 wide, and is too crowded, being all roof, and having no less than 275 windows; again, the pediment over the entrance into the church is too high and heavy. This court was the last finished. On the south side is the library, and opposite the students' college. Hence by a dark passage to the grand chapel, *el Templo*, which was begun in 1563 and completed in 1586: observe the admirable construction of the flat roof, over which is the quire or *coro alto*, which, from not being placed in the body of the church, does not cut up its size nor conceal its grandeur. The interior of the chapel, as seen from under this sombre grotto-like arch, is the triumph of architecture: it takes away the breadth of the beholder from its majestic simplicity. All is quiet, solemn, and unadorned; no tinsel statues or tawdry gildings mar the perfect proportion of the chaste Christian temple; the religious sentiment pervades the whole of this house of God; everything mean and trivial is forgotten. Dieu seul est grand! An awe, *der schauer des erhaben*, creeps over mortal man, who feels that the Holy of Holies overshadows him.

The chapel has 3 naves, 320 ft. long, 230 wide, and 320 high to the top of the cupola, but the secret of its grandeur is in the conception and proportion. The black and white pavement is serious and decorous. Eight of the compartments of the vaulted roof are all painted in unsatisfactory fresco (blue predominating), by Luca Giordano. The *Retablo* of the high altar is superb, and is ascended to by a flight of red-veined steps. The screen, 93 ft. high by 43 wide, employed the artist, Giacomo Trezzo, of Milan, 7 years, and it is composed of the 4 orders. The dividing columns are jasper, with bronze gilt bases and capitals, and the roof is painted in poor fresco by Luca Cangiagi. The pictures in the *retablo*, of the Adoration and Nativity, by Pelegrino Tibaldi, are very cold; while his San Lorenzo puts out the gridiron fire from sheer rawness. Again the martyr is so gigantic that he might have routed the disproportionate Romans as easily as Captain Gulliver did the Lilliputians. The Saviour at the column and bearing the Cross, and the Assumption of the Virgin, are by Francesco Zuccaro. The bronze medallions, the holy rood, and 15 gilt statues, are by Pompeio Leoni and his son. A wooden tabernacle replaces that of a splendid gilt bronze, 6 ft. high, which, designed by Herrera and executed by Trezzo,* was one of the finest works of art in Spain, or indeed in the world; the older writers talk of it as a "specimen of the altar ornaments of heaven." This glorious work of art, which took so many years to be made, was destroyed in five minutes by the long-bearded pioneers of La Houssaye, who broke it, thinking that it was silver gilt, and being disappointed, cast it away as *Nehustan*, or *worthless* brass, not that La Houssaye was a Hezekiah.

On each side of the high altar are low chambers or oratories of black and sombre marble for the royal family, while above are placed bronze-gilt and painted effigies, who kneel in lugubrious pomp before the king of kings. *Al lado del Evangelio*, is Charles V., his wife Isabel, his daughter Maria, and his sisters Eleonora and Maria. The epitaph challenges future kings to outdo him, and until then to cede the post of honour. Opposite kneel Philip II., Anna his fourth wife, mother of Philip III.; Isabel his third wife, and Maria his first, at whose side is her son Don Carlos. These statues are portraits, and the costume and heraldic decorations are very remarkable; but in them Spanish pride more than vies with Spanish piety. Philip II. died in

* In 1578 he struck a fine medal of Herrera, and in 1588 another of Zuccaro, with this retablo for the reverse.

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a small chamber near the oratory, below his effigy. The minor altars are more than 40 in number; some of them, and the piers, are decorated with magnificent pictures by Juan Fernandez Navarrete *el Mudo*, the Dumb (1526, 1579), but who spoke by his pencil with the Bravura of Rubens, without his coarseness, and with a richness of colour often rivalling even Titian, but the light here is bad. The pictures represent full-length figures of saints and apostles, and among the finest are San Felipe, San Andres, and Santiago: observe the way the drapery is painted. San Juan and San Mateo are equal to Tintoretto; Santo Tomas, San Barnabe, are very grandiose. Other of the altars are by the Zuccaros, Luca Cangiagi, Alonso Sanchez, Luis de Carabajal, both imitators of *el Mudo*, and Pelegrino Tibaldi.

The *relicario* is to the r. of the high altar, in the transept; when the doors are open the contents appear arranged on shelves like anatomical specimens. Philip II. was a *relicomaniac;* accordingly all who wished to curry favour with him sent him specimens. The first relics placed here were bones of San Lorenzo brought from Huesca. The devil, May 28, 1569, raised a terrible storm to prevent the reception of these Palladia (Sigüenza, iii. 561). Philip accumulated on the whole more than 7421 relics. M. Peyron (i. 103) enumerates 11 whole bodies, 300 heads, 600 odd legs and arms, 346 veins and arteries, 1400 bits, teeth, toes, &c., errors excepted. Hunter never formed a finer anatomical museum, and both served for medical purposes: the English one, by the advance of surgical science; the Spanish one, by the never-failing miraculous cures worked by praying to them.

Philip kept these precious relics in 515 shrines of Cellini-like plate, some wrought by Juan D'Arfe; but La Houssaye took all the bullion, and left the relics on the floor. These, when he departed, the monks collected in baskets, but in the confusion many of their labels got undocketed, so that the separate items cannot now be individually identified with that scrupulous accuracy and regard to truth which every one knows is observed in all *Relicarios;* yet, as far as public adoration and benefit are concerned, the *aggregate* amount is the same. Then were stolen more than 100 sacred vessels of silver and gold, besides the gold and jewelled *custodia*, the silver female image called *La Mecina*, because given by the city of Messina; then disappeared the silver full-length statue of San Lorenzo, which weighed 4½ cwt., and held in its hand one of the real bars of his gridiron, set in gold, which the aurivorous La Houssaye stripped off; but he left the iron for the consolation of the monks, just as the aurivorous Dionysius left the statue of the Epidaurian Esculapius, simply removing his beard, which was made of gold (Cic. '*de N. D.*' iii. 34). This inestimable bar was found in the tomb of San Lorenzo, at Tivoli, by St. Gregory himself, and is here valued as highly as the scythe at Corcyra, with which Saturn mutilated his father (Apoll. Arg. iv. 985). Just now iron rails are more esteemed; but relics have had their hour, and the dry bones of holy monks will no longer satisfy the belly or knife and fork question of to-day; yet before "*Navies*" worked miracles and moved mountains, the cathedral of Exeter had the felicity to possess some of the real coals on which St. Lawrence was broiled, and also a bit of his body (Dugdale, '*Monast.*' Ed. 1655, p. 226). The greedy Gaul also carried off the splendid silver lamps, which Ferdinand VII. replaced in a baser metal, as Rehoboam did after the temple had been plundered by Shishak (1 Kings xiv. 27); by him also were made those two trumpery alabaster and glittering pulpits which mar the simplicity of the chapel.

Next descend into the Royal tomb, into the *Panteon*, the term given by the *Catholic* Spaniards to a *Christian* burial-place. This family vault is placed under the high altar, in order that the celebrant, when he elevates the host, may do so exactly above the dead. Philip, although he

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built the Escorial as a tomb-house for his father, prepared nothing but a plain vault, which, like that of Frederick the Great at Potzdam, by the absence of tinsel pomp, becomes at once impressive and instructive, from the moral which such a change in such a monarch must suggest. Philip III., his silly son, began the present gorgeous chamber, which Philip IV. completed in 1654, moving in the royal bodies on the 17th of March. The entrance, with its gilt ornaments and variegated Spanish marbles, has nothing in common with the sepulchral sentiment. Read the inscription over the portal, D. O. M. Locus sacer, &c.; it is the epitome of the history of the Escorial. Descending observe the portrait of the monk Nicolas, who remedied a land-spring which is heard trickling behind the masonry. Observe now the portal, read the inscription, *Natura occidit*, &c. Descending again by a green and yellow coloured jasper-lined staircase, at the bottom is the *Panteon*, an octagon of 36 ft. in diameter by 38 ft. high. The materials are dark polished marbles and gilt bronze; the Angels are by Antonio Ceroni of Milan; the tawdry chandelier is by Virgilio Francli of Genoa; the crucifix is by Pedro Tacca. There are 26 niches hollowed in the 8 sides, with black marble sarcophagi or urnas, which are too classical to create a Christian sentiment; the names of the deceased are written on each; those which are filled are inscribed with the name of the occupant; the empty ones await future kings; for death, which takes away from everything, enriches this greedy charnel-house. None are buried here save kings and the mothers of kings; for etiquette and precedence in Spain survive the grave; and to preserve propriety, the males are placed separately and opposite to the females. The royal bodies are actually deposited in their *Urnas*, as Philip IV., in 1654, opened that of Charles V., which was found to be perfectly preserved. Philip IV., after looking a while at the body of his great ancestor, observed to Don Luis de Haro, *Don Luis, cuerpo honrado:* the Premier replied, *Si Señor, muy honrado* (Sigüenza, iv. 185)—a laconic dialogue very unlike Sir Henry Halford's account of the examination of the remains of Charles I. by him and his patient George IV. Ferdinand VII., at his restoration, had the others examined, fearing that the republican invader might have rifled them, as elsewhere, either to insult dead royalty, or to procure lead to destroy the living.

Ferdinand VII., as well as his worthy mother, had a morbid passion for descending to this bed of death, and looking at the identical urns, for all are occupied by rotation, which then empty, were yawning hungrily for them; but neither took much moral benefit from this memento mori, or from the lesson how history treats royalty when defunct. How callously the cicerone tells their names by rote; no dead Pope is used more cavalierly even at Rome! The divinity that doth hedge kings is here at an end: all to their wormy beds are gone—the ambition of Charles V., the bigotry of Philip II., the imbecility of Carlos II., the adulteries of Maria Luisa, the ingratitude of Ferdinand. Dust to dust, expende Hannibalem! How little remains of those for whom the world was too small. How still are these busy bodies, who, when alive, disturbed the world! how many masses must be said for the repose of their turbulent souls! Now all distinctions are over, the game is played out, whether tragedy or farce. Life is a poor player. *Shiek mat*, "the king is dead," and the pieces are huddled indiscriminately into the box. Who can now distinguish, as Diogenes said, the scull of Philip from that of a peasant?

Generally speaking, when the party of visitors is numerous, each carries a taper, which, by lighting up this chamber of death, injures its impressiveness. It then becomes a mere show-room, where fritter and glitter ill accord with the lesson which this finale of pomp and power ought to suggest. The native, who has little feeling for the tender or retrospective, glories in this magnificence which mocks the dead: the red gold captivates his

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mind, and he thinks for such a tomb as this, that kings must wish to die.

Visit rather this sepulchre alone, and when the tempest howls outside, and the passages are chilling as death, when the reverberating slam of doors, the distant organ-peal and chaunt, and the melancholy water-trickle is heard between the thunder-claps; when the silent monk shrinks closer into his cowl, and his flickering taper scarcely renders the darkness visible; then, as the gaudy gilding fades away, the true sentiment swells up until the heart runs over. Royalty struggles even with nothingness, and the dead but sceptered emperor rules over our spirit from his grave: now extinguish the brief taper and depart; the iron door grates its hinges ere it be locked, and the dead left again alone in cold obstructious apathy. Those who, like ourselves, have often descended into this vault, and after long intervals, must be struck with its unchanged, unchangeable state; however altered those who revisit them, they remain the same, nor heed the changes of the living; they sleep soundly, life's fitful fever over, where the wicked have ceased to trouble, and the weary ones are at rest.

Ascending gladly from the *Panteon* to the sun and life again, at the first break or *descanso* in the staircase, a door leads to what is called *el Panteon de los Infantes*, a sort of catacomb into which the "rest of the royal family" is lumped together, as in our toasts: it is commonly called *el Pudridero*, the putrifying place, being in fact an exact *Puticolus*, *Puteus*, quasi *ab putescere*. Bermejo (p. 153) gives a list of the deceased, the shortness of whose lives is remarkable. Among them lies the body of Don Carlos,* the son of Philip II., and the actual body exists, according to M. Bory de St. Vincent, who examined the coffin from *pure historical* research, as he says (Guide, p. 18). Few strangers ever visit this *Pudridero*, nor are the contents or name very inviting.

Next visit the *ante sacristia*, with fine arabesque ceilings, and pass on to the *sacristia*, a noble room 108 feet long by 23 wide. The arabesque ceilings are painted by Granelo and Fabricio. Above the presses, in which the dresses of the clergy were stowed, once hung the Perla of Raphael, and some of the finest pictures in the world. At the S. end is the *Retablo de la Santa Forma*, so called because in it is kept the miraculous wafer which bled at Gorcum in 1525, when trampled on by Zuinglian heretics. Rudolph II. of Germany gave it to Philip II., and this event is represented in a bas-relief. Charles II., in 1684, erected the gorgeous altar, which is inscribed, "En magni operis miraculum, intra miraculum mundi, cœli miraculum consecratum." When the French soldiers entered the Escorial the monks hid the wafer in the cellar, so the spoilers, busy with emptying the casks, passed it by; Ferdinand VII. restored it in great pomp, Oct. 28, 1814. The *Forma* is exhibited for adoration, or "*manifestada*," every Sept. 29 and Oct. 28, on which occasions the picture is usually hung before it as a curtain. This painting, the masterpiece of Claudio Coello, the last of good Spanish painters, is a real relic, and represents the apotheosis of this wafer as it took place in this very *sacristia*. The heads are portraits, and have all the character of identity and individuality. The Prior's is that of Santos, the historian of the Escorial. The priest standing upright watches the glorification of the *Forma*, and looks down with a dry satirical expression on the kneeling imbecile Charles II. and on his lubberly lords of the bedchamber. The receding perspective painting of the priests, monks, courtiers, and

* All the stories of this prince's love for his father's wife, and his consequent murder, are fictions of poets, the Schillers, Alfieris, John Russells, etc. Raumur has demonstrated that Carlos, weak from his birth in mind and body, was much injured by a fall, May 15, 1562. Subject to fits and fevers, he hated his father, and was at no pains to conceal it. He was very properly arrested, January 18, 1568, and by April 13th, one writing from the spot remarks, "there is now as little talk upon the subject as if he had been dead ten years." Both he and the queen died natural deaths, and not the slightest love affair ever took place between them.

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dresses is admirable. This *Forma* is never shown to heretics. This fine picture was, alas! much repainted in 1846 by two young écorcheurs of the Skinners' Company, named Argandona and Marin, who were sent there by the president of the Madrid Royal Academy.

Behind the altar is the *Camarin*, erected in 1692 by José del Olmo and Francisco Rici. It is a gem of precious marbles, but La Houssaye carried off the lamps, the sacramental services, the splendid *viril sobredorado*, the gift of Leopold II., and in short everything either of gold or silver, whether displaying the piety or the taste of the Catholic monarchs.

Now visit the cloisters or courtyards, and first the two large ones, the upper and under. The *claustro principal bajo* is a square of 212 feet each side. The walls are painted in raw fresco, with sprawling figures by L. Carabajal, Miguel Barroso, L. Cambiaso, and P. Tibaldi: some are faded by exposure to the damp air, and others were defaced by the French soldiers; that of the San Lorenzo en parrilla has recently been "restored" by one Martin. Vast in size, mediocre in drawing, very little mind animates the mass, and we chiefly carry away the desire never to see them or their like again. It is to be regretted that Philip II., bowing to the fashion of the day, should have neglected Vargas, Roelas, and native artists to import, at a vast expense, these Italian *Luca fa prestos*, who were only thinking how they could make money quickest, and soonest get out of Spain, which they all intensely disliked.

The central *Patio de los Evangelistas*, a square of 176 feet, with its ponds and formal box-fringed gardens, was so called from the statues of the Apostles, wrought by Juan Bautista Monegro. Hence we pass to rooms once filled with pictures. *Las Salas de los Capitulos* are three in number, that called *el Vicarial* being to the rt., and *el Prioral* to the l. Here hung the fine St. Jerome in his cavern of Titian, and the Jacob and his children of Velazquez; all that now remain are the landskips of nature, those views from the windows which none can take away. Hence to the *Iglesia vieja*, which was used as a chapel while the *templo* was building. Here hung the Tobit of Raphael; while in the adjoining refectory the Last Supper of Titian for years flapped in its frame, like a hatchment in our damp country churches; alas! it has recently been repainted.

The grand staircase, that feature in which modern architecture triumphs over the ancients, leads to an upper *claustro:* it was designed by Juan Bautista Castello (il Bergamesco), and lies to the W. It is painted in fresco by L. Cangiagi, L. Giordano, and P. Pelegrino. Here is the Battle of St. Quentin, and the capture of the Constable Montmorency; while to the E. Philip II. is seen planning the Escorial with his architects. On the ceiling is *la Gloria*, the apotheosis or ascending into heaven of San Lorenzo with saints and the blessed, and among them Charles V. and Philip II. All this space was thus covered in seven months by Giordano, too truly *Luca fa presto*, and his fatal facility and want of thought dealt the last blow to falling Italian art.

In the upper cloister 50 pictures formerly were arranged. To the N.E. is the *Aula del Moral;* here hung the Gloria of Titian. Adjoining is the *Camarin*, once filled with cabinet pictures and with the most precious relics; such as the black and gold portablealtar of Charles V., a marriage firkin from Cana, a skeleton of one of the innocents massacred by Herod, a bar of Lorenzo's gridiron, much MS. of Santa Teresa, together with one of her pens. Mr. Beckford (ii. Lett. xi.) describes another "quill from Gabriel's wing, a most glorious specimen of celestial plumage, full 3 feet long, of a blushing hue, more soft and delicate than the loveliest rose." Truth, however, which is so essential in these matters, compels us to add that in our times this relic was not shown.

The *Celda Prioral*, fitted up with good marqueterie, overlooks the fishpools and gardens. Here hung the

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fine portrait of José de Sigüenza, the first prior and historian, painted by Alonso Sanchez Coello; it truly pourtrayed the head of a grave, acute, sallow, robed and seated learned monk. The eight smaller cloisters or courts resemble one another. Now that they are untenanted, these long passages seem to lead to nothing, and we miss the monk, fit inmate of the cold granite pile, stealing along as he was wont with noiseless tread and Schidoni look.

Passing, therefore, to the *Coro alto*, the ceilings of the *ante coros* are painted by L. Giordano. Here are kept *los Libros de Coro*, or splendid choral books of gigantic parchment, some illuminated by Andres de Leon: they were 218 in number. The quire looks down on the chapel. To the N. is the royal seat into which Philip II. glided with his brother monks, like his father and so many of his ancestors had done before him; and here (Sigüenza, iii. 564) he was kneeling when he received the news—without changing a muscle of his face—of the victory of Lepanto over the infidels, of that Trafalgar of the age, which saved Europe: his joy was damped by jealousy* of his natural brother, Don John of Austria, who commanded the Christian allied fleet: but the real brunt of the battle was borne by the Genoese under Doria, and the Venetians under Barbarigo, and by others under De Ligny and Colonna. Scarcely one-third of the forces were Spaniards, who now claim the glory for *Nosotros*. The victory could not be followed up from want of means and jealousies, or Constantinople must have been taken.

The dark rich stalls of the *coro* are carved in the Corinthian order out of seven sorts of wood; observe the huge *facistol*, which nevertheless moves round with a light touch. The lateral frescos, by Romulo Cincinato, represent the Martyrdom of San Lorenzo the tutelar of the convent, and illustrate the history of St. Jerome, the head of the order; the others are by L. Cambiaso, and of no merit. The painter's own portrait, with a sad expression, is the last to the left, towards the prior's seat. The next, that of the architect Fr. Antonio de Villa Castin, is fine. The invaders smashed the original and splendid crystal chandelier; the present one, with birds, &c., is truly contemptible; the crucifix is made of fragments of a finer one, which the invaders also knocked to pieces, although the wood is called *angelico*, because marked with the five wounds of the Saviour—of this wood Philip II. ordered his coffin to be constructed: the grand organs are carved in Cuenca pine: behind the seat of the prior is the celebrated white marble Christ, which was given to Philip II. by the Grand Duke of Florence, and was brought from Barcelona on men's shoulders; the anatomy is fine, but the expression of the face is ordinary, and the space between the nose and lips too great, which is destructive of classical beauty: it is inscribed "Benvenutus Zelinus, Civis Florent: faciebat 1562," and is described by him in his autobiography. The figure was originally quite naked, but Philip II. thereupon covered the loins with his handkerchief, which was long preserved as a relic. A muslin scarf with tinsel spangles has been substituted.

The great library is placed above the porch of the *Patio de los Reyes:* over the entrance is suspended the common excommunication by the pope of all who should steal the books, a *brutum fulmen* to which the invaders paid small attention. The arched room runs from N. to S., and is some 194 feet long, 32 wide, and 36 high: the pavement is marble, and the bookcases were executed by José Flecha, from Doric designs by Herrera. There are ample tables of marble and porphyry provided for the use of readers if there were any; the ceilings are painted in fresco, blues and yellows over predominate, and the colours are too gaudy for the sober books, while the figures being too colossal, injure relative proportions; but these errors pervade the style of the ambitious

* John was a gay and gallant soldier, and the delight of the army, who cried, "This is the true son of the Emperor."

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works of Tibaldi, who out-heroded M. Angelo, without possessing a *tithe* of his grandeur or originality. The other frescos, by B. Carducho, treat on subjects analogous to a library, and the personification of the liberal sciences, which the Inquisition did its best to extinguish. First, Philosophy shows the globe to Socrates, and others; below is the School of Athens; then follows the Confusion of Tongues, Nebuchadonezzor instituting the first Grammar School; Rhetoric surrounded by Cicero, Demosthenes, and others. Further on we see Dialectics, Arithmetic, Music, Geometry, Astronomy, and Theology, with appropriate groups and attributes; but nothing is so tiresome as allegory. On the walls hang portraits of Herrera, the architect of the Escorial, and of Arias Montano its librarian, and the still more striking one of their master, Philip II., when old; it is full of identity and individuality; here we see him in the flesh and spirit, lowring from his den, with Medusa head that petrifies; his wan, dejected look, is marked with the melancholy taint of his grandmother; observe his bigot, grey eyes, cold as frozen drops of morning dew; note the cadaverous chilliness, which even the pencil of Titian could not warm. The grave seems to give up its dead, and the suspicious scared bigot walks out of the frame into his own library. Observe also the speaking portrait of Charles V. in golden and steel armour; one also of the silly Philip III., and of the sillier Charles II. when a boy.

The books have their edges, not backs, turned to the spectator, never having been meant for vulgar use and reading, and having been thus originally arranged by Montano, and things do not change in a hurry in Spain. The library in 1808, before the invasion, is said to have contained 30,000 printed and 4300 MS. volumes. Joseph removed them all to Madrid, but Ferdinand VII. sent them back again, minus some 10,000; and among them the catalogue, which was most judiciously purloined. Thus what is lost will never be known, and will never be missed. Antonio Conde, who had a hand in the job (being an *Afrancesado*, he was employed by the invaders to select the best things for Paris), rebound his private pickings, thus doing away with the *parrilla* or gridiron mark. The rarities usually shown are a fine Alcoran (the famous one taken at Lepanto was given away by *a mistake!* in the time of Charles III. to a Moorish envoy, and is now in Africa; that shown for it is of a later date than the battle); a Revelation of St. John, which belonged to the emperor Conrad, 1039, etc.; but books are made to be read, not looked at. The upper library, which is not public, contains codes, missals, and Arabic MSS., of which a catalogue was published by Miguel Casiri, a Syrian: '*Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana Escurialensis*,' folio, 2 vols., Mad., 1760–70. This work, however, teems with inaccuracies, for Casiri was only a Maronite of Mount Lebanon; nor (as the Western character of Arabic differs from the Eastern) could he even read the Arabic of the Spanish Moors, which he mistakes for Cuphic; he also was careless and reckless in character, and was utterly ignorant of the Augustan age of the Arabic literature of Cordova. But Arabic literature has been much neglected in Spain, where, primâ facie, it might best have been cultivated; but Spaniards are no philologists, and a remnant of hatred against the Moor long prevailed, and Moorish books were burnt by the clergy on the absurd supposition that all were Korans; see Conde's Preface to Xerif Aledris (Madrid, 1799). Thus thousands of precious volumes of Arab art and science have been irreparably lost, as those of antiquity were from the holocausts of Omar and Gregory VII. The present Arabic MSS. were obtained by accident: one Pedro de Lara, a captain of Philip III., captured near Sallee a Moorish ship, containing 3000 volumes, the library of king Zidan, who offered 60,000 ducats for their ransom; but a civil war in Morocco intervening, Philip III. carted the volumes off to the Escorial; of what *accident* gave, *accident* took much away, as many were burnt by

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a casual fire; nor has any one ever looked at them except Conde, who garbled many of his extracts. The superb collection of medals formed by Antonio Agustin, Archbishop of Tarragona, and subsequently much increased, were all swept away by the invaders, who seldom overlooked anything in the shape of a coin.

The grand kitchen of the Escorial deserves the gastronome's inspection, who will grieve at the fireless grates, on which San Lorenzo might have been broiled: alas! no smoke now issues from the chimneys. This department was once worthy of 200 monks, who had little else to do but to eat. In the medical dispensary, or *la Botica*, was a fine Raphael-ware cistern, painted with the Judgment of Solomon. The *Colegio* is not worth visiting, although there is a whispering gallery which amuses silly folk, just like that under the Alhambra. From the kitchen to the royal residence the transition is easy, especially as it is placed in the handle of the gridiron, *el mango de la parrilla*. The state rooms are shown at 1 o'clock. Here the Catholic kings, whose life was one dull routine, spent six weeks every year, after leaving their summer quarter of San Ildefonso. They thus became the real handle of the man of the cowl, who had access to the despot at his first rising and at his last folding the arms to sleep. The courtiers, however, even in the time of Philip II., thought of nothing but feastings and intrigues amatory and political; thus mixing up the frivolities of a most profligate court, with the outward show of monastic austerities. Walk through the royal suite of rooms, which are not very royally furnished. First visit Don Carlos's, with some pictures—a Rey Godo, by *Ribera*; but a fly and a poodle are most pointed out! There is some good Madrid tapestry of hunting subjects; some china, some fine marqueterie panneling, and steel hinges, inlaid with gold. In the *Sala de las Batallas*, observe the fresco, painted on the wall in 1587, by Granelo and Fabricio, of the battle of Higueruela, where John II. and Alvaro de Luna defeated the Moors (see p. 326): the costume is most curious: this was copied for Philip II. from a chiaro-oscuro original, 150 feet long, found in the Alcazar of Segovia, and is erroneously attributed to the Florentine Dello, who died in 1421, 10 years before the battle: between the windows are the battles of Pavia, of St. Quentin and of others in Flanders: the ceilings are decorated with arabesques. Look also at the fresco of Lepanto and its curious galleys.

In a room adjoining Ferdinand VII. was born, Oct. 14, 1784; and here, Oct. 29, 1807, he was nearly sacrificed by his own mother, and her minion Godoy; Charles, his father, consenting to his own shame and to their crimes. The prince was arrested for high treason, when he, coward-like, betrayed his advisers; and this act, which would have ensured his and their ruin, saved them all, for the dreaded name of Buonaparte was found mixed up in the secret correspondence, and the craven court hushed the matter up. Visit also the humble apartments in which Philip II. lived, half a monk, as he reserved his magnificence for the temple; and then descend into the small room in which he died, Sunday Sept. 13, 1598, aged 72, having been carried there in order that his last glance might be directed to the altar; his lingering end was terrific in body and mind. For the fearful details of his death, see Sigüenza, pt. 3, pp. 668–685. He lay long, like Job, on a dunghill of his own filth, consumed for 53 days, like Herod, by self-engendered vermin. The crucifix he held in his hand when he died was the same with which Charles V. had expired. He was haunted with doubts whether his bloody bigotry, his passion and principle, and the supposed merit of his life, was not in truth a damning crime. His ambition was then over, and a ray of common sense taught him to distrust the efficacy of relics in securing salvation, and to fear that a Moloch persecution breathed little of the true spirit of Christianity. (2 Thess. iii. 15.) But he was a type of Spain in the sixteenth century, a despot in politics and polemics, and the imper-

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sonation of Romanism, then threatened by the Reformation, for he clearly saw *civil* reform and liberty were coupled, like twin sisters, with *religious* reformation. In him religion was modified by the genius of the man and his country; thus, while his idiosyncracy was cold, phlegmatic, suspicious, timid, and arbitrary, that of Spaniards breathed the fierce intolerance and propagandism by the sword of the Moslem; a sincere believer, he accounted it rather as a favour done to his victims, if by torturing or burning their mortal bodies he could save their souls; he was reckless of wordly consequences, and preferred to have no subjects at all, rather than millions who should be heretics.

Philip was of a delicate constitution, naturally indolent, and without any inclination for bodily exercise or martial deeds: he lacked the great king qualities of his father; weak in body and timid in mind, in exterior a Fleming, in haughty deportment a Spaniard, his suspicions and averseness to being seen grew upon him as he waxed older, then he became more and more silent, priding himself on concealing his thoughts; he rarely laughed, and never so heartily as on receiving the news of the St. Bartholomew massacre; he had much application, and loved doing business himself, but seldom made real progress, as he shrank from decisions, and thought that when he had gained time he had gained everything; yet his great boast was that he at the foot of a mountain and with a bit of paper could make himself obeyed in the old world and the new.

The building itself was altogether a mistake; the selection as a site for state business was ill-chosen, while to raise a convent when monks had done their work as pioneers of civilization was an anachronism: again, the enormous expense absorbed sums which would have covered the peninsula with a net-work of roads and canals, of which there were just as too few as there were of convents too many. The Escorial also tended to fix the residence of the court at Madrid, the bane of Spain. Thus injurious from the beginning to the end, this useless colossal pile totters to its fall, a thing to point a moral and adorn a tale: Non in aliâ re *damnosior* quam ædificando, was the just remark of Suetonius, when speculating on the costly buildings of Nero (In Vit. 30). Vast and useless as the pyramids, the Escorial is too big to be moved even by the slaves of the lamp, even had they been imps of Spain. It might, indeed, supposing it were three times as large, be made the new poor-law union of the Peninsula. The Escorial will disappoint many, for expectations have been too highly raised: but this is the penalty which the credulous hope of travellers must pay, who will go on expecting too much, in spite of illusion-dispelling experience. Yet happy the frame of mind which always hopes, always believes; and woe unto him who comes into the Castiles without some poetry, some romance, to gild the harshness and discomforts which here too often characterise the reality.

As a political personage Philip himself was a failure; under him the short-lived clay-footed colossus of Spanish power began to give way; he quarrelled also with England—his greatest error—lost his invincible armada and the Low Countries; yet what a position was his, had he been equal to the moment! Ferdinand and Isabella had beaten down the Moor at home, while Charles V. had humbled France and was master of Lombardy; in quiet possession of peace and power, Philip might have been a legislator and a benefactor to his country: he might have given Spain a code of laws, covered her with a net-work of roads and canals, and fixed the capital at Lisbon instead of Madrid. All of this he sacrificed to fight the battles of the Vatican, to be her banker, executioner, and builder of this convent: but whatever his faults, which partly were the result of his political position and the spirit of his age, he at least was a true patron of art and artists; he discovered or created talent to execute his mighty works; his biography, attempted by the poor pedant professor Watson and

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by Evaristo San Miguel, has yet to be really written, and it will soon appear from the pen of Mr. Prescott, who assuredly will do justice to his splendid subject.

Before leaving the Escorial, clamber up to the *Silla del Rey*, distant about 1½ mile. This is the rude seat formed of 2 or 3 flattened boulders, from whence Philip II. used to contemplate the progress of his buildings. Around grow oaks and deciduous ashes. The view, on a stilly summer's eve, is pleasant. Visit also the parks and plantations, which contrast agreeably with the desert beyond them; and just look at the *Casa del Principe de abajo*, a miniature country house, too small indeed to live in, and yet too large to wear at a watch-chain: it was built by Juan de Villanueva for Charles IV. when *prince*, and like that at Aranjuez, is the plaything of a spoilt infant. It is expensively ornamented with marble marqueterie, gimcracks, arabesques, and with poor portraits of the ignoble-looking Spanish Bourbons. The cabinet pictures are second-rate; they were formed for the rising Mæcenas by his French and Italian valets! The *Casa del Principe de arriba*, a paltry maisonnette, was built by the booby *infant* Don Gabriel. The gardens are pretty, and form with the neighbouring walks a favourite evening summer promenade; for the *Escorial* is frequented by many who fly from the scorching summer heats of Madrid to its cooler groves: the difference of the thermometer Réaumur often reaches seven degrees. Official men place their families here, and come over on the Saturdays, returning on Monday; many *galeras* and coaches are put on during the season.

A noble road winds from the Escorial over the Guadarrama chain amid immemorial pines and firs to *San Ildefonso*. The scenery is splendid offering, a jumble of mountain and rock with glorious pines flinging their wild arms fantastically athwart the precipices. It was constructed at a reckless expense for the personal convenience of the King: it is occasionally blocked up by winter snows. After passing the *puerto*, we descend into the village or royal *sitio*, in which the court always passed the hot months of July, August, and September. The *fonda de la Vizcaina* is permanently open; others close with the season; during it, an excellent inn, *Fonda de la Granja*, is kept by Juan Athané, in the *Casa de Infantes*, part of the detached buildings of the palace; this inn is convenient for those wishing to see *Segovia*, which is only 2 L. off, and a pleasant hour's drive. Mine host has been a courier, and understands the kitchen and cellar.

The difference of temperature between la Granja and Madrid in August is as 68 to 83 Fahr. This cool castle in the air is, say the Castilians, a worthy *château* of the king of Spain: as he is the first and loftiest of all earthly sovereigns, so his abode soars nearest to heaven: the elevation of his residence at least cannot be doubted, as the palace is placed on the N.W. range of the Sierra, some 3840 feet above the level of the sea, and thus, in the same latitude as Naples, stands higher than the crater of Mount Vesuvius. The localities are truly alpine; around on all sides are rocks, forests, and crystal streams, and above towers *la Peñalara*, rising, according to some, above 8500 feet. While *nature* is truly Spanish, here *art* is entirely French; for the one-idead founder Philip V. could conceive no other excellence but that of Marly and Versailles. In reserve and bigotry this king was a Philip II., and his hypochondriac shyness drove him into retirement, wanting nothing but his mass-book and wife, and thus he became a puppet in her and her confessor's hands. He was no sooner fixed on the Spanish throne than he meditated its abdication, always harbouring, like Henry III. in Poland, a secret wish to return and reign in beloved France: it chanced that while hunting at Valsain in 1720 he observed this *granja*, then a *grange* or farm-house of the Segovian monks of *La Parral*; he bought the site of them, and here he died, July 9, 1746, and here he is buried, carrying his hatred to Austrian recollections even to the

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grave. He would not associate with their ashes even in the Panteon of the Escorial, a building which in common with everything Spanish he slighted. What a change and contrast from the wild Spanish Sierra, to a French château, from the stern pine wood to the gilded Carousel railing; but this was the fatal reign when nationalism was effaced by French opinions, language, customs, and alliances.

First visit the *Colegiata*, built from a design of Teodoro Arteu.ans or Ardeman, in the form of a Latin cross. On each side are the royal pews or *tribunas*, enclosed with glass. The dome, pendentives, and ceilings, are painted in fresco by those academical twins of common-place, Bayeu and Maella: the white stucco is picked out with gilding; the *retablo* is composed of fine jaspers with red pillars from Cabra. The altar was made at Naples by Solimena. The tabernacle is of rich *Lapis Lazuli*. The Virgin has a right royal wardrobe; the grand relic is the *Baculo* of St. Isabel of Hungary, held by Christina, whilst giving birth to Isabel II. The founder is buried in a chapel which lies to the W. of the high altar, to which a door communicates, but it is usually entered by the Sacristy; the tomb of Philip V. and his wife Isabella Farnese, with medallions, and Fame, Charity, and other ornaments in vile taste, are the works of Messrs. Pitué and Dumandré, "awful in simplicity" according to M. Bourgoin. The palace, a thing of the foreigner, looks as if it had been moved by the slaves of the lamp from the bald levels of the Seine to a wild Spanish sierra: this sensual, theatrical, French château, is, in truth, the antithesis of the proud, gloomy Escorial, on which it turns its back. A portion of the old *Granja* is still preserved near the *Fuente*, for the building is a thing of expedients and patchwork, and so far is a thing of Spain. A long line of railing, like that of the Carousel at Paris, divides three sides of a square. The centre body with a dome is destined to the royal family, and the wings appropriated to their suites, guards, and offices. The façade fronts the garden, and is cheerful, although over windowed and looking like a long Corinthian conservatory. The poorish saloons above and below were once filled with paintings and antiques, among which were the marbles of Christina of Sweden, purchased for Spain by Camillo Rosconi. After having been long neglected, they were carted out to Madrid by Ferdinand VII., when he restored and refurnished the palace with his favourite modern trumpery. The royal apartments are light, airy, and agreeable, without being magnificent, and in them strange events have taken place. Here, in January, 1724, Philip V. abdicated the crown, which he resumed in the next August at the death of his son. He was urged to become once more a king, by his wife, who was very soon weary of private life: here, in 1783, Charles III. received the Count d'Artois (Charles X.) when on his way to *take* Gibraltar, which he did *not* do. Here, August 18, 1796, the minion Godoy signed the famous and fatal treaty by which Spain was virtually handed over to revolutionised France.

Here Ferdinand VII., Sept. 18, 1832, revoked the decree by which he had abolished the Salic law, and declared his daughter Isabel, born Oct 10, 1830, to be heiress to the crown; an act which cursed his ever ill fated country with civil wars and a disputed succession. The secret history is as follows: *Don Carlos*, his brother and heir presumptive, was married to a Portuguese princess, between whom and her sister *La Beira*, a deadly palace war was waged by *Carlota*, born at Naples, the intriguing wife of *Don Francisco de Paula*, a younger and not a very sapient brother of the king. When Ferdinand married Christina, the Neapolitan coterie gained so much on the Portuguese one, that on the queen's pregnancy being declared, Carlota, in order to oust the Beira's children, induced Tadeo Calomarde, the minister of justice, to suggest this change to the uxorious king; the degree was smuggled through the royal closet without the knowledge of the other ministers: thus Ferdinand deprived his

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brother Carlos of his birthright, that brother who had been the friend of his youth and the companion of his French captivity, and who had refused in 1827 to assist in his dethronement. —*Cosas de España.*

In the autumn of 1832 Ferdinand fell dangerously ill in this same palace; and his death during an attack of lethargy was actually announced to the Emperor of Russia by Monsieur D'Oubril, his plenipotentiary; the succession of Carlos was then quite certain; his reign might indeed have been leaden and that of a King Log, but it would have been one of slow yet certain improvement, for all the nonsense about his restoring the Inquisition, &c. was a thing of unscrupulous party tirade. Carlos, although devoid of common talent, and fitter to lose than win a crown, was at least a man of honour and principle, rare qualities in a Spanish court. Christina at this crisis had no party whatever, so she herself drew up a revocation of the decree, which was signed, Sept. 18, by the guided hand of the unconscious testator; this second act was managed by the royal confessor and Alcudia, the principal mover being Calomarde again, who now undid his former work, in his terror at the certain *venganza* which the Portuguese faction would have taken; Antonini, the Neapolitan ambassador, confirmed his apprehensions and urged Christina to save herself. Ferdinand two days afterwards recovered by a miracle, for Carlos had not caused him to be smothered as Tiberius was. Carlota, who was at Seville, on hearing of the revocation hurried back day and night, and welcomed Calomarde with blows and Billingsgate. As the king regained strength, the queen recovered courage, until, on Oct. 31, the revocation was revoked, Christina denying her own work, and throwing the whole blame of the past on Calomarde, who was forthwith turned out of office and Spain. The king, still weak, now delegated his authority to his wife, who had nursed him most tenderly; and she instantly created a party by displacing all ultra Royalists and Carlists, and by substituting men favourable to moderate reforms. Ferdinand died Sept. 29, 1833; then ensued the terrible civil wars which have rent and impoverished poor Spain.

This self-same palace, as if by poetical justice, became the theatre of another tragedy by which Christina in her turn was deprived of her royal rights: here, Aug. 12, 1836, intimidated by rude soldiery, headed by one Garcia, a serjeant, she was compelled to proclaim the Cadiz democratical constitution of 1812. The secret underplot of this intrigue was to bring about a change of the conservative ministry into one ultra-radical, and the final result, as might be expected, was the downfall and exile of the queen regent and the restoration of things as they were.

The gardens of the palace are among the finest in Spain; the grand walk in front, called the *parterre* (for everything here in name and style is French), looks over flowers, water, and mountains; here the fruits of spring ripen in Autumn: as everything is artificial the cost was enormous, reaching to 45 million piastres, the precise sum in which Philip V. died indebted. These debts his son Ferdinand VI. refused to pay, fortified by the opinions of Spanish theologians, who countenanced the orthodoxy of repudiation; thus while those palaces in Spain which the Austrian kings began, are unfinished, those which their Bourbon successors raised, are not paid for. To form these gardens rocks were levelled and hollowed to admit pipes of fountains and roots of trees, whose soil was brought up from the plains. The earth requires to be constantly renewed, and even then the vegetation is dwarf-like; but despots delight in enriching favourites without merit, and their felicity contrasts with the people's misery. The yoke of building-kings is grievous, and especially when, as St. Simon said of Louis XIV. and his Versailles, "Il se plut à tyranniser la nature." Thus Nero, in the words of Tacitus (An. xv. 42), *usus et patriæ ruinis*, employing architects, quibus ingenium et audacia

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erat, etiam quæ natura denegavisset per artem tentare.

San Ildefonso after all was but an imitation, and Delille, in praising its gardens justly remarked, "Philippe défiait son ayeul et retraçait la France." Although smaller, the gardens of this *Versailles en Español* are far more real than their type; pure genuine water is their charm, which here is no turbid puddle forced up by a wooden waterwork, but a crystal distillation, fresh from a mountain alembic; the *Cascada Cenador* is a grand falling sheet, which under the sun of Castile glitters like melted silver; it is supplied from a large pond or reservoir above, which, as at Aranjuez, is modestly termed *el Mar*,* the ocean, like that of Nero, Stagnum *maris* instar (Suet. 31). In honest old England, where people have a notion what the sea is, and call things by their right names, this pond might be stretched into a lake.

The gardens, in which art rivals nature, are divided into the *altos y bajos*, high and low; they are laid out in a formal style, being planted in avenues, with a labyrinth, and decked with marble vases, and statuary. Their ornate and highly artificial character contrast with the wild hills, rocks, pines, and nature around. There are 26 fountains; the most admired are, *los Baños de Diana*, *la Latona* or *las Ranas*, *la Corrida de Caballos*, the two *Cascadas*, *el Canastillo*, *los Vientos*, *la Andromeda*, *la Pomona*, and *el Neptuno*, at which, says Mons. Bourgoin, genius presides, and where the egotist read Virgil and quoted "Quos ego." The *Fama* is the most famous, and shoots up water 130 feet high (?). The fountains play on the first Sundays of the summer months, on great festivals, and royal birth or saint days, when the traveller should visit this spot. The chief statues are the Apollo and Daphne, Lucretia, Bacchus, America, Ceres and Milon; they are poor and second-rate, full of theatrical swagger and unnatural attitude; they are, however, vastly admired by Spaniards, who have very little fine marble sculpture; and possibly are thought more of because the work of foreigners, to wit, of Messrs. Carlier, Pitué, Dumandré, and Bousseau, and M. Fremin, a Phidias in frogs; but their countrymen are transcendantal turncocks, and feel all the poetry and power of water in gardens, if not in bedrooms; Philip V. employed French, just as Philip II. patronised Italian artists. Consult for details the guide-book by Santos Martinez Sedeño, re-edited by A. G. Somorrostro.

Charles III. came every year to *La Granja* to fish and shoot, and as his second hobby was the forcing manufactures, he here set up *la Calandria*, a sort of factory to make linen, luckily now broken up. He also founded *la Fabrica de Cristales*, to make glass and pottery: these royal playthings, exotics, like the trees in the gardens, have never flourished in an artificial soil. Conducted on a royal scale of loss, it became a hotbed of jobbing and robbing, in which *Directors* made fortunes out of the public purse. This establishment was founded chiefly because one Thevart in 1688 had formed a similar one at Versailles: meanwhile here even the sand has to be brought from Segovia, while the expense of transport and breakage of mirrors alone consumed every chance of profit.

Excursions may be made to the nursery-gardens of *Robledo* and *Colmenar*, and to the *Quinta de Quitapesares*, the Sans Souci of Christina, an anodyne for her *sorrow*, which buttermaking contributed to *banish*, and which is said also to have been the scene where this modern Dido first met the Æneas Muñoz. Visit also *Valsain*, Val Sabin, the vale of Savins, distant 1 L. This, an ancient hunting-seat of the crown, was inhabited by Philip V. during the building of *La Granja:* but now it is almost a ruin, having been left unrepaired since a fire. The trout in the Eresma are excellent: 2 L. on is *Rio Frio*, where Isabel, widow of Philip V., began a palace, which she neither finished nor paid for. It is a fine architectural

* *Mar* is celtic for a lake.

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shell, with a noble staircase and granite pillars.

Those returning to Madrid on horseback may, after seeing Segovia, make an excursion to *El Paular*, the once wealthy Carthusian convent on the opposite side of the Guadarrama. It is 2 L. from La Granja by *el Reventon*, or "the cleft," a pass which crosses directly over the glorious ridge, with the grand *Peñalara* rising to the r. about 8500 feet: when this route is snowed up, there is a circuitous one to the convent, which overlooks the pleasant valley of the trout-stream Lozoya. The edifice was raised by John I. to carry out a vow made by his father Henry II., while campaigning in France. The *Capilla de los Reyes* was built in 1390, by Alonso Rodrigo, and the church in 1433–40, by a Segovian Moor, named Abderahman: since its suppression the paintings by Carducho have been removed to the new *Museo* at Madrid. The exquisite *retablo* was wrought at Genoa, and of the same period was the *silleria del coro*. There is a fine sepulchre of one of the Frias family, and an outrageous churrigueresque *trasparente* erected in 1724. The ceilings are painted by the feeble Palomino. But the Paular convent, converted into a Belgian glass-manufactory, is no longer what it was (see Ponz, x. 69), when the monks, lords of all around, were paper-makers and breeders of sheep on a large scale; their hospitality was commensurate, as all strangers were lodged, fed, and welcomed; now their kitchen fire is put out, and their gardens of fruit and flowers are encumbered with weeds. From thence follow the river, and rejoin the high road at *Buitrago* (see R. 115).

Descending from *La Granja* into the plains, we soon reach the ancient and most striking city of Segovia. The old inn, *el Mesón Grande*, on the plaza, was long one of the worst in all Spain: this *grand hotel*, a genuine specimen of a Castilian khan, has now been superseded by the more modernised *Parador de las Diligencias*. There is also the *Posada de los Caballeros*.

SEGOVIA is of Iberian name and origin, *seca* and *sejo* being a common prefix: Humboldt (Urb. 188) enumerates no less than 22 instances; while *Briga*, "town," is a still commoner termination: consult for historical details '*El glorioso San Frutos*,' Lorenzo Calvete, Valladolid, 4to. 1610; '*Historia*,' &c., Diego Colmenares, fol. Mad. This is one of the best Spanish county histories. There are two editions, 1637, 1640: the latter is the best. '*Viaje Artistico*,' Isidoro Bosarte, 8vo., Mad. 1804; '*El Acueducto*,' Andrez Gomez de Somorrostro, fol. Mad. 1820; '*Esp. Sag.*' viii., and Ponz., '*Viage*,' x. The local tutelar is *San Frutos*. See the '*Poema*' with his Life by F. de Leon Tapia, 8vo., Mad. 1623: and the '*Discurso Historico*' of his *Patronato*, by Gaspar Ibañez de Segovia, 4to., Zar. 1666.

The long city, with its narrow irregular streets, stands on the rocky knoll which rises E. and W. in a valley, with the Alcazar perched on the W. point. It is girdled to the N. by the trout stream Eresma, which is joined below the Alcazar by the *clamorous* rivulet el Clamores; the banks of these streams, wooded and pretty, contrast with the bleak and barren hills. The strong town is encircled by very picturesque dilapidated old walls with round towers, built by Alonso VI., which are seen to great advantage from the hill of the Calvario: it is altogether a first-rate specimen of an old-fashioned Castilian city, with quaint houses, balconies, and a Proutlike *plaza*, but much decayed and daily decaying. It is very cold, being above 3300 feet above the sea; the population, once exceeding 30,000, having dwindled to less than 9000. It is still the see of a bishop, suffragan to Toledo.

According to Colmenares, Tubal first peopled Spain, then Hercules founded Segovia; in due time Hispan erected the *bridge*, as they call the aqueduct, although it brings water over men, not men over water. The city bears "*el Puente*" on its shield, with one of the heads of Pompey's sons looking over it. This Roman work, from its resemblance to the masonry of Alcantara and Merida, was

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probably erected by Trajan, but neither Segovia nor its aqueduct are mentioned by the ancients, with whom such mighty works seem to have been things of course. As the steep-banked rivers below the town are difficult of access, and their waters are not very wholesome, the pure stream of the *Rio Frio* was thus brought from the *Sierra Fonfria*, distant 3 L. The aqueduct begins near San Gabriel, and makes many bends in its progress, to give stability and to break the water current. It runs 216 feet to the first angle, then 462 feet to the second at *La Concepcion*, then 925 feet to the third at *San Francisco*, and then 937 feet to the city wall. Some portions are comparatively modern, although they are so admirably repaired, that it is not easy to distinguish the new work from the old. This aqueduct, respected by the Goths, was broken down in 1071 by the Moors of Toledo, who sacked Segovia and destroyed 35 arches. It remained in ruin until Aug. 26, 1483, when Isabella employed in its repairs a monk of the Parral convent, one Juan Escovedo; this architect born in the Asturias, about 1547, and the son of a mere carpenter, had the good taste to imitate the model before him, and therefore was the first to restore the Græco-Romano style in Spain: when he went to Seville to report the completion of the repairs, Isabella gave him for his fee all the wood work of the scaffoldings. See for curious particulars '*Historia de la Orden de San Geronymo*,' José de Sigüenza, iv. 40.

The new work is intermixed with the old, and occurs chiefly near the angles of *la Concepcion* and *San Francisco*. Escovedo also built the bridges over the Eresma. The aqueduct commences with single arches which rise higher as the dip of the ground deepens, the upper tier are uniform of the line; until they become double. Those of the three central are the highest, being 102 feet. This noble work is constructed of granite without cement or mortar; and, like other similar erections of the Romans, unites simplicity, proportion, solidity, and utility, and its grandeur is rather the result of these qualities than of the intention of the architect. An inscription formerly ran between the tiers of the central arches, and the learned strive in vain to make out what the words were, guessing from the holes which remain for the pins of the bronze letters which have been extracted. The niche here above, which is supposed to have held a statue of Trajan, is now filled with a decayed image of a saint which looks like a putrifying corpse. According to some antiquarians the aqueduct was built by one *Licinius*, but the unlearned people call it *el Puente del Diablo*, "the devil's bridge," because his Satanic majesty was in love with a *Segoviana*, and offered his services to her in return for her favours; she, tired of going up and down hill to fetch water, promised to consent, provided he would build an aqueduct in one night, which he did. One stone, however, having been found wanting, the church decided the contract to be void, and so the hard-working wicked one was done, as is generally the case with the foreigners and heretics who labour in vain in this orthodox land of ingratitude. The lower classes of Spaniards think the devil very clever, and *Sabe mucho, un punto mas del Diablo*, is a delicate compliment. It is in vain to talk to them about Trajan, &c.; they prefer the devil as a Pontifex maximus. But whatever surpasses the limited means and knowledge of the vulgar is attributed to supernatural agency and called a miracle: compare *Los Milagros* of Merida: so the Arabs hold the pyramids to be the work of genii, the jin (*Ionios*), (Conde, i. 46), and thus in England the author of evil gets the credit of works of public utility, bridges, dykes, punch bowls, and bowling-greens: but if history is to be credited, churchmen have ever been the true pontifices, and this bridge might also be called *El puente del Monje* (Juan Escovedo), as that in Cardigan has for a second name that of *Pont y Monach*. Thus an option is given to travellers to choose a monk or devil according to their tastes.

The aqueduct, be its author who it

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may, is well seen from *San Juan*, in its beautiful perspective, overtopping the pigmy town. The grandest point is from the corner of the *Calle de Gascos*, but the stones have suffered from houses having been built up against the arches, and have been discoloured by chimney smoke and drips from the *Cerbatanas*, or gutters and pipes. A plan was in vain proposed in 1803 to Charles IV. to remove all these unsightly causes of injury. However, in Sept. 1806, the carriage of the pregnant ambassadress of Sweden having upset by these encroachments, whereby she had a miscarriage, the king ordered the arches to be cleared; so the hovel-encumbered Piaza del Populo at Rome was cleared by Alexander VI., to facilitate the entry of Christina of Sweden. It was intended to have opened the whole of the *Plaza del Azoguejo* (*zoq*, *zoq*, *soco*, from the Arabic *Suk*, a place), and thus to have made a grand square with the aqueduct on one side exposed in all its unveiled majesty. The French invasion marred the scheme of questionable artificial amelioration, for the very irregularity and meanness of the buildings around render the aqueduct the emphatic feature, as it soars larger and nobler by the force of contrast.

Older than the aqueduct is a rude statue either of Hercules or of a hunter with a boar's head, which is embedded in the staircase wall of a tower in *Santo Domingo el real*. In this tower some most curious old frescoes with Arabic inscriptions were discovered, much in the style of the painting in the Alhambra (p. 311). This convent, once called *la Casa de Hercules*, was given to the nuns in 1513. The antique has been whitewashed, and is now despised. Nothing more is known of its origin, than of two of the *Toros de Guisando* breed (see p. 743), which remained exposed to street injury. The larger was called *el Marrano* de Piedra, the smaller *la Marrana* or sow, the sex being assumed. In 774 the word Marrano signified *excommunicated*, possibly from the old Maranatha (anathema), and as it was first used against the Jews, it at last became synonymous with the pig.

Next visit the cathedral, a noble florid Gothic pile, built of beautiful warm-coloured stone, which is seen to great advantage from the curious old irregular *plaza*. It is one of the finest in Spain and deserves great attention; like our Bath church of 1522, it was the last of the pure *gothic* cathedrals: that style died like a dolphin, setting as a southern sun in all its glories, without twilight or decrepitude; the square tower, crowned with a cupola, rises 330 feet high, having been lowered 22 feet from fears of lightning. Ascend it, as the panorama over the city, gardens, convents, gigantic aqueduct, and mountain distances, is superb. The older cathedral was almost destroyed by the reformers on *Comuneros* in May 1520, who commenced business by pulling down churches, hanging the authorities, plundering the rich, and by burning houses for the public good. A few relics were saved in the *Alcazar*, which stood out against the mob; *after* the rebellion was put down, the bones of the tutelar San Frutos were brought out, whereupon *La Modorilla*, or loss of common sense, an epidemic generated by the popular excesses, ceased.

The new building was begun in 1525 by Juan Gil de Ontañon and his son Rodrigo, their beautiful cathedral at Salamanca (see p. 519) having been chosen as a model; the colour of the stone is delicious. The W. front of the exterior is perhaps somewhat bald and unornamented, while the E. end is over crocketed, and the pinnacles small; the interior, however, is light and very striking from the simple, bold, and well-arranged designs of the arches and vaulting; most of the windows are filled with stained glass of fine colours. Look at the silver *custodia* and church plate, and at a chalice wrought in the D'Arphe style, given by a Duque de Albuquerque. The high altar is enclosed by lofty iron railings relieved by gilding, somewhat after the exquisite *purcloses* of the Certosa of Pavia. The great *retablo*, composed of precious marbles, was put up for Charles III. by Lieut.-Gen. Sabatini. The *trascoro* is enriched with the

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salmon-coloured marbles of which the beautiful diamond-formed pavement is partly composed. The ancient sepulchral tombs were carted out and lumbered up near the entrance. Among them is—or was—the last memorial to Rodrigo Gil, obt. 1577. Near the gate of the tutelar San Frutos in the *C. de la Piedad* is a magnificent *retablo* by Juni, designed in all his daring manner of 1571. In this Deposition from the Cross the figures are larger than life, and the sentiment is the profound and terrible grief of the Virgin. This grand work gives an idea of what the painted sculpture of Spain *was*, when placed in its original position, and with all the *intention* of the artist, and *not* in the jumble of the disjecta membra of a Museo. (See p. 570.)

The once fine S°. Thomas by Alonso Sanchez Coello, 1578, was repainted in 1845 by one Mariano Quintapanilla, sent here by the R. *academy!* This executioner has put his name—the mark of the beast—on the victimised picture.

The cheerful Gothic cloisters belonged to the former cathedral; they were taken down, and put up again by Juan Campero in 1524, a triumph of art. Among the sepulchres observe that of Diego de Covarrubias, obt. 1576. The fine prelate with closed eyes and clasped hands is arrayed in pontificalibus. Remark also the tomb of the Infante Don Pedro, son of Henrique II. He was let fall from the window of the Alcazar in 1366 by his nurse. Judging from his statue, he must have been a fine baby for nine years old. Here also lies Maria del Salto, a frail beautiful Jewess by creed, but a Christian in heart; she was about to be cast from a rock (see next page) for adultery, when she invoked the Virgin, who visibly appeared and let her down gently. She was then baptized Maria del *Salto*, of the *Leap*, became a saint, and died in 1237. See Colmenares, ch^r. 21.

The Alcazar in which Gil Blas *was* confined, for Le Sage like Cervantes has given an historical and local habitation to the airy nothings of fancy, rises like the prow of Segovia over the waters-meet below. The great keep is studded with those bartizans or turrets at the angles which are so common in Castilian castles, but the slate and French-like roofs in other portions mar the effect. The building was originally Moorish, and was magnificently repaired in 1452-58 by Henrique IV., who resided and kept his treasures in it. At his death the governor André de Cabrera, husband of Beatrice de Bobadilla, the early friend of Isabella, held the fortress and money for her, and thereby much contributed to her accession to the throne. From this Alcazar, Dec. 13, 1474. she proceeded in state and was proclaimed Queen of Castile. In 1746 the Segovian mob rose against this Cabrera, when the queen rode out among them alone, like our Richard II. from the Tower, and at once awed the Jack Cades by her presence of mind and majesty. Charles V., pleased with the Alcazar's resistance to the *Comuneros* in 1520, kept it up, and his son Philip II. redecorated the saloons. The tower was converted into a state prison by Philip V., who confined in it the Dutch charlatan Ripperda, who had risen from nothing to be premier. The Alcazar was ceded to the crown in 1764 by the hereditary *Alcaide*, the Conde de Chinchon, whose ancestor had so hospitably welcomed in it our Charles I. He lodged there Wednesday, 13th Sept. 1623, and supped, says the record, on "certaine trouts of extraordinary greatnesse." The castle palace was at last made into an artillery college, and being one of the few in Spain which the French did not destroy, remains as a specimen of what so many others were before their fatal invasion. The general character is Gotho-Moorish: the ceilings and cornices and friezes are splendidly gilt, especially these in the *Sala de Trono* and *Sala de Recibimiento:* the inscriptions in one room give the names of many kings and queens from Catalina, 1412, down to Philip II., 1592, whose shield quarters the arms of England in right of his wife, our Mary, which it delighted our Charles I. to see. In the *Sala de los Reyes* (from the window of

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which the *infante* was let fall) are some singular statues of Spanish kings, which were begun by Alonso IX., continued in 1442 by Henrique IV., and added to in 1587 by Philip II. The inscriptions were prepared in 1595 by Garibay the historian, Philip himself correcting the rough copies. The *Pieza del Cordon* is a singular trunk-headed saloon in which Alonso *el Sabio* ventured to doubt the sun's moving round the earth; thereupon his astronomical studies were interrupted by a flash of lightning, in memorial of which, and as a warning for the future, the rope of St. Francis was modelled and put up. The king wore the original as a penance. Full details will be found in the tract of Alonso de Ribadeneyra, p. 7 to 30. The chapel contains some fine arabesques: the views from the windows are striking, although not quite so floral and picturesque as represented to Gil Blas by the governor, who somewhat over-coloured things for the honour of Castile.

Descending next to the Eresma by *Puerta Castellana*, look up at the quaint Alcazar from the *Fuencisla*, near the *Clamores*, now doubly clamorous from chattering washerwomen, the Naiades of the rustling stream. The cliff above *Fuencisla*, Fons stillans, was called La Peña *grajera*, because the crows nestled there to peck the bodies of criminals cast down from this Tarpeian rock. The cypress opposite the *Carmelitas descalzas* marks the spot where Maria del Salto—Mary Jump—lighted unhurt; and in the chapel is the identical image of the Virgin which saved her. This image was miraculously concealed during the time the Moors possessed Segovia, but re-appeared on this site when the Christians recovered the town, and thereupon the convent was built and richly endowed. See the pictures in the *retablo*, by F. Camilo. For this tutelar Virgin consult the '*Historia y Origen*,' by F. Fr°. de Sn. Marcos. 4to. Mad., 1692.

Now turn to the l. up the valley of the Eresma to the *Casa de Moneda*, or the mint, which was founded by Alonso VII.; it was rebuilt by Henrique IV. in 1455, and repaired and fitted with German machinery by Philip II. in 1586. Formerly all the national coinage was struck here, as the river afforded water-power, while the strong adjoining *Alcazar* formed a safe treasury: in 1730 the gold and silver coinage was transferred to Madrid: now nothing is struck but copper and for this coinage Segovia is ill-selected, as the distance is so great to Rio Tinto, from whence the metal is brought. Adjoining on a slope is *la Vera Cruz*, a very curious church, built in 1204 by the Templars, but now going to ruin: observe the angular forms and the square tower. Notice also the zigzag and billet posterns at the W. doorway; the curious chapel built on the model of the Holy Sepulchre. An inscription on the S. entrance marks the ides of April, æra 1246.

Higher up is the *Parral*, a once wealthy Jeronomite convent, which nestles under a barren rock amid *vines* and *gardens*; hence its name and the proverb, *Las huertas del Parral, paraiso terrenal*. It was built in 1494, by Juan Gallego: observe the portal, once most interesting; the superb *coro* was raised in 1494, by Juan de Ruesga; the walnut *silleria* was elaborately carved in 1526, by Bartolomé Fernandez; the *retablo mayor* was painted in 1526, by Diego de Urbian, for the Pacheco family; one of whom Juan, the celebrated Marques de Villena, founded this convent on the site of a celebrated duel where, *asi cuenta la historia*, he defeated three antagonists. The once superb white marble sepulchres of Juan and his wife Maria, kneeling with an attendant, have been barbarously treated. The cloister and ceilings of the library and refectory are worth notice; the tower was raised 29 ft. in 1529, by Juan Campero: in 1848 pigs were kept in the chapels.

The *Museo Provincial* is placed in the episcopal palace opposite *San Esteban*: look at its tower; it contains mere rubbish, consisting principally of bad and damaged portraits of monks and nuns, with representations of their legends and miracles; some of the Latin couplets under the portraits

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afford ludicrous specimens of monkish invention, style, and prosody. Segovia, however, itself is a museum to the antiquarian ecclesiologist; observe the *Santa Cruz*, or Dominican convent, which was founded by Ferdinand and Isabella, as the *tanto monta* motto indicates; the *reja* and *retablo* were given in 1557, by Philip II. In *San Juan* are the tombs of many of the Segovian *Conquistadores* of Madrid; *e. g.* Diez Sanz, Fernan Garcia, etc. Here also lies the historian of Segovia, Colmenares, ob. Jan. 29, 1651. The portal of *San Martin* is curious; observe the tombs of Don Rodrigo in armour, and of Gonzalo Herrera and of his wife: the architect may look at a pretty *aximez* window in the *Casa de Segovia;* at the bishop's palace, notice the granite front and figures of Hercules: observe also the tower in the *Plaza de San Esteban*, with the Saxon arches, capacious capitals, and open *corredor*, in the church in which Juan Sanchez de Zuazo is buried (see p. 141). The *Puerta de Santiago* is Moorish; the granite portals and peculiar Toledan ball ornaments prevail in Segovia; the gate of *San Andres* is quite a picture.

Segovia was entered by the French, under Gen. Frere, June 7, 1808, who, notwithstanding no sort of resistance was made, sacked it, *à la Medellin;* for he too, like his model, Victor, began life as a drummer boy. See, for sad details, Schepeler, i. 424. The city's prosperity depended on its staple, wool, but then the flocks were eaten up by the wolf, and now only a few poor cloth manufactories languish in the suburb *San Lorenzo*. In 1829 some improved machinery was introduced, which the hand-loom weavers destroyed. The *Cabañas*, or sheep-flocks of Segovia, furnished the fleeces, and the Eresma offered a peculiar water for washing the wool: for *Merinos* and the *Mesta*, see p. 463. The sheep-washings and shearings were formerly the grand attractions of the place; the vast flocks of the monks of the Escorial, el Paular, and other proprietors, were driven in May into large *Esquileos*, or quadrangles of two stories, over which a "*Factor*" presided. First, the sheep went into the *Sudadero*, and when well sweated had their legs tied by *Ligadores*, who handed them over to the shearers, each of whom could clip from 8 to 10 sheep a day. When shorn, the animals next were taken to the *Empegadero*, to be tarred and branded; after which the whole lot were looked over by the *Capatazes*, or head shepherds, when the old and useless were selected for the butcher; those spared were carefully attended to, as being liable to take cold after the shearing, and die. During all these processes, food and drink were plentifully carried about to all employed, by persons called *Echavinos*. The wool is sorted by *Recibidores*, and the bad, *las cardas*, set aside. The *pila*, or produce, if sold at once, was then weighed, or if destined to be washed is sent to the *Lavadero*. There are three different classes of wool, which are determined by an appraiser, the *Apartador*, of whom there is a guild at *Segovia*. The value has fallen off since the invasion, from 8 to 3; then, too, many barns and buildings were destroyed, which, from want of capital, have never been restored; the subsequent loss of South America completed the ruin. The common cloth made here was coarse, but strong; a little, however, of a finer sort, called *bicuña*, from a sort of *Guanaco* or South American goat, was made for the rich clergy, with a soft nap; now those customers have ceased. The extent, however, of the former boasted commerce must be somewhat discounted, for the real staples were coarse *Xergas* (Arabicé Xercas) serges and *Paños pardos:* these, in the time of Juan II., sold only for 40 maravedis the yard, while cloth of Florence fetched 167, and the fine scarlet of London 400; in fact, the home manufactures were only used by the poor, and for servants' liveries, while the rich then, as now, imported everything of a better quality from abroad. Yet anti-manufacturing Spain prides herself in the order of the Golden *Fleece*, forgetting that it was established by the good Duke of Burgundy, to mark his preference for his rich, manufacturing, intelligent towns, over

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a poor, proud, indolent and ignorant feudal nobility—a feeling diametrically opposed to genuine Spanish notions. *Pecus*, unde *Pecunia*, was the secret of the power of Bruges and Ghent, and the *Golden Fleece*, the symbol of the commercial Argonauts, became, like our *Woolsack*, the "canting" charge of a woollen staple. Again, strictly speaking, Spain has small right to this order, which passed with the Low Countries to Austria. Nevertheless, having lost the substance she clings to the form, for neither nations nor individuals like to relinquish even the semblance of title or power.

There is a direct road from Madrid to Segovia by *La Granja*, 15 L., which leaves the Escorial to the l.; it is often impassable during winter from the snow, when the lower road by *San Rafael* is taken, 17 L.; in summer a diligence runs backwards and forwards, starting from *El Meson* de los Huevos. Those who wish to visit *El Pardar* may rejoin the high road to Madrid at *Buitrago*, a very ancient walled town on the trout-stream Lozoya, which is destined to supply the capital: pop. about 400. 5 L. from hence, on the road to *Guadalajara*, is *Uceda*, another most ancient but now decayed walled town on the Jarama, pop. 700, where also there is good trout-fishing. *Uceda* was once an important city, and its castle has been the prison of eminent men; in it Ximenez was confined by Carillo, Archbishop of Toledo, who resented his acceptation of his bit of patronage, the arch-priesthood of Uceda, given him at Rome in 1473 by Paul II. The obstinate Ximenez refused to succumb, and after six years' resistance succeeded in keeping the benefice. Here again the Great Duke of Alva, after his failure in the Low Countries, was banished by Philip II. until his services were required to conquer Portugal. Near *Uceda*, in a mountain defile, is the hamlet *Patones*, in which during the Moorish dominion a Christian population lived unmolested, secure in their obscurity. They elected among themselves a sovereign, or rather a sheikh, and the title of *Rey de Patones*, "king of big ducks," became hereditary in the family of Prieto; but when the real monarch came to live close by at Madrid, the Patonese, from a sense of the ludicrous contrast, dethroned their titular, and simply entitled him *Justicia*, "the Justice." Near *Prieto* is a stalactical grotto called *la Cueva de Requerillo*.

ROUTE 102.—SEGOVIA TO ARANDA.

Basardilla	2¼	
Cubillo	2¼ ..	5
San Pedro de Gaillos	2 ..	7
Sepulveda	1 ..	8
Boceguillas	2 ..	10
Aranda	7 ..	17

This route is altogether uninteresting. *Sepulveda*, one of the most ancient of Castilian towns, is now much decayed: pop. under 1600. It is pleasantly placed on the confluence of the Duraton and Castillo, under the hills, with gardens, *alamedas*, and pastures. It was recovered from the Moors by the Conde Fernan Gonzalez in 913, who granted it municipal rights. These *Fueros de Sepulveda*, from their well-considered provisions and precedence in point of time, became the models of many of the earliest charters of Spanish cities.

For *Aranda del Duero*, see p. 840.

Those who are going to France from Madrid will do well to go round by Segovia and Valladolid through Burgos.

EXCURSIONS FROM MADRID—*continued.*

None should fail to visit *Toledo*, the imperial capital of the Goths, and *Aranjuez*, the happy valley of Castile. Those who are going to Valencia should thence pass on to *Cuenca* and *Albarracin*; and even those who return to Madrid, if they have time, are advised to make the detour by *Cuenca*, *Teruel*, the baths of *Sacedon* and *Guadalajara* (see Index).

ROUTE 103.—MADRID TO TOLEDO.

Getafe	2	
Venta de Torrejon	2 ..	4
Illescas	2 ..	6
Yunco	1 ..	7
	2 M	

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Cabañas	2	9
Olias	1	10
Toledo	2	12

A diligence starts from No. 10, *Plaza del Progreso*, Madrid. The road, if road it could be called, was long only a cart-track carried over desert-like plains, which in summer are clouded with dust and in winter are ankle-deep in mud; a new *carretera* has recently been *begun*, anno mundi 7053. Now, considering that according to Spanish historians, the sun at its beginning shone on Toledo, it must have done so both before the creation of Adam and of Mr. Macadam. The roads to and from the Imperial "navel of the world," have *always been* most disgraceful and antediluvian. Toledo, because not visited by the King, was never noticed by Spanish waywardens. It would seem that in Levitical Toledo, as at Santiago, the clergy were so intent on smoothing the ways to a better world, that they quite overlooked the unimportant ones in this.

Leaving the "Only Court" by the bridge of Toledo, after passing *Caravanchel de Arriba*, we reach *Getafe:* pop. 2500. This miserable specimen of a Castilian country town has an enormous *parroquia*, and a *retablo* filled with fine pictures of the life of Magdalen by Alonso Cano. *Illescas*, illic *non* quiescas say creeping things, is the now wretched place, in which a *guisado* of cat was served up to Gil Blas instead of a hare; and the thing is not yet impossible or unlikely. Pop. 1800. It has fallen from its former pride of place. The house in which François I. lived after his release from Madrid is shown. The *Santa Maria* has a fine Moorish belfry, which the natives have disfigured with a modern painted roof. The once superb Franciscan convent was gutted by the invaders, who must have thought, when they compared the pomp of the masonry-built churches to the mud hovels around, that Spanish laymen were only created to support priests. Illescas possesses a miraculous Virgin, called *la de la Caridad*, with a pillar: see a 4to. on its virtues, '*Manifiesto de la Columna*,' Gaspar Jesus Maria, Mad. 1709. The handsome chapel in the hospital has some pictures by El Greco, especially a fine *San Ildefonso* writing. Observe the Moorish entrance and the ornamental work in an upper room of the Casa de Rojas. The fair, held in the 1st week of September, is much frequented by picturesque gipsies.

About 2 L. from *Illescas* and 4 from Madrid, in the *despoblado de Humanejos*, between *Perla* and *Torrejoncillo de la Calzada*, is an interesting Moorish ruin with striated engrailed arches, such as occur in the Mezquita at Cordova. *Olias* resembles the preceding places in poverty and discomfort: here also is a hospital for those who sicken by the dreary way.

TOLEDO.—The best inns are *Posada del Mirador*, on the E. entrance, and in the town *Fonda de los Caballeros*, good and moderate. *Fonda de Lino*, where the diligence puts up; *Fonda de la Dominga; del Alcazar.*

Toledo is the capital of its district, whose hilly portions, *la Sierra* or *los Montes de Toledo*, divide the basins of the Tagus and Guadiana; these extend over 40 L., and were once covered with timber, which has been cut for building and fuel for Madrid, and never replanted. Full details will be found in the '*Memorias*' of Eugenio Larruga, vols. 5 to 10. Toledo, now slighted for upstart Madrid, was the chosen city of the early annalists and antiquarians. The best works to consult are, '*Summi Templi Toletani Descriptio*,' Blas Ortiz, duo., Tol. 1549; '*Hystoria y Descripcion*,' Pedro de Alcocer, fol., Tol. 1554; '*Descripcion de Toledo*,' by Francisco de Pisa, but edited by Tomas Tamaio de Vargas, fol., Tol. 1617; '*La Primacia de Toledo*,' Diego de Castejon y Fonseca, fol., 2 vols. Mad. 1645; '*Urbs et Roma Hispanica*,' &c., &c. Fer. de Herrera Vaca, 4to., Tol. 1664; '*De Antiquo Primatu*,' J. B. Ferrer, 12mo., 1728; '*Los Santos de Toledo*,' Antonio de Quintana Dueñas, fol., Tol. 1651; for their proper services see '*Officia Propria*,' &c., 8vo., Ant. 1616; '*Historia de Toledo*,' Pedro de Rojas, Conde de Mora, fol., 2 vols., Mad. 1654-63; '*Los Reyes*

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Nuevos de Toledo,' Christobal Lozano, 4to., 1667, or the later edition, 4to., Mad. 1764; '*Esp. Sag.*' v. vi.; Ponz, '*Viage*,' i.; and '*Toledo Pintoresca*,' José Amador de los Rios, Mad. 1845; '*Album Artistico de Toledo*,' Manual Assas, is valuable for the accurate translations from the Arabic by P. de Gayangos. There is a good bookseller, *Hernandez*, in the Cuatro Calles.

Imperial *Toledo*, the navel of the Peninsula, "the crown of Spain, the light of the whole world, free from the time of the mighty Goths," as its son Padilla addressed it, is a city of the past. Seen from afar, all is most imposing, but rottenness is in the core. This Durham of a once golden hierarchy offers a perfect contrast with Madrid the modern capital, for here everything is solid, venerable, and antique. It has not been run up by academicians to please the hurry of a king's caprice, but is built like a rock, and on a rock. Like Rome, it stands on seven hills, and is about 2400 feet above the level of the sea. The lordly Tagus, boiling through the rent or *Tajo* of the granite mountain, girdles it around, just leaving one approach by the land side, which is defended by Moorish towers and walls. Inside, the streets or rather wynds, are irregular, ill-paved, steep, and tortuous; but such intentional intricacy and narrowness rendered them easy to defend when attacked, and kept them cool in summer, however unpopular to travellers *not* in search of the picturesque. The houses are massive and Moorish-like, for the city was 350 years under their enlightened dominion. Each family lives in its own secluded castle, and not in flats or apartments as at Madrid. Here again we find the oriental *patio*, over which awnings are drawn in summer, as at Seville. Their areas are kept very neat, as the rain-water is collected from them for domestic uses. Toledo, although deficient in water, is a clean town; not, however, very healthy, and the length of life averages about 50 years. The climate is not agreeable, bitter cold in winter and hot in summer. The hills reflect back the sun's rays, but the river-meadows are pleasant; and the Tagus is indeed a river, and not a dry ditch like the Manzanares. The Toledans, like their houses, are solid and trustworthy old Castilians, sober humdrum and *muy hombres de bien*. Here the glorious *Castellano* is spoken in all its purity of grammar and pronunciation, which is slow and guttural. To speak *en proprio Toledano*, has since the time of Cervantes been equivalent to "the best Spanish." ('*Viag. al Parn.*' vi. 253.)

In the heart of the city towers the cathedral, around which cluster multitudinous churches and convents, many now silent as tombs. Even *Salamanca*, a city of learning, was scarcely more hardly treated by the invaders—Victor and Soult especially—than was *Toledo*, the see of the primate. What the foreign foe began, the domestic reformer completed, as, by the appropriation of ecclesiastical revenues, the means were taken away by which this priestly capital, this Levite theocratic city, existed; they are only partly restored, the die is cast, and Toledo will decay and become a Thebes, in which the untenanted temples alone will remain. Formerly it contained, besides the cathedral, 20 parish and 6 Muzarabic churches, 9 chapels, 3 colleges, 14 convents, 23 nunneries, 9 hospitals for males, 1 for females, and 9 chapels, a tolerable spiritual provision for a population now dwindled down from 200,000 to 13,000. *Cosas de España.* All this is somewhat different from our Stockport, where 3 churches suffice for 60,000 busy souls, whose real divinity is *capital*. Let no cottonocrat, no mere man of money or pleasure, visit this gloomy, silent, and inert city, this ghost of a departed capital, which is without trade, industry, credit, or manufactures; but to the painter, poet, and antiquarian, this widowed capital of two dynasties is truly interesting, as it carries us away from the present; it is a living ruin, offering a semblance of existence struggling with decay, where the grand monuments of former prosperity now totter to a fall in mockery and contrast with present dilapidation. Here the voice of the Goth echoes amid Roman ruins, and

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the step of the Christian treads on the heel of the Moor; here are palaces without nobles, churches without congregations, walks without people; the narrowness of the streets, by preventing carriage traffic, adds to that silence so peculiar to the ancient cities of Spain, and which at once, as Cervantes said (Don Quix. ii. 19), strikes the ear of the stranger. Toledo is in truth a perfect picture of social still-life, and we in our progressive activity find it difficult to realise the oriental stationary character of Spaniards, or the vitality of their resting so long on the "as you were" condition.

The foundation of Toledo is of course ascribed to Hercules, *i. e.* the Phœnicians; others, however, prefer Tubal, who built it 143 years, to a day, after the deluge; nor have its townsfolk yet forgiven the Abbé de Vayrac for saying that they boasted that "Adam was the first king of Toledo, and that the newly created sun rose over this spot, because it was the centre and throne of the world;" much as the vain old Greeks predicated of their Athens. (Athen. i. 20). Be that as it may, Toledo, when taken by Marius Fulvius, U. C. 561, 193 B.C., was "urbs parva sed loco munita" (Livy, xxxv. 22). The name has been derived from *Toledoth*, the Hebrew "city of generations," as having been their place of refuge when Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar. No doubt many Jews did fly to "Tarshish," to the "uttermost parts of the earth," in order to escape the calamities in Palestine; and certainly when Toledo was first taken by the Moors it was filled with Hebrews, or, as they called them, "Amalekites;" they, resenting the Gothic persecution, facilitated the progress of the Berbers, who themselves were half Jews and half Pagans. The extraordinary spoil, as detailed in 'Moh. D.' ii. 7, and Conde, i. 38, proves how rich the city then was.

Conde interprets Toledo, quasi Tolaitola, "alturâ perfectum," or *atalaya* grande, from the Arabic *attalah*, a place of look-out, and to this day the *Alcazar*, recently repaired, towers nobly over the city, its beacon and sentinel. Leovigildo, under whom the Gothic monarchy was consolidated, removed his court from Seville, and made Toledo the capital of Spain. His successor, Recaredo, brought the Peninsula entirely into the Christian fold, and hence here were held so many of those important councils which give such insight into the spirit and condition of that age; they in reality were convocations and parliaments, as the sacerdotal aristocracy united social and civil supremacy. The best edition is '*Collectio Maxima*,' José Saenz de Aguirre, folio, 4 vols. Roma, 1693-4: or the new edition, folio, 6 vols. Roma, Jos. Catalani, 1753. The Goths, who have been so frequently stigmatised as destructive barbarians, repaired and improved the city bridges, and Roman walls; portions of their works yet exist, for Toledo was one of the few towns exempted from the decree of Witiza, by which so many others were simultaneously dismantled, as if to render conquest easier to the invader. But history in Spain is always reproducing itself; compare the similar policy of Cato (App. 'B. H.' 467; Livy, xxxiv. 17).

Wamba was the benefactor of Toledo, as is recorded in the inscription over the great gate, "Erexit fautore Deo rex inclytus urbem, Wamba." This was indeed "a long time ago," for Wamba is the Japetus of Spain, and the phrase *en el tiempo del Rey Wamba* proverbially denotes a date beyond legal memory, as "old as the hills," *au temps où la Reine Berthe filait*. Wamba was half poisoned in 687 by Ervigius, and, when supposed to be dead, was clad as usual in a monk's dress for burial; and, therefore, when he recovered, was compelled to continue the cowl, which, once put on, can never be taken off. The quarrels between the usurper and rightful heirs weakened the Gothic government, and enabled the Moors, in 714, to subdue the divided kingdom; so afterwards, in 1492, the dissensions of the Moslems paved the way to their final defeat by Ferdinand and Isabella. The Jews of Toledo, when their Moorish friends seized their money, turned to the

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avenging Christian, and facilitated the conquest of the city, in 1085, by Alonso VI., who thereupon took the title of Emperor of Toledo; he gave "himself seated on an imperial throne" for the armorial bearing on its shield, naming the Cid as its first *Alcaide*. Toledo, honoured by the sovereign and made the primacy of a rich clergy, was always loyal; thus, when Burgos disputed its new precedence in Cortes, Alonso XI. exclaimed, "Let Burgos speak first; I will speak for Toledo, which will do what I wish."

First walk round this most picturesque old city, beginning at the north-eastern land approach; descend to the *Puerta del Sol*, a rich Moorish gate of granite horseshoe arches, with upper intersecting ones of red brick, and follow the old road which winds down by the church of *Santiago*; observe its courtyard, portico, and absis; thence pass on to the *Puerta de Visagra*, now blocked up, and therefore called la Puerta *Lodada*. With regard to the walls, there are two circumvallations; the inner, built by Wamba, runs up from the bridge of Alcantara under the Alcazar, by the gate of *Doce Cantos*, to the back of the Carmen calzado, to the bridge, to the gates of *Santa Cruz* and *Cambron*, and thence to the bridge of San Martin; the outer line, built in 1109 by Alonso VI., which also begins at the Alcantara bridge, keeps in the hollow by *Las Covachuelas* to the present new gate, continuing thence to the *Puerta Lodada*, and then joining the old wall near *El Nuncio*, and thus enclosing the former Moorish gate. The name *Visagra*, said by some to be *Via Sacra*, the road by which Alonso entered in triumph, is simply *Bib Sakra*, Arabicè "gate of the country;" and the rich cereal and pastoral district between Illescas and Aranjuez is still called *La Sagra*, Arabicè "the open country, the support." Others read in it the Hebrew *Sahar*, "bright," as being the E. gate, on which the rising sun would shine, and through which "those who went out early," *saharaim*, would pass.

The new gate was built in 1575 by Philip II., who adorned it with the eagle and shield of Charles V., with the guardian St. Michael, and statues by Berruguete. Read Philip's inscription, the curious original Moorish one was pulled down by him to substitute this, which records how he restored the "Divos patronos urbis," and destroyed Moorish impieties. Wamba, at least, ascribed his buildings to the assistance of God, Fautore Deo: compare also Philip's Christian Latin, with a genuine Pagan dedication found here (Cean, Sum°,' 119). Herculi patrono, Endoval Tol. *Divo* Toletano, V. V. Osca deis tutel. &c. The use of Latin of itself gives a Pagan turn to this sort of inscriptions, even if the purport were not so similar. Observe also the image of San Eugenio, one of the tutelars of the city: sent by St. Denis to Spain, A.D. 65, Eugenio became Bishop of Toledo, but, going back to France, was murdered at St. Denis. His body, however, was happily discovered by Ramon, a Frenchman, and the second archbishop of Toledo, who in 1156, brought the right arm from France; Philip II. obtained the rest from Charles IX. Thus the parts were reunited—to the unspeakable benefit of Toledo—Nov. 18, 1565, after 1468 years of separation (see Pisa, 84, and '*Esp. Sag.*,' v. 224).

The *Alameda* outside this gate was planted in 1826 by the Corregidor Navarro, who laid out the gardens and *Plazuela de Marchan*, but the statues of Toledan kings are bad and heavy. In the suburb, *Las Covachuelas*, are some degraded Roman remains. Close by is the hospital of San Juan el Bautista, commonly called from being outside the walls *el Hospital de Afuera*; it was built with four façades by Bartholomé de Bustamente in 1542, for the Cardinal Primate Juan de Tavera, whose *Cronica* is written by Pedro Salazar de Mendoza, 8vo. Tol. 1603. The magnificence led the envious to reverse the remark of their prototypes in Matthew xxvi. 8, and say, "Why is so much given to the poor?" The façade is unfurnished, for, although the founder left the care and continuance of the hospital to his heir, he could not bequeath his spirit of beneficence, for it

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remained many years before it was finished which the exterior is not yet. Enter the classical *patio*, and proceed by a colonaded portico to the Doric chapel, whose portal was built by Berruguete, the *retablo* was designed and painted by El Greco in 1509. Here lies the founder on a noble cinque-cento *urna*, the effigy is modelled from his actual body, and is guarded by the cardinal virtues, to which few cardinals were ever better entitled. The details of the whole are infinite, and this was the last but not the best work of Berruguete, who died in 1561 in the room under the clock; a fine silver chest and other church plate were saved from the invaders by the administrador Castañon.

Turn now to the rt., and observe the slits for arrows in the *Puerta Lodada*, and the horseshoe arches above: this gate was built by Moorish workmen for Alonso VI. A fine outline of convents and palaces, all ruined by the invader, crests the hill, running by the lunatic hospital, *el Nuncio*, to the pinnacled gate of *Cambron*. Below to the rt. the remains of a long, wide Roman *circus* can just be traced: adjoining to them was the prætorian temple, which was converted into a church by Sizebuto in 621; it is now called *el Cristo de la Vega*. Examine well this curious but much degraded basilica, with its absis and external round-headed sunken archwork. In it were buried the tutelars of Toledo, *San Ildefonso* and *Santa Leocadia*, the events of whose lives have been so much illustrated by Spanish artists and authors. Leocadia, born in 306, was cast down from the rocks above by Dacian: a chapel was raised on the site of her fall, in which many councils were held; during one of which, in 660, angels appeared and removed the stone from her sepulchre; she forthwith arose "clad in a mantilla," and informed the president San Ildefonso, that "her mistress lived through him." He had written a work in defence of the Virgin Mary (see p. 789). The author was so pleased that he borrowed the knife of the king Redecivintus, and cut off a corner of her veil, which was shown to Philip II. in 1587; the body, according to some churchmen, ascended to heaven, while others assert that when the Moors invaded Toledo a Fleming carried it off to Flanders; this was a very pious act, if true, for few Braves Belges, when about to run away 1200 miles, would select as a portable gem a dead woman (but see '*Esp. Sag.*,' vi. 308, quoting Pisa). The corpse was rediscovered at San Gislem, in 1500, when Philip I. obtained a portion of it for the chapter of Toledo; the rest was removed by the relicomaniac Philip II. when fearful that the heretics would conquer the Low Countries, and get possession of such a treasure as this. He received the remains at the cathedral in person, April 26, 1587. All this translation and carriage, the expenses of which were enormous, was managed by one Miguel Hernandez, a clever Jesuit, who published a duo. life of Leocadia at Toledo in 1591. Consult also her biography in Pisa, and the '*Esp. Sag.*,' v. 507, in which is printed an authentic account of the council scene, a proces-verbal, written in 775 by Cixila, archbishop of Toledo. The 26th of April is still a grand holiday in her honour. Her *urna* was wrought in silver by Fr°. Merino, 1587. The 10 basso-relievos represent the incidents of her life and removals of her body. Consult for her *Miracles* the duo. by *Juan Perianez*, Tol. 1591.

Above to the l., and growing, as it were, out of the rock, rise the remains of the palace castle, built by Wamba in 674, in order to command the W. approach of the city: the masonry is most massy. Below, on the river-bank, is a Moorish arched *alcoba*, with an Arabic inscription, which is called by some *los Baños de Florinda* (Arabice *Zoraida*), and more generally the baths of *La Cava*; this fair and frail one is said to have been bathing here when Roderick, the last of the Goths, beheld from his terrace above the charms of this Gothic Bathsheba. The sad results are matters of history (see p. 285). If her existence itself be a myth, it is also a misnomer to call a mere tower, a bath.

The bridge of San Martin below

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binds rock to rock, and completes the picture. Now turn back, and ascend to the *Puerta del Cambron*, rebuilt in 1596, when the old Moorish gate was pulled down, and enter Toledo again; in the inside niche of this gate is a statue of Leocadia by Berruguete, which is Florentine in style, tender and beautiful in form, and sweet, gentle, and serious in expression: read the inscription, and the vain prayer that Tædium, *Bore, Ennui*, the genius of Toledo, may be expelled by her.

Advancing are the remains of the once splendid Franciscan convent, called *San Juan de los Reyes*, because dedicated to their tutelar apostle John by Ferdinand and Isabella, who built it in commemoration of the decisive victory at *Toro;* destined by the stern Ximenez for his reformed monks, it has recently been made a *parroquai*. The site is well chosen, being truly royal and commanding. Observe badges and symbols of the Catholic kings, and the votive chains suspended outside by captives delivered from the infidel by the intervention of the Virgin, some of which have been used up for chain-posts! The portal, an exquisite gem, was finished by Alonso de Covarrubias for Philip II. This convent, which was one of the finest specimens of florid Gothic art in the world, was all but demolished by the invaders, who entirely gutted and burnt the quarters of the monks. The splendid chapel, now restored with vile tawdry decorations, escaped somewhat better, having been used as a stable for their horses; but Victor's troops whiled away their leisure by smashing the storied painted glass, and by mutilating the religious and heraldic ornaments, whose richness was once past all description, as those specimens which were out of reach still evince. Observe the shields, eagles, badges, ciphers, coronets, and the fringing inscription so common at this period. The exquisite cloisters, with fine pointed Gothic arches, deserve notice; a few vile Spanish repairs have been done here by plastering up arches, and making more hideous the previous French Vandalism: the space, which once was a pretty garden, is now cursed with weeds, fit companions to the ruin all around; a portion has been recently made into a *Museo*. Among the rubbish in it look at one or two pictures by *Riberas*, and a Christ with Maries by *Tristan*. Opposite to this convent was the grand palace of the great Cardinal Ximenez, which the invaders first pillaged, and then destroyed.

Turn now to the l., and descend by narrow lanes to the former *Juderia*, or Jews' quarter, in which two most singular synagogues yet remain, although sadly degraded. The first, now called *la Santa Maria la Blanca*, was built in the ninth century; but in 1405 (see the inscription over the door), when the ferocious persecutor San Vicente de Ferrer goaded the mob on against the Jews, it was converted into a church; so it remained until the French degraded it into a storehouse. The architecture deserves much notice; the ground plan resembles that of a basilica. Observe the three aisles divided by polygonal pillars, which support horseshoe arches, springing from bastard Gothic capitals; remark the circular patterns in the spandrils, the stars, checquer-work, and engrailed Moorish arches. The building is somewhat too high in proportion to the width; the ceiling is said to be made from beams of the cedars of Lebanon, and the soil below the pavement was brought from Mount Zion.

The other synagogue, although less ancient, is finer and better preserved; although consecrated to *San Benito*, it is called *el Transito*, from a picture of the death of the Virgin, which has disappeared during recent reforms. It was built in 1357, by Samuel or Simel Levi, treasurer to Don Pedro the Cruel, and in fact his Joseph, his Mordecai. His royal master, however, in 1360, being in want of cash, and knowing the value of a Jew's eye, first tortured and then killed poor Levi, seizing his money-bags; all this rather pleased the Spaniards, who hated a Hebrew, whose strictness in tax-gathering had rendered him unpopular. (See for curious details, ch. 7, 15, and 30 of the '*Chronica de Don*

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Pedro.') Levi had previously patronised the Jews, who soon became so rich and numerous that the former synagogue was too small, and this splendid "place of congregation," *συναγώγη*, the precise *jama* or mosque of the Moor, was built in a mixture of the Gothic, Moorish, and Hebrew style; it must indeed have once been gorgeous, but the Spaniards have disfigured the E. end with a trumpery gilt *retablo* that conceals the lace-like embroidery; a large crucifix now occupies the place of honour in the temple of those who put their Messiah to death: the upper parts, being out of reach, have escaped better, so observe, the honeycomb cornice, the rows of engrailed Moorish arches, and the superb *artesonado* roof. A broad band with foliage contains the arms of Leon and Castile, and is edged with the 84th Psalm and Hebrew characters, and a damaged inscription; this was translated by Juan José Heydeck in the '*Memorias de la Acad. Hist.*' (iii. 31), and printed in a separate form, folio, Mad. 1796; the correctness has been much disputed by Bayer and others. Isabella, in 1494, gave the building to the order of Calatrava: then the holy of holies was converted into an archive, and the galleries of the Jewesses are now into a dwelling of the animal who is called *el custodio* or *conserje*.

There is a poorish history of the *Sephardim* or Spanish Jews, by James Finn, 1841, and another, not much better, by E. H. Lindo, 8vo. London, 1848; some studies on them, have been written by Amador de los Rios, and also by Aldolfo de Castro, Cadiz, 1847, a work that has been translated by E. Kirwan; but none of these exhaust the subject which has yet to be worthily written; for the Hispano-Hebro Romancero, consult '*Die Religiose poesie der Juden in Spanien,*' Michael Sachs, Berlin, 1845.

The Spanish Jews were of a very high caste; and although persecuted by Goth, Moor, and Spaniard, that is by followers of creeds both alike daughters of the Old Testament, they clung closely to their faith. Strange religionists! who turned, when they were the sole depositaries of the real word of God, to every idolatry, worshipping a golden calf (and probably because it was *golden*), even under the thunders of Mount Sinai; and yet, when the true Messiah came to supersede the old law, they then clung doggedly to what they before abandoned. Spain (Tarshish) was always the favoured locality of the Jew when forced away from Palestine. Being men of peace and money, they were always persecuted by the men of war, who seldom can live on their pay. There was no end of fleecing them on one pretence or another. Such was the *Judicus Fiscus* of Domitian (Suet. 12), such the policy of Tiberius, who banished all Jews from Italy who would not abjure their creed (Tac. 'Au.' ii. 85); the purification of religion was always made the pretext of appropriating avarice, so the Christian Goths, equally fond of money as the Romans, found an additional accusation in the guilt of the crucifixion. In 694, by the 17th council of Toledo, the Jews were ordered to be cut off with the "scythe of revenge," for corresponding with the "Filistins" of Barbary. It was then, when driven by persecutions, that the Jews called in the avenging Moors, and opened the gates of *Toledo*, it is said, on Palm Sunday, while the Christian garrison was worshipping at the tomb of Santa Leocadia. For this service they at first were favoured by the Moslems, and, being left in peace, soon again became so rich, that their heresies began to stink in Mohammedan nostrils, and they were either strangled or robbed. In this dilemma they turned to the avenging Christians, and let in Alonso VI., who also for a time encouraged and protected them. As they sided with Don Pedro (because they had lent him money) in the civil wars of 1369, they were treated as traitors by the successful Henrique II., who confiscated their cash. Then ensued the crusades of San Vicente de Ferrer, who imitated the great modern master of Jewish persecution, the perfidious *Philippe le Bel* of France, son of Saint Louis and executioner of two

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popes. The Spanish Jews, having been long hunted like beasts and impoverished, were finally expelled from Spain under circumstances of most Iberian cruelty by Isabella in 1492, who therefore is called *Jesebel* in their chronicles. Vast numbers settled on the Mohammedan shores of the Mediterranean, where their descendants still speak Spanish. The Moors and the wisest of the early Spanish kings tolerated the industrious and intelligent Jews, who unable to become soldiers or land-owners, took to money making; they soon got rich by "spoiling the Egyptians" with whom they dwelt, but of whom they were not. They formed the ablest financiers and scriveners, and made money easily when the legal rule of interest was 33¼ per cent., *tres per quatro* (L. vi. Fuero Real): to kill them became naturally an easy and religious way of paying old debts with the good old Christian Hidalgos, who were hallooed on and absolved by a bigot church. Many Jews, however, remained in Spain, professing to be Christians, but in secret following their own religion and mammon. And some still exist, according to Mr. Borrow, but are quite unknown to Spaniards. "These genuine Jews,' says he, "are quiet and in easy circumstances, trafficking in wool and *longanizas*, which they sell, but do not eat, as pork enters largely into this excellent sausage." Meantime from the long and close breeding in and in of this "peeled race," no ethnologist can mistake a physical type, which is as marked as the woolly head of the negro. The name Jew, *Judio* is still the *maledictio pessima*, the *Nimreseth*, the insult never to be forgiven, *anathema maranatha*. Sancho Panza, the type of lower classes, glories in his hating a Jew, a proof of his being a true Christian. (Don Quix. iii. 7). Spaniards, even in this century, were taught to think all foreigners to be heretics and Jews. The cry of *Judiada* is still a prelude to certain murder. "I hate oppression in every shape," said a Valencian *Liberal* to Lord Carnarvon; "I am a friend to the human race: if indeed there be a Jew among us, burn him, I say, burn him, alive."

Next visit the adjoining church of *Santo Tome*, with a brick tower of Moorish character; inside at the W. end of the nave, to the r. of the principal door, is the much neglected and damaged masterpiece of *El Greco*. This Domenico Theotocupuli, so called because a Greek by birth, settled at Toledo about 1577, where he died in 1625, and lies buried in the *San Bartolomé*. He imitated Titian and Tintoretto, but was very unequal; thus what he did *well* was excellent, while what he did *ill* was worse than anything done by anybody else. He was often more lengthy and extravagant than Fuseli, and as leaden as cholera morbus. He was also a sculptor and an architect. This picture, which shows how well he could paint when he chose, represents the burial of Gonzalo Ruiz, a descendant of the great Alcaide *Esteban* Illan, Conde de Orgaz, in 1312. The deceased had repaired this church, and founded the convent of *San Augustin*, whereupon these two saints, Stephen and Augustine, came down to attend his exequies as special undertakers, pour encourager les autres Condes. The black and gold armour is equal to Titian; and the heads of the by-standers, the red brocades and copes of the saints, are admirable: less good are the Virgin, Saviour, and heavenly groups, which are lanky in drawing and coldly coloured. This event of this Descent remained forgotten for more than two centuries, until the town of Orgaz, in 1564, refused to pay the curate of *Santo Tome*, one Andrez Nuñez, certain due offerings of meat and wine; whereupon he put them into the chancery of Valladolid, beat them, and repaired the chapel, affixing the inscription, which read, as it records the miracle and lawsuit. Adjoining this church is the now degraded *Cuartel de Milicias*, once the palace of the Conde de Fuensalida, in which Charles V. was lodged in 1537, and where his wife Isabel died. Close also to Santo Tome is a vacant space, on which stood the house of Juan de Padilla and of his noble wife Maria, the leaders of the *Comunero* insur-

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rection. Charles V. ordered this house to be razed in 1522, when a granite pillar with a branding inscription was placed on the site; a memorial which in its turn has been destroyed by modern reformers, and a granite column with inscription in honour of Padilla erected.

Descend now to the Moorish bridge of *San Martin*, which was broken in 1368 by Henry of Trastamara, and repaired by Archbishop Tenorio, a kinsman of "Don Juan," and a true pontifex maximus. Observe in the tower a statue of *San Julian* by Berruguete. The bridge is narrow and elevated on account of the occasional swellings of the river, which rushes down from a rocky gorge, on the r. crest of which towers the toppling city. The river, pleased to escape from its prison, meanders away amid *las Huertas del Rey*. Below all is repose, and the green meadow woos the lingering stream. There are some remains of the piers of an older and perhaps a Roman bridge. On the hills are the *cigarrales* or Toledan villas, not so called from the multitudinous *cigars* smoked therein, but from the Arabic *Zigarr*, *Cegarra*, "a place of trees." The correct Castilian term for a country villa is *Casa del Campo* or *quinta*, Arabicè *Chennat chint*, "a garden." In Gallicia, they are called *Aldeas*, Arabicè *Aldaiá*, "a small place;" in Arragon and Catalonia the name is *Torres;* in Andalucia *Haciendas Cortijos;* in Granada *Carmenes*, Arabicè *Karm*, "a vine," and in Malaga they are called *Lagares* when there are wine presses in them.

The wild and melancholy Tagus rises in the *Albaracin* mountains, and disembogues into the sea at Lisbon, having flowed 375 miles in Spain, of which nature destined it to be the aorta. The Toledan chroniclers derive the name from Tagus, 5th king of Iberia; but Bochart traces it to *Dag*, Dagon a fish, as, besides being considered auriferous, both Strabo and Martial pronounced it to be piscatory, Πολυιχθυς, *piscosus*. Grains of gold are still found by amphibious paupers, called *artesilleros* from their baskets, in which they collect the sand, which is passed through a sieve.

The Tagus, destined by nature as for the water communication of these localities, but now useless, might easily be made navigable to the sea, and then united to the Xarama, would connect Madrid and Lisbon, and facilitate importation of colonial produce, and exportation of wine and grain: such a work, which would confer more benefits on Spain than 50 paper constitutions, has frequently been contemplated by *foreigners*, the Spaniards looking idly on; thus in 1581, Antonelli, a Neapolitan, and Juanelo Turriano, a Milanese, suggested the scheme to Philip II., then master of Portugal; but money was wanting—the old story—for his revenues were wasted in relic-removing and in building the useless Escorial; so nothing was made except water parties, and odes to the "wise and great king" who *was* to do the deed, "*I'll do, I'll do, I'll do,*" for here the future is preferred to the present tense. The project dozed until 1641, when two other *foreigners*, Julio Martelli and Luigi Carduchi, endeavoured to rouse Philip IV., who soon after, losing Portugal itself, forthwith forgot the Tagus. Another century glided away, when Richard Wall, an Irishman, took the thing up in 1755; but Charles III., busy in waging French wars against England, wanted cash. The Tagus has ever since, as it has dashed over its rocky bed, like an untamed barb, laughed at the Toledan who dreamily angles for impossibilities on the bank, invoking Brunel, Hercules, and Rothschild, instead of putting his own shoulder to the water-wheel.

In 1808, the scheme was revived by Fr°. Xavier de Cabanes, who had studied in England our system of canals and coaches. He, who had before introduced diligences into Spain, now published a survey of the whole river; this folio '*Memoria sobre la Navegacion del Tajo*,' Mad. 1829, seems like the blue book of one discovering the source of the Niger, so desert-like are the unpeopled uncultivated districts between Toledo and Abrantes. Ferd. VII. thereupon issued an approv-

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ing *paper* decree: and so the thing ended, although Cabanes had engaged with Messrs. Wallis and Mason for the machinery, &c. Recently the project has been renewed by Bermudez de Castro, an intelligent gentleman, who from long residence in England, has imbibed the schemes and energy of the foreigner. *Verémos!* for hope is a good breakfast but a bad supper, says Bacon. Meantime this Tagus, a true thing of wild, racy, and romantic Spain, is made for the poet and artist; how stern, solemn, and striking the lonely unused river; no commerce ever made it a highway. Its rocks have witnessed battles rather than peace, have reflected castles and dungeons, instead of quays and warehouses; few cities have risen on its banks as on the Rhine, scarcely even a village. It flows away solitary and unseen; its waters without boats, its shores without life; no steamer has either civilised or cocknified its wild waters like those of the Rhone or Danube.

Tourists who have no objection to a good walk may now cross the bridge of *San Martin*, and ascend the steeps to the l., where, about 50 yards on, the geologist may observe "the gneiss almost perpendicular with magnificent veins of granite, crossing each other in every direction: in some the quartz, felspar, and mica occur in very large crystals: the quartz is often bluish, perhaps from kyanite. The veins are grey, and continue a long way to the l. on the heights above the river opposite the town: there are also very good specimens of graphic granite with large hexagonal crystals of mica." Soon town and river are lost in a valley of rocks: above is stretched a canopy of blue sky, and below trickles a rivulet, where damsels wash their linen, and colour the grey stones with sparkling patches, cheering the loneliness with songs. The rugged cliffs to the l. especially near *el Mirador*, said to have been the Tarpeian rock of Jewish executioners, command noble views. Follow the stream to the Tagus, and, having looked at the Moorish mills, reascend into a scene made for Salvator Rosa, until on reaching a chapel, Toledo reappears with its emphatic huge square *Alcazar* towering over rock, ruins, and river; then clamber up to the shattered castle of Cervantes, a name which has nothing to do with the author of 'Don Quixote,' but is a corruption of *San Servando;* this sentinel outpost *guards* the approach to the bridge below, and commands a most glorious view of Toledo. To the r. below is the rose-planted *Alameda*, laid out at the beginning of the road to Aranjuez. The meadow opposite is a field of romance, and is still called to this day *la Huerta del Rey*, for here Alonso held a *cortes* when the Cid complained of his vile sons-in-law the Counts of Carrion: here some much-degraded ruins are still called *las Casas de la Reina*, being the supposed remains of a fabulous castle in the air, which Galafre, a king (who never ruled), built for his daughter *la bella Galiana*, (who never existed). This heroine of romance (see Duran, i. 5), was courted by Charles Martel (who never was in Spain), who slew in her presence his rival Bradamante (who also never existed): for the true history of this Moorish villa, see Gayangos (Moh. D. ii. 383). The ruins, now degraded into a farm-hovel, scarcely deserve a visit: however, they contain some Moorish arches and lienzos of a Cordovese character. At all events here read '*La ilustre Fregona*' of Cervantes, and speculate on the mule's tail gambling '*Duca la Cola.*'

The bridge, like others over the Tagus, is called by pleonasm *el Puente de Alcantara*, the "bridge of the bridge." The Roman one was repaired in 687 by the Goth Sala: destroyed by an inundation, it was rebuilt in 871 by the Alcaide Halaf, repaired in 1258 by Alonso el Sabio, restored again by Archbishop Tenorio about 1380, and fortified in 1484 by Andres Manrique. Examine also the towers and tête-du-pont, and the statue by Berruguete of San Ildefonso, the *Divus tutelaris*, to whom Philip II. dedicated the bridge, as is stated in an inscription. From this point the city walls diverge, running to the r. in double line; the upper one being that built by Wamba, the under

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and the more modern one that raised by Alonso VI. Ascend the hill to the l. and rest for a moment to look down on the roofless building erected for an *Ingenio*, the water-work engine, whose ruin seems made for artists. Toledo, built on a lofty rock, was badly supplied with water, whereupon the Romans stemmed the defile with a gigantic viaduct and aqueduct, which ran from the *Puerto de Yevenes*, distant 7 L. Some remains may be traced near *los siete cantos*, and under the convents Santa Sisla and Santiago, and its line is still called *el Camino de Plata*, the "road of silver," a corruption of via *lata*. When the Moors conquered Toledo there was also an enormous nàurah, *noria*, or water-wheel, 90 cubits high, which forced up water by pipes. This was a work of the Jews, who introduced the hydraulics of the East, where water is the blood of the earth and the element of fertility: no people ever exercised greater power over this element than the Spanish Moors. The amphibious Moslem loved cool water; for ablutions inside and outside are both pleasant and religious under a torrid sun; so where a Greek put up a statue, and a Christian a crucifix, he constructed a fountain or dug a well.

The Toledan Moors were first-rate hydraulists (see 'Moh. D.' ii. 262): their king, Al-mámun, Ibn Dhi-a-nún, or Yahya, had a lake in his palace, and in the middle of his gardens a kiosk, from whence water descended on each side, thus enclosing him in the coolest of summer-houses, exactly like the device in the Kasr Dubarra, now existing at Cairo. Here also were made, by Az-Zarcal, the *clepsydræ*, or water-clocks, for the astronomical calculations of Alonso el Sabio, to study which Daniel Merlac came all the way from Oxford in 1185. Charles V., who delighted in mechanics, in 1565 caused some Greeks to descend in a diving-bell at Toledo, and the same year brought from Cremona a watchmaker named Juanelo Turriano, to repair the original *noria*; this, in 1568, forced up 600,000 buckets of water daily. Disputes, however, arose between the crown and the corporation as to who were the legal "conservators of the river;" and between them both the Turriano family, being foreigners, were cheated and died beggars—*cosas de España*. Soon after the indignant Tagus damaged the engine, which the natives could not repair, and thereupon applied to an English company, who disliking the security offered for payment, judiciously declined, since when the ruin has been complete; and now Toledo, the "light of the world," obtains its water by the primitive machinery of donkeys, which are driven up and down by water-carriers, still called by their Arabic name *azacanes*. (See for details Cean Ber. 'Arch.' ii. 100.) In 1853 imperial and thirsty Toledo was astounded by a common hydraulic irrigating machine made by one Grouselle, which was to do the work of eight norias.

Next visit the Alcazar, the *Atalaya* of Tolaitola, the Mount Zion, or palace and fortress of a city which it once defended and now adorns. You must have an order from the *Comandante de las Armas*, which is readily granted. It was the Amalekite *Kassabah*, to which additions were made in 1085 by Alonso VI.: the oldest portions overlook the Tagus, as the castle of Presburg does the Danube. This Alcazar was much improved by Alvaro de Luna, and by Charles V. in 1548; he employed Henrique de Egas and Alonso de Covarrubias to add the fine façade and staircase, which Herrera completed for Philip II. The edifice was burnt in the war of succession, not by the English, as Cean Bermudez states, but by the Portuguese general Atalaya, who vented his hatred for Spanish things on his namesake castle: the ruins were repaired by Cardinal Lorenzana, a munificent patron of literature, and the last of the great and good primates of Toledo. He converted the building into a *Casa de Caridad*, in which paupers were employed in silk-weaving. This ultimus Romanorum devoted his whole life and income to good works: he supported the French exiled clergy, and, when the Pope was insulted at Rome by the invading republicans, hastened there to

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offer them comfort, which the tormentors refused to permit. Torn from his spiritual chief, Lorenzana resigned his primacy, and died in 1804. But the invaders never forgave his assistance to their priests, and when they entered Toledo especially persecuted his works on earth, as he himself was beyond their reach, being in heaven. They ejected the paupers, seized the funds, converted the asylum into a barrack, which was burnt as a last legacy by Soult's troops when evacuating the half-ruined city; so Heidelberg had been treated by the hordes of Louis XIV. The crumbling walls of the quarters in which the vandal soldiers lodged were defiled with the most obscene writings and drawings, the "mark of the beast."

Observe the Buruguete façade, windows, the *patio* with granite pillars, the fine staircase, and upper gallery decked with heraldic ornaments in the spandrils of the arches, which the invaders mutilated. In the saloons overlooking the river the widow of Philip IV., the queen regent, was confined during the minority of Charles II.; her mode of life has been graphically described by Madame D'Aunoy, and Dunlop, ii. 123. She was first the tool of the low adventurer Nithard, and then of her base paramour Valenzuela. But there is little new in the doings of the Queens-Dowager of Spain.

Now proceed to the *Zocodover*, "the square market," a name which, to readers of Lazarillo de Tormes and Cervantes, recalls the haunt of rogues and of those proud and poor Don Whiskerandos who swaggered and starved with their *capas y espadas*. *Suk* in Arabic, *Zoco* in Spanish, and *Soke* in English, signify a "market-place" and a vicinity to cathedrals; for while commerce and religion went hand in hand, the shrine attracted multitudes and "money-changers," while its sanctity protected the cash. This *plaza* is most Moorish, with its irregular windows, balconies, blacksmiths, and picturesque peasantry, and in summer evenings is a fashionable promenade. It was for years the site of national sports of fire and blood, of the auto de fé and the bull-fight; it was planted in 1840.

Now a long and almost the only widish street in Toledo leads to the Gothic cathedral, whose exterior is nowhere very beautiful nor symmetrical, while the N. entrance is blocked up: the best points of view are to the N.W., either from the *Plaza de San Yuste* or from that *del Ayuntamiento*, to which the grand façade looks. Only one tower is finished, which was begun by Card. Tenorio, and completed in 1535 by Card. Tavera. It rises 325 feet high from a square base to a Gothic middle story, ending with a thin spire encircled as with crowns of thorns. The cupola of the other tower is after designs of *El Greco*; the steps of the *Puerta del Perdon* are ascended and descended by pregnant women, in order to ensure an easy parturition.

The church chronicles state that this temple was erected to the Virgin while she was alive, and that she often came down from heaven to it, accompanied by St. Peter, St. Paul, and Santiago. Converted by the Moors into their grand mosque, Alonso VI., at the conquest, guaranteed it to them; but ere the ink was dry, Bernardo, the first archbishop, backed by the queen Constanza, a native of France like himself, the moment the king, was absent, seized the mosque and dispossessed the Moors; then the *Alfaqui*, foreseeing that resistance was useless, interceded with Alonso, and procured their forgiveness; the building was pulled down in 1226 by St. Ferdinand, a great destroyer of mosques, who himself laid the first stone of the present cathedral. Designed by Pedro Perez, it was completed in 1492, plundered in 1521 by Padilla's mob, and again in 1808 by the invaders under Gen. La Houssaye, the sacker of the Escorial. Previously it was a mine of wealth and art; thus Cean Bermudez enumerates 149 artists, who, during six centuries, were employed by the richest prelates of Spain to make this a temple worthy of the primacy, a dignity which was long held by the master-mind of the day; for the religious profession was not

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then a bar to office, but a recommendation; it was not a burden to politicians, a governmental difficulty, but a binding bond: now, indeed, religion is but a mere fragment of what it was when it was all and all in everything, and when the same intellect that ruled the church, sustained and governed the state.

The older archbishops of Toledo were great alike in peace and war; the *Rodrigos* headed victorious armies, the *Tenorios* built bridges, the *Fonsecas* founded colleges, the *Mendozas* and *Ximenez*, third kings and regents, founded universities; while the *Taveras* and *Lorenzanas* raised houses of charity and hospitals. These monuments, indeed, have been swept away by rude hands, foreign and domestic, but their memory abides, nor will the new lay appropriators easily either repair the outrages, or rival those works of piety and science, those offerings which the consecrated hands of old had laid on the altar. The prelates of Spain's chivalrous and mediæval period were bred in the cloister, then the only asylum of peace, learning, and of the arts which humanize. They had "leisure," without which, says the wisest of men, none can become wise. The church was the best school for ministers of state and for men of business, as the great laity then thought of nothing but war, or the chace, its mimic pursuit. But now a deferential mockery has bowed them out of the stirring things of this life, on the pretence that the temporal concerns of the world profane their sacred, spiritual calling. Now the service of God disqualifies its professors from serving their Queen and country; and so far from being ministers of state, they are degraded to be mere *ministri* of the altar, while even their paltry wages are unpaid.

The primate of Toledo has for suffragans, Cordova, Jaen, Cartagena, Cuenca, Sigüenza, Segovia, Osma, and Valladolid: the chapter was truly imperial, and consisted of nearly 100 dignitaries and prebendaries. Here, as at Leon and Burgos, the pope and king of Spain were canons, and the monarch was always fined 2000 maravedis for non-attendance in *coro* on the three days from Christmas to St. John the Evangelist.

Before entering, examine the exterior and gates. *La Puerta de los Leones*, at the extremity of the S. transept, is so called from the lions with shields placed on pillars. The deeply-recessed portal, with Gothic figures and niche-work, was wrought by el Maestre Egas in 1466, in a beautiful white stone, which, soft at first, hardens with time; the upper works were restored in bad taste in 1776, by Mariano Salvatierra, by whom is the "Assumption of the Virgin." The exteriors of the Michael Angelesque bronze doors were cast in 1545 by Francisco de Villalpando, and the insides were finely carved in wood in 1541 by Diego Copin, of Holland: but the tournaments, centaurs, &c., are scarcely suited for a Christian temple's entrance: the modern Ionic gate, on the S. side of the nave, is equally out of keeping with the Gothic style of the cathedral. The *Puerta del Reloj*, or *de la Feria*, at the end of the N. transept, is much blocked up by buildings, and is also disfigured by some modern red and gilt wood-work, which ill accords with the Gotho-tedesque stone carvings; the bronze doors were cast to match those of the opposite gate; that to the l. is by Antonio Turreno, 1713; that to the r. by Antonio Domiuguez. They are also ornamented with carvings inside, which are older in date and better in style; the *Puerta del Perdon*, the great W. door, has six niches on each side, which are carried all up round the arch; the style is the rich Gothic of the fifteenth century.

The interior, although fine, is inferior to the cathedral at Seville both in form and height. Here the lateral naves are somewhat low and crowded with piers, and fatal whitewash has been unsparingly laid on; the general style of the Gothic is simple and pointed. The painted windows are superb. Look at them about sunset, when, as the aisles darken, these storied panes brighten up like rubies and emeralds. The recent spoliations and ap-

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propriations have tended to dim the former magnificence of this once splendid temple, which now lacks the spirit and movement of life, for here solitude and melancholy brood enshrined and sad is the livery of Toledo. The pomp and ceremonies used to be remarkable even in Spain, where a really *divine* service was performed; then the vast space was crowded with ant-like myriads, and the city of the sleeper awoke as by a touch of the wand, and filled the streets, changing into stir and crowds their usual death-like monotony.

The windows, some of the earliest in Spain, were painted chiefly by foreigners; by Dolfin, 1418, by Alberto de Holanda, Maestro Christobal, Juan Campa, Luis, Pedro Frances, and Vasco de Troya. The subjects are taken from the Bible and legends of local saints, interspersed with the shields of the donors.

Proceeding to details, there are five naves, supported by 84 piers; the length is 404 feet, the width 204; the central nave is the highest. The cloisters lie to the N., near the *Sagrario* and *Salas*, which contain the relics and pictures. The *coro*, as usual, is placed in the heart of the central nave, but, as the rich Gothic *trascoro* is not very high, the eye sweeps over it: the choir is a museum of sculpture; the under stalls, were carved in 1495, by el Maestro Rodrigo; enriched with grotesque tedesque ornaments, they represent the campaigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, much in the style of Mazolino de Panicale. The name of each locality occupied by its representative, is carved on each seat. Observe, particularly, in these authentic contemporary records of citadels, arms, and costume, the surrender of the Alhambra. The upper stalls are in a perfect classical contrast, being embroidered with a prodigality of ornament; above them, in alabaster, or in most ivory-looking marble, is the genealogy of Christ, while the niches are divided by candelabra pillars resting on heads of cherubs. The seats are separated by red marble columns. The inscription placed here by Cardinal Tavera in 1543 tells the truth. "Signa tum marmorea tum ligna cœlavere hinc Philippus Burgundio, ex adverso Berruguetus Hispanus; certaverunt tum artificum ingenia, certabunt semper spectatorum judicia:" and in passing judgment it is not easy to distinguish the works of one master from those of the other; of the 70 stalls, the 35 on the *Lado de la Epistola* are by Vigarny, who died here in 1543, and was buried near his works. In criticising the two great sculptors it may be observed that Vigarny is simple and grand in draperies and expressions, the figures somewhat shorter and stiffer, while Berruguete is more elegant and Italianlike. The latter artist also carved the Primate's throne, and the Transfiguration over it, a subject which from its very nature is ill adapted for solid materials. In the *coro* observe the exquisite *atriles*, or reading-desks, of gilt metal, wrought with scriptural bas-relief divided by female figures, a truly Florentine-like masterpiece of Villalpando. The *facistol* or *lettern*, consists of an eagle on a Gothic tower, with statues in niches, and is excellent. The black wooden image of the Virgin before it is very ancient. The *reja*, the gilt pillars which support the curtains, and the candelabra, are of the cinquecento taste, and the works of Domingo de Cespedes. The modern organs are churrigueresque, and look sadly out of harmony when brought in juxtaposition with the works of the giants of old.

Passing the *Entre los dos Coros*, observe the two pulpits of metal gilt, placed on short marble columns, and of exquisite workmanship, like the richest plate. These, worthy of Cellini, were made from the bronze tomb raised for himself by Alvaro de Luna, and broken up in 1449 by Henry, Infante of Aragon, when soured by his defeat at Olmedo; whereupon Alvaro sent him a copy of verses on this paltry revenge, while Juan de Mena (Cop. 264) condemns the uncivilized Vandals, whose "hearts were harder than the bronze." What would he have said of the iconoclasts, native and foreign, of this century? The

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metal figures were so articulated as to rise up and kneel when mass was said. The glorious *reja* was wrought in 1548 by Villalpando.

The *Capilla Mayor* was enlarged by Cardinal Ximenez; but the rich Gothic work at the sides is older, and formed part of the original work of Tenorio. The lofty Gothic *retablo*, which is ascended by jasper and coloured steps, with five divisions, contains carvings of the life of the Saviour and Virgin, executed about 1500, by Juan de Borgoña, Fernando Rincon, el Maestro Felipe, and others under the directions of Pedro Gumiel (*el honrado*, see Index). The whole is *estofado*, or enamelled and gilt. Here are the tombs of the *ancient* kings, *los Reyes Viejos*; to wit, of Alonso VII., Sancho *el Deseado*, Sancho *el Bravo*, and the *Infante* Don Pedro. Here also lies buried the Cardinal Mendoza, ob. 1495; for his life consult '*Cronica del Gran Cardenal*,' Pedro Salazar de Mendoza, fol. Tol. 1625. This high-born and great prelate of a mighty sacerdocracy, almost shared the sovereignty with Ferdinand and Isabella, whence he was called Tertius Rex; he indeed united religious with ministerial power, and his decrees ran like those in the East, "Saul *and* Samuel" (1 Sam. xi. 7). This was the Ego et Rex meus which our Wolsey imitated: and now, a king in life, he lies interred in death among kings, the rare privilege of Jehoiada (2 Chr. xxiv. 16). His plateresque tomb, heightened with white and gold, the work of Henrique de Egas, is worthy of this glorious high altar, where all around, front and sides, is most elaborate; observe the infinite details of pinnacles, winged angels, and statues in niches, and among them the statue of Alonso VIII., the conqueror, and *al Lado del Evangelio*, that of the bearded Shepherd (*San Isidro*, see p. 236) who led the Christians to victory at *las Navas de Tolosa*, and opposite that of the "good Alfaqui," who interceded with the treaty-breaking Frenchman Bernardo (see p. 785).

Next observe the sober Gothic *Respaldos del Coro*, erected by Archbishop Tenorio in the 14th century, which contrast with the *trasparente*, an abomination of the 18th century, but which is the boast of the Toledans, and their disgrace. This was wrought by Narciso Tome, a heresiarch of churrigueerism, who here tortured *solid* material into clouds, gilt rays of light, and into everything most aërial: observe a pair of legs with no body to them, kicking out of a solid cloud. This fricassee of marble cost 200,000 ducats. The Archbishop Porto Carrero imported quarries from Italy, and ought to have been called *Porto Carrara*; he was the prime mover of Philip V.'s succession; this king-maker lies buried near the Capilla del Sagrario, with the epitaph "Hic jacet pulvis cinis et nihil;" this cannot be predicated of this *transparente*, as it is so very huge and so white that it cannot be hid, but arrests the eye to the detriment of finer objects; it is the style of Louis XIV. gone mad, yet it was inaugurated with bull-fights, sermons, and sonnets. A monk, one Francisco Galan, wrote a poem on this "*Octava Maravilla*;" in spite, however, of its absurdities, it evinces much depraved invention, and great workmanship and mastery over material; unfortunately a fine old *retablo* and pictures were destroyed, as at Leon, to make room for this monstrosity in marble. It is, however, curious as a type of the taste of an epoch and of a fashion; the workmanship again is marvellous; Gibbons never cut cedar more nicely than the stone is here carved.

Next visit the adjoining chapel of *Santiago*, erected in 1442, in the richest flamboyant Gothic, during all his pride of place, by that great "imp of fame" the Constable Alvaro de Luna, as his family burial-place; as he was master of Santiago, the *Veneras* or scallop-shells abound, as also do his *canting* arms, "gules party azure, a crescent (Luna) reversed argent." The original bronze tombs, it is said, were converted into pulpits, and the present ones of alabaster were sculptured by Pablo Ortiz in 1489, and erected by Maria, daughter of Alvaro. The armed *Maestre*, who was executed at Valladolid, in 1451, by his ungrateful sovereign, lies with his sword between his

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legs, while knights clad in hauberk mail kneel at each corner of the tomb: near him is the *urna* of his wife, Juana de Pimentel, ob. 1489, for the repose of whose soul two monks and two nuns at the opposite angles are praying; the portraits of the deceased being near the altar. Observe also the once gilt tomb of Juan de Zerezuela, Archbishop of Toledo, ob. 1442; he was half brother to the Constable, and whole brother to Benedict XIII.; the head is very fine. Opposite is the tomb of the Conde de Montalbo, who died in the Real de Toledo, under Alonso VI.; notice the head wreathed with laurel leaves almost like a turban.

Next visit the most beautiful *Capilla de los Reyes Nuevos*, the chapel of the *new* or later kings, as compared to those older ones buried near the high altar. The original tomb-house was built in 1374 by Henrique II.; it was reconstructed in 1531 for Cardinal Tavera, by Alonso de Covarrubias and Alvaro Monegro; heralds in tabards marshal the stranger into this chamber of departed royalty; here under white and gold niches of richest Cellini plateresque embroidery, repose Henrique II., ob. 1379, his wife Juana, ob. 1381, their son Juan I., ob. 1390, his wife Leonora, ob. 1382 (their effigies knelt at the *Presbiterio*), Henrique III., ob. 1407, his wife Catalina (daughter of our John of Gaunt), ob. 1419. Juan II., by whose orders the first chapel was built, lies buried at Miraflores, but his statue is placed here among his ancestors, kneeling on a bracket. Consult '*Los Reyes Nuevos de Toledo*,' Christobal Lozano, 4to. Mad., 1674 or 1764.

Every other chapel must be visited. In *San Eugenio* are some remains of the old mosque, with Cufic inscriptions, and an arch and tomb of elaborate *tarkish* work. In the *Santa Lucia* some ancient monuments and inscriptions exist of the 13th century; notice a good painting of the martyrdom of St. Peter, and outside to the l. another of St. John with a lamb, and full of effect. In the *Capilla de Nuestra Señora de la Antigua*, observe the rich Gothic work of the deep-recessed niche of the Virgin's image. In *la Adoracion de los Santos Reyes*, observe the stone portal painted in red, blue, and gold; the *retablo*, the *reja* with twisted bars, and the picture of the dead Saviour.

The chapel of *San Ildefonso* was founded by Rodrigo, Alonso VIII.'s fighting primate. It was much improved by Gil de Albornoz, who is buried here, ob. 1350. His tomb is a masterpiece of Gothic niche and statue work: then observe that of his nephew Alonso, Bishop of Avila, ob. 1514, which is a charming specimen of cinquecento, with a raised work of birds, fruit, &c., picked out in white and gold, which canopies the *urna* on which the prelate lies. Near in a niche is the sepulchre of Inigo Lopez Carrillo de Mendoza, with the curious cap and jewel of the period, he died in 1491 at the siege of Granada. Close by is the tomb of Archbishop Juan de Contreras and of Cardinal Gaspar Borja, ob. 1645. The modern altar, with its poor statuary, is by the commonplace Ventura Rodriguez. This noble Gothic chapel is also illustrated with sculpture relating to the tutelar San Ildefonso, whose legend has afforded subjects to Murillo and the best Spanish artists. He was born at Toledo in 690, became chaplain to San Isidoro, and wrote a book in defence of the perpetual virginity, of the *και παρθενος*, which some French heretics had questioned. The book '*De Virginitate Sa. Mariæ*' was printed at Paris in 8vo., 1576; his sermon on this text is still extant (see '*Esp. Sag.*,' v. 493); but some of the arguments, however fitted for a congregation of Goths, cannot well be here repeated. One morning the Virgin came down from heaven, and attended at matins in the cathedral, sitting in her champion's seat, as she did in Teresa's at Avila and as the gods of Greece, had often done before, but they preferred meat to mass (Od. i. 420, 435; Il. i. 424). No person has ever occupied her seat since Sisibertus, who, trying to do so, was instantly expelled by angels. The Queen of Heaven next, when she had chaunted the service, placed on her defender's shoulders *la casulla*, chesible or cassock, investing him, as with the garter; she

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then, speaking like the Veian Juno's statue (Livy, v. 22), told him that "it came from the treasures of her son." For the original narrative, drawn up by Cixila in 780, see '*Esp. Sag.*' v. 509. She also visited this saint's chapel at Jaen, Saturday, June 10, 1430. At the Moorish invasion this cassock was carried into the Asturias, and is said to be in the chest of Oviedo, invisible indeed to mortal eyes (see p. 637); nor could it be worn by any mortal save Ildefonso, for when his successor foolishly put it on, it nearly strangled him, like the maddening shirt given by Dejanira.

"*Prisóle la garganta como cadena dura,*
Fue luego enfogado por su gran locura."

The female deities of the Pagans were equally liberal in their gifts, which also were articles of dress, like the *Peplum* of Minerva, or the *Cistus* of Venus. (Compare the Cinta given at Tortosa by the Virgin, p. 398.) Consult also '*Libro de la Descencion*,' Francisco Porto Carrero, 4to. Mad. 1616.

San Ildefonso (whose grand festival takes place here Jan. 22) became primate of Toledo, where he died in 617, and was buried at the feet of Santa Leocadia; his body at the Moorish invasion was also carried off, and also was long lost, until, about the year 1270, a Toledan shepherd was caught in the cathedral at Zamora; suspected of being a thief, he replied, "San Ildefonso appearing in person, led me here and vanished:" thereupon Alonso VIII. dug the site, and a body was found, a chapel was built, and miracles were daily worked; see the details in Ortiz (Chr. xiv.); consult also '*San Ildefonso defendido*,' Alonso Vasquez, 4to. Alcalá, 1625; and '*El glorioso Doctor*,' Salazar de Mendoza, 4to. Tol. 1618. As Zaragoza claimed the primacy of Aragon because the Virgin had come down from heaven to visit Santiago there, so Toledo owes its elevation in Castile from her coming down to this San Ildefonso; accordingly Cardinal Rojas erected a shrine over the exact spot, which rises in a lofty pyramidal pile of open gilt carved Gothic work; observe his arms and portrait. The beautiful basso-relievos by Vigarny represent San Ildefonso preaching his remarkable sermon, and his receiving the *Casulla*; behind is the real slab on which the Virgin's feet really alighted: encased in red marble, it is railed off, and inscribed, "Adorabimus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus." The older motto, according to Ortiz (67), ran thus—

"*Quando la Reina del cielo*
Puso los pies en el suelo
En esta piedra los pusó;
De besarla tened uso
Para mas vuestro consuelo."

And this miracle is to this day gravely related as a true one! ('*Esp. Mon.*' iii. 32.)

The multitude thus taught by the church the consolation and comfort of kissing have actually worn away the stone, as at Zaragoza and Santiago: a friction of pious lips rivals that, which the idols of antiquity could not resist; but such is the nature of things, as Lucretius observes, '*De Rerum Natura*,' i. 317—

Tum portas propter ahenas
Signa manus dextras ostendunt attenuari
Sæpe salutantum tactu.

Thus also the *footsteps of their Goddess* were kissed, according to Apuleius (Met. xi. 251), exosculatus deæ vestigiis. But adamant itself cannot resist this continual wear and tear, or as Hudibras says, of

The marble statues rubbed in pieces
With gallantry and pilgrim's kisses.

Look also at the portrait of Esteban Illan, the renowned alcaide and faithful friend of Alonso XI.

Next visit the *Capilla Mozarabe*, the Muzarabic chapel, which is placed under the unfinished tower; the *retablo* is of the date 1508. This peculiar ritual was re-established here in 1512, by Ximenez, to give the Vatican a hint, that Spain had not forgotten her former spiritual independence; in fact, however ultra-Romanist the policy and practice of Spaniards has apparently been, they have always resisted the *real* dominion of the *foreign* pontiff; they hoisted his creed and dogma alike, in opposition to the *Koran* of the invading Moslem as against the *Bible* of the Reformation; but the Ca-

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tholic king was the champion of the Pope chiefly for his own Spanish purposes; thus, so long as Rome stimulated his armies, and sustained his ambition and inquisition, he was the eldest and most dutiful son of the church, but when the *Italian* wanted to force on Spaniards *Italian* schemes and persons, then *Españolismo* took offence. So the Iberian of old bribed his gods, when favours were wanted and were granted, being ready, if rejected, to resort to defiance and ill-treatment; thus Clement VII. was imprisoned by Charles V., and the holy city was sacked by his troops, worse even than by Gaul, ancient or modern: again, in our times, when money, the primum mobile in Spain, was wanting, the property of the church has been "appropriated" without consulting Gregory XVI. or Pio Nono.

The Muzarabic ritual, that used by the Spanish Goths, was the oldest in Christendom, and the nearest approaching to the Apostolical primitive form which was once delivered to the Saints; it is to Spaniards what the Rito Ambrogiano is to the Milanese: the original text was first tampered with in 633 by San Isidoro and San Leandro; so these saints are compared to Ezra, who remodelled the Old Testament. Their new version was enjoined by the 4th Council of Toledo, as being directed against the Arian heretics. The ritual was preserved by the Christians, who, under the tolerant rule of the Moor, here retained six churches, which still exist on the same sites, and should be visited; they are Santa Eulalia, San Torcato, San Sebastian, San Marcos, San Lucas, and Santa Justa, names which prove their antiquity. The features of this ritual are its simplicity and earnest tone of devotion, and the absence of auricular confession. The prayers and collects are so beautiful that many have been adopted in our Prayer Book; the host was divided into nine parts, which represent the Incarnation, Epiphany, Nativity, Circumcision, Passion, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, and the Eternal Kingdom.

The term *Mozarabe*, *Muzarab*, has been erroneously derived from Musa and his Arabs, and also from *mixti-Arabes*, foolishly presuming that the Moors spoke Latin, and that they gave this name to the Christians who lived mixed with them; but the Arabic *Must-Arab* means men who have lived with and tried to imitate the Arab, men who were not true *Arab-al-Araba* like the Hebrew of the Hebrews (Moh. D. i. 420). The discontinuance of the Gothic ritual was the work of the French, who denationalised Spain by the introduction of ultra Romanism; for Bernardo, not content with dispossessing the Moslem, next assailed the Christians, and worked on his weak countrywoman, Queen Costanza, until she perverted her husband; so Ingunde, the French wife of Hermenegildo, induced her husband in 580 to prove false alike to his religion and father. Bernardo, however, had much difficulty in substituting the Gregorian mass-book in the place of the Gothic and national one; for his independent subjects, who abhorred foreign dictation and innovation, clung to their primitive ritual; they distinguished its rival as *el Rito Galico*, an epithet since given to other benefits derived from France: at last the change of mass-book was effected by judicial combat, each ritual having its armed champion; but when the Gothic defender, Juan Ruiz, defeated his Gallo-Papal opponent, the perfidious Bernardo refused to abide by the award of his self-sought trial, and appealed to the test of fire; then the two volumes were placed on a burning pile, when the Gothic one remained unconsumed, while the Gallo-Romano leapt out. In spite, however, of these two adverse verdicts, the French fashion, the irresistible *mode de Paris*, prevailed, and the antagonist rituals first were allowed a concurrent usage, until the intruder, by bribes and force, finally trampled down its rival; hence the proverb, *Donde quieren Reyes ahi van leyes*, or, "might makes right." The Gregorian mass was first chanted at Toledo, Oct. 5, 1086. Ximenez printed the original ritual at *Alcalá de Henares* in 1500; as the edition became very rare, it was reprinted by Lorenzana,

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in 1770, at *Puebla de los Angeles*, in Mexico, and again by him, at Rome, in 1785-1804: consult for all details the prefaces in his editions; see also Ortiz, chapter 41; the '*Life of Ximenez*,' by Eugenio Robles, 4to. Toledo, 1604. This biography contains the best portrait of the Cardinal, a profile engraved in 1604 by Petrus Angelus: it gives his true ascetic monkish character and thin compressed lips; consult also the '*History of the Reformation in Spain*,' by M'Crie.

The walls of this chapel were painted in fresco by Juan de Borgoña, in 1514, and represent the campaign of Oran, which was planned, defrayed, and headed by Ximenez in person; hence the saying, "*Pluma, Purpura, y Espada, solo en Cisneros se halla.*" Remember that Spaniards generally call Ximenez, Cisneros. On the day that Oran was taken, May 18, 1508, the sun stood still; thus the whole system of the heavenly spheres was deranged, in order that a ferocious sack might be prolonged under the eyes of the Cardinal, who blessed the soldiers while rioting in blood and lust. These solar miracles, however, were always very common in Spain and Africa (see p. 218); so before Scipio's expedition to the latter, two suns shone out, but the historian (Livy, xxix. 14) attributed the belief to superstition, for men were then "proni et ad nuncianda et credenda prodigia." Copernicus and Galileo were accordingly treated as heretics by infallible popes for saying that the sun did not stand still.

Next visit *la Sala Capitular de Invierno*, the winter chapterhouse: the ante-room is very Moorish. The square portal was executed by Bernardino Bonifacio, and the doorway by Antonio Gutierrez in 1504, after designs of Antonio Rodriguez, and defrayed by Ximenez. They are among the earliest specimens of the *renaissance* style in Spain; observe also the three elaborate niches with rich finials. The superb *artesonado* ceiling was painted by Francisco Lara. Observe particularly the elaborate carvings on the oldest wardrobes, which were wrought in 1549-51, for the Archbishop Siliceo (tutor to Philip II.), by Gregorio Pardo, a pupil of Berruguete, to whom they are erroneously attributed. On entering the *sala* first look up and down at the pavement and glorious ceiling. The walls are decorated with a series of paintings, executed in 1511 for Cardinal Ximenez, by Juan de Borgoña, and which resemble Pietro Perugino in style. The best are the nativity of the Virgin —her meeting St. Elizabeth in a rocky scene—the Gift of the *Casulla*—and a pretty "Holy Family" near the throne. Above the seats are hung portraits of the primates—that of *Sandoval* is by Tristan—which, from Ximenez downwards, are genuine. Observe that of Arch. Carranza de Miranda, who figured at the Council of Trent, the Confessor of our Bloody Mary, who stood by the death-bed of Charles V., and died at Rome a victim of the Spanish Inquisition. The earlier are good and true men of master-mind, who bore their great commissions in their looks; but the church of Spain kept pace with the degradation of country and art, and the bathos is complete in the booby Bourbon baboon *infante* Luis, the personification of mitred imbecility.

Now visit the portion of the cathedral which contains the pictures, relics, &c., that are kept in the *Sagrario*, *Sacristia*, *Ochavo*, and other saloons; these were planned in 1588 by Cardinal Quiroga, begun in 1616 by Juan Bautista Monegro for Cardinal Rojas, and finished by Archbishop Moscoso in 1652-8. The grand entrance with coloured marbles to the *Capilla del Sagrario* was erected in 1610 by Cardinal Rojas, nephew to the Duke of Lerma, minister to Philip III. His family is buried in the *Capilla Santa Marina:* observe the tombs, inscriptions, roof, and frescoes by Caxes and Carducho. The ceiling of the *Salon de la Sacristia* is painted by Luca Giordano with the standing local miracle of the Virgin's gift of the *Casulla:* observe the artist's own portrait near the window to the l. of the altar. Among the best pictures are a Venetian-like Martyrdom of Santa

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Leocadia by Orrente, with a fine figure in black near a pillar—*el Calvario*, or Christ bearing his Cross, by *El Greco*, somewhat raw; also by him a Nativity and an Adoration, and some apostles. Inquire particularly for a small *San Francisco*, a carved image of about 2½ feet high, by Alonso Cano, which is a masterpiece of cadaverous extatic sentiment. In the *Vestuario* are other pictures, and among them a Julio II. equal to Vandyke; a Nativity and a Circumcision by Bassano; a sketch by Rubens of St. George and the Holy Family; an Entombment, by Bellino. The *Ochavo* is an octagon, completed in 1630 by a son of *El Greco*, with most precious marbles and a dome painted in fresco by F. Rico and Carreno. This is the Donarium or treasure-house of the Virgin: compare Apuleius Met., ix. 183. Here are kept her most splendid dresses — what a wardrobe the meek and lowly handmaid must have had! Notice also some of her milk, a bit of the true cross, and other most genuine relics; the quantity of church-plate once made this room rival that of Loreto; the chief articles were removed to Cadiz at the French invasion, just as the Toledans eleven centuries before sent away to the Asturias their penates and property, which thus escaped the infidel spoiler. How the things of Spain reproduce themselves! The invaders, however, gleaned pretty well, having taken about 23 cwt. of silver from this cathedral. The admirer of old plate will examine the silver-gilt urnas, made for the bodies of San Eugenio and Santa Leocadia for Philip II., by Francisco Merino, 1566-87; a statue of St. Ferdinand in silver; a Gothic Custodia, a master-piece of Henrique de Arphe; the identical cross of Cardinal Mendoza, which was elevated in 1492 on the captured Alhambra; the sword of Alonso VI. the conqueror of Toledo. Notice also an *Incensario*, made in the shape of a ship (navis, nave, *nief*); a Gothic spire-shaped *relicario*, which branches out like an épergne and holds some well-preserved relics; a precious vessel encased with antique gems: the huge silver allegories of the four quarters of the globe are more valuable from material than fine art. For its former glories consult '*Sagrario de Toledo*,' a poem by Joseph de Valdevieso. 8vo. Mad. 1616, and Barcelona 1618; and '*Descripcion de la Capilla del Sagrario*,' Pedro Herrera, 4to. Mad. 1617.

But the "Great Queen" here is the Virgin, her graven image is carved of black wood, nigra sum sed formosa (Song of Sol, i. 5.) It was saved (*se dice*) in 711 from the infidels by one Godman (Goodman), an Englishman, who hid it in a vault, from whence it reappeared at the reconquest of Toledo. It is seated on a silver throne made in 1674, under a silver-gilt canopy of rude gothic work, supported by pillars. Her crown is one mass of jewellery, with a remarkable emerald and dove of pearl hanging under a diamond cross; her wardrobe is kept in a smaller *Sacristia*. On grand occasions she is arrayed in brocade, stiff with gold and pearls, in order to display which the petticoat is widened out at the base, terminating in a point with her crown: her rings, necklaces, and trinkets are countless: sad, indeed, would be the lament of the Blessed Virgin, whose sweet charm was lowly simplicity, could she again revisit this cathedral, and see all this worldly pomp of female dress and vanity!

Next visit the elegant Gothic cloisters, which, full of sunshine and flowers, were erected by Archbishop Tenorio in 1389, on the site of the *Alcana* or Jews' market, whose smell (see p. 224) offended his orthodox nose, and whose room was better than their company. As they would not sell this coveted Naboth's vineyard, the pious prelate instigated the mob in his sermons to burn the houses of the unbelievers, and then raised this beautiful enclosure on their foundations. He caused the walls to be painted in fresco, in the style of Memmi and Gaddi, with subjects which are described by Ortiz (ch. 60). He particularly specifies groups of heretics burning, no doubt those Jew marketers, whose obstinate souls were then

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doomed to the same flames by which their dwellings on earth were consumed. Narbona, also in his '*Historia de D. P. Tenorio*,' 4to. Tol. 1623, gives at p. 104 a detailed account of these most curious frescoes, which were believed to be by *Ioto* (Giotto). Some fragments yet exist in the Capilla San Blas. The bulk of these precious relics of art of the 14th century, were effaced in 1775 by the barbarian chapter, who employed the feeble Bayeu and Maella to cover the spaces with their commonplace academical inanities, whose raw modern tones mar the sober Gothic all around. These daubs represent the miracles and legends of *San Eugenio, Santa Leocadia*, and other local tutelars. Opposite to that in which Philip II. translates Eugenio's body is let into the wall a most interesting Gothic inscription, which was found in 1581, in digging the foundations for *San Juan de la Penitencia;* this early record runs thus—"In nomine Dei consecrata est, Ecclesia Scte Marie, in catolico die primo idus Aprilis, anno feliciter primo regni Dni nostri gloriosissimi Fl. Recaredi Regis Era 625," *i. e.* A.D. 587.

Next proceed to the beautiful plateresque gate *del Niño Perdido*, "of the lost child," which was erected in 1565 by Toribio Rodriguez. See for El *Niño de Guardia*, p. 244. This little Cupid of Spanish mythology has been the theme of many a pen and pencil. The Toledan clergy, in order to infuriate the fanatical mob, used to accuse the *rich* Jews of crucifying a Christian boy at their Passovers, and of putting his heart into a *hostia*, as a charm against the *holy* Inquisition. One of the earliest calumnies of the Jews against the Christians, had been that they killed a Pagan child in order to dip in his blood the bread of their sacrament (Justin Mart. 'Dial.' 227); and to this day in the East, whenever the pious Moslem wishes to plunder the wealthy Jew, this crime of child murder is mooted: thus, in a just retribution, the children of the Christians once persecuted by the Jews retaliate the same charge against the descendants of those who accused and pillaged their forefathers. As *heresy*, a question of opinion, is too nice for mobs, social crimes which they can understand, must be alleged in order to inflame their passions; thus infamous offences have been imputed, and superstitions, which secret rites and closed Passovers rendered credible, for omne ignotum pro nefando est, and mystery implies atrocious guilt. Child murder is one of the oldest charges, because the most successful, as rousing mothers against the offender, and thus converting the fair sex, man's ruler, into positive furies.

Visit the Capilla de *San Blas;* in the *retablo* is a grand picture, painted in 1584 by Luis de Velasco, by whom also is the Incarnation, and not the work of Blas de Pardo; it represents the Virgin, Saints, and the armed infante Fernando, who refused the crown on the death of Henrique III.; the old frescoes inside the upper arches are of the thirteenth century, and very curious relics. In the elegant *urna* in the centre, the work of Fernan Gonzalez, lies the founder of the chapel, Archbishop Tenorio, obt. 1399.

Near lies Arias, bishop of Plasencia, and the friend of Tenorio; the David and Lion are painted by Jordan. You ascend to the upper portion of the cloisters, which were finished by Ximenez, by a magnificent staircase. A door to the E. leads to the *Sala Capitular de Verano*, the summer chapterhouse, in which used to be kept three excellent pictures, called *la Espada, el Pajaro*, and *el Pez*; these were painted in 1584 by Velasco, although they have long been erroneously attributed to Blas del Pardo: they are now in the chapel under the finished tower. The different gates or entrances to these cloisters deserve notice. The beautiful *Puerta de Santa Catalina*, with its recessed arch inside, was built by Gutierrez de Cardenas, who with his son are placed adoring the Virgin *de la Antigua*, his wife and daughter being opposite. Look then at the *Capilla de la Pila Bautismal*, where the font is made from part of the destroyed bronze of Luna. *La Puerta Nueva*, of the date 1565, is ex-

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quisite, it was wrought in the transition style from the Gothic to the plateresque, by José Manzano; the Corinthian front has been, however, attributed to Berruguete. The *Puerta de los Canonigos* en la Capilla de la Torre, by Covarrubias, is in the same elegant transition style.

Next visit the chapter library, a treasure which, as in some Protestant cathedrals, is buried in a napkin, not open to the public, but left to the banquet of moths, *arcedianos*, and worms. In the ante-room are six fine pictures, of which the Judith and Goliath are the best. The library, a noble saloon, is fresh, well lighted, and free from dust, indeed little enters here save the light and air of heaven. The library contains a good collection of Greek, Latin, and Arabic MSS.; a Bible of San Isidoro; the works of St. Gregory, in 7 vols., of the thirteenth century; a fine Talmud and Koran; a Greek Bible of the tenth century; an Esther in Hebrew; some MSS. of the time of Dante; an illuminated Bible, given by St. Louis; a missal of Charles V.; and many others of the age of Leo X. The printed books, of which most are Italian, are said to exceed 7000 in number, and were given by Lorenzana, who bought them at Rome.

In the W. plaza of the cathedral is the archbishop's palace, the fine portal of which was made by order of Tavera for his *Hospital de Afuera*, but appropriated by his successor. There is here a library open to the public. The adjoining *Casa del Ayuntamiento* or mansion-house was built by Domenico Greco. On the fine staircase are some admirable verses addressed to the municipality, *desechad las aficiones, codicias, amor y miedo*, &c., excellent theories on paper, most excellently neglected in Spanish practice. The architect will have much to observe in Toledo; one peculiarity is the arrangement of the house portals, the soffits, projecting door-posts, lintels, and cannon-ball ornaments. Visit once exquisite *la Casa de Vargas*, which overlooks the *Vega*, and was built for the secretary of Philip II. by Vergara, as richly as a piece of Cellini plate. Observe the ruined façade, *patio*, and staircase. It had long been abandoned by its unworthy owner, the Conde de Mora, a *μωρος*, although a descendant of Toledo's historian; yet time had used it gently until Victor and Soult came, who, having pillaged the interior, burnt and destroyed the rest.

Near the *Zocodover* is the *Hospital de la Santa Cruz*, founded in 1504 by Pedro Mendoza, the great Cardinal de Santa Croce. The position overlooking the Tagus is glorious, and the building is one of the gems of the world; nor can any chasing of Cellini surpass the elegant portal, over which the Invention of the Cross is placed, with the kneeling founder and Santa Helena. The general style of the edifice is in the transition from florid Gothic to the classical and renaissance. It was finished in 1514 by Henrique de Egas, for whose exquisite chiselings the creamy stone, *la piedra blanca*, seems to have been created. A superb *patio* is enriched with the arms of the proud Mendoza, and their motto *Ave Maria gratia plena*. Observe particularly the two beautiful *patios*, the staircase, which, with its ceilings, balustrades, &c., baffles description. The chapel, one fine long nave, is unfinished, nor is the altar placed where it was originally intended. There are some bad pictures by L. Giordano, and a portrait of the founder. This edifice is now used as a foundling hospital: many of the large buildings in this overhanging corner of Toledo are said to occupy the site of the old Moorish palace of Galafre, and there is now a scheme of placing here the great *Colegio Militar*, or military school of Spain, to which purpose the huge square bald pile, the *Fonda del Arzobispo* or *Caridad*, is appropriated; that will be no loss to fine art, but one trembles for Santa Cruz, for Santiago, and other architectural gems. In the adjoining convent of *El Carmen* are the Berruguete noble tombs of Pedro Lopez de Ayala, obt. 1444, and of another Don Pedro, obt. 1599. Do not fail to visit the nunnery of *Santiago* or *Santa Fe*; the views from the *mirador* and *azotea* are charming; the

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interior has two fine patios, enriched with pillars and porcelain tiles: the chapel is elaborately decorated, and has a semi-moro oratory near the *coro*. In the *Sala Capitular* are some pictures, and a dead Christ, attributed to Alonso Cano; but Monsieur Soult removed all the best. The nuns are noble ladies, *Caballeras*, and wear the white robes and red cross of the order of Santiago. Next visit the *San Juan de la Penitencia*, founded for the Franciscan order by Cardinal Ximenez in 1511; the chapel is plain, and has been unfortunately whitewashed; the ceiling is of Moorish artesonado character, but dilapidated. Here also is the fine tomb of Francisco Ruiz, Bishop of Avila, a friend of Ximenez, and by whom the edifice was completed. The hair of the seated females looks somewhat too large and turban-like, but the curtain raised by angels throws a fine sepulchral shadow over the prelate's effigy. The pillared *retablo* is filled with tedesque paintings, and the *reja* is good. The lovers of the fabulous may visit the cave of Hercules, in which Roderick, the last of the Goths, saw such portentous visions (see Southey's note, 54). The entrance lies near *San Gines*, and was opened in 1546 by Archbishop Siliceo, but it has never since been properly investigated. Inquire for and visit a dilapidated specimen of a Moorish house in the *Calle de las Tornarias*, near the church *San Cristobal*. It is called *el Taller del Moro*, because here (according to Pisa, iii. 6) Ambrou, the Moorish governor of Huesca, invited the refractory chiefs of Toledo to dinner, and, as each arrived, cut off their heads, to the tune of 400. Compare this with Mehemet Ali's murderous welcome of the Mamelukes, or with Maroto's sharp practice at Estrella (p. 956). The saloon was used by the chapter as a sort of store-room.

In the *Calle de Cristo de la Luz* is a very curious Moorish mosque, which was afterwards given to the Templars: the roof is supported by four low square pillars, each having different capitals, from whence spring double arches, like those in the Mezquita of Cordova. The ceiling is divided into 9 compartments, with domes or *medias naranjas;* the suspended shield, "gules a cross or," was left here by Alonso VI., who paused here to say mass when he entered Toledo as its conqueror. In the same street is a gloomy pile with gratings, which was the prison of the penitents of the Inquisition. The corner house was the *Refugium parturientium*—the lying-in asylum for the unmarried mothers, an institution once very necessary in this city of rich levitical celibates. Navagiero (p. 8) thus sketches clerical life at Toledo in the time of Charles V.: "I Padroni di Toledo e delle donne precipue sono i preti, li quali hanno bonissime case e trionfano dandose la miglior vida del mondo, senza che alcuno li reprenda." No wonder that Cortes cautioned Charles V. *not* to send out such prelates and dignitaries to the New World, fearing that their *example* might bring Christianity into disrepute even among the untutored Indian savages. The *Bisoño* gentry, continues Navagiero (p. 10), had no "ducats," "ma in loco de quella suppliscono con superbia, o come dicono loro con fantasia, della qual sono si *ricchi* che si fussero equali le faculta no bastaria il mundo contra loro:" nor in regard to pretension and poverty has much change taken place.

The ecclesiologist should inquire for the beautiful Ionic chapel in the Bernardine convent *Los Silos*, and the fine Assumption of the Virgin by El Greco. In *San Roman*, especially in the tower, is some Moorish work and inscriptions, with singular arches and ancient pillars. From the tower Alonso VIII. was proclaimed. There are some strange mummies in the vaults. Near it, at *San Clemente*, is a fine cinquecento gate. In *San Pedro Martir* are some good statues of Faith and Charity, and one of the Dominican Martyr in black and white marble. Observe the brocal del Algibe, with some Arabic inscriptions 1032.

The celebrated *fabrica de armas*, or manufactory of Toledan swords, is placed on the r. bank of the Tagus, about one mile S.W. of the city, not crossing the bridge; the view of Toledo from the doorway is fine. The huge

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rectangular unsightly building was raised for Charles III. by Sabatini in 1788, and is well provided with forges, &c. The chapel is dedicated to Santa Barbara, the patroness of cannons. All the *armas blancas* for the army of Spain are made here: the choicest Toledan blades are of a fine temper and polish, and are so elastic, that they are sometimes packed up in boxes curled up like the mainspring of a watch, or "compassed," as Falstaff says, "like a good Bilboa, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head." Arms were the joy and life of the aboriginal Spaniards, nay dearer than life, for when they were taken from them, the disarmed committed suicide (Livy, xxxiv. 17; Sil. Ital. iii. 330; Justin, xliv. 2, 5).

The Spaniards always went armed; and this being provided with means of defence and of offence, fostered that reliance on self or personal prowess and independence, which at every period has formed a national characteristic. This custom of carrying a sword or knife, cold steel in some shape, this *το σιδηροφορεισθαι*, unusual among the civilized Greeks and Romans, was stigmatized by Thucydides (i. 5) as an evidence of barbarism and insecurity of person and property. The ancient Germans always went armed; thus the Goths brought their habit into a congenial soil. With the Gotho-Spaniard the hand was for the sword, and the heel for the spur.

The Iberian swords were adopted by the Romans for their *Velites*, who retained the *epithet* Spanish. Polybius (iii. 114) distinguishes between them and those of Gaul, while Diod. Siculus (v. 356) enlarges on their merits and mode of manufacture. Their double edge was no less fatal than the genuine Iberian dirk, the prototype of the modern *cuchillo*, which Cicero calls *pugiunculus Hispaniensis*; the vernacular name was *daga* (dagger), which the Greeks rendered by *βραχυ*. Thus our "rare Ben Jonson" speaks of the modern rapier "as the *long* sword, the *father* of swords," an idea followed out by Hudibras,—

"This sword a dagger had, its page,
That was but little for its age."

From thus *attending* on the long sword, the short companion was also termed *παραξιφις* and *εγχειριδιον*, a little *handy* thing. This dagger, now replaced by the knife, became the helpmate never permitted to be divorced from its liege master. The weapons, time out of mind, have been inseparable. Thus the *hidalgo* was ordered by Philip II., in 1564, only to appear with his *espada* (spatha) and with his *broquel;* the use of the latter was to cut meat and despatch a prostrate foe, and hence it was called *misericordia*, as giving the *coup de grace;* it was worn by the Iberians in their girdles, as the *cuchillo* is now in the *fajas* (Livy, vii. 10). As the bayonet is *the* English weapon which decides her *great* victories, so this dagger and the *cuchillo* are the deadly tools of the *guerrilla*, and settle the little warfare. With this the Iberians slaughtered their enemies at Cannæ (App. 'B. An.' 562), as the Spaniards in our times massacred thousands of French stragglers and wounded. This again was the *sica*, the arm of the *Sicarii* or cut-throats of antiquity, as it was of the Miquelites of Cæsar Borgia, and is to this day the formidable weapon of the wild Berber Moors in the Ereefe mountains, and of the Spaniard from the Bidasoa to the Straits. On the Iberian Pugio see Mart. xiv. 33; Strabo, iii. 231; and Diod. Siculus. v. 356.

The identical mines worked by the ancients still produce the finest ores, for the soil of Spain is iron-pregnant. Those near *Calatayud* on the Jalon, the "steel-tempering" Bilbilis, rival the metals of the Basque provinces and the iron mountains of *Somorrostro* and *Mondragon;* (Pliny, 'N. H.' xxxiv. 14) the steel was buried in the earth in order that the baser portions might rust away; and the modern *hierro helado*, frozen iron, corresponds with the metal of old, dipped in the Jalon, qui ferrum gelat (Martial, i. 50, 12). The steel was tempered in winter, and the blade, when red hot, was whirled round in the cold air, and when reduced to a *cherry* heat (the *cerezado* of present practice) was put into oil or grease and then into boiling water (see Mondragon, R. 120).

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The military Romans kept up the Iberian processes and manufactories, which were continued by the Goths. See San Isidoro (Or. xvi. 20), and *Gratius* (Cyn. 341) alludes to the peculiar couteau de chasseur, the *cultrum Toledanum*. The Moors introduced their Damascene system of additional ornament and tempering, and so early as 852 this identical *fabrica* at Toledo was in full work under Abd-r-rahman Ben Alhakem (Conde, i. 285). The Moors also made a large double-handed double-edged sword (Conde, i. 456), which became the model of the mediæval *montante*. The best marks are those of *El Morillo*, *el Moro de Zaragoza* (on some of these brands see Lett. 13 of 'Dillon's Travels in Spain;' and better far in the new catalogue of the *Armeria* of Madrid, where facsimiles are given). The next best were made by Italians, by Andre Ferrara, who settled at Zaragoza, and by whom were furnished those splendid blades which Ferdinand sent to Henry VIII. on his marriage with his daughter Catherine. These "trenchant swords" were the "Toledos trusty," of which, says Mercutio, "a soldier dreams." These were the weapons which Othello the Moor "kept in his chamber" like a treasure: "a sword of Spain, *the ice-brook's temper;* a better never did itself sustain upon a soldier's thigh." Other good marks are *la loba*, and *el perrillo*, the little dog, a mark used at Toledo by a Moor named Julian del Rei.

The finest collection of historical swords in the world is in the *Armeria* at Madrid. The sword, the type and arm of chivalry, has always been honoured in Spain. The Moors petted and named them like children: Mahomet called his weapon, the "sword of God," Kaled Ben Walid. The *Tisona*, "the sparkling brand," and the *Colada* of the Cid were his spolia opima from Moorish kings. These were his *queridas prendas*, *caras prendas*, which he loved better than his wife and daughters, and which figure so much in his *Romancero* (Duran, v. 154). Many swords have mottos indicative of the fine old Castilian spirit, e. g. *No me saques sin razon, no me envaines sin honor;* Do not draw me without *cause*, do not sheath me without *honour*. The introduction of firearms dealt the first blow to Toledan swords, which then became the arm of cavalry, in which the Spaniards do not excel. The last blow was the fashion of the smaller French sword, which dispossessed the Spanish rapier. Consult the essay on ancient Spanish arms, the Lancea, Gæsum, Olosideron, &c. ('*Historia Literaria*,' Mohedano, iii. 336).

In Spanish the sword is called *cuchillo*, the blade *cuchilla*, a gash *cuchillada*, a stab *estocada*. Foils with buttons are called *negras*, those without them *blancas*. *Guerra á cuchillo*, or war to the knife, was the answer of Palafox to the summons of surrender; and generally follows the other national cry, *Mueran los Gavachos!* death to the miscreant French. For knives, see *Albacete*, p. 803.

The transition from old swords to old castles is easy: as Toledo was the capital of the S. frontier of Spain, it was well defended against the Moors by mediæval fortresses. The hilly lines of the *Montes de Toledo*, *Sierra del Duque*, &c., with the moat rivers of the Tagus and Guadiana, formed noble sites for defence. These wild and picturesque scenes, which never have been properly investigated, well deserve notice from the artist and antiquarian. Among the chief castles are those of *Montalban*, *Torrijos*, &c., described at p. 487.

On the road to *Montalban*, at the village of *Guadamur*, 2½ L. from Toledo, and near *Polan*, is a very compact castle on a small scale, but externally well preserved, with bartizan angular turrets to the keep. The ruined rooms have some Gothic inscriptions. The arms of the Counts of Fuen-Salida, over the entrance, indicate Pedro Lope de Ayala, the first count and favourite of Enrique IV. (See Vargas, *Toledo*, v. 30).

The castles of *Almonacid* and *Orgaz* may be conveniently visited in the same riding tour; take a local guide, and attend to the provend; the former lies to the S.E., on the road to *Madridejos*, and is about 3 L. from Toledo.

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The ruined fortress crowns the apex of a conical hill, and, from commanding the plain, was selected by its builder Archbishop Tenorio. It is of mixed tapia and masonry. Seen from afar, with the great keep rising above its walled enclosure, it is very picturesque; near it Sebastiani routed Venegas, Aug. 15, 1809, who, with 27,000 men, was to have co-operated with Cuesta at *Talavera*, but he kept away in consequence of secret instructions from the traitor *Junta* of Seville. Left single-handed, his whole conduct exhibited a gross ignorance of his profession; for on the 10th he ought to have attacked the French, who were far inferior in number; but he delayed until their reserves had arrived; and then, when he ought to have avoided a combat, courted one, and was utterly and instantaneously defeated, one charge sufficing to put his whole army to flight, he himself leading the way, which his ill-equipped dispirited troops could but follow. This miserable man was thereupon rewarded by being made governor of Cadiz, and was afterwards created Marques de la *Reunion* by Ferdinand VII. Thus the title of a *Belle Alliance* was conferred on a *delincuente honrado*, by whose failure of junction the *allied* cause was exposed at Talavera to such imminent peril. To complete these *cosas de España*, *Toreno* (ix.) imputes the disaster of *Almonacid* to one Zolina, who declined fighting in consequence of the bad omen of his horse having stumbled in the advance. According to Schepeler, this Zolina always had a chaplain at his side, and in battle never drew his sword, but counted his beads; and on another occasion refused to cross a murmuring brook, because it muttered Heaven's warning against the attempt.

Two L. on, is another castle on the hill of *Mora;* you may then make for *Orgaz*, 5 L. south of *Toledo*, and near the spurs of the *Montes:* pop. 2500. The parish church, Santo Tomé, although unfinished, is a superb specimen of the designs and masonry of Herrera, and with paintings by Carreño. The ruined castle of the Condes is picturesque; for whom see p. 781. You can return to Toledo by another route through *Villaminaya*. If you go through *Jepes*—Posada *del Sol*—see the pictures by Tristan in the parish church.

Route 104.—Toledo to Aranjuez.

Villamejor	3
Aranjuez	3 .. 6

This carriageable road, made by Cardinal Lorenzana, and taken by the diligence, ascends the basin of the Tagus, which flows on the l., sometimes near, sometimes at a distance, through the valley of *La Sagra*. Its green banks mark its course, winding like a snake in the desert. On crossing the bridge turn round, and look a last farewell on imperial and most picturesque Toledo. The country is truly desolate, and seems uninhabited, the scanty agricultural villagers who vegetate between the river and Madrid are genuine old Castilians, and have been drawn to the life by Mr. Borrow. Here exist the Arab love of tribe and hatred of neighbour, for *Vargas* and *Villaseca* hold no communion.

Villa*mejor* was made a much *worse* hamlet by the invaders, who sacked it and ravaged the fine establishments raised there by Charles III. *Aranjuez* is approached by the *Campo Flamenco*, for here all is foreign. The road-sides for the last few miles are planted with English elms: now the groves and verdurous oasis show what might be done elsewhere by common sense and water. The diligence stops at Aranjuez at *la Posta*. *Las Cuatro Naciones* is kept by an Englishman, named John Stradwick, whose wife is a lively bustling Frenchwoman, who superintends and understands the cuisine: *Posada de la Parra* small but good. To see the palace and gardens an *esquela* ought to be had from Madrid. There is a '*Descripcion Historica*' by Alvarez de Quindos, 4to. Mad. 1804; a Guide published in 1824 by Manuel de Aleas; a '*Guia Pintoresco*,' by E. de L. y R., Mad. 1844; and also some engraved

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plans and views by Domingo de Aguirre.

ARANJUEZ—ara jovis—was originally, in the 14th century, the summer residence of Lorenzo Suarez de Figueroa, *Maestre de Santiago*. It became a royal property when the mastership was merged in the crown under Ferdinand and Isabella. Charles V., in 1536, made it a shooting-villa, and Philip II. employed Herrera to construct additional buildings. Much, however, was burnt by a fire, and more taken down by Philip V., who rebuilt the place *à la Française*, which Ferdinand VII. finished. There the court resides every spring until June, when the place ceases to be pleasant or healthy, as the heats act upon the waters, and fill the air with fever and ague—the *sitio* might and ought indeed to be better drained—then royalty departs, leaving the villages to dulness, and pestilence. The opening, however, of the rail to Madrid will benefit Aranjuez by more visitors.

According to Castilians, the fresh valley of Aranjuez, placed 1500 ft. above the sea, is a second Tempe, and, while the *Escorial* is the triumph of art, this is that of nature; and certainly, to those born amid the silent, treeless, arid Castiles, this place of water-brooks, gardens, singing-birds, and verdure, which suspends the irritation of the desert Castiles, is a happy change, although in England the place would not be thought so much of. It is a thing of this land of contrasts and anomalies; thus, as if in a spirit of contradiction, while at Madrid there was a fine palace without a garden, here there was a fine garden without a palace, as the edifice has small pretensions to royal magnificence. The gardens, when laid out by Philip II., were such as Velazquez painted (see Museo, Nos. 145, 540); but the present French *château* was completed by Charles IV., the most drivelling of Spanish Bourbons: again, it was frequently plundered by the invaders under Soult, Victor, and others, for whose "vandalic devastations" see Miñano, i. 238. They converted the gardens into a wilderness, and made the palace a home for owls; yet our Duke, even when far away, at Villatoro, wrote immediately to Hill, who was about to occupy *Aranjuez*, "*Take care* that the officers and troops *respect* the king's houses and gardens" (Disp. Sept. 20, 1812). So Marlborough, when advancing a conqueror into France, after Malplaquet, "ordered Fenelon's house to be spared."

Aranjuez, during the *Jornada* or royal season, used to contain 20,000 persons in a crowded and expensive discomfort: but when the court was absent, it dwindled down to 3500, and became, like other untenanted Sans Soucis, the whims of despots, dull as an empty theatre when the play is played out. In olden times the accommodations were iniquitous, for even the deipnosophist diplomats lived in troglodyte houses, and burrowed in the hillsides, after the local rabbit-like style of these wretched localities (see p. 245). At a subterraneous dinner, however, given by the Nuncio, a cart broke through and announced itself as an *entrée* for the nonce; whereupon the Italian Grimaldi, minister to Charles III., who had before been at the Hague, planned a sort of Dutch town, with avenues in the street, and thus as completely changed the village, as his celebrated namesake, the clown, would have done in a pantomime.

There is not much to be seen or done at Aranjuez, since even the gaieties of the season were dull without being decent, intrigue, political and otherwise, being the engrossing business, and Mammon and Venus the idols. Here the Evil One always found something to do for the idlest, most ignorant, and most profligate courtiers of Europe. Here, as the French lady said of Versailles, "Outre la passion, je n'ai jamais vu de chose plus triste." "Que ne puisse-je vous donner (wrote Madame de Maintenon (une idée des grands! de l'ennui qui les dévore—de la peine qu'ils ont à remplir leurs journées." If that could be predicated of the brilliant society of Louis XIV., how much truer must it be of the dull routine of the unsocial Spanish court! *Escotes* or picnics occasionally flou-

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rished, in which the grandees, appropriately mounted on asses, performed *Borricadas* in the woods, occasionally after Don Quixote's fashion; for when a *Madrileño* on pleasure bent gets among real trees, he goes *loco*, or as mad as a March hare—dulce est desipere in *loco*.

Aranjuez has a noble *Plaza de Toros*, a tolerable theatre, and a telegraph, which was set up to amuse Ferdinand VII., whose passion was to hear something new. It is said that the first message which he sent to the grave council of Castile at Madrid, was "A nun has been brought to bed of twins;" the immediate answer was, "Had it been a monk, that would have been news." On a hill to the l. going to Ocaña is a pond, here called, as usual (see p. 766), the *sea—el mar de Ontigola*. But many Spanish geese become swans in their magnificent misnomers.

The beloved Ferdinand did not by any means renounce the good old recreations of his royal ancestors, for he never missed *Herradura*, to which he took his wives and delicate maids of honour, just as Philip IV. did his. The cream of the *funcion* was seeing an operation performed on young bulls, which fitted them for the plough. The term *Herradura* is derived from the branding cattle with a hot iron, *Ferradura á ferro*, which is of Oriental origin, and was introduced by the Saracens into France, and is still called *la Ferrade* at Camargue near Arles. It also prevailed in Spain among the Goths (San Isidoro, 'Or.' xx. 16). The royal breeding establishments near Aranjuez, like those near Cordova, were destroyed by the invaders, but restored by Ferdinand VII.: visit the royal stables; there are some fine *Padres y Garañones* for breeding from mares and asses: the females are allowed to wander at liberty over a district of great extent. This establishment was renewed in 1849, and promises well. English sires, dams, and grooms, were introduced.

The palace is placed near the Tagus, at the Madrid end of the village, or rather the "metropolis of Flora," as the natives say. A bald *Plaza de San Antonio*, a sort of French *Place du Carrousel*, with a *corredor* and iron railing, affords space for dust and glare. The interior of the palace contains some bad pictures, and fresco ceilings by Jordan, Mengs, Maella, the poor Courado Bayeu, and others, which are no better. Here again we have all the bad taste of Ferdinand VII. displayed in gilt balustrades, French clocks, &c. Notice, however, a pretty chapel, with a picture by Titian—an annunciation—given by the artist to Charles V. China fanciers should particularly examine the porcelain *gabinete*, fitted up by Charles III., with fine specimens of a large size in high relief of the *Capo di Monte* ware of Naples, introduced by him to the *Buen Retiro* fabric: look also at the room in imitation of *Las Dos Hermanas* of the Alhambra. The mirrors and marqueterie of this palace are fine. The look-out on the gardens over the *parterre*, the *jardines del Principe, y de la isla*, with its shady avenues of oriental planes and cascade, is charming. Here all the trees in Castile seem collected as a Cortes of all the nightingales of Spain; and how sweet, after the songless, arid desert, is "the melodious noise of birds among the spreading branches, and the pleasing fall of water running violently." The gardener will take the visitor round the lions of the *Isla;* one of the fountains was painted by Velazquez, but is not now to be recognised: the others are fine, and play on great holidays and royal birthdays. The best objects to observe are la Puerta del Sol, the Fountain of the Swan, *la Cascada*, Labyrinth, Swiss mountain, Neptune, Ceres, Bacchus, and the Tritons; in a word, here Nereids, Naiads, and Dryads might sport, while Flora and Pomona looked on. The elms brought from England by Philip II. grow magnificently under this combined heat and moisture. They were the first introduced, says Evelyn, into Spain, where from their rareness they are as much admired as palm-trees are by us. One of them is shown, a gigantic tree, some 90 feet in girth.

The *Casa del Labrador*, or labourer's cottage, is another plaything of that

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silly Charles IV. (see p. 763). It is richly fitted up with china, marbles, tapestries, and platina inlaid cabinets. The *Florera* or *Jardin Ingles*, the *English* garden, as all foreigners call any irregular place without order and with weeds, was laid out by Richard Wall, an *Irishman*.

It was at Aranjuez, March 19, 1808, that Charles IV., in order to save his wife's minion, Godoy, abdicated the crown in favour of Ferdinand VII. Toreno prints all the disgraceful letters written by him and his wife, the proud monarchs of Castile! to Murat, their "very dear brother!" to Murat, who a few years before had been a pot-house waiter, and who, in six weeks afterwards, deluged their capital with Spanish blood. Godoy, a vile tool of Buonaparte, was thus saved, in order to consummate his guilt and folly, by signing with Duroc, at Bayonne, the transfer of Spain to France, stipulating only, mean to the last, for filthy lucre and pensions.

For the road to *Madrid* see p. 246; a railroad—thanks to English heads and hands—was begun May 4, 1846, which will in due time be carried to Cadiz, Alicante, and Valencia. Meantime many a civilized Castilian, pointing at this *bit*, enquires proudly and patronisingly of the travelling Briton, Have you got these advantages in England? For the communications south see R. 9. Those who have leisure will do well to strike off to *Ocaña* at *Yepes*, 6 L., *Posada del Sol*; look at the pictures by Tristan in the parish church, and *Turancon*, 8 L., and thence make for *Cuenca*, returning to Madrid by any of the several routes, which will be pointed out in their places.

Madrid to Valencia.

There are two routes; one, the old one and circuitous, passes by *Almansa* through *Albacete*, to which the rail is now open, the other runs directly through *Cuenca*. The *Camino real*, which branches off at Albacete for *Murcia*, and at *Almansa* for *Alicante*, is for the greater portion uninteresting, while the excursion to Cuenca, although too few travellers make it, abounds with most things that the artist, antiquarian, angler, and geologist can desire.

Route 105.—Madrid to Valencia.

Angeles	2	
Espartinas	3½ ..	5½
Aranjuez	2½ ..	8
Ocaña	2 ..	10
Villatobas	2½ ..	12½
Corral de Almaguer	3 ..	15½
Quintanar de la Orden	3½ ..	19
Mota del Cuervo	2 ..	21
Pedernoso	1½ ..	22½
Pedroñeras	1 ..	23½
Provencio	2 ..	25½
Venta del Pinar	2 ..	27½
Minaya	2 ..	29½
Roda	2½ ..	32
Gineta	2½ ..	34½
Albacete	2½ ..	37
Pozo de la Peña	2½ ..	39½
Villar	3 ..	42½
Bonete	2½ ..	45
Almansa	3½ ..	48½
Venta del Puerto	2 ..	50½
Venta de Mojente	3 ..	53½
Venta del Conde	3 ..	56½
Alberique	2 ..	58½
Alcudia	1½ ..	60
Alginete	1 ..	61
Catarroja	3 ..	64
Valencia	1 ..	65

There has long been much talk about a rail from Madrid to Valencia. It is to branch off from the line to *Alicante* at *Albacete*, and was opened to that place in March, 1855. Meantime the 65 leagues are equivalent to 76½ post ones. For the route to *Ocaña*, see p. 245, after which the high road branches off to the l., continuing over a dreary, treeless, salitrose, poverty-stricken country of corn and saffron which extends almost to *Almansa*. *El Corral* contains some 4000 hard-working agriculturists: soon the river *Rianzares* is crossed, from which Queen Christina's husband Señor Muñoz took his ducal title, and next is passed the *Guijuela*, both tributaries of the Guadiana. Now we quit New Castile, and enter into dreary *La Mancha* at *Quintanar de la Orden*, pop. 5000, where if you are riding you may sleep at the *Parador de las Diligencias*. To the r. lies *Toboso*, the country of Dulcinea, and those bald steppes of which genius has clothed every por-

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tion with immortal interest, even to the windmills grouped about *la Mota*. The salitrose swampy plains between *Minaya* and *Albacete* were drained by Charles IV., who employed as his engineer one John Smith, a gentleman not easily identified. Thus the air is rendered less unwholesome, and the marshes more fertile; but all improvements ceased when the invasion began, as these districts were mercilessly ravaged both by Moncey and Caulaincourt. Just before reaching *Gineta* a corner of Murcia is entered.

Albacete, Abula, owing to its central position, from whence roads and rails branch to Aragon, Murcia, Valencia, and Madrid, is a place of great traffic, and is a town of locomotives, from the English rail, the French dilly, to the Spanish donkey. Pop. 13,000. The *Parador de la Diligencia* is the best inn: the *paradores* and *mesones* are numerous and large, for the bipeds, quadrupeds, and wheel-carriages that rest here are countless. The "vast plain," Arabicè *Al-baset*, is very fertile, being irrigated by the *Christina* canal, which tends to the increase of corn and saffron, while the undrained swamps produce fevers, agues, and mosquitos. Another element of prosperity is its *audiencia*, or high court of appeal, which was carved in 1834 out of the once monopolizing *chancilleria* of Granada: the jurisdiction extends over about a million souls.

Albacete is called the Sheffield of Spain, as Châtelherault is of France; but everything is by comparison, and the coarse cutlery turned out in each, at whose make and material an English artisan smiles, perfectly answers native ideas and wants. The object of a Spanish knife is to "chip bread and kill a man," and our readers are advised to have as little to do with them as may be. The *puñal* or *cuchillo*, like the fan of the high-bred Andaluza, is part and parcel of all Spaniards of the lower class. Few are ever without this weapon of offence and defence, which is fashioned like a woman's tongue, being long, sharp, and pointed. The test of a bad knife is, that it won't cut a stick, but will cut a finger, *Cuchillo malo, corta el dedo y no el palo.*

This knife, the precise *daga* of the Iberians, is the national weapon: hence *Guerra á Cuchillo* is the modern warcry, "Castile expects that every knife this day will do its duty;" and such in fact was the truly Spanish war defiance which was returned at Zaragoza to the French summons to capitulate. This "long double-edged" tool is either stuck, as the old dagger used to be, in the sash, or is worn in the breeches' side-pocket, or like the Greek heroes wore their παραμηρια, down the "right thigh" (Judges iii. 16); and so the anelace in Chaucer bore "a Shefeld thwitel in his hose," just as the *Manolas*, or Amazons of Madrid, *las de Cuchillo en liga*, have the reputation of concealing a small knife—steel traps set here—in the garter of their *right* leg (honi soit qui mal y pense); for it long has been a notion that making a start with the *left* leg foremost boded ill-luck. This female trinket is also called a *puñalico* and *higuela;* the latter word strictly speaking, means a "petticoat bustle;" all these weapons, a sort of *Shein Dhu*, are Scotch cousins to the Mattucashlash dirk, which the Highlanders carried in their armpits: a feminine *puñalico* now before us has the motto, *Sirbo á una dama*, I serve a lady—Ich dien. Gentlemen's knives have also what Shakspere calls their "cutler poetry;" this is also a Moorish custom, for, in what appeared to be a mere scrolly ornament on a modern Albacete *cuchillo*, these Arabic words have been read—"With the help of Allah! I hope to kill my enemy." As the mottos of swords are various, so those on knives abound, couched in an humbler tone; e. g. *Soy de mi Dueño y Señor*, "I am the property of my lord and master." They say also—

> *"Cuando esta vibora pica*
> *No hay remedio en la botica,"*—

when this viper stings, there's no remedy in any apothecary's shop. When the *Sistema*, or *constitucion* of 1820, was put down, royalist knives were inscribed *Peleo á gusto matando negros*,

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and on the reverse, *Muero por mi Rey*, "I die for my king; killing blacks is my delight." The words *Negros* and *Carboneros* have long been applied in Spain to political *black*guards.

The term *navaja* means any blade, from a razor to a penknife, that shuts into a handle: the *navajas* of Guadix, which rival the *puñales* of Albacete, have frequently a *muelle* or catch by which the long pointed blade is fixed, and thus become a dagger or hand bayonet. The click which the cold steel makes when sharply caught in its catch, produces on Spanish ears the same pleasing sensation which the cocking a pistol does on ours. These spring and catch tools, always prohibited by law, have always been made, sold, and used openly. The gipsies, being great hole-in-*corner* men and *cut*purses, since the times of the *Rinconetes y Cortadillos* of Cervantes, and the patrons also of slang, and flash-men, have furnished many *cant* names to the knife, e. g. *glandi*, *chulo*, *churri* (*charri* is pure Hindee for a knife). *La Serdanie*, *Cachas*, *dos puñales á una vez;* the Catalans call the instrument *el gannivete*, canif. It is termed in playful metaphor *la tia*, my aunt; *corta pluma*, a penknife; *monda dientes*, a tooth-pick; the best makers are generally well known. Thus Sancho Panza, when he hears that Montesinos had pierced a heart with a puñal, exclaims at once, "Then it was made by Ramon Hozes of Seville." The handles are adorned in a barbaric semi-oriental style, often with much inlaid work, mother-of-pearl and coarse niello. There is a murderous, business-like intention in the shape, which runs to a point like a shark or a pirate felucca. A Spanish cutler, when praising his wares, will say, *Es bueno para matar*, "This is a capital article for killing." So the *navajas del santo oleo* kill a man dead before he can receive extreme unction.

However unskilled the regular surgeons and *Sangrados* may be in anatomy and the practice of the scalpel, the universal people know exactly how to use their knife, and where to plant its blow; nor is there any mistake, for the wound, although not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, "will serve." It is not unseldom given after the treacherous fashion of their Oriental and Iberian ancestors, by a stab behind, of which the ancients were so fearful, "impacatos a tergo horrebis Iberos" (Geor. iii. 408), and it is planted "under the fifth rib," and "one blow" is enough (2 Sam. xx. 10). The blade, like the cognate Arkansas or Bowie knife of the Yankees, will "rip up a man right away," or like a ripe melon, as Sancho says (Don Quix. ii. 32), or drill him until a surgeon can see through his body. As practice makes perfect, a true *Baratero*, is able to jerk his *navaja* into a door across the room, as surely and quickly as a good shot does a rifle-ball; a Spaniard, when armed with his *cuchillo* for attack, and with his *capa* for defence, is truly formidable and classical. Many of the murders in Spain must be attributed to the *readiness* of the weapon, which is always at hand when the blood is on fire: thus, where an unarmed Englishman *closes* his fist, a Spaniard *opens* his knife. Man, again, in this hot climate, is very inflammable and combustible; a small spark explodes the dry powder, which ignites less readily in damp England. No wonder, therefore, that the blow of this rascally instrument, a true *puñalada de picaro*, becomes fatal in jealous broils, when the lower classes light their anger at the torch of the furies, and prefer using to speaking daggers: then the thrust goes home, vitamque in vulnere ponit. In jealous broils, which are not unfrequent, the common punishment is gashing the peccant one's cheek, which is called "marking," or painting—*Ya estas señalada*, *Ya estas pintado*, *picaro!* In *legal* language, *pintado por la justicia* means branded as a rogue; in baker's lingo, "*pan pintado*," signifies bread ornamented with crosses and gashes. "*Mira que te pego*, *mira que te mato*," are fondling or furious expressions of a *Maja* to a *Majo*. The Seville phrase was "*Mira que te pinto un jabeque*;" "take care that I don't draw you a xebeck" (the sharp Mediterranean felucca). "They jest at wounds who never felt a scar," but

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whenever this *jabeque* has really been inflicted, the patient, not having the face to show him or herself, and ashamed of the stigma, is naturally anxious to recover a good character and skin, the one cosmetic to remove such superfluous marks, in Philip IV.'s time, was cat's grease :—

—— *El sebo* unto de gato,
Que en cara defienda los señales.

In process of time, as science advanced, this was superseded by *Unto del Ombre*, or man's grease. Our estimable friend Don Nicolas Molero, a surgeon in high practice at Seville, assured us that previously to the French invasion, he had often prepared this cataleptic specific, which used to be sold for its weight in gold; but having been adulterated with spermaceti by unprincipled empirics, it fell into disrepute. The sovereign remedy of the ancients, the Parmecity of Dr. Eros, a famous quack, is mentioned by Martial (x. 56, 6). Consult him also on plaisters. (Splenia, ii. 29, 10.) The receipt of the Alabastrum which Venus gave to Phaon, has puzzled the learned Burmann no less than that of the balsam of Fierabras has the modern commentators of Don Quixote. The kindness of Don Nicolas furnished us with the ingredients of this *pommade divine*, rather than *mortale*. "Take a man in full health who has been just killed, the fresher the better, pare off the fat round the heart, melt it over a slow fire, clarify, and put it in a cool place for use." The number of religious festivals in Spain, combined with the sun, wine, and women, have always ensured a supply of fine subjects.

The *Campo de Montiel*, the Cave of Montesinos, and Don Quixote's country (see p. 243), lie to the W. of *Albacete*. A carriage-road, 19 L., leads to Manzanares, through *Osa de Montiel*. Albacete, from its central position, became the head-quarters of Espartero in 1843, and there he lingered in inaction all July, while Narvaez boldly marched on Madrid, and the Regent's own familiar friend hurried to betray him.

After leaving *Albacete* the road branches from *Pozo de la Peña* to Murcia (see R. 32), continuing on to Valencia, over an undulating country. To the l., distant about 2 L., *Chinchilla* rises on an abrupt scarped hill, girdled by poor modern walls, built in 1837 out of the older ones, and crowned by a castle, which offers a fine specimen of a mediæval hill fort. From *Chinchilla* another road (R. 35) branches down to *Alicante*, through the hills of *Villena*, which gladden the eye of the plain-sick traveller. *Almansa* is well built and tolerably flourishing. Inn, *Parador de las Diligencias*. Pop. 8500. The *Vega* is irrigated, and many of the ague-breeding swamps have been drained, especially those of *Salahar* and *San Benito*. The *Pantano* of *Albufera* is a fine reservoir of water, here an element of incredible fertility under this almost African sun. Near *Almansa* was decided, April 25, 1707, *one* of the few battles in which the French have ever beaten the English; and here, as at Fontenoi, traitors fought against their country and for its enemy. The French were commanded by an *Englishman*, by Berwick, natural son of James II., and nephew to Marlborough, and therefore of a good soldier breed; while the English were commanded by a *Frenchman*, one Henri de Ruvigny, an adventurer, created Earl of Galway by William III., and one who was always "eager to fight campal battles," which he never did except to be beaten. The English at the critical moment were deserted by their Spanish allies, who, as at Barrosa, Albuera, Talavera, &c., left them to bear the whole brunt. Again, the battle, like that of Albuera, ought never to have been fought at all, for even Peterborough, whose whole system was daring and aggressive, had now urged a Fabian defensive campaign. Lord Galway also was for a defensive campaign, but he had express orders from home to fight, and did so against his own opinion. He was opposed by Stanhope, who was talked over by the Spaniard Marques de las Minas, just as Beresford was at Albuera by Castaños. The allies numbered only 12,000 foot and 5000 cavalry: the French exceeded 30,000, and they moreover

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were fresh and ready, while the English were "marched and countermarched," as at Barrosa, and brought to the field weary and starving. The day was chiefly lost by the cowardice of the Portuguese General Atalaya. The French victory was complete, but their laurels were stained by the ferocious sack of Xativa and breach of every plighted capitulation. Orleans (the Regent subsequently) arrived too late for the battle, and thus lost a chance of wiping out his previous disgraces before Turin in 1706. A short mile from *Almansa* is a paltry obelisk, which marks the site of this most important battle, and which is commensurate with Spanish governmental ingratitude; and small indeed is the mention now made by Paez and Co. of the brave French who did the work, as the glory is claimed for *Nosotros*.

Crossing the *Puerto* we descend to the pleasant Valencian coast by charming defiles. Passing *Mogente* to the l. the villages increase, heaven and earth are changed, all is gay and genial, with one continued garden of graceful rice-plant and palm-tree. *Alberique* is proverbial for a fertility that knows no repose, it is a *Terra de Dios—trigo ayer y hoy arroz*, a land of God where rice to-day succeeds to the corn of yesterday. Now we turn our backs on the bald, central table-lands, on the dull *Paño pardo*, *Montera*, and mud cottage, and welcome the sparkling Valentian, with his oriental and parti-coloured garment, gaudy and glittering as the sun and flowers of his province. *Alberique* is surrounded with *acequias*, canals, by which the rivers are drained. The road is crossed by the *acequia del Rey*, which flows into the Albufera lake, and with the Jucar and its tributaries isolates a remarkable rice tract. The raised causeway passes on through sunken irrigated plots of ground, which teem with fertility agues, and mosquitos. There are several routes from Madrid to Cuenca; one runs by the plains (R. 110), another by the mineral baths and mountains (R. 109), and another communicates with Valencia, which we now proceed to describe.

Route 106.—Madrid to Valencia by Cuenca.

Bacia Madrid	3	
Perales de Tajuña	3	6
Fuentedueña	3½	9½
Tarancon	3	12½
Huelbes	2	14½
Carrascosa	2	16½
Horcajada	2	18½
Cabrejas	3	21½
Albaladejito	3	24½
Cuenca	1	25½
Fuentes	3	28½
Reillo	2	30½
Arguisuelas	2	32½
Cardeñete	2½	35
Camporobres	3	38
Utiel	3	41
Requena	2	43
Siete aguas	3	46
Venta de Buñol	2	48
Chiva	2	50
Venta de Pozos	2	52
Valencia	3	55

Cuenca, one of the most picturesque cities in Spain, rivals Ronda and Toledo; in natural beauty the site is most romantic, the artistical objects numerous; the fishing, botany, and geology are well deserving notice. The Spaniards will endeavour to dissuade travellers from going to this "tumbledown mediæval unmodernised city,"—*aqui no hay nada,—no tiene nada digno de verse;* let not any of our amateur readers be thus misled, but set forth on the most interesting tour to Cuenca, its mountains *Alarcon* and *Minglanilla*, whence the distance to Valencia is easy. As mules and horses are not easily procured at *Cuenca*, from whence this excursion must be ridden, perhaps it will be as well to hire them at Madrid, and send them on, and mount them at *Cuenca;* the diligence from Madrid stops the first night at *Tarancon*. Travellers pressed for time might secure their places four or five days beforehand, and employ the interval by going over to *Toledo* by *Illescas*, see it, next make for *Aranjuez*, and then ride 7 L. to *Fuentedueña*, and take up the diligence.

The sportsman and artist may also go round by the *Baños del Sitio Real de la Isabela*, taking the *gondola*, which gets there in 16 hours, and thence make, with his rod, gun, and brushes, over the wild mountains to Cuenca.

The country to *Cuenca*, in common

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with the central table-land of the Peninsula, although uninteresting, produces much corn and saffron. After leaving *Vallecas* and *Bacia Madrid* the Jarama is crossed a little above its junction with the Manzanares. The dreary character of the vicinity of Madrid begins to diminish near *Arganda*, with its new suspension bridge, olives, vines, and corn-fields; the excellent red wine made here, is much drank in the capital, where it passes for Valdepeñas. *Perales* lies in a rich valley watered by the *Tajuña*, which, coming down from the Sierra de Solorio, joins the Henares. Crossing it we enter *Villarejo*, which has a fine ruined castle; the Gothic parish church contains some pictures by Pedro Orrente; thence crossing the Tagus over a desolate country to *Fuentedueña*, with its new suspension bridge and Moorish castle; another monotonous track, with here and there some of Don Quixote's windmills, leads to *Tarancon*, where the *Parador de las Diligencias* is tolerable; pop. 4700. It is situated in a plain on the banks of the *Riunzares*, which gives a ducal title to Queen Christina's husband Muñoz; this Godoy of the day was born at *Tarancon*, his father keeping a tobacco *estanco*. He and Christina here have built a grand palace. This town is one of some traffic, being in the middle of many cross communications. The W. façade of the fine parish church retains its ancient and minute Gothic ornaments, but the N. was modernized into the Ionic order in the time of Philip II. The country now resumes its desolation, and the villages are scanty, and the population ill clad, over-worked, and poverty-stricken.

Ucles (pop. about 1500) lies 2 L. from *Tarancon*, amid gardens and *Alamedas* watered by the Bedija; on a hill above, towers the once enormous magnificent convent, now going to decay; and once belonging to the order of Santiago, of which Ucles was the first *encomienda*, and the abbot was mitred; it was founded in 1174, on the site of a Moorish *alcazar*, of which *la torre Albarrana* was preserved in the new edifice. It commands a superb view. The E. façade is built in the Berruguete style, the N. and W. in the classical, the S. in bad churrigueresque. The chapel was raised in 1600, in the simple Herrera style. *Ucles* is a fatal site in all Spanish annals, for here, in 1100, Sancho, the son of Alonso VI., was defeated and killed by the infidel, whereby his father's heart was broken; see the affecting account in Mariana (x. 5); the fatal spot is still called *Siecuendes*, from the six counts killed there: again, here, Jan. 13, 1809, Victor routed the miserable Venegas, who had advanced from *Tarancon* to *surprise* the French, who to his surprise turned on him, whereupon he fled at once to *Ucles*, and occupied the strong hill; but no sooner did the enemy begin to ascend it than the Spanish army, left half fed and half armed, and discouraged by their unworthy chiefs, turned and ran, Venegas setting the example, and surviving for fresh disgraces at *Almonacid;* then Victor treated Ucles *á la Medellin* (see p. 477)—he harnessed the clergy and respectable inhabitants, and made them drag up the hill, like beasts of burden, whatever articles of their property could not be carried off, in order to make a "*feu de joie*" in honour of his victory; next sixty prisoners were slaughtered on the shambles, which was *facetiously* selected by this *tigre singe* for the appropriate butchery. Victor then marched the survivors to Madrid, causing all who dropped on the road from hunger or fatigue to be shot on the spot. Toreno (viii.), Southey (xviii.), Schepeler (ii. 151), and Madoz (xv. 203), enter into appalling details; Schepeler compares Victor to Tamerlane, "sorti au berceau avec le signe du sang." The amiable Monsieur de Rocca honestly records and laments the horrors which he then witnessed.

Near *Ucles*, 2 short L., at *Cabeza del Griego*, are some neglected Roman remains, the supposed site of ancient *Munda* and *Cartima* (for details, with plans, see 'Mem. Acad. His.' iii. 170; and '*Esp. Sag.*' xlii. 332).

Quitting *Tarancon*, the elevated table-land broken, however, by undulations with swamps in the hollows, continues to *Horcajada*, a true *hanging* place.

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Now the hills are covered with pines and oaks, and we ascend a *puerto* or pass over the highest ridge, from whence the waters descend E. and W. Crossing the Jucar after *Albaludejito*, the country becomes picturesque; and after threading a planted defile, rock-built scrambling *Cuenca* is entered over its ancient bridge. There is a decent inn, *Parador de San Francisco*, and another, *Posada del Sol*, in the suburb on the road to Minglanilla. Sportsmen who venture into the wild hills should take a local guide and attend to the provend. The rivers near Cuenca are *muy castigados;* go therefore into the mountains where they are less poached, and where deer-stalkers may do some business.

CUENCA, *Concha*, lies indeed a hill-girt *shell*, and is the capital of its mountainous district, being itself about 3400 feet above the level of the sea. The chains to the N.E. are continuations of the Cantabrian range, which serpentines through Spain by Burgos, Oca, Montcayo, Molina de Aragon, and Albarracin. The fine forests called *los pinares de Cuenca* are proverbial, and rival those of *Soria*. The squirrels, *Ardillas*, eaten here as *delicacies*, have a smack of the pine tree. The scenery in these immemorial woods and rocks is Salvator-Rosa-like, while the lakes and streams contain trout, and the hills abound in curious botany and geology, yet to be properly investigated.

These localities in the 15th and 16th centuries were densely peopled with busy rich traders in its staple, wool; now, it is so poverty stricken that scarcely 300 souls to the square league are to be numbered, while Cuenca, its capital, barely contains 6000 inhabitants. The mountains, *montes orospedani*, were the fastnesses of the brave Celtiberians, who waged a desperate *Guerilla* contest against the Romans, just as Juan de Zerecedo did during the War of the Succession, and the *Empecinado* in our times carried on against the French, by whom many were the sackings of Cuenca; the first and most fatal was by Caulaincourt, who was sent by Savary to relieve Moncey after his failure before Valencia. His troops entered July 3, 1808; the clergy, who came out in their sacred dresses to welcome them, with flags of truce, were fired on and butchered; for the details, which exceeded, says Schepeler, "les horreurs *ordinaires*," see his History (i. 148), and see Madoz (vii. 241). Caulaincourt's private spoil in church plate was enormous, for he had the glorious *custodia* moved to his quarters, and there broken up into portable pieces; nevertheless this gentleman was afterwards made by Buonaparte *gouverneur de ses pages;* this Mentor, having taught their young ideas to *shoot*, was sent by Nemesis to his account by a bullet at Moscua, Sept. 7, 1812. Cuenca was again sacked by Gen. Hugo (the ravager of Avila) June 17, 1810, and again, April 22, 1811, by La Houssaye, the spoiler of Escorial and Toledo—"all honourable men" and practised in pillage. The town was once celebrated for its splendid silver-work, and the family of the Becerriles were here what the D'Arphes were to Leon, or, as in Italy, Foppa (Caradosso) of Milan, was to Cellini of Florence. Alonso and Francisco Becerril both lived at Cuenca early in 1500, and by them was exquisitely wrought the once glorious custodia, in 1528-46, and described at length by Ponz. iii. 73; which, with other splendid crosses, chalices, &c., were plundered by Caulaincourt, whose wholesale sacrilege created such a national indignation that Joseph, the very day on which he entered Madrid, decreed their replacement at the cost of the Government. It need not be said that not an ounce was ever restored: but the paper read well at Paris; nay, his imperial and royal majesty king Joseph, while penning it, was himself busy with Ferdinand's plate-chests, which he soon carried off. (See Toreno, iv.)

Cuenca is romantically situated on a peak about half-way between Madrid and Valencia, on the confluence of the Jucar and Huecar, and between the heights *San Cristobal* and *el Socorro;* for details consult '*Policomio de Cuenca*,' Petrus de Solera Reynoso, 4to. Cuenca, 1624; and '*La Historia*,'

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Juan Pablo Martir Rizo, folio, Mad. 1629, a curious volume, which also contains portraits of the *Mendozas*, long its governors; refer also to '*Hechos de Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza*,' Chr. Suarez de Figueroa, 4to. Mad. 1613.

According to Rizo the city was founded on the very same day and at the very same hour that Rome was. In honest truth, however, Cuenca is purely Moorish, and like Ronda, Alhama, and Alarcon, is built on a river-isolated rock. It was given in 1106 by Ben Abet, king of Seville, as part of the portion of Zaida his daughter, when she became the wife of Alonso VI. The inhabitants, however, rebelled at the transfer, and the city was retaken by Alonso VIII., Sept. 26, 1177. The campaign is detailed by Mariana (xi. 14), who records how Alonso VIII. was in want of everything at the critical moment: the site of his camp of starvation is still shown at *Fuentes del Rey*. See also the ballad '*En esa Ciudad de Burgos*' (Duran, iv. 207). The town was captured at last by a stratagem, devised by a Christian slave inside, one Martin Alhaxa (*buena alhaja de criado*), who led out his Moorish master's *merinos*, as if to pasture, but then gave them to his hungry countrymen. These wolves having eaten the animals, put on their fleeces, and were taken back on all fours, being let into *Cuenca* by a small still-existing postern in the walls: from this strange flock sprang most of the *hidalgo* families of Cuenca, *e. g.* the Albornoz, Alarcon, Cabrera, Carrillo, Salazar, &c.

Cuenca, once celebrated alike for arts, literature, and manufactories, now only retains its picturesque position, which no Caulaincourt could either carry off or destroy; the beautiful Huecar and Jucar (*sucro*, the sweet waters, *aguas dulces*) still come down through defiles spanned with bridges, and planted with charming walks, mills, and poplars, placed there for the artist; above topples the pyramidical eagle's-nest town, with its old walls and towers, and houses hanging over the precipices and barren rocks, which enhance the charm of the fertile valleys, the *Hoces*, below. From the suburb the town rises in terraces, as it were, of tier above tier, roof above roof, up to the plaza and cathedral, which occupy almost the only level space, for the streets are steep, tortuous, and narrow, and everything that a British Baker-street is not.

Fully to appreciate the beauty of *Cuenca* the following tour may be taken. Proceed to the bridge of *San Anton*, which crosses the pretty Jucar at the western end of the town. Descend to the path which passes under one of the arches, and then keep along up the rt. bank of the river; just below the bridge, is a ruined weir by which the waters were dammed up, in order to fill the stream as it passed under the cliff on which the town stands; but now it is but a small brawling torrent running over an uneven bed; the colour of the water is beautifully clear, with a slight greenish tint. Passing the copse of poplars and white-leaved aspens, above on the rt. rises rock-built Cuenca. Continue the walk on to the bridge *Las Escalas*, which crosses the Jucar at the other end of the town, and sketch it if you will, for it consists only of timber-beams, laid upon stone piers; but, before going over it, ascend further up the rt. bank, look back on the town and into the valley. Next cross the bridge, and ascend a zigzag pathway cut in the rock to the little *alameda*, which looks like a shelf squeezed in at the angle of the town; from thence is a striking view of the valley; continue along the pathway that leads to the summit of the ridge at the end of which the town is built; cross the table-ground until you look down upon the valley of the Huecar; about a quarter of a mile from Cuenca, some steps cut in the rock lead down to a spring or streamlet which finds its way down the slopes by a devious course into the Huecar; thus irrigating numerous gardens filled with fine vegetables and fruit-trees, and feeding the creepers which mantle luxuriously the crags and stones. The pathway which leads down to the bottom of the happy Rasselas valley, runs just beyond a tank where

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picturesque washerwomen congregate, forming artistical groups and colours. The Huecar is but a brook, from being so much bled, *sangrado* or drained off to water the gardens on the low ground near it, and is so darkened by sewers, &c., that when it reaches the Jucar it is little better—*con perdon sea dicho*—than a Fleet ditch. As we descend observe the beautiful views of the bridge and convent of San Pablo, perched on a precipice, with the surrounding cliffs, rocks, and mountains; keeping a path which conducts to the level of the bridge, cross it to the Dominican monastery; this viaduct, worthy of the Romans, which rivals in height and solidity the arches of Merida, Alcantara, and Segovia, rises 150 feet, 350 long, connecting the broken *riscos* or rocks. It is reared on colossal piers, and was built in 1523 for the convenience of the monks by Francisco de Luna, at the cost of the Canon Juan de Pozo. Allowed to get out of repair, it has been most bunglingly mended; examine the E. face of the pier nearest the city; the modern parapet, negligently built within its original position, is considered here a very proper restoration; thus only mules and foot passengers can pass where two carriages could formerly, and, what is worse, the approaching decay of the whole bridge is accelerated. The façade of *San Pablo* has unfortunately been modernised with a most absurd portal. The *retablo* of the high altar is composed of the richest jaspers; the order is Corinthian. The figures of three monks are placed between the pillars in the divisions. The interior of the church is simple; two bold semicircular arches form each side of the nave, each recess containing a chapel; the groining of the roof is good; the stones are pointed or marked by yellows and gilding.

Returning over the bridge and ascending into the town you soon reach the plaza and cathedral; the first stone was laid in 1177 by Alonso VIII., who removed to this new bishopric the ancient sees of Valera and Arcos. It was consecrated by the fighting prelate Don Rodrigo Ximenez de Rada; the style of the edifice is simple and severe Gothic with a semicircular E. termination. The façade fronting the Plaza was modernised in 1664-9 by a blunderer named Josef Arroyo, according to the order of the blundering chapter, which once was very rich in cash, although miserably poor in good taste. These Goths also painted the interior *yellow*, picked out with black; white at least would have been more appropriate, in imitation of the cathedral at Siena, and in compliment to Diego de Mendoza, a Cuencan, who then ruled so long in that city, and who now is buried in this cathedral. Of his great family was Don Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza, fourth Marques of Cañete, the hero of the Araucanian war, which forms the subject of *the* Epic of Spain by Ercilla. See '*Los Hechos*,' &c., by Suarez de Figueroa, 4to., Mad., 1613.

Walk to the transept, and look around, and especially at the fine painted windows and the circular sweep. The absis behind the high altar is very striking, and the mazes of columns intersect each other quite orientally and recalling the Mezquita of Cordova; the arches, semi-Moorish and semi-Gothic, spring from a bold cornice, which projects beyond the heads of the lower columns. The ornate semi-Moorish arch which forms the entrance to the high altar springs from corbels, or, to speak more correctly, from excrescences of the capitals; and a similar oriental form is preserved in the arches at the W. end of the cathedral, but they are turned from the heads of the piers in the common plan of Gothic construction. The *coro*, placed as usual in the centre, was unfortunately modernised and spoilt by Bishop Florez, of whose vile period are the organs and jasper pulpit; the splendid *reja*, however, and the eagle lettern, or *facistol*, are of the olden time, and are masterpieces of Hernando de Arenas, 1557. The original *retablo* was removed in the last century in order to make place for the present high altar, which is indeed as fine as jaspers can make it; although classical in style, it is stamped with the aca-

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demical commonplace of its designer, Ventura Rodriguez, obit. 1785. The statue of the Virgin was sculptured in Genoa; the *trasparente* or heavy pile at the back of the altar, the boast of Cuenca, where it is preferred to the fine old cinque-cento art, is dedicated to San Julian, once Bishop of Cuenca, who passed most of his time in making wicker-baskets, and who, with San Onorato, is the honoured tutelar of this city. The jaspers are very rich, and the bronze capitals costly; the green columns were brought from the *Barranco de San Juan* at Granada. The *urna*, with the statues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, were wrought at Carrara, in 1758, by Francisco Vergara, a Valencian settled in Italy. The cost of transport from Alicante was enormous: but they are academical commonplace inanities, without life, soul, or sentiment. As Cuenca is placed in a jasper district, the cathedral is naturally adorned with this costly material; all the chapels deserve notice; look particularly at the *artesonado* roof in the long, low *capilla honda*, behind the high altar, and nearly opposite the *trasparente*. Beginning, therefore, from the W. door at the third chapel to the rt., observe the portal and *reja* of the glorious *Capilla de los Apostoles*, which is built in rich plateresque, with a Gothic-ribbed ceiling of a most beautiful stone from the neighbouring quarries of Arcos. Passing the classical retablo, observe a smaller altar of the time of Philip II., with a much-venerated image of *la Virgen de la Salud*. Advancing near the gate to the bishop's palace is the *Capilla de San Martin*, with a good altar and carvings, and four remarkable sepulchres of the early prelates, Juan Fañez, a descendant of the Fidus Achates of the Cid, and those of Lopez, Pedro Lorenzo, and Garcia. The plateresque portal or entrance into the cloisters rises 28 feet high, and was wrought in Arcos stone by Xamete in 1546-50, and, as is inscribed on labels, at the cost of the Bishop Sebastian Ramirez, obit. 1536: see his tomb. Some suppose this Xamete to have been a Moor, inferring so from the name *Xamete*—Achmed—at all events he must have studied in the Cellini schools of Italy, and ranks as a rival of Berruguete and Damian Forment; this arch is a thing of the age, when the revived arts of paganism wrestled with Christianity even in the churches: here we have saints and harpies, lions, virgins, tritons, vases, flowers, allegorical virtues, &c., all jumbled together, but forming in the aggregate a whole of great richness and cinque-cento effect; all, alas! has been sadly mutilated and whitewashed. It must once have been superb. The architect will remark a peculiar construction of arch; the fluted columns of support rest on brackets let into the wall, the lower portions of the ornamental work much injured.

The cloisters are in a different style, having been built in 1577-83, by Juan Andrea Rodi, with the fine stone from the neighbouring quarries of *la Hoz*. The simple *Doric* of Herrera was then in vogue, which contrasts with the pseudo-classical frieze at the E. end, the work of another hand and period. Next observe the burial-chapel of the Mendozas, in form a Greek cross with a cupola, while the Corinthian high altar is adorned with paintings and sculpture: the monuments enriched with jaspers and arched niches are ranged around: observe that with marble columns of Doña Inez, and that of Diego Hurtado, viceroy of Siena, obt. 1566. From the cloisters you may ascend to the *Secretaria*; the view from the *muralla* of the cathedral is charming.

Next visit *la Capilla de Nuestra Señora del Sagrario*, with its superb jaspers, and observe the miraculous image which aided Alonso in his victories. The exquisite façade to the *Sala Capitular* is worthy of Xamete; notice, in this gem of the cathedral, an arch of the richest plateresque, which displays a marvellous power and variety of invention. The admirable walnut doors, carved with St. Peter, St. Paul, and Adoration of the Kings, are attributed to Berruguete, but the Transfiguration is by

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an inferior hand; they are in good preservation; the walnut *silleria* is also excellent. The chapel of *San Juan* was founded by the Canon Juan de Barreda, and has a fine Corinthian *reja*, with cherubs and armorial shields. The *Capilla de Santa Elena*, opposite the *trasparente*, has a beautiful portal and good walnut *retablo*. On the l. side of the cathedral is the shabby little chapel of *San Juan Bautista*, with paintings in the *retablo* by Cristobal Garcia Salmeron, who, born in 1603, became pupil of Orrente, and adopted Bassano's style, especially in his Nativity, the Baptist preaching, and in our Saviour mocked, above it. Observe the *reja* in the chapel of the Muñoz family. The *Capilla de los Caballeros*, so called from the tombs of the Albornoz family, although it somewhat encumbers the body of the cathedral, is very remarkable; the door is such as becomes the entrance of a chamber of death, being *ornamented* with a celebrated stone skeleton; read the inscription, Sacellum militum, &c. The *reja* is excellent, so likewise are the two windows at the E. end, which are richly painted and decorated with armorial blazons. The fine pictures, in the retablo of the date 1526, were given by the Prothonotary Gomez Carrillo de Albornoz, who had lived long in Italy; they are painted in pannel by Hernando Yañez, an able artist, whose works are very rare in Spain; he is said to have been a pupil of Raphael, but his style is more Florentine than Roman. The chapel, however, is dark, and the pictures blackened by smoke; observe the Crucifixion; the Adoration of Kings—the Mother and Child are quite Raffaelesque. Among the many grand sepulchres notice that of the great Cardinal, Gil Carrillo Albornoz, and friend of the gallant Alonso XI., whose Life has been written by Baltazar Parreño, '*Historia de los Hechos*,' &c., 8vo., Tol., 1566, and also by Juan Gines de Sepulveda, 4to., Bolonia, 1612. Observe also the tomb of his mother, Teresa de Luna, and the fine military figure to the l. of the high altar. There are other works by Xamete in the chapels of San Fabian, San Sebastian, San Mateo, and San Lorenzo.

Near the cathedral is the bishop's palace, with a portal of mixed Gothic, and a fine saloon inside called from the tutelar *el de San Julian*, which with the rest of the house the invaders pillaged completely. Many of the oldest parish churches are built on the walls, and thereby add to their irregular and picturesque effect. The interiors have for the most part been sadly modernised by the once rich clergy, who tortured their fine woods into churrigueresque and gilt gingerbread; in that dedicated to *San Juan Bautista* are the once beautiful and now cruelly-neglected tombs of the Montemayors: one is dated 1462, another in the plateresque taste of 1523 is enriched with the recumbent figure of Don Juan in sacerdotal costume.

The curious old *Casas Solares*, or family mansions of the *Conquistadores*, are now desolate, and their armorials remain over the portals like hatchments of the dead: the interiors were gutted by the French. Many of these houses are picturesquely built over the declivities, such as the Alcazar of the *Mendozas*, which towers over the Jucar: observe the houses of the Priego and Carrillo families, and some others in the *Calle de Correduria*. The now unused mint was built in 1664 by Josef de Arroyo. The Franciscan convent was erected in the twelfth century by the Templars. The position of the *Carmelitas Dezcalzas* hanging over rock and river is fine, so also is that of *San Pedro de Alcantara*, which is placed near the Jucar outside the town. Cuenca once was remarkable for its colleges, printing-presses, manufactories, arts, sciences, and industry, all of which was so utterly swept away by the invaders as to make the historian Toreno (xx.), wonder how a nation so civilized and humane could select for destruction the works of Spanish piety and learning.

Cuenca, in its good old times, produced great men of varied excellence. Among her worthies may be named Mendoza and Gil Albornoz, generals and prelates; the artists Becerril, Xa-

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mete, Yañez, and Mora, the best pupil of Herrera. Here were born Figueroa, the poet, and Alonso de Ojeda, the friend of Columbus; and last, not least, Lope de Barrientos, the book-burner (see p. 526). The city bears for arms, "gules, a sacramental chalice, with a star of eight rays argent." For excursions and lateral routes see next page.

Continuing the route from Madrid to Valencia from p. 806, we reach *Fuentes*, or Fountains, which lies in a dip much subject to inundations of the *Rio de las Moscas*. On this river Villaviciosa wrote his epic *La Mosquea*, and which, as far as its name goes, will delight *fly*-fishers, but there are few fish. *Reillo*, of Roman foundation, has a ruined castle on the heights. *Cardenete*, a larger hamlet, stands near the Guarzun and Cabriel, which flow under the ridge that divides this basin from that of the Jucar. Its old castle was built by one of the great Moya family, whose marquisite lay to the N. between the rivers Cabriel and Alfambra. *Utiel* has communications with the extraordinary salt-mines at Minglanilla through Caudete, the route passing over the Contreras ridge, a wild, broken, and pine-clad country abounding in game. *Requena* is a large town, pleasantly situated in a well-irrigated *Vega*, and once the key of the position: inn in the Calle del Peso. Pop. nearly 10,000. A diligence runs to Valencia. The parish churches, *San Salvador* and *Santa Maria*, have good Gothic façades. The road now enters the *Cabreras* or *Cabrillas* range, which separates Castile from Valencia. The heights are covered with dwarf pines, the valleys watered by clear streams, of which the rivulets of Buñol, Yatoba, and Macastre flow into the Requena, itself a tributary of the Jucar. Near the *Venta de Siete Aguas* we enter the charming province of Valencia, by a broken defile of ascents and descents, and intersected by streams. From the heights of the *Cabrillas* the sunny plains open, studded with sparkling farms and villages, placed in a scene of fertility without rival; in the distance are the hills above Denia, and the blue sea girdle. Not far from *Buñol*, which lies under the *Cabrillas*, are some stalactical caves, called *las Maravillas*, or the Marvels. *Chiva* used to be notorious for *mala gente*. Emerging from the hills and passing the wooded plain *del Quart*, a change comes over vegetation, and we behold the carob, pistachio, the mulberry, the drooping palm, and tall whispering canes. We now enter the *Huerta* of Valencia, the paradise of the Moors; thus passing from the desert of the hills into a land of promise overflowing with oil and wine.

Route 107.—Cuenca to Valencia by Minglanilla.

Valera de Arriba. . .	5	
Buenache de Alarcon .	1	.. 6
Alarcon	3	.. 9
Villanueva de la Jara .	3	.. 12
Iniesta	3	.. 15
Minglanilla	2	.. 17
Villagorda	3	.. 20
Requena	5	.. 25
Valencia	12	.. 37

This wild bridle-road—attend to the provend—is full of interest to the artist, angler, and geologist. As horses and mules are not easily procured at Cuenca, secure them as soon as possible: there is a shorter cut to *Minglanilla*, but then you miss picturesque *Alarcon*, which no artist or archæologist ought to do; it runs over bad roads through pine-woods by *Campillo* 11 L., where there are two tolerable *posadas;* those, however, who find this too long a day's ride, may sleep the first night at *Almodavar del Pinos*, 8 L.; from *Campillo de Altobuey* to *Minglanilla* are 3 L. The route may be shortened by avoiding *Almodavar*, and turning off to the l. through the forest about half a mile after having passed *Navarrido*, and then proceeding to *Monte Agudo*—posada wretched—and *Paracuellos* 9 L.; at the latter is a clean *posada* kept by an old soldier Spaniard. *Paracuellos* may be easily reached on horseback the evening of the day you leave *Cuenca*, 9 L.; start however early. Then if you set out, á la madrugada, from *Paracuellos* the next morning, you can reach *Minglanilla* in time to see the mines that

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day. At *Monte Agudo* there is an old castle crowning its *pointed* conical hill, and just before entering *Paracuellos* is another fine ruin on the l. standing on a spur of a hill, which is surrounded by others clad with woods. The main road through *Almodavar* is rejoined about 7 or 8 miles before reaching *Minglanilla*.

Artists and those who have time will do better to pursue R. 107 and go round by *Alarcon*, fording the *rio Moscas*, for, as the natives say, *flies* do not want bridges: *Valera*, a see under the Goths, pop. 1500, has a ruined castle and some degraded antiquities: at *Buenache* the cave may be visited (see p. 815); thence to *Alarcon*, so called, some say, from *Alaricon*, the city of Alaric the Goth. Pop. about 800. This most picturesque and true Moorish city is built like a miniature Toledo, on a craggy peninsula, hemmed around by the Jucar; it can only be entered from a narrow neck of land to the E., which has been likened to the handle of a frying-pan, a comparison more apposite than elegant. The land approach is still guarded by ruined Moorish towers and an *Alcazar*; the crumbling walls, gates, and bridges, the steep ascent into the town, with the gardens, water-mills, defiles, and river below, other choice bits for the artist. This now decayed, but once important town, still contains five noble parish churches, whose richness contrasts with the present poverty. The *Santa Maria* has a façade of the time of Charles V., with a Gothic interior. The *San Juan* has a Doric front, and has or had a splendid custodia, made by Christobal Becerril, 1575. The façade of the *Trinidad* is ornamented with arms and scroll-work of the best time of Ferdinand and Isabella, but the inside has been modernised: *Santiago* has an ancient portal with the mounted tutelar; in *Santo Domingo de Silos* is a good classical high altar. *Alarcon* was taken from the Moors in 1177 by Fernan Martinez Zevallos, whose descendants hence bore the title of *Señores de Alarcon*; and it was to Hernando, one of them, that François I. was delivered in charge after the defeat at Pavia. His commentaries, '*Los Hechos*,' &c., fol. Mad. 1665, with a fine portrait, are truly chivalrous and interesting. This city, in July, 1195, was the scene of such a tremendous battle between the Moors and Alonso VIII. of Castile, that the year became a date among the former, *Amu-l-Alark*.

Villanueva de la *Jara* is placed, as its name implies, in a region of *cistus*: *Iniesta* (broom) indicates on its slope a similar botanical position. Indeed these desolate districts are covered with rich aromatic underwood, in which the bee and *feræ naturæ* delight and multiply. The *parroquia* at Iniesta is fine; the portico and Doric façade of the Casa del Ayuntamiento is good. Pop. 3500. 2 L. E. is a sanctuary of the Virgin of Consolation, in a sweet spot, much visited by pilgrims every September 21.

Minglanilla: Posada del Sol. Pop. about 1900. The salt-mine lies N.E. from the village, in the bottom of a deep dell in the hills, and is rather a quarry of salt than a mine, for the mineral is a pure deposit; it may be compared on a smaller scale to the salt-mines at Wieliczka, near Cracow, or to Metzkaya Zastchita, near Orenburg, in Russia. It seems to be inexhaustible; the working affords occupation to the neighbourhood. A permission to visit the place is readily granted. The walk in and out will take an hour, or at least 20 minutes each journey: you must calculate on 2½ or 3 hours for the whole excursion. It is worth while to pay for some torches, as when lighted up, the subterraneous galleries sparkle like Aladdin caverns of jewels, and by placing them in different spots the extent of the shafts is best perceived: you descend by a staircase recently made, some 300 feet, where the most interesting parts of the mine occur. Within the few last years the works have been carried on in a regular and scientific manner; large halls have been formed which resemble lofty crypts, with roofs rising to pointed arches; the sides are cut into massy square piers, between which open arches leading into other aisles: the

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effect is that of a darkened cathedral. Many vast halls are being formed in the solid salt by knocking away the floors of the galleries above, and thus throwing the two stories into one: the usual level is about 300 feet from the surface, but there are galleries much below that, although not worked now. The mine has been excavated since the time of the Romans, whose shafts were narrow, and by no means so economical or well ventilated as the present system of hollowing out spacious openings. The salt is as hard as crystal, insomuch that a beam inserted horizontally into their walls to the depth of 6 inches would support almost any weight. It is cut with pickaxes and with difficulty: when in block it seems almost black in colour, and only appears white where water, having perforated through the roof, forms stalactites. It is exceedingly pure: very small quantities of prussiate of copper are occasionally found in it. The salt lies in one enormous block, and not in scattered strata as at Hallein. The mine is usually worked during 3 months, December, January, and February; the miners during the rest of the year find a livelihood by agricultural employment: they are paid by piece-work, about one cuarto the arroba. The average annual quantity is about 50,000 fanegas, but it merely goes to supply the demands of the neighbourhood, from the want of roads and means of transport. There is a large storehouse near *Minglanilla*.

On quitting the village and continuing Rte. 107, the road crosses over the wild *Contreras* ridges amid most picturesque rocks and mountains, into a wooded game country, and so on 2 L. to the Cabriel, which joins the river Jucar near *Cofruentes* (confluentes-Coblenz): thence it descends into a plain leading through *Utiel* to *Requena* 3 L.; among the pines and rocks occur bits of wild and wooded scenery worthy of Salvator Rosa.

Those who, having made the Cuenca tour, wish to visit Murcia before going to Valencia, must regain the high Madrid road at *Almansa*, and then proceed S. by Rte. 32.

Route 108.—Cuenca to San Clemente.

Valdeganga		3	
Valverde		3	.. 6
Cañavete		3	.. 9
San Clemente		3	.. 12

The route is uninteresting, the villages look ruined, and the districts thinly peopled and poverty-stricken, for few portions of Spain were more often or more truculently ravaged by the invaders, especially under La Fontaine, Victor, and Frere. See, for sad details, Schep. iii. 118.

Excursions near Cuenca.

These are numerous and full of attraction for the geologist, lover of lakes, angler, and sportsman: nowhere is the deer-stalker more likely to pick up a stag or two than in the woods about *Val de Cabras*, which he may make his head quarters: there is no *posada*, but he can be lodged at a private house at the end of the town. In our time you might inquire for *Miguel Alvarez* or *Luis de Moral*, who are active fellows and not unskilled in woodcraft; if there is venison in the neighbourhood they will bring him in sight of it; if not, he will be sure to fall in with some in the mountains near the *Nacimiento del Tajo* (see R. 109), about 5 L. off: he may make his *rough* head-quarters at *Poyatos*, near the river Escabas: attend to the provend. At *Buenache*, 2 L., in its pine-clad valley, is the singular *Cueva del Judio*, and at *Ballesteros*, 2 L. south of Cuenca, is a black loch called *la Laguna Negra*, which is said to have a subterranean communication with that of *Fuentes*, some cattle drowned in one having reappeared in the other. Another lake, called *el Poço Ayron*, *Pozo Airon*, distant 1 L. from *Almarcha*, is said to be bottomless. There a Don Buesso, according to legend, threw in 24 of his mistresses stark naked, one of whom pulled him in after her. These waters have neither fish nor mermaids in them nevertheless. Near *Montalvo*, 5 L. from Cuenca, with its old

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castle, is another lake, which however has a bottom and is shallow; the winter wild-fowl shooting on it is first-rate. Visit the stalactical cave called *la Cueva de Petro Cotillas* (taking torches), which lies about 3 L. up the delicious valley of the Huecar, near *La Cierva*, where fine violet jaspers are found. The waters of the Huecar possess a peculiarly fertilizing quality, as its garden fringes evince. The whole route to *Palomera*, 2 L., in its valley, is ever verdurous from perennial *fountains*, by which Cuenca is well supplied with water; and set in action by an excellent hydraulist in 1538, named Juan Velez. The *Fuente del Frayle*, near Palomera, is more worthy of an Egeria than an illote friar. The mills on these streams, the pines and rocks covered with wild flowers, are truly picturesque.

The botanist and angler will on another day ascend the Jucar, although the fish are shy from eternal poaching. The valley soon widens and becomes quite Swiss-like; about a mile up are the *Fuentes del Rey*, where Alonso was encamped: above this, a clear trout-stream waters the plain, having issued from its mountain sources. 2 L. on is the *Val de Cabras*, famous for pines, which floated down the Tagus to Aranjuez in order to supply Madrid with building timber. The *Pinus Halepensis*, called *Alvar* by the woodmen, is very abundant. 1½ L. higher up is *Uña*, 5 L. from Cuenca, with its *laguna*, or lake, which being preserved is well stocked with trout; on it is a movable island (?). Near here are some coal-mines, one of which is of a fine jet or *azabache*. Those who wish to extend their geological or piscatory pursuits into the mountains, and return to Madrid, may take the following line:—

ROUTE 109.—CUENCA TO MADRID BY SACEDON.

Buenache de la Sierra	2	
Beamud	3	5
Tragacete	3	8
Checa	5	13
Peralejos	2½	15½
Cueva del Hierro	2	17½
Beteta	1	18½
Canizares	2	20½
Priego	2	22½
Val de Olivas	2	24½
Alcocer	2	26½
Sacedon	2	28½
Auñon	2	30½
Tendilla	3½	34
La Armilla	2	36
Santorcaz	3½	39½
Los Hueros	2½	42
Puente de Viveros	1	43
Madrid	3	46

The mountain portion of this route is a wild bridle-road, and almost without accommodation, especially the first 13 L.; take, therefore, a guide, and attend to the provend. At *Buenache* the purple jaspers vie with those of yellow and purple which are found at the *Hoya de Machado*, 2½ L. E. of Cuenca, where visit the *Cueva del Judio*.

Tragacete, pop. about 800, and the only halting-place for the first night, lies below an eminence in a valley girt with hills, and watered by the Jucar, which rises near it; here are found rock crystals. The next day's ride plunges into the gnarled and tangled *sierras* of *Albarracin* and *Molina de Aragon*; crossing the *Cerro de San Felipe* at *Fuente Garcia*, which is their nucleus, the Tagus rises in its snow-girt cradle from a small fountain, *el pie isquierdo*: the situation is romantic. The valley is hemmed in with the mountains and the *Muela de San Juan*, or the jaw of St. John, on the heights of which snow remains for eight months of the year. The Tagus flows W., whilst on the opposite ridge rises the Cabriel, a tributary of the Jucar, both excellent trout-streams. These central mountain alembics furnish many other rivers besides the Tagus. The *Turia* or Guadalaviar, *Wada-l-abyadh*, "the white river," rises in the *Muela de San Juan* and flows to Valencia; the *Mesa*, a fine trout-stream, rises opposite in the *Fuentes de Jarava* and flows into *Molina de Aragon*, and then into the Tagus. Among other good fishing rivers is the *Escabas*, which rises in the *Cerro Canales*, near Tragacete, and flows by Priego to join the Guadiela. The evidences of volcanic action are everywhere manifest, for many lakes are formed out of previous craters, such as those of Barbagada, Mintrosa, Cabdete, and Valmoro.

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Leaving *Tragacete*, cross the *Cerro de San Felipe* into the broken country and pine-woods of *Checa*, pop. 1200, which is prettily situated on the Cabrilla. The old ruin the *Castil-Griegos*, on its hill-peak, and rocky country, is worth sketching and exploring; thence to *Tremedal*, which lies to the r. near *Orihuela*, long famous for its pilgrim shrine and heaven-descended image. The French, under Henriod, sacked Orihuela, Nov. 25, 1809, and blew up the sanctuary, but the image was concealed by a peasant, and, after the destroyers retired, was brought back in pomp, and its escape on that occasion has ever since been considered a new miracle (Toreno x.). Picturesque *Peralejos de las Truchas*, a name which makes the trout-fisher's mouth water, is a good halting-place. Now we enter the mineral-water district: when at *Beteta* visit *la Cueva de los Griegos*, whose dripping waters have a petrifying quality; at *Los Baños de Rosal* is a warm ferruginous rose-tinted spring, with a fountain of sweet water, which issues from underneath the hermitage of this Virgin of the *rosebush*. The waters have been analysed: see '*Noticias*,' 4to., Domingo Garcia Fernandez, Mad. 1787.

Beteta—Arabicè "Splendid"—and on its hill where it cannot be hid, still preserves portions of its Moorish walls and alcazar. The chief baths are at *Solan de Cabras*, now called a *real sitio*, as it has been visited by Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII., for whose accommodation a road was made up the rugged valley. The locality is oval in form and enclosed by pine-clad hills and watered by the *Cuervo*, a good trout-stream and tributary to the Guadiela. The mineral spring rises under the hill *Rebollar*, and the baths are close by; that patronised by royalty is dedicated to San Joaquin. Early in the 16th century some shepherds observed their goats, *Cabras*, dipping themselves when afflicted with cutaneous complaints, and, by following their beasts' example, discovered the secret. The bathing season is from June 15 to Sept. 15, when waters are used both internally and externally: their taste is subacid, with a mean heat of 17° above zero, Réaumur. They are slightly unctuous to the touch, as containing petroleum, and also hydro-chlorates of soda and magnesia, combined with carbonic acid gas. From these baths there is a carriageable road to *Madrid*; they may also be approached from *Cuenca* by a shorter route than this just described; it is only 10 L., and runs through *Priego*, 7 L., where there is a large and tolerable *posada*. Pop. about 1100. The place is beautifully situated on an eminence above the trout-stream *Escabas*, near which are also many *montes y dehesas* that abound with stags and game, especially the district near the truly sequestered *Desierto*, a convent founded by Charles III. *Priego*, seated at the foot of the Sierra, combines the productions of hill and plain, and is a good quarter for the artist and sportsman. The bread, mutton, and wines are excellent and cheap, but the peasantry are poverty-stricken amid this plenty. It has a ruined castle, an old Gothic church, and a new one begun by Miguel Lopez, with a rustic belfry in the Brunelleschi style. The botany is highly interesting; near it the beautiful *Trabaque* flows into the Guadiela, when the united clear sea-green waters wind into the Tagus through red sandstone rocks, with charming artistical bridges and mills. After passing decayed *Alcocer* the country alters in character, and we quit the basin of the Guadiela, and strike across to *Sacedon*, pop. 1200; it is placed in a picturesque hill-girt valley on the clear Tagus, with a well-built imposing church. The warm baths, the ancient Thermida, are much frequented in the season from June to September by the sickly *Madrileños*, when a gondola of the Carsi y Ferrer Company goes backwards and forwards in sixteen hours. The waters were analysed in 1801, and are described in a treatise published that year at Madrid by Villalpanda. Consult also the treatises of Santoyo, 4to. Mad. 1759; and the translation, by Mariano Pizzi

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y Frangeschi, of the curious *tratado* written in Arabic by Agmer ben Abdalla, a Toledan physician, 4to., Mad. 1761, Manuel de B. S. Castellanos. The principal ingredients are muriate of chalk and magnesia; the mineralogy in the vicinity is curious. Certain crystals are found here marked with oxides of iron, and called *piedras de San Isidro* after the patron of Madrid. Ferdinand VII. created a small bathing-town near the spring, which is now called *el Real Sitio de la Isabela*.

About 7 L. to the l. lies *Huete*. *Parador de las Diligencias*. Pop. about 2500. This once flourishing place is placed in a hill-girt plain, with the ruins of a castle on a peak. The *plaza del Reloj*, with its clock-tower, is used for bull-fighting. *Huete* is a city of ill fame, since the proverb says, *Huete, miralo y vete;* look at it and begone; and here, in 1706, the baggage of Lord Peterborough was plundered by the villagers, who also butchered some English prisoners; thereupon our general took the place, but, in spite of just provocation, mercy being the badge of true British nobility, our Victor neither burnt it, nor ravaged the plain, *à la Medellin* or *Ucles;* he merely ascended to the convent, into which all the women had taken refuge from our doubly gallant countryman's apprehended vengeance, not to see the *retablo* or carvings by Becerra, but on the pretence of making a fortification, and "really only to have a peep at the pretty cowering covey." Peterborough after this retired from Spain, disgusted at her thankless government: his irritated feelings were thus tersely but harshly expressed in a letter to "old Sarah:" "The most disagreeable country in the world is Spain, her officers the greatest robbers, her soldiers the greatest cowards. The only tolerable thing is your sex, and that is attended with the greatest dangers."—(Mahon, v. 214.)

Quitting *Sacedon* we enter some wild pine-clad defiles and after the narrow rocky pass, *the Boca del Infierno*, emerge into the gorge of the Tagus, which is crossed at the *Puente de Auñon;* thence through oak and olive-clad table-land, into a deep valley with a sweetly-situated convent, to *Tendilla*, pop. 800, now decayed, but once the stronghold of the mighty Mendozas, whose ruined alcazar, with good portal and towers, still frowns right feudally. The first *Alcaide* ever appointed of the Alhambra took his title from this town. Madrid lies 12 L. distant. Those who have not seen *Guadalajara* and *Alcalá de Henares* may return by R. 114, or they may proceed to *Arenaña*, 1 L., across the Tajuna to *Orche*, 1 L., perched on a notch of the hills, with its steep streets. Consult its '*Historia*,' Juan Talamanco, 4to. Mad. 1748. This book, full of monkish miracles and local nonsense worthy of the darkest age, contains curious details of Stanhope's campaigns. Hence, 2 L., over corn land, to *Guadalajara*, which is long seen from afar. The ride from *Cuenca* takes some 10 hours. There is a shorter route from Cuenca to Madrid by the plains and over a wild upland and woodland country abounding in game.

Route 110.—Cuenca to Madrid via Guadalajara.

Leaving Cuenca by the Madrid road, at about 1 mile turn to r., and then over undulating corn plains reach *Aloes*, ½ L.; thence to *Chillaron*, ¾ L., and to *Fuentes claras*, 1¾ on an eminence. Keep now to r. to *Soloja*, 1 L., thence to *Culébras*, 1 L., where you can dine and rest; the church is nicely situated in the centre of the village on a terraced height; thence to *Villarejo de Espartel*, 2 L., *Villalba*, 2 L., and so on to *Sa. Isabela*, 1½, and Sacedon, 1½, a long ride of 10 or 11 hours. Those who are proceeding from Cuenca either to Valencia or Zaragoza, and wish to visit portions of these geological mountains and piscatory valleys, should make for *Teruel*, from whence roads diverge into Aragon and Valencia, which, although they do not strictly come into this section, may for convenience' sake be now described.

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ROUTE 111.—CUENCA TO TERUEL.

Buenache	3	
Tragacete	5 ..	8
Frias	3½ ..	11½
Albarracin	3 ..	14½
Venta de Falantre	2½ ..	17
Teruel	2½ ..	19½

Attend to the provend, and take a local guide, for the country is wild, and the roads rough and intricate, but they lead into districts the joy of the sportsman and geologist, who is earnestly requested to forward his notes to Mr. Murray for the benefit of future travellers. This country, a portion of the Idubedan chain, is of a truly alpine character; the roads are rough and wild, the pine-forests tangled, the fossils and petrifications infinite. It is the mountain alembic or source of many rivers. The *muela de San Juan*, the highest peak, rises some 5280 ft. For the route to *Tragacete*, see p. 816. *Albarracin*, the city of Aben Razin, is a wild mountain town—pop. under 2000—and built, with its cathedral, beneath an eminence on which the older city stood, as its walls and ruins denote. The broken *Barranco* of the Guadalaviar is picturesque; here the winter's snows and cold are severe. The districts are thinly peopled with a pastoral peasantry, who breed sheep of a small size, but which furnish good wool and excellent cutlets. The pine-woods provide fuel for numerous *ferrerias* or smithies, in which the abundant iron ores are as rudely smelted as in the days of the Celtiberians. The air is scented far and wide with the perfume of wild flowers—the advertisements by which Flora attracts her tiny-winged customers for no biped botanist has ever investigated these neglected sweets. The honey is delicious, and *Moya*, with the hills near the Cabriel, are the Hymettus of Spain; from hence probably came the mel excellente hispanicum, which is lauded by Petr. Arbiter (66).

Teruel, situated in Aragon, is the chief town of its province; pop. about 7000; the *posada* in the *C. de los Ricos Hombres* is tolerable. Seen from afar, with its old walls, gates, and Aragonese towers, the city has an imposing look; it rises above its well-wooded *Vega* on the Turia, which is here joined by the Alfambra, a river fertile in fossils, and both are good fishing-streams. The interior of the town is solid and gloomy. The cathedral, raised to a see in 1577, is dark and much disfigured by stucco and churrigueresque. The Corinthian stalls in the quire are good, and still better is the cinque-cento *retablo*, a noble work by Gabriel Yoli, a French sculptor, who flourished here about 1538. Observe also the portal and columns of the splendid *Capilla de la Epifania;* to the r. of the transept is a picture of the eleven thousand Virgins, by Antonio Bisquert, 1628, a rare Valencian artist, by whom is a *retablo* in the Capilla de los Reyes. The *reja del coro* is fine; look also at the *custodia*. The bishop's palace has a grand *patio*, although the upper *corredor* offends from having more pillars than the under ones, which thus are placed on crowns of the arches. In the *Parroquia de San Pedro* is another fine *retablo* by Yoli, with pictures of the tutelars, San Joaquin and Santa Teresa, by Bisquert. All those whose hearts have ever been touched by the tender flame should visit the cloisters, in which are preserved the remains of the "lovers of Teruel," so familiar to readers of Spanish plays. The names of these Peninsular Heloïsa and Abelard were Isabel de Segura and Juan Diego Martinez de Marcilla. They died in 1217, and their skeletons, the grand lion of *Teruel*, were brought here in 1708. See '*Los Amantes de Teruel*,' by Perez de Montalban; ditto Juan Yaque de Salas, 8vo. Val. 1616.

In the church of *Santiago* is a *retablo* and a fine dead Christ by Bisquert, who evidently formed his eclectic style on Ribalta, the Carraccis, and Sebastian del Piombo: Bisquert died in 1646 from grief that Francisco Ximenez should have been chosen instead of himself to paint the "Adoration of the Kings" in the cathedral. His works are very rare, scarcely known in Spain, and absolutely unknown out of it. The *San Salvador* contains a marvellous image, *el Cristo de las tres manos*—the

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Cerberus of antiquity had three heads —and a huge skeleton, greatly prayed to and looked at by the natives.

The former *Colegio de Jesuitas*, now the *Seminario Auxiliar*, is a fine building. Look carefully at the aqueduct, *los Arcos de Teruel*, which is worthy of the Romans in form, intention, and solidity. It was raised in 1555-60 by a most skilful French architect named Pierres Bedel. The antiquarian should notice the Moorish watch-tower San Martin, near the gate *Andaquilla*, and the other tower called the *Lombadera*, to the N. of the city. *Teruel* bears for arms its river, a bull (*Toro*, Teruel), and a star above it.

We are now in the centre of the volcano-disturbed nucleus. At *Caudete*, pop. 600, on its slope over a pretty Vega, and *Concud*, 1 L., are some of the largest bone deposits in Europe, which, as they have only been meagrely mentioned by Bowles, now clamour loudly for a Dr. Buckland. The bones are found in every possible state, fossil and otherwise, and it has been conjectured, from the number of human remains, that some great battle must have been fought here: the *Cueva Rubia*, a Kirkdale on a large scale, deserves particular investigation. The town and all the districts were sacked by Suchet, who spared neither church nor cottage, age nor sex.

ROUTE 112.—TERUEL TO CALATAYUD.

Caudéte	2	
Villarquemada	2	4
Torremocha	2	6
Villafranca del Campo	2	8
Monreal del Campo	2	10
Camin real	1	11
Calamocha	2	13
Vaguena	3	16
Daroca	2	18
Retascon	1	19
Miedes	3	22
Belmonte	2	24
Calatayud	2	26

This was the old Roman road from Tarragona to Bilbilis, and that taken by Martial (x. 104); nor are matters much changed, as you may "perhaps" (forsitan, as he says) be able to do the same distance in a *coche* in the same time that he did. By this line Ferdinand VII. came down to Valencia on his return from his captivity in France. At *Daroca*, April 11, 1814, he heard of the downfall of Buonaparte, and forthwith meditated upsetting the Cortes, an act to which, had he been anything loth, which he was not, the nation itself would have driven him. Sick of the incapacity and profligacy of its misrulers and their paper constitutions, and desponding in all their nostrums, Spain rushed headlong into the arms of a legitimate chief, and, flying from petty tyrants, welcomed even a despotism, in which it saw *power*, hoping under its safeguard to find peace and protection; but such ever has been and will be the tabula post naufragium, the great rock in a weary land. This despotism is but the χειροκρατια, which Polybius (iv. 46) considered the consequence and Euthanasia of democracy. Spain, in welcoming back the Bourbons, resembled Rome when leaping into the absolutism of Tiberius, who, like Ferdinand, despised his slaves, "Oh homines ad servitutem paratos." (Tacit. 'An.' iii. 65). The grandees set the example of putting on legitimate chains —all hastened, to use the words of the same philosopher (An. i. 2, 7), "ruere in servitium; consules, patres, eques, quanto quis inlustrio, tanto magis falsi ac festinantes, — lacrimas, gaudium, questus, adulationes miscebant."

This was a reaction, which transpyrenean penny-a-liners and wonderers, who knew nothing of Spain and Spaniards, have not yet got over: they have never ceased to denounce Ferdinand as a Nero and monster; but he was only the head of the serpent, whose progress is forced by its tail. "If the king should return," foresaw the Duke (Disp. Sept. 3, 1813), "he will overturn the whole fabric if he has any spirit;" and he did.

After crossing the bone and fossil district, the road follows the Jiloca, which rises near *Celda*, a hamlet, whose *parroquia* contains an excellent plateresque *retablo*. *Monreal* (pop. 1500) was founded in 1120 by Alonso I. of Arragon, as a check upon *Daroca*, which he did not take from the Moors until two years after. *Daroca* (pop.

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2200) has a decent *posada*. The name *Dar-Auca* indicates more clearly that it was once the *Douar* or residence of the tribe of *Auca*, than, as some say, of a Roman family of that name; now it is the chief place of the fertile basin of the Jiloca, and of a district abounding in corn and wine. The position is very picturesque, placed in a hill-girt valley, around which rise eminences defended by Moorish walls, old castles, and crenelated towers; these follow the irregular declivities, and command charming views. *Daroca*, lying as it were in a funnel, is much liable to inundations; hence a *gran mina* or tunnel has been cut, by which an outlet is afforded to the swollen waters; the passage, when dry, is used also as a *rambla*, or road. This work of truly Roman utility and magnificence was executed in 1560 by Pierres Bedel, the same able Frenchman who raised the Teruel aqueduct. The tunnel is 2340 ft. long, 24 ft. wide, and 24 ft. high.

But *Daroca* boasts of other marvels than this. First comes *La Rueda*, or mill-wheel, which during an inundation at night of the 14th of July, 1575, rolled away of its own accord, and broke open the city gates, thereby letting out the waters and saving the townsfolk, for the watchmen and wardens were fast asleep. This piece of *good luck* happened very appropriately on the day of San *Buenaventura*, whereupon the good wheel, worthy of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, was enclosed as a relic in the *Calle Mayor*. The second marvel was the stone man, the petrified body of one Pedro Bisagra, which was placed in *La Trinidad*, with a basket on its arm. This fossil, when alive, was in the habit of stealing grapes, and, being once caught flagrante delicto, denied the fact, adding that he hoped, if he told a lie, that *los Santos Corporales* would turn him into stone, which they forthwith did; the culprit in the saxeous change lost two-thirds of his original height, contracting like a shut-up telescope. The Pagans omitted as unworthy of *history* the legend of the Nauplian ass, who was turned into stone for biting vine branches. (Paus. ii. 38. 3.)

The third marvel of Daroca is *los Santos Corporales*, or, as they are here called, *el Santo Misterio*, which are preserved in the *Colegiata*. This fine Gothic church, built by Juan II. of Arragon, who died in 1479, was altered in 1587 by Juan Marrón, who wrought the Corinthian portal and the bas-relief of the *misterio*. The tower is much older, having been raised in 1441 by the queen of Alonso V. The Doric chapel in which the relics are guarded has a cinquecento *retablo*, with black marble Salominic columns, and an Ascension of the Virgin sculptured in 1682 by Francisco Franco. The reader who wishes for all the authentic details of the legend must consult '*La Historia de los Corporales*,' Gaspar Miguel de la Cueva, 8vo., Alcalá, 1553. The tale soon went into a second edition, 8vo., Zaragoza, 1590; see also '*Historia del Divino Mysterio*,' Diego Dormer, duo., Zaragoza, 1635; '*Disertacion Historica*,' Dr. Gil Lissa y Guevara, 4to., Zaragoza, 1690; '*Historia*,' Man. Ortigas, 4to., Zaragoza, 1645; the '*Rasgo*' of Moya, p. 113; '*Coronica de España*,' Beuther, Valencia, 1604, ii. 42. The authentic facts briefly stated are as follows:—In 1239, one Don Berenguer Dentenza was besieging the castle of Chio, near Bellus, in Valencia, when 20,000, some say 30,000, Moors came to its relief, whereupon this Spanish Dentatus sallied forth with five men-of-arms to drive them back. The curate of Daroca had previously consecrated six *hostias*, but before the party could communicate, the infidels attacked them; thereupon the priest ran away, but first he wrapped the six wafers up in their *Corporales*, or napkins (Anglicè, *corporax*), and threw them into some bushes. The six Spaniards, as usual in these tales and times, defeated the multitudinous Moors, and, when the coast was clear, the curate reappeared, looked for and found his *Corporales*. They now contained, instead of six wafers, six bits of bleeding flesh, by which miracle the mystery of transubstantiation was incontestably proved. But now the five soldiers— corporals? —wanted each to secure the treasure in

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the corporax, and the question was thus decided:—They were put in a box, and placed on the curate's mule, it being agreed that wherever the beast halted, there the *Corporales* should remain for good. The mule returned alone to Daroca, although more than 100 miles off, and over mountains without roads, and knelt down at his master's parish church: his rude portrait, carved in marble, is still shown. From that moment offerings poured in, whereby many souls were saved, and the church much enriched.

Daroca blazons on its shield "*six Hostias*," thus eclipsing Gallicia and Lugo. It assumed these bearings in lieu of its former honourable distinction, six geese, the canting *Ocas;* and it asserts in its motto—non facet talitur in omni orbe — that this miracle is the only one and singular. There were no Handbooks in their days; since few pious papal frauds are more in the plural number: compare the event at Bolsena, the bleeding wafers at Gorcum, and the St. Sacrément des Miracles at Bruxelles. This local miracle, by a happy coincidence, occurred, in fact, much about the time that a *Hostia* bled at Viterbo, whereby Urban VI. was induced, in 1263, to institute the festival of Corpus Christi, whose presence thus locally and corporeally in the wafer was doubly proved; and no Christian country has offered more wonderful evidences of the great fact than Spain; thus at *Ivorra*, near *Castelfolit*, the grand relic is called *Lo Sant dupte*, the holy *doubt*, not *dupe*, because in the 12th century the curate, having consecrated the wafer, *doubted* whether it contained mortal blood, whereupon so much gushed out that the altar was inundated, and the cloth by which it was wiped up became relics (see Ponz. xiv. 152). Again, at Valencia, when a church was burnt down, it was found that a *Corporax* remained quite unconsumed, and the asbestic relic naturally became an object of universal veneration.

If our readers will turn to Leon, p. 552, to Lugo, p. 591, to the Escorial, p. 757, they will see how great is the worship and adoration paid in Spain to the *Santa Forma*, or consecrated host; but to those who sincerely believe in transubstantiation, this adoration must be the necessary consequence; for here the Saviour is locally present in the flesh, and not in his glorified body, in which alone, as being an immortal Spirit, he truly exists, and in such a glory, as at the transfiguration and as at calling of St. Paul, mortal eye may not behold.

The doctrine of transubstantiation was first invented about 831, but it soon died away, until the 11th century, when it was revived and finally established in 1215 at the fourth Lateran Council, from which all Protestants, and with perfect reason, dissent. Thus the very institution which the divine founder of Christianity meant to be the symbol of common membership with him, and of a religious fellowship of all mankind among each other, has been perverted by Rome into the test and touchstone of religious separation. It is impossible to understand Spanish fine art and customs, without some notion of the manner in which the Gospel record of the Sacrament is here systematically set at nought. Here spirituality has been altogether corporealised, and the letter and meaning of the institution departed from. First of all no "*bread is broken*," but a stamped wafer substituted; next, the cup of which "drink ye *all*" was the command, is denied to the laity. The Saviour, in the institution of this solemn commemoration, replaced the pasqual lamb of the Passover of the old law by a more touching memorial, in remembrance of himself, and when the new perfect revelation was complete. The Spaniard, however, prefers using the consecrated elements in the old Pagan acceptation of *Hostia*, a living victim offered in *sacrifice*, which contradicts the evidence of our senses, and would lead even a poor Pagan to exclaim again, "Ecquam tam amentem esse putas qui illud quo vescatur Deum esse credat?" (Cicero, 'N. D.' iii. 16).

It is obvious, if the people can be made to believe that the priest has the power, at his own good pleasure, to

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call down the Deity from heaven and carry him in his hands, that this invocator and minister must rise above common humanity. Accordingly, when all kneel to the elevated host, they in reality kneel to the priest, who, standing on the raised altar, looks indeed down on the inferior flock beneath him; and in order to rivet this pre-eminence outside of the church as well as inside, the law of John I., 1387, declares that all persons *shall* kneel at its presence, even Jews or Moors (see lib. i. tit. 1, ley 2). The wafer is spoken of, and treated as God himself, as "*Su Majestad*;" and its presence is announced by a bell, at which all must bend the knee, as we have often seen done at Seville, even when a river so wide as the Guadalquivir flowed between, and also during dinner at a captain-general's, when all rose and knelt at the balconies. The populace, on hearing the ringing, cry out, "*Dios, Dios,*" and uncover; hence the proverb, "*Al Rey viendolo, á Dios oyendolo.*" This homage is paid to the king on *seeing* him—to God on *hearing* him; but the Protestant traveller will do well never to offend the weaker brethren by refusing to join in the universal bowing to that name at which all may well bow; indeed, a few years ago a recusant would have been torn to pieces by the mob. It is usual whenever the host is being carried to a dying person, that the persons in the first carriage it meets should descend and make room for the priest, a custom to which royalty ostentatiously conforms. Again on every Easter Monday the host is taken in a magnificent procession to the houses of those sick, *los impedidos*, who had been *hindered* from communicating in the church; then the streets are tapestried as if for the passage of the sovereign, while the priest, bearing the *Viril*, rides in triumph in a gilt coach, attended by the chief inhabitants, and looks out complacently on the multitude, who kneel on each side, crossing themselves and beating their breasts most orientally (Herod. ii. 40, Larcher's note, and Luke, xviii. 13). When the medical men have done their worst, and even relics prove in vain, then the host, now termed *el viatico*, is given to the patient, with a ceremony, noise, &c., which generally removes him to a better world.

The abuses and profanation to which this *transubstantiation* daily leads in Spain can scarcely be alluded to. First a credence table is ready to *test* God's blood, as by it the Dominicans poisoned the emperor Henry III., whence the Pontiff himself drinks it through a reed. Again, at every bull-fight the priest attends with the consecrated wafer, in case it may be required for any fatally wounded, it being taken away again if not wanted. Again, the lord mayor's show procession of the wafer on Corpus Christi Day is *the* sight of many towns; and as such is brought out at other times to amuse royalty (see p. 364). These remarks might be infinitely extended, but the subject is one which Protestants scarcely can venture to approach, however much familiarity and the lowering tendencies of materializing the spiritual may have accustomed Spaniards to behold, and even to jest at such lamentable desecrations. This miracle has done good service to high art—witness Raphael's grand picture of its coming off at *Bolsena*.

Daroca has six other parish churches. Visit *Santiago*, whose façade is handsome, while inside is a picture of the battle of *Clavijo*, by Ambrosio Plano, a native artist. Daroca and the whole district were dreadfully ravaged in Nov. 1809, by the invaders under Clopicki; and yet Ferdinand VII., when restored by England, selected this place to give a hurried proof of his gratitude, even before he reached Madrid; so he here issued a decree directing the day of *San José* to be particularly celebrated, in order to "*purify*" immaculate Spain from the taint of heretics, meaning his English deliverers; and, not contented with this, he soon re-established the "Holy Tribunal," professedly for the same reasons and object. There is a local history of Daroca, '*Antigüedades*,' Cristobal Nuñez y Quilez, 4to., Zaragoza, 1691, and another by Orrios.

The botanist in these parts will find

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a wide and hitherto almost uninvestigated field; the fruit is excellent, especially the pears called *pera pan* and *cuero de dama*, and the *camuesa* apple. South of *Daroca*, in the plain of *Bello* and by the road side, is its brackish lake *la Gallocanta*, near which barilla, saxifrage, and other salitrose plants abound. The waters of this lake *Gallocanta* rose Sept. 11, 1854, and overflowed the causeway and walls of Daroca, the tunnel proved insufficient; the country below was devastated, and the fountain of *San Pedro* carried away, the wonderful Wheel and Corporales to the contrary notwithstanding. Beyond it lies *Villar del Saz*, where there are iron-mines which furnish for *Calatayud* (see Rte. 114) a mineral of immemorial celebrity. Those who do not wish to go to *Calatayud* may cut across 16 L. by *Cariñena* (pop. 3400), in whose cereal *campo* the fine wines *el ojo de gallo* and *blanco imperial* are grown, which form the usual beverages of Zaragoza. Those who are pressed for time may leave out *Daroca* altogether, by turning off at *Lechago*.

Molina de Aragon lies 9 L. S.W. of *Daroca;* pop. 3500. It is the capital of its *Señorio*, or Lordship, conquered in 1129 by *Alonso el batallador*, and incorporated with the Castilian crown by the marriage of the heiress Maria with Sancho el Bravo in 1293, and the king is entitled the *Señor*. The city lies with a S. aspect on a castle-crowned slope over the Gallo, an excellent trout-stream, and is protected by its ancient walls and alcazar from the N. winds. Near the city are hydro-sulphuric mineral baths. The whole of this district was mercilessly ravaged by the invaders in Nov. 1810, when three parts of the unhappy city were burnt, and all the neighbouring villages sacked; the French remembered and revenged the ancient hatred evinced by these districts to their ancestors, which was manifested again in 1808. This country was ceded to Du Guesclin and his "*compagnies des pillards*" (see Navarrete), by Henrique II., in recompense for their services in enabling him to dethrone his brother; but, impatient of the iron yoke of French dictation, the people rose against their new masters, and implored the aid of Pedro IV. of Aragon. The name of Du Guesclin—this French Cid—was long used in Spain as a bugbear to frighten naughty children, just as those of Chandos and *Malbrook* were in France, or that of our Richard Cœur de Lion—Melec Ric—was in Palestine. He was born in Brittany about 1320. The name, properly written, was either Glazequin or Chaquin: see his curious *Chronique* by Cavelier, of the 14th century, edited by E. Charrière, 2 vols. 4to. Paris, 1839. This metrical account, in some 30,000 verses, may be compared to the *Poema del Cid*, and the lives and histories of individuals were then equivalent to *general history*. Consult also '*Historia*' by Diego de Castrejon y Fonseca, duo. Mad. 1641; '*Antigüedad del Señorio de Molina*,' Diego Sanchez Porto Carrero, Mad. 1641; '*Molina Vindicada*,' Antonio Moreno, 4to. Mad. 1762.

ROUTE 113.—TERUEL TO VALENCIA.

Puebla de Valverde	3	
Sarrion	2½ ..	5½
Barracas	3½ ..	9
Jerica	3 ..	12
Segorbe	2 ..	14
Torres torres	3 ..	17
Murviedro	2 ..	19
Albalat	2 ..	21
Valencia	2 ..	23

Valverde, placed on a chilly eminence, contains 1500 souls. The Ionic portal to the parroquia is of the date 1591. *Sarrion* has a mineral fountain, called *la Escaleruela*. Crossing the rugged Javalambre chain, leaving the *Peña Golosa* to the l., is *Alventoso* on its rocky *wind*-blown knoll, placed over a dip well watered by the confluents of the Mijares, thence over a wild, rough country we enter the province of Valencia at *Barracas*, whose hills, as well as those of *La Pina*, abound in game. Soon descending into the pleasant fertile *Huertas* of Jerica, cold Aragon is exchanged for genial Valencia. *Jerica* (Jericho), pop. 3000, with a ruined castle, is placed under a slope on the banks of the Palancia, which is here crossed by a good bridge, built in 1570 by Juan de Muñatones, bishop

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of Segorbe. Many Roman inscriptions are found in this district. The *parroquia* has an elaborate stone portal; hence to *Segorbe* (see Index).

ROUTE 114.—MADRID TO ZARAGOZA.

Puente de Viveros	3	
Alcalá de Henares	2½ ..	5½
Venta de Meco	1½ ..	7
Guadalajara	3 ..	10
Torija	3 ..	13
Grajanejos	3 ..	16
Almadrones	2½ ..	18½
Torremocha	3 ..	21½
Bujarrabal	2½ ..	24
Lodares	2½ ..	26½
Arcos de Medinaceli	2½ ..	29
Huerta	2 ..	31
Monreal de Ariza	1 ..	32
Cetina	2 ..	34
Alama	1 ..	35
Bubierca	1 ..	36
Ateca	2 ..	38
Calatayud	2 ..	40
Frasno	3 ..	43
Almunia	3 ..	46
Venta de la Ramera	3 ..	49
Muela	2 ..	51
Garrapinillos	2 ..	53
Zaragoza	2 ..	55

There is some talk of a railroad between Madrid and Zaragoza, to be carried on to Barcelona; meanwhile the old and most uninteresting *camino real* is taken by the diligence. There are also minor branch diligences, which run from Madrid to *Alcalá* and *Guadalajara*, the two places the most worth seeing; the traveller therefore might visit them first, having previously secured a place in the Zaragozan diligence, to be taken up at Guadalajara; the *Paradores de las Diligencias* are throughout the best inns. Those who have leisure might visit *Sigüenza* and *Medinaceli*, diverging from Guadalajara, and taking up the Zaragoza road at *Huerta*.

After leaving Madrid, and before crossing the Jarama, to the l. is *la Alameda*, one of the few villas near this capital, and here the late Condesa Duquesa de Osuna expended *un dineral* in creating an oasis in the desert (see p. 739). Crossing the Jarama, to the r. is *Torrejon de Ardoz*, where Don Hernando Muñoz was born, his father keeping an *Estanco* or tobacco shop; this fortunate youth served in the body-guard of Ferd. VII., where his black whiskers and muscular proportions attracted the gracious notice of the fair Christina, who, at her royal husband's death, raised him to her bed, and created him Duke of Rianzares: *intrepido es amor y de todo sale vencedor*.

Again, at Ardoz in July, 1843, the first act of the eventful drama of Espartero's career was brought to a conclusion: here the *valientes* of Narvaez encountered the *valientes* of Zurbano, and having smoked prodigies of cigars at each other, and exchanged infinite vollies of *ajos* and execratory missiles, "fraternized," and sheathed their terrific swords; then Narvaez became the dictator, and ruled in his stead—more fortunate than Cæsar, because raised without any loss of precious life, at least on the field of battle, for "black" blood was copiously enough shed on the scaffold. Thus a bargain battle finished what the traitor convention of Vergara began. The conqueror was raised to the title of Duque. In estimating martial *ducal* titles on the other side of the British channel, the safe rule will be to adopt the meaning attached to other conventional words; take, for example, the phrase "worth a million:" that signifies, in England, of pounds sterling; in France, of francs (9½*d.*); and in Spain, where the bathos is complete, *reales*, of which one hundred go to our pound; and so with dukes, which Ferdinand and his successors made by the dozen, and Buonaparte by scores at a time; while England, the unconquered by sea or land, only created two in a century and a half—Marlborough and Wellington. So Nelson, who triumphed at the Nile, *died* a viscount, while M. Decrès, who was beaten there, and fled, lived to be a *Duc et Pair*.

A bald dreary country continues to *Alcalá de Henares*, "the castle of the river;" Arabicè *el Nahr*, which this once flourishing university bears on its shield for arms. Inn, *Parador de las Diligencias*. The place looks imposing when seen from afar, from its walls, conical roofs, and towers, but inside all is decay; pop. under 6000: the town has a theatre, a *Plaza de Toros*, and two pretty *alamedas* called *el Sol* and *el Chorillo*. Many changes

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have taken place since the suppression of convents, some of which have become schools for cavalry instead of classics. The old city, *Alcalá el Viejo*, was built on the *Cerro de San Julian del Viso*, and was called *Complutum*, quasi *confluvium*, from the junction of rivers. It was taken by Alonso VI., who was encouraged by a vision of the Cross in the air, which was seen by the Archb. Bernardo, a sharp-sighted Frenchman, to whom the monarch granted all the lands near the site of his vision; the place soon grew under the fostering protection of the Toledan primates, and indeed is their creation. Bernardo built a hermitage on the hill of *la Vera Cruz*, "the true cross," to which a *retablo* was given in 1492 by Pedro Gumiel. This worthy architect of *Alcalá* is generally called the honourable, *el Honrado*, because his works never exceeded his estimates; and all who to their cost have dabbled in brick and mortar, raw materials of ruination, will visit this good man's memorial; take him for all in all, they ne'er will see his like again, in Spain or out of it: even Solomon, the wisest of men and greatest of builders, was out in his reckoning to the tune of 720,000*l.*, which he borrowed of a friend (1 Kings ix. 11). The Archb. Tenorio erected the wall and bridge in 1389; but the greatest benefactor was Cardinal Ximenez, or Cisneros as he is generally called by Spaniards, who, having been educated here, remembered in his day of power, the school of his obscure youth, and raised it in 1510 to be a university, as Wolsey, imitating him, did Ipswich. He endowed it most magnificently, but the funds have been sadly sequestered and robbed. It once had 19 colleges and 38 churches, and was so amply provided, that Erasmus perpetrated a pun on *Complutum* by calling it Πανπλουτον, from the abundance of wealth, and the "*cumplimiento*" of all learning; and here at least were born Antonio Solis, the historian of S. America, and the immortal Cervantes, who was baptised in the Sa. Maria, Oct. 9, 1547, and an inscription is placed over his natal house.

Ximenez, disgusted at Ferdinand's suspicious ingratitude, retired to Alcalá after the conquest of Oran, and devoted his time and income to his new buildings. During his regency he amassed much treasure, with all of which, when Charles V. reached Spain, he endowed his university, saying, "Had an angel asked me for it before my sovereign's arrival, I should have thought him a devil; and should he ask me again for it now, I should think so still." Alcalá became to Salamanca, what Cambridge is to Oxford; and François I., who, when a prisoner, spent here three days of continual festival, being welcomed by 11,000 students, remarked that "one Spanish monk had done what it would have taken a line of kings in France to accomplish." The celebrated Polyglot Bible was printed (in 6 vols. folio, 1514-15) here, hence it is called the Complutensian. Ximenez, its projector, spared neither pains nor cost, and lived to see the last sheet in type; but after his death Leo X., warned by Card. Pole of the danger to which the Tiara might be exposed, in thus letting the people "search the Scriptures," delayed the publication until 1522, and then limited it to 600 copies. The expense of the edition exceeded the then most enormous sum of 52,000 ducats; three copies only were printed on vellum, one for the Vatican and one for Alcalá now moved to Madrid; the third, once Pinelli's and Macarthy's, was bought at Mr. Hibbert's by Mr. Standish for 522*l.*, bequeathed to Louis Philippe, and is now in the fine library of the Duc d'Aumale at Twickenham: the text, in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Chaldaic, is not very highly esteemed by Biblical critics; the MSS. have, say some, come to a sad end. According to German authority, in 1784 Professor Moldenhauer went to Alcalá to consult one of the early MS. gospels. He in vain inquired of the heads of colleges and fellows, who, like their brethren at Salamanca, were contented to suck their alma mater, in lazy enjoyment of undisputed possession, and knew nothing about manuscripts, and not much more about anything else. At Alcalá

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books were destined to support worms, whose bellies may well fatten on exploded nonsense, for the *Index expurgatorius* had taken pretty good care to keep out of Spanish libraries the works best worth reading. Our German at last discovered that the librarian, about thirty-five years before, when wanting room for some modern trash, had sold the parchments to one *Toryo*, a sad radical and fire-work maker, who used them up for rocket-cases. The sale of the items was entered in the official accounts, "como membranas *inutiles*," and the quantity sold was so great that it was paid for at separate times. But all this thing of Spain is denied, and we believe with reason, by Puig Blanc, in his 'Opusculos;' and see 'Biblical Review,' xv. 186. Certain, however, it is that recently, and during the civil wars, cart-loads of conventual deeds and mediæval parchments have been sold the glue-makers, who looked to this source for a supply of raw material. Thus the only adhesive element in unamalgamating Spain is obtained at the cost of her literature and antiquities.

Yet this land of anomalies and contradictions was among the first to translate the Bible, which now its churchmen the most forbid, as, since they have departed from its letter and spirit, the book condemns them. They pretend, imitating the Moslem's refusal to *print* the Koran, that the rendering it thus common would derogate from its sanctity. Borrow, in his graphic 'Bible in Spain,' has shown the deadly hostility of the priests to the inspired volume, which they burn as the Pagan pontiffs of old Rome did the rituals of antagonistic creeds (Livy, xxxix. 16). So the lies of man are substituted for the truth of God.

Inspect, as we have so often done, any Spanish religious library, or open any of the books of devotion furnished by confessors to women and the many, they will mostly be found to be either mariolatrous fallacies, idle legends, and lives of monks, false alike in history, chronology, and geography, as in morals and religion; but "woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter" (Isa. v. 20). Can it be wondered at, since the truth has so long been systematically withheld, and Spaniards forbidden and unable to "search the Scriptures," that at present there should only be two classes, either *infidels*, who live in a cold negation of all religious truth, and reason with Voltaire, that in order to be really enlightened it is necessary to believe nothing—or *bigots* who swallow greedily the stones that have been given them for bread? The former class are on the increase among the upper and middling ranks, for, as Aristotle said, errors when exploded and falling into contempt, drag truth down with them; since men, when they discover the cheats of what has been long practised on them, in resentment against the abuses of superstition, war against real religion, and doubt everything; nor have they anything better to fall back on than this dreary, heartless infidelity, as there is no *via media*, no Protestantism, no Bible in Spain.

Alcalá is now a poor and ignorant place, for the removal of the university to Madrid—Oxford to Gower Street—has completed its literary ruin, so the place is turned into a cavalry station! It is a shadow of the past, and latterly has been left in sad abandon. Visit the *Colegio mayor de San Ildefonso*, which Ximenez began in *Tapia*, and, when Ferdinand objected to the humble material, replied, that it became him, a creature of dust, to leave marble for his successors. Hence the inscription, "Olim lutea nunc marmorea." The *San Ildefonso* was recently sold to one *Quinto*, who began pulling it down for the sake of the materials. When the body of Ximenez was found, the corporation bought the desecrated walls back, with an intention of preserving the site as a sepulchre for their former benefactor.

Designed by Pedro Gumiel, the original university was finished in 1533 by Rodrigo Gil. The façade of three stories with statues is constructed with marble of a beautiful ivory colour, with a grey granite basement: the cordon of St. Francis is symbolic of

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the founder's name and order. There are three *patios;* in the Doric, Ionic, and Berruguete style; that called *el Trilingue* was completed in 1557. The chapel, built by Gil de Ontañon, is magnificent; here the rich Gothic is tinctured with Moorish decoration, *azulejos y lienzos*. Observe the fretted arches under a matchless *artesonado* ceiling, with ribbed panels and alhambra stars. The founder lies buried before the elaborate *retablo;* his effigy, clad in pontificalibus, reposes on a most superb raised *urna*, the masterpiece of Dominico el Fiorentino. The epitaph records the great commissions of this Friar, General, Viceroy, and Cardinal. The *reja*, or balustrade was wrought by the Vergaras, father and son, 1566-73. The rich cinquecento ornaments struggle between Pagan and Christian devices: examine it well, although the inscription invites the traveller to admire the virtues of the deceased in preference. The *Paraninfo*, the grand saloon, or hall of former ceremonials (so called from the professor who presented candidates for degrees), is sadly degraded; look at the exquisite plateresque upper galleries; the lacunares of the *artesonado* roof are very rich. Ximenez died at Roa, near Valladolid, Nov. 8, 1517, in his eighty-first year, broken-hearted at the ingratitude which Charles V. showed, like his grandfather, towards an old and faithful minister. He was a stern reformer, and bigoted persecutor of Jew and Moor; but none can doubt his honesty of purpose, however mistaken his policy. Some of the darkest and most dangerous prejudices arise from the most honourable principles; where prejudices are caught up from bad passions, the worst men feel intervals of remorse to soften and disperse them; but when they arise from a generous though mistaken source, they are hugged closer to the bosom, and the kindest and most compassionate natures feel a pleasure in fostering a blind and unjust resentment. For the life and deeds of this great prelate consult '*De Rebus Gestis*,' A. Gomez de Castro, fol., Alcalá, 1569; '*Compendio de la Vida*,' Eugenio de Robles, 4to., Toledo, 1604. It contains the Cardinal's best portrait in *profile*, a position which was adopted by our Wolsey, a great imitator of Ximenez. The '*Archetypo de Virtudes*,' another biography, by Pedro de Quintanilla, fol., Palermo, 1653, has a full-length portrait, also in profile: see also '*Hist. de Toledo*,' T. T. Vargas, l. v., ch. 4.

The episcopal palace, with square towers and leaden spires, on which many primates have laboured, is still unfinished; it occupies the site of the old alcazar, of which a massive tower yet remains: the plain, solid exterior contrasts with the beautiful courts and decorations inside, wrought in a warm-coloured marble. The windows of the first *patio* resemble those by Berruguete in the *alcazar* of Toledo; the second *patio* is plateresque, with rich cornices and balustrades, and was built by the primates Fonseca and Tavera: the exquisite plateresque staircase and façade to the garden deserve notice. Alcalá was repeatedly sacked by the French; hence the churches and convents are now plateless, pictureless, and desolate. In the *San Diego* is the grand sepulchre and recumbent statue of the primate Alonso de Carrillo, obt. 1482. The principal church, *el Magistral*, is Gothic; the great portal is very beautiful. It has an excellent *reja* by Juan Frances, and elaborate *silleria del coro;* here lies Pedro Gumiel, *el honrado*, now forgotten and dishonoured.

The tutelar saints of Alcalá are *Justo* and *Pastor*, who were put to death Aug. 6, 306, when aged seven and nine years. The stone on which they were executed still bears the impression of their knees, as may be seen at *El Paredon del Milagro*, about 2 m. from the town. When the Moors invaded Alcalá the bones of these young martyrs were carried off to Huesca, and were brought back in pomp by Philip II. Ribadeneyra (ii. 444) gives all details; see also Prudentius (Per. iv. 41); consult also '*Vida y Martyrio*,' A. Morales, Alcalá, 1568; '*Monumentos de los S. M. Justo y Pastor*,' J. F. Andres Uztarroz, Zaragoza, 8vo. 1644. A poor museo has been formed at *Guadalajara* out of rubbish from suppressed convents. For

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local history consult '*Historia*, &c., *de Compluto*,' Miguel de Portilla y Esquivel, 2 vols. 4to., Alcalá, 1725-28.

Two L. S. is *Loeches*. This hamlet rises on a gentle eminence out of undulating corn plains; at the north end cluster the *Carmelitas*, Palace, and the Dominican convent to which the Conde Duque retired when disgraced by Philip IV. Observe the cypress grove. The façade of the church, built in the Herrera style, is decorated with the statue of the Virgin, and with the arms of the *Conde Duque*, on a large scale. The interior is very plain. Here he wrote, under the signature of Nicandro, that famous vindication of his policy, which completed his ruin, for he was sent, by way of reply, in banishment to Toro. There he died in 1643, haunted as he thought by a spectre,—say, rather by the ghost of Spain, whose greatness he had murdered. He was buried in this convent's chapel, which he had adorned with ten pictures by Rubens, but which disappeared after this wise: In 1807 Mr. Wallis, agent of the picture-dealer Buchanan, bargained with the nuns to buy six of them for 600*l.* Meanwhile the French arrived, and Sebastiani agreed to remove them by force, he having two for his fee—the lion's share; he selected among them the Triumph of Religion—certainly not of the eighth commandment—which is now in the Louvre, having been sold by him for 30,000 francs to the French government. In order to save the others, Wallis placed them in the house of M. Bourke, the Danish minister, who unluckily was himself a dealer in virtú, and by whom they were sold for 10,000*l.* to Lord Grosvenor: thus Mr. Buchanan lost both cash and pictures (see his '*Memoirs of Painting*,' ii. 222, which give curious details how collections were formed with English gold, Corsican brass, and French iron). Sebastiani, in 1814, at the *Restoration*, when matters looked rather awkward, offered to Sir John Brackenbury to sell his *collection* of seventy-three pictures for 11,000*l.*, and they were proposed to George IV.; but he was unable to buy them, from having spent all his loose cash in feasting the allied sovereigns: many were purchased by Messrs. Watson Taylor and Alexander Baring.

The frames of the stolen pictures remain empty, *Hiatus maximé deflendus*. A copy of an Assumption hangs in an altar opposite the latticed tribune of the Duque, which communicated with his palace. All Sebastiani's pickings and stealings are blinked by M Maison.

To the r. of *Loeches*, and about 2 L. from Alcalá, is *Corpa*, famed for its hunger-provoking waters. Morales ('*Ant. de España*,' 57) relates how a labourer sat down one fine Monday with his week's provision of bread, and forthwith ate his daily loaf, and then washed it down at the spring; but the more he drank the more he ate, until the seven loaves were gone; hence it is called *la fuente de siete hogazas*. Other divines say that the rustic had eaten all his seven loaves at once, and, feeling considerably distended, drank of the waters, and immediately digested the whole mass. Read this, ye aldermen of London, with what appetite ye may.

Leaving Alcalá, the bald plains continue to *Guadalajara* (*Wádá-l-ha-jarah*), "the river of stones," which are now-a-days more liberally bestowed in these cereal plains than loaves. This river, the Henares, is crossed by a bridge, built in 1758, on Roman foundations. The town, especially when seen from San Antonio, outside the walls, rises in a fine jagged outline with crumbling battlements, while the gardens of the Mendoza palace hang over a wild ravine. Inside, however, it is dull and poverty-stricken; pop. about 5000. The *posadas* are bad; that of the diligence is the least so.

Guadalajara was reconquered from the Moors by Alvar Fañez de Minaya, whose mounted effigy the city bears for its arms. The readers of old ballads will be familiar with this relative and right hand of the Cid, to whom he gave his precious swords (Duran, v. 154). Alvar was a fierce *guerrillero* of that exterminating age, and, like his master, spared neither age nor sex, hewing the infidel to pieces; hence the Moorish annalists never mention the

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name "Albarhanis" without adding, "May God destroy him" (Moh. D., ii., ap. 32). The feudal lords of *Guadalajara* were the Mendozas, the Mecenas family of the Peninsula. Visit their palace, built in 1461, in which the great Cardinal Mendoza, rex tertius, died. The style is quaint, and of a sort of transition from the Moro-Gotho to the cinque-cento; the capricious barbaric designs are coarsely executed, yet as a whole it is strange and striking. The façade is studded with projecting knobs, while an ample armorial shield with satyrs for supporters crowns the portal: high above runs an elegant row of Moorish windows, from whence François I. beheld the tournament given him by the Duque de Infantado, whose magnificent hospitality is described by eye-witnesses (see '*Hechos de Alarcon*,' x. 302, fol. Mad., 1665; and '*Historia de Pescara*,' viii. ch. 3, Zaragoza, 1562). The then duke lived in almost royal state; his retinue, body-guard, &c., are detailed by Navagiero (p. 7). On entering the house the *patio* is singularly rich and rare, albeit not of the correctest taste; over the arcades are strange sculptured lions, with heads like hedgehogs, and a profusion of scrolls and shields, and the ball ornament. All is now the abomination of desolation: the rooms of state are partitioned with *tapique*. It is melancholy to walk through this palace, where past splendour struggles with present decay. The splendid *artesonado* ceilings, being out of reach, mock with their gilded magnificence the indigent misery of the walls below, and the *azulejos* retain their Primaticcio designs. In a room upstairs some neglected portraits of the grim Mendozas frown flapping in their frames. Observe the ceilings in a saloon which overlooks the garden, and another which bears the arms of England, with the Tudor badges and supporters. The *Sala de Linajes*, once the saloon of the genealogies of the proud Mendoza, was long ago converted into a magazine. Observe the huge chimney-pieces, and especially that in the long gallery, which François I. so much admired, and Nuñez de Castro has described in bad verses. This palace was completely gutted by the republican invaders, who resented the hospitality shown to even their *own king* in his hour of need, and as it is a thing of times past never to return, will never be itself again.

Next visit *San Francisco*, with its simple imposing outside. It was cruelly ill used in the civil wars, having been turned into a fortress, as it commands the town; founded in 1200 by Doña Berenguela for the Templars, it was rebuilt in 1393 by the Admiral Mendoza. Observe in the *Capilla de los Davalos* a sweet statue of a sleeping female, holding the cordon of the tutelar: here youth and beauty have met with an untimely end, cut off in their prime.

Now descend into the *Panteon*, where reposed the ashes of the Mendozas, the brave, the pious, the learned, and the magnificent. The sepulchre, worthy of their goodness and greatness, rivalled in rich marbles those of the Medici at Florence and of the Escorial. Begun in 1696, and finished in 1720, at the then enormous cost of 180,000*l*., it contained twenty-eight tombs, and among them that of the duke who had befriended François I.; but his ashes, in 1809, were cast to the wind by the invaders, who made bullets out of the leaden coffins, unplumbing the dead to destroy the living. They next broke the precious marbles into pieces. Infantado after their expulsion long left the vault purposely unrestored, as a mute but eloquent record of revolutionary philanthropy. The Duque was personally obnoxious to the French because a true Spanish patriot. He was appointed commander-in-chief Dec. 2, 1808, after the miserable La Peña had been defeated before the town, which was then dreadfully sacked by Marshal Bessières.

Near the Mendoza palace is a pseudo-Moorish brick building, which was converted by the invaders into a battery, and since into a prison: opposite is the college of engineers, once a royal manufactory, a French scheme of Philip V., who wished to force Spain, a naturally agricultural country,

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into making bad and dear wares. Here all the merino fleeces of Spain were to be wrought into cloth for nothing less than the supply of the whole world; but all this ended in more cry than wool: *mucho ruido y pocas nueces.* Bolstered up from 1757 to 1784 by Charles III., or rather by Florida Blanca, at an enormous loss, it became such a hotbed of robbery, jobbery, disorder, and mismanagement, that the minister Wall, an Irishman, contrived to decoy over one Thomas Bevan, from Melksham in Wiltshire, to set the machinery and matters to right, which he did, and then the Spaniards left the poor foreigner, when his task was accomplished, to die of a broken heart at the failure of every grand promise which had been made to him. Compare the treatment of Mr. Wetherall at Seville (p. 208). This establishment was gutted and ruined by the invaders, but Ferdinand VII., on his restoration, *restored* this ruinous concern, as he did the Inquisition, for deep indeed have the Colbert maxims sunk into every Bourbon heart.

Next visit the *Plaza de Santa María*, and observe the picturesque arcades of *San Miguel*, once a mosque, with its colonnaded entrance, round buttress pillars with pointed heads, horseshoe arches, machicolations, and herring-bone patterns under the roof. The church of *San Esteban* has the Toledan circular absis and rows of arches on the exterior, and presents a curious jumble of styles. Alfar Fañez the Cid's right-hand companion in 79 battles, lies buried inside, with many other ancient knights of good family. In the *museo*, amid some bad pictures, observe the fine tomb of Doña A. de Mendoza, brought from the convent of Lupiana. The *Casas Consistoriales*, built in 1585, have a good gallery and balcony. There is a *Historia*, &c., of Guadalajara, collected partly by Fernando Pecha, a Jesuit, but published under the name of Alonso Nuñez de Castro, fol. Mad. 1633; consult also '*Antigüedad de Guadalajara*,' Balr. Campusano, fol. Mad. 1661.

About 2 L. from *Guadalajara*, and on the road to *Cuenca*, is *Lupiana*, with its celebrated, now degraded, monastery of *San Bartolomé*; this was the first founded in Spain for the order of St. Jerome, and was the work of Diego Martinez in 1330; the fine Gothic cloisters were built in 1472 by the Primate Carillo; the fine church was raised by Herrera; the grand chamber, in which the general chapters were held, by Mora in 1598. At *Hien de la Encina* (9 L.) are some silver mines. The *San Cecilio*, a very rich one, is worked by a foreign company of principally English proprietors.

From *Guadalajara* the traveller may visit the baths of *Trillo*; there is a diligence, see *Sigüenza*, and then take up the road to Zaragoza at *Lodares*; there is also a talk of a road from *Guadalajara* to *Logroño*. Quitting the former, at about 2 L. E. of *Torija* are the plains of *Brigüega*, or the *Alcarria*, Arabicè a place of farms, or *alquerías*. This fine pastoral and wheat district was originally a vast lake, which was separated by the Guadarrama chain from the *Tierra de Campos* in Old Castile. The fresh-water basin is composed of rich red marl and loam, and is irrigated by streams which flow into the Tajuna. The district is elevated some 4200 feet above the level of the sea. The aromatic shrubs of the hills render the honey very fine, while the wines of *Poyos* are excellent.

Brihuega, Centobriga, is an old and once walled city of 4500 souls. Here, Dec. 9, 1710, Vendôme defeated Stanhope, whose decided victories over the French at Almenara and Zaragoza had recovered Madrid, as Salamanca did in our times. His slow and heavy German allies having, however, neglected to secure the communications between Portugal by Alcaraz, Vendôme seized the opening, and advanced from Talavera on Madrid with greatly superior forces, just as Soult did from Hellin. Thus the allies were forced to fall back on Catalonia, as the Duke of Wellington was on Portugal. The selfish booby Austrian Charles, led the retreat, carrying off all the cavalry with him as his escort, and thereby de-

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priving the army of all means of obtaining intelligence and watching the enemy. The allies divided into three bodies, the Portuguese taking the centre, the Germans the r., and the English the l. They all proceeded over-leisurely, and were pounced upon quite unawares by the dashing Vendôme, who wisely made his first attack against the little English band, which then, as in our times, was, to use Stanhope's words, "the salt which seasoned the whole." Vendôme had more than 20,000 men, while Stanhope had scarcely 5500, with no cavalry and very scanty ammunition. He instantly sent off to Staremberg, who, although distant only a few hours' march, now, when minutes were winged with destinies, was tortoise-like two days in coming up, thus occasioning his ally and himself to be defeated in detail. Stanhope resisted the French as long as his powder lasted; he then capitulated on most honourable terms, which Vendôme stained his great glory by shamefully violating. The next morning, that is, the day after the fair, the lumbering Staremberg reached *Villaviciosa*, distant about 1 L., with 13,000 men, and fought so gallantly that Vendôme at one time meditated a retreat on *Torija:* thus, had these slow allies only marched a little quicker, and joined Stanhope in time, the French must have been destroyed. Night came on, leaving the battle undecided, but on the morning Staremberg retreated, and reached Barcelona with only 7000 men.

Four L. from *Brihuega* through *Solanillos*, is *Trillo*, a town of 800 inhabitants, near the Tagus; it possesses excellent hydrosulfat mineral baths, which are much frequented from June 15 to September 15 by the sickly Madrileños. The baths are situated about a mile from *Trillo*, by a pretty walk on the wooded river bank; one called *la Piscina*, is destined for lepers; and there is also a hospital in which the poor are received—and most poorly. The equally frequented baths of *Sacedon* lie a few L. S. of Trillo.

At *Almadrones* the road branches to the l. to *Sigüenza* in old Castile, 4 L.; few visit this decayed city, which, however, contains a cathedral full of magnificent art. Pop. about 4500. This, the chief town of a district possessing fine plains and plenty of water, might, with proper cultivation and roads, be made the granary of Spain. *Sigüenza* was built, it is said, by fugitives from Saguntum; but the site of the Celtiberian *Segontia*, Seguncia, was distant about two miles, and is still called *Villa Vieja*. *Sigüenza*, once an important frontier town of Castile and Arragon, was reconquered in 1086 by Alonso VI., and still retains portions of its ancient walls and gates; built in the shape of an amphitheatre on the side of a hill, sloping down the valley of the Henares, the upper town is steep, with its height crowned by the episcopal palace or *alcazar*, for the bishop was once señor or lord of Sigüenza. The Gothic cathedral, a fine substantial edifice, has a simple façade between two towers, with a medallion of the Virgin giving the *Casulla* to San Ildefonso, placed over the central portal; descending into the interior, the twenty-four noble clustered piers which support the middle and highest of the three naves are striking. The much-admired *trascoro*, with red and black marbles, was raised in 1685 by Bishop Bravo, to receive an image of the Virgin which had been miraculously preserved from the Moors. The rich Gothic *silleria del coro* was carved in 1490; the huge organs are of much later date. The simple and classical *retablo* of the high altar is composed of three tiers of the Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite Orders, and was with the bas-reliefs raised in 1613 by Bishop Mateo de Burgos. The statues of Faith, Hope, and Charity deserve notice. Among the many tombs of prelates in the *presbiterio*, remark, near the door of the *sagrario*, the recumbent effigy of the first bishop, the Frenchman Bernardo, afterwards the celebrated Primate of Toledo; he was killed in a battle near the Tagus, and however indifferent to truth or the distinctions of meum and tuum, was at least a gallant soldier. The portion of the transept in which are the

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relics of *Santa Librada*, the patroness of the city, is elaborately architectural. See her Life, '*Discurso de la Vida*, &c. *de Santa Librada*,' Diego E. Gonz, Chantos y Ullauri, 4to. Mad. 1806. Observe the details of the *retablo* and the niche in which her body reposes; above is a sculpture in which she ascends to heaven, and nothing that minute labour and gilding can effect has been spared. The founder, the Bishop Fadrique of Portugal, kneels in a highly-wrought niche near his work.

The chapel of *Santa Catalina*, near the door which opens to the market-place, contains flags taken from the English in 1589. Observe a delicate plateresque portal and *reja*, and some superb sepulchres with recumbent figures; *e. g.* of Martin Vasquez de Sosa; Sancha, his wife; Martin Vasquez de Arce, 1486; and a fine armed knight of Santiago. Notice that of the bishop of Canaria, Fernando de Arce, obiit 1522, by whom some of the others to his ancestors were raised; it is truly Berruguete, with statues of children, shields, and cinque-cento decoration, amid which the prelate lies at full-length on the *urna*. Another sepulchre of older date fills the centre of this assemblage of monumental art. How impressive, how Christian is the sentiment here! There is no aping the pagan costume of antiquity, but everything speaks Spain and the period, the gallant crusader, the pious prelate, lie stretched on the bed of death, yet the clasped hands, now that sword and crosier are laid aside, indicate hope, faith, and confidence in another life. The *retablo* is churrigueresque, but the original one is put up in the *sacristia* with an excellent but much-injured Florentine picture of the Crucifixion. The adjoining *Capilla de San Francisco Xavier* has also a plateresque portal, and in the semicircular chapel is the tomb of Bishop Bravo, with a fine crucifix. The portal to the *sacristia* or *sagrario* is in best plateresque, and in the same style is the wood carving inside, while the *relicario* is filled with statuary and minute sculpture, and the *reja* is excellent. The glorious church plate disappeared during the war of the invasion. The Gothic cloisters, with delicate windows and enrichments, were finished in 1507 by Cardinal Bernardo Carvajal, and were paved in the last century by Bishop Bullon, who disfigured the general character with his coat of arms. Examine, however, the doors and contiguous chapels.

The Geronomite *Colegio* was founded by one of the Medinaceli family, who lies buried in the transept, obiit 1488. Observe the tomb of Bishop Bartolome de Risova, obiit 1657, and the classical cloister of Tuscan and Doric. Sigüenza has pleasant walks on the river banks, which were laid out by Bishop Diaz de la Guerra, for the bishops have been signal benefactors to their city. They raised the aqueduct, which crosses a glen below their palace, and supplies the town, and is a work of truly Roman intention, solidity, utility, and grandeur. It was at *Sigüenza*, Nov. 30, 1808, that Castaños, after his defeat at Tudela, surrendered his command to La Peña of Barrosa infamy; then the hero of Bailen, who never had won a victory except by that accident, from being the idol of Spain, became at once an object of popular scorn. Consult '*Catalogo Saguntino y Anales de Sigüenza*,' José Renales Carrascal, 4to. Mad. 1742. This estimable author wrote the miracles of Santa Wilgeforte, a patroness of Sigüenza, and an account of a woman who had nine children at one birth. '*Las Nueve Infantas*,' 4to. Mad. 1736.

The road to Zaragoza may be rejoined at *Lodares*, passing first to *Medinaceli*, 4 L. This is not a "city of heaven," either metaphorically or really, but simply the "city of Selim;" it was once the strong frontier hold of a Moor of that name, and, accordingly, the scene of many conflicts between both the Moors against themselves and against the Christians. Here, on Monday, Aug. 7, 1002, died the celebrated Al-Mansúr, "the victorious," the Cid of the Moors, and the most terrible enemy of the Christians. Mohammed Ibn Abi *Âmir* was born Oct. 28, 938, near Algeciras; at first a letter-writer at

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the gate of the palace at Cordova, then the *Kâteb* or secretary of Sobha, the mother of Hishem II., he rose to be *Amir* by a long tissue of intrigues, treacheries, and murders, truly Oriental and Spanish. He next became the *Hajeb*, or Maire du Palais, and in reality the master of the puppet Sultan. He waged deadly war against the Christians, proclaiming a "holy crusade," or *Aljihad*, every year, when his raids or *talas*, eatings up and razzias of Gallicia, even exceeded those of modern invaders. He also, like Soult and Massena, took authors, his Borys and Pelets, with him to vilify his opponents, and glorify his own honour, mercy, and goodness. He was buried in the dust of fifty campaigns, for after every battle he used to shake off the soil from his garments into a chest carried about with him for that last purpose. (Consult 'Moh. Dyn.' ii. lib. vi.). Mons. Viardot, 'Essai sur les Mores en Espagne' (i. 110), has made of Al-Mansúr a hero of a romance, thus upsetting and unsettling history as his shallow countryman Florian did with Gonzalo de Cordova, and as the inaccurate Châteaubriand charlatanised the Abencerrage. Mons. Reinaud ('Inv. des Sarrasins,' p. 217), a really critical writer, cautions his readers against M. Viardot's ultra-French polish.

Medinaceli, now the terrestrial home of some 1600 chilly mortals, is built beneath a steep eminence over the trout-stream *Jalon*, and gives the ducal title to the great family of Cerdas, the rightful heir to the crown; for Fernando, called *la Cerda*, from a peculiar tuft or bristle, the eldest son of Alonso el Sabio, died during his father's lifetime, leaving two children by Blanche of Bourbon, who were dispossessed in 1284 by their uncle Sancho el Bravo (Mariana, xiv. 7). The learned Jesuit was not aware how ancient an Iberian custom this succession of brothers to the exclusion of nephews was; (see Livy, xxviii. 21). It was introduced into Spain in all probability by the Carthaginians, as the rule prevailed in Numidia (Livy, xxix. 29). The dispossessed dukes of Medinaceli long continued at every new coronation to claim the crown and to be fined a small sum pro formâ. Their petty capital has a *Colegiata*, a dilapidated palace with a good Doric courtyard, and the remains of a Roman arch. The city was taken from the Moors in 1083, by Alvar Fañez de Minaya, whose mounted effigy it blazons for its arms.

At *Arcos* we cross the *Jalon*, and soon entering Aragon bid adieu to the Castiles at *Huerta*, a *garden;* but a very little green makes an oasis in a desert. It is a poor town, nipped and chilled by the winds of the bleak *Moncayo* mountains; however, it possesses, or rather possessed, one of the finest Bernardine monasteries in all Spain, built on the site of a palace of Alonso VIII. in 1142-7, and the scene of his *fabled* loves with the dark-eyed Jewess Rachel, of her tragical death, and his bitter repentance. Part of his stables remain, having been converted into a granary; but the whole edifice has been altered from time to time and much injured by modern bad taste. There are two noble cloisters; that with a double colonnade is most elegant; the pointed Gothic below contrasts with the round arches above. This convent was the burial-place of many ancient knights of the 13th and 14th centuries, who died fighting the Moor, *e. g.* the Finajosas, Perez, Martinez, Manriques, Montuengas, Muñoz, and others, whose Froissart epitaphs are preserved by Ponz (xiii. 54). The *silleria de coro*, full of Berruguete and cinque-cento caprice, is most elegant; observe the stall of the abbot. Near the high altar was buried Rodrigo Ximenez de Rada, the warlike primate who fought at *Las Navas de Tolosa:* his ashes have been moved to Toledo. The church was formerly painted with representations of that decisive victory. This prelate chronicled the events himself, and his actual MS. was long preserved here, but that and the once excellent library has shared the fate of most in Spain. The bulk was sold in 1836 to a local butcher, who boasted that he had cleared 600*l.* by retailing the leaves as waste paper! Among the remarkable personages buried here is *el Santo Sacerdote*, Martin de Finajoia; also many of the

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French legionaries who came to aid Henrique II. against Don Pedro. This monastery deserves a careful inspection.

Aragon is entered at *Ariza*, a name said to be derived from the Basque *Ari*-za, abundance of sheep. It is a miserable place, retaining some of its former mud walls and fortifications. Hence following the Jalon, is *Alhama*, placed under a noble rock above the river; distant 2 L. are the baths, the Roman Aquæ Bilbilitanæ, which are frequented from June to September. Thence passing *Bubierca*, Voberca, to *Ateca*, a town of 2000 souls, conquered from the Moors by the Cid, and a tower on the Valencian road still bears his name. About 10 miles off, at the monastery of *Piedra*, a fine thing with a grand altar-piece, are some striking cascades; that called *la Cola del Caballo*, "the horse's tail," is 300 feet high.

Calatayud is the second town of Aragon, but is dull and decaying. The diligence inn, *Parador de las Diligencias de Llover*. The city has an imposing look, imbedded among rocks, and with a noble castle. The hills are grey, hungry, barren, scaly, and crumbling, as are the ruined edifices which are built out of them and among them. This city, now dilapidated and dull, is of Moorish origin, as the Arabic name implies, being the "Castle of Ayub," of Job, the nephew of Musa, who, to construct his new frontier town, used up the remains of ancient *Bilbilis* as a quarry; that old Iberian city lay about 2 miles E. at *Bambola*, and was celebrated for being the birthplace of Martial and the site of a victory gained, B.C. 680, by Quintus Metellus over Sertorius. It was also renowned for its superior steel and streams, "*aquis* et armis nobilem" (Mart. i. 50, 4), for equis is an incorrect reading. These waters were those of the *Jalon*, "Armorum *Salo* temperator" (Mart. iv. 55, 11). See also Justin (xliv. 2), and Pliny (N. H. xxxiv. 14). The fourteen medals coined at Bilbilis are enumerated by Florez (M. i. 169). Modern Calatayud must closely resemble ancient Bilbilis as described by Martial (x. 103); it is cold and cheerless, being exposed to the blasts of the dreaded *Moncayo*, mons Caunus, *Calvus*. This *bald* Sierra, a peeled mass of schiste, slaty rocks and limestone, divides the basins of the Ebro and Duero, and, being a detached elevation, catches the clouds, and remains to this day the dwelling of Æolus and *Pulmonia*, as in the days of Martial (i. 50, 5), who dreaded "sterilem Caunum cum nivibus."

Martial himself, although an Aragonese by birth, was in truth rather an *Andaluz gracioso*. He went to Rome, where he neglected business, took to writing epigrams, and composing *Seguidillas* like his countrymen Salas and Quevedo. The characteristics of his style are well summed up by his friend Pliny in his 'Epistles' (iii. 21), as partaking *salis et fellis*, of salt *sal andaluza*, and gall, and dirt might have been added; but ancient ballad-mongers were frank and open in their expressions, nor was there then any inquisidor to force them into decency and an outward observance of *les convenances*. What the ancient *Seguidillas were* may be inferred from the specimen quoted by Suetonius (Cæs. 49), *Gallias Cæsar subegit*, etc.; but those who will look into the '*Cancionero de Burlas, Madrid, por Luis Sanchez*,' *i. e.* printed in London, by Pickering, will see the Spanish muse in tolerable déshabille. Martial toadied Domitian when alive, by whom he was knighted, but the *caballero* abused the emperor when dead. He took disgust at being neglected by Trajan, his *paisano*, and returned to Spain after 35 years absence; whence he wrote an account of his mode of life to Juvenal, and which, rude as it was when compared to the luxuries of Rome, he preferred, or asserted that he preferred, exclaiming like a true Spaniard, who is wretched out of Spain, sic me vivere, sic juvat perire (xii. 18).

Calatayud (Pop. about 7000) is a genuine Aragonese city; and now the peculiar soffits and carved projecting rafters of roofs commence, and the Castilian *quinta* gives place to the *torre*, and the dingy *paño pardo* to blue and yellow velveteens. The town is cheap,

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as the environs, being well irrigated by the Jalon and Jiloca, are full of pastures, fruit, and vegetables; the hemp is equal to that of Granada. The city has also a theatre, a *plaza de toros*, and some pretty alamedas. In the *alta* or upper portion, still called *La Morería*, are many caves in the rocky hill once inhabited by Moors. Visit the ruined *Castillo del Reloj*.

There are two *Colegiatas*. One, *el Santo Sepulcro*, was built in 1141, and originally belonged to the Templars; the altar of the *sepulcro* is made of marbles of the province. The second, *la de Santa María*, once a mosque, has an elegant cinquecento portal, erected in 1528, by Juan de Talavera, and Esteban Veray; it has a lofty belfry, but the interior is less good, having been disfigured with gilt statues and stucco-work of bad taste. There are a few second-rate pictures by Aragonese artists. The pavement, put down in 1639, is of a marble called Claraboya, which resembles the Parian; the belfry is octangular, as is common in Aragon and Catalonia. The Dominican convent has a glorious *patio* with three galleries rising one above another: observe a portion of the exterior enriched with pseudo-Moorish work like the prisons at Guadalajara, although, when closely examined, it is defective in design and execution; seen, however, from afar, it is rich and striking. The city arms are truly Celtiberian, "a man mounted without stirrips and armed with a lance:" such a charge occurs constantly on the old coins. A cross has been placed in his other hand, and the motto "Bilbilis Augusta" subjoined. Consult the local histories, '*Tratado del Patronato*,' Miguel Martinez del Villar, 4to., Zaragoza, 1598; and '*Elogio*,' by Jeronimo Escuela; Alcalá, 1661. Near Calatayud and *el camino de la Soledad* are some curious stalactical caves. For the country towards *Teruel*, and communications with *Valencia* and *Cuenca*, see Rtes. 111, 112.

Leaving *Calatayud* the vineyards commence; the red wines made in the *campo de Cariñena*, which lies some 10 L. to the N.E., are among the best in Aragon. *Almunia* is prettily placed amid gardens, cypresses, and olives, with a richly ornamented octangular belfry. Now the fine road continues over dreary plains and chalky mountains to *Muela*, whence Zaragoza, with its thin lofty *torres*, forms the emphatic feature of a magnificent panorama, backed by the shadowy Pyrenees, and sweet is the prospect, the gardens, olive-groves, and vineyards, after the wilderness left behind: for Zaragoza and Aragon, see Sect. xiii.

ROUTE 115.—MADRID TO BURGOS.

Fuencarral	1	
Alcobendas	2	3
San Augustin	3½	6½
Cabanillas	3	9½
Lozoyuela	2½	12
Buitrago	1½	13½
Somosierra	3	16½
Castillejo	3	19½
Fresnillo	2½	22
Onrubia	2½	24½
Aranda de Duero	3½	28
Gumiel de Izan	2	30
Babahon	2	32
Lerma	3	35
Madrigalejo	2½	37½
Sarracin	3	40½
Burgos	2	42½

It is in contemplation to make a more direct road through *Soria*, *Logroño*, and Pamplona, by which a great elbow, of some 18 L., will be avoided, and all passing by *Burgos* omitted; meanwhile, R. 116 is the high road to France, and the one the most travelled in Spain: those who take it in their own carriages will find relays of post-horses at the different *paradas*; but this course is rarely adopted. The journey is performed by many mails, diligences, and public conveyances. The route is most wearisome, as the road is sadly out of repair and the towns most miserable; the *Paradores* of the diligences are tolerable. The *Sillas Correo* or mail is the best mode of travelling, because the quickest; and happy the man who can sleep, dislocating ruts permitting, from Madrid to Burgos, after which the country gets more interesting. We strongly advise all who have not seen the Escorial, Segovia, and Valladolid, to make for Burgos by going through those places.

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The desert begins on quitting the gate of Bilboa and the mud walls of Madrid; once outside them the miserable people and country look as if they were all in Chancery. At windblown *Fuencarral*, to the rt. of *Chamartin*, is an old mansion of the Mendoza family, now the Duke of Osuna's, in which Buonaparte lodged from Dec. 2, 1808, until Dec. 22; and here, Dec. 3, he received the Madrid deputation headed by the traitor Morla; a fear of the Spanish knife retaliatory of the *Dos de Maio*, made him shy of living in the capital: here, Oct. 6, 1846, the Duc de Montpensier breakfasted before entering Madrid on his ill-omened marriage with the infanta, which, by estranging England, caused the loss of a crown to Louis Philippe, and of a character to Guizot.

San Agustin, although among the last stages to a city which its townfolk consider to be the first stage to heaven, is anything but the *Civitas Dei* of the ancient father whose name it bears. This wretched place never has recovered from the ill-usage of the invaders after Dupont's defeat at Bailen. The whole line of road to Burgos was then ravaged, "harvests of wheat were eaten up, flocks and herds, vines and fig-trees, and the fenced cities impoverished;" nothing escaped them, for they robbed even beggars, and those even Spanish beggars. Nothing was too small for a rapacity inherited from Brennus, qui tantum quod invenerit, latit. (St. Jer. ad Dem. de v. p. 3). The unarmed villagers in vain applied to Marshal Moncey for protection; he forbade them to extinguish the flames with which he burned their homes, and they were left to water the ashes with their tears (Schep. i. 448). Savary escaped the popular fury disguised as a servant, following the respectable example of Nero (Suet. 48), and setting one to his master, Buonaparte, at Orgon, who, thus disguised, slipped through, when Joseph made off among the first, he who the day only before the battle of Bailen had entered Madrid as its sovereign, thus creeping like a moth into the ermine of Castile; now he fled, "oh, vice of kings! oh, cutpurse of the empire!" having first plundered Ferdinand's plate-chests (Toreno iv.), as he did his picture galleries at a subsequent flight; but his Imperial Majesty began life as the clerk of an attorney. Of a kind disposition, Joseph was but a poor red-tapist at best; equal perhaps for the office of an old Bourbon king of Spain, but quite unfit for a Buonaparte. In the same July, 35 years afterwards, this usurper died an exile at Florence, leaving sundry millions. But this *Roy intruso, Pepe*, began life as a pettifogger, and at a time when

> L'on a vu des commis, mis
> Comme des princes;
> Qui d'hier sont venus, nus
> De leurs provinces.

Poor *Pepe* thought himself a second Napoleon, although treated as a nonentity by his imperial and imperious brother. Marshal Soult almost ignored his existence: while Napoleon considered Soult la meilleure tête militaire, Joseph (Mém. x. 395,) held him to be *l'homme coupable des malheurs d'Espagne:* but the French cause was really paralysed by the dissemination of rival generals; by the decimation of their armies, scattered in separate commands, and busied in the pursuit of phantom partisans. Thus the Duke, with a mere handful of men, was enabled to beat them one after another. The Buonapartists also, from being accustomed to salve over their beatings, by doubling the English numbers, ended in believing their own lie, and imagined the Duke's troops to be really much more numerous than they were. Buonaparte himself never was so deceived; he knew, thanks to the English press, our exact numbers and movements. But he never could drive this into the heads of his generals in Spain; and *superiority of numbers* is an excuse so grateful to humbled vanity, that an angel from Heaven will never convince the French. Thus even in 1854, the editor of Joseph's Memoirs sums up the Spanish campaigns with such balderdash as this:—"Lord Wellington ne lutta jamais dans cette campagne contre des forces supérieures!—Quil obtint des succès et evita des revers, par des causes

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autres que la supériorité de son génie et celle de la valeur de ses troupes!!"

Dreary now becomes the face of nature, the heat in summer is terrific; green as a colour, and water as a liquid, are curiosities; it is just the place to send a patient to who is afflicted with hydrophobia: however, at *Cabrenillas* and *Lozoyuela* the spurs of the Somosierra range commence, and the desert gets cooler; the peasants, few and poor, are clad in *paño pardo*, their waistcoats are cut open at the chest, and they wear *monteras* as in miserable *La Mancha;* the women on holidays put on picturesque boddices laced in front; their children are swathed up like mummies. For *Buitrago*, *Uceda*, the trout-fishing, and *Patones*, see p. 773.

The pass or *puerto* over the Somosierra is the natural gate and defence of Madrid, and was strongly occupied by the patriots with 16 cannon, Nov. 30, 1808. "Their misconduct," says Napier (iv. 2), "can hardly be paralleled in the annals of war; it is indeed almost incredible to those acquainted with Spanish armies, that a position in itself nearly impregnable, and defended by 12,000 men, should, without any panic, but merely from a deliberate sense of danger, be abandoned at the wild charge of a few squadrons, which two companies of good infantry would have effectually stopped; the charge of the Poles, viewed as a simple military operation, was extravagantly foolish, but, taken as the result of Buonaparte's sagacious estimate of the real value of Spanish troops, was a felicitous example of intuitive genius. The Spaniards ran in every direction. The appearance of a French patrole terrified the vile cowards, who halted near Segovia, and the multitude fled again to Talavera, and there consummated their intolerable villany by murdering San Juan, their unfortunate general, and fixing his mangled body to a tree, after which, dispersing, they carried dishonour and fear into their respective provinces."

To murder* unsuccessful generals is an old Punic and Iberian habit, and frequently torture was added (App. 'B. H.' 309, 312; Justin, xxii. 7). Similar examples occurred constantly during the Peninsular and recent civil wars, and were the wild justice, the revenge taken by the ill-used soldier for long years of misgovernment and deception. The *Juntas* and generals in their stilty speeches and bombast proclamations held out to their troops that they were invincible; no wonder, therefore, when the day of battle and the first charge of the tremendous French dissipated the illusion, that the half-starving, ill-equipped soldiers, embittered by disappointment and defeat, should attribute the, to them, astounding reverse, to their chiefs, or put them to death as having purposely sold and betrayed everything to the enemy. Certainly, as Napier says, the *collective* misconduct of the regular armies of Spain was in painful contradiction to the valour of the *individuals* of whom they consisted, and scarcely a battle was fought during the whole war in which this sad fact was not demonstrated; but truth and justice also require that the real culprits should bear the blame and dishonour, and not the *people of Spain* or the *nation at large;* and we have always in common fairness pointed out this important distinction: the personal bravery and nice feeling of honour of the *individual* Spaniard is unrivalled. The real incubus was a vile government and unworthy chiefs: see Ocaña, p. 245, and Almonacid, p. 799. "Always bear in mind," writes the just Duke (Disp. April 16, 1813), "their total inefficiency, their total want of everything that can keep them together as armies." Had the Spaniards been placed like the Portuguese under English officers, and also well clothed and armed, with "pocket and belly" wants provided for, they, too, would have become the "fighting cocks of the army." "Our own troops," says the Duke, "*always fight*, but the influence of regular pay is seriously felt on their conduct, their

* The Spanish Goths used this *dulcem vim* in order to make their chiefs take, not relinquish, command. Thus Wamba was informed, "Nisi consensurum te nobis modo promittas gladii modo mucrone truncandum te scias."—'Esp. Sag.' vi. 535.

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health, and their efficiency; *as for the French troops, it is notorious that they will do nothing unless regularly paid and fed*" (Disp. July 25, 1813); and yet the Spaniards, when half naked, half armed, and starving, always courted the unequal combat even to rashness, "such was their insatiable desire," says the Duke, "to fight pitched battles with undisciplined troops." That indeed might show a military ignorance of the chances of success, but certainly was no trait of cowardice. Look again at the conduct of the *guerrilleros*, who carried out the true system of Iberian warfare, each man for himself in a personal desultory combat; what energy was not exhibited, what rapidity of movement, what skill in plans, what spirit in execution, what privation under fatigue and hardship, what valour, insomuch that their deeds seemed rather things of romance than of reality. The Spaniards, as a people, at all times showed a determination to face the enemy, being just as ready for the encounter after defeat as before it; for never, as Polybius said (xxxv. 1), did one battle determine the fate of Spain, as a Jena or Waterloo did of Prussia or France; nor was it ever easy, even when the regular armies were beaten, to hold the conquest (Florus ii. 17, 7). The inveterate weakness of Spaniards has been their want of union, or "of putting their shields together" (Strabo, iii. 238). Thus their miserable *pobrecitos*, and generals who by the sport of mocking fortune were raised to power and command, never would act cordially for the common good; nor, puffed up with conceit, would they allow a *foreigner* to be their commander, not even if he led them to victory; nay, a foreigner was the more hated if successful, because his merit contrasted with *their* demerit, enhanced their worthlessness (Polyb. i. 36). Thus their Carthaginian ancestors, having been led to victory by Xantippus, a Lacedemonian, professed to honour him in public, but gave secret instructions to have him put to death, which he was (App. 'B. P.' 6).

Again, the self-love of each individual Spaniard leads him to undervalue and mistrust every one else; nor were many of their leaders calculated to neutralise this national tendency, which their "ignorance of their profession" and invariable defeats strengthened rather than weakened; witness the incapacity of such men, spoilt children of disgrace, as Blake, Cuesta, Venegas, La Peña, Areizaga, Mendizabal, &c., and the whole war never produced even mediocrity in a Spanish general, for those modern heroes, Castaños and Freire, were but poor creatures and "children in the art of war;" the one never gained any battle except *Bailen*, which was an accident, while the other was beaten everywhere except at *San Marcial*, where he was supported by the English. *Despondency* as regards public affairs of all kinds is a marked feature in the national mind. Spaniards, who have seen that all attempts to cure political evils only make matters worse, despair altogether, and just let things take their course, and take care of their individual selves—sauve qui peut.

At this signal defeat of the Somosierra the French made few prisoners: the whole so-called Spanish army disappeared from the face of the earth, "each man to his own home." This rapidity of leg-bail was an old Iberian accomplishment. Dio. Siculus (v. 311) dwells on the σολλην ευτονιαν σκιλων. "Velocitas genti pernix," says Justin (xliv. 2). Thus Musa reported (Conde, i. 59) "cuando quedan vencidos son *cabras en escapar* á los montes, que no ven la tierra que pisan;" and the sinewy Spaniard to this day has *buenos jarretes*. M. Thiers (L. 131) describing their *sauve qui peut* at Rioseco, alludes to "la vîtesse de leurs jambes, excellentes comme les jambes Espagnoles"—equal in fact to their *jambons* (see p. 464). The Spanish troops, ill provided and worse disciplined, from the usual want of a head, become too often but a mere mob, and rather an aggregate of individuals, than an army; and this occurs in spite of their being so individually brave, active, temperate, in short the best raw material for a good soldier. One charge of cavalry—one procella

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equestris—generally sufficed as of old to put them to disgraceful flight; indeed, they frequently ran before *that* one charge, and the French were obliged to *stalk* them like shy deer in order to get near enough for a shot. With truth may Durosoir say, ('L'Espagne,' 21) "Partout où les Espagnols ont eu à combattre les Français *en bataille rangée*, ils ont *à peine* donné à leurs ennemis le temps de les vaincre." And when once started they outstripped their pursuers, having learned under their blundering Blakes and Cuestas, according to Kincaid, "to run 100 miles without stopping."

Buonaparte, after this feat of Somosierra, reached Madrid without encountering a single opponent, and little did the bulk of Spaniards care for the loss of the battle. The Spanish official version of *Somosierra* is characteristic: according to Paez (i. 354), here "a corps of Spaniards *combated* the *entire* French army commanded by Napoleon in person;" that is, 12,000 men ran away without even a show of fight, at the mere sound of the horseshoes of a few hundred Polish lancers led by Krasinski.

The high road over the *puerto* is often blocked up with winter snows, but a commodious *parador* has been built here by the diligence company. The pass is placed on the dorsal spine, the granite serrated barrier; the ascent and descent spread over 6 L., which divides the two Castiles. Now we descend into a bald uninteresting country, rich, however, in corn and wine; and thence to *Aranda* on the Duero, amid its vineyards, which although neglected, have their patroness and history: see '*Historia de Nuestra Señora de las Viñas de Aranda*,' Aniceto Cruz Gonzalez, 8vo. Mad. 1795. Her grand local fête is held Sept. 8. *Aranda* is a central spot, and here the road, if such it can be called, from *Barcelona* to *La Coruña*, intersects that which leads to France. The poplar-fringed river is crossed by a good bridge, and the overhanging, balconied houses are picturesque. The bishop's palace was gutted by the invaders. Pop. about 4000. Visit the irregular market, where the peasants group together, with their *alforjas* on their shoulder, like Sancho Panza. The women now wear red stockings and petticoats of thick serge green and blue. The S. portal of the chief church is the fine Gothic of Ferdinand and Isabella, whose badges are mingled with the shields of the Enriquez, admirals of Castile: observe the scale-form stone-work over the door, which has good carved panels and rich niches and statuary, with three alto-relievos representing the Bearing the Cross, the Crucifixion, and Resurrection. The fine *retablo* inside contains subjects from the life of the Virgin. The Doric and Ionic portal of the suppressed Dominican convent is classical. Here is (or was) the fine *retablo* and sepulchre wrought by Juan de Juni for his patron Alvarez de Acosta, Bishop of Osma. The pulpit is made up of sculpture taken by barbarians from this tomb. Aranda, now a miserable place, was once inhabited by kings: for its past glories, consult p. 174, '*Obispado de Osma*,' Lopez Loperraez, 4to., 4 vols., a fine book, with plates.

Admirers of the Holy Tribunal may make an excursion *from Aranda* to *Caleruega*, 3½ L., where *Santo Domingo*, the Inquisitor, was born, a convent built in 1266 marks the spot. Examine a *Pozo*, or well, caused by the excavations of earth used to make *rosaries*, which are held to be sure remedies in case of ague. The *pila* in which the saint was baptized was always used for the Christenings of the Royal family of Spain.

At *Gumiel* observe the Corinthian portal of the parish church erected in 1627, and enriched with apostles, cardinal virtues, and the Assumption and Coronation of the Virgin. Distant ½ L. is the ancient monastery of *San Pedro de Izan*, which contains some remarkable sepulchres; the dreary, lifeless, treeless, waterless country continues to *Lerma*; Inn: *Parador de las Diligencias*—a decayed place of some 1200 souls, and built on the Arlanza, a fine trout-stream; the shooting also near it at *El Bordal* is good. This place gave the ducal title to the pre-

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mier of Philip III., a fit minister of the decline of Spain's greatness: his principles were hypocrisy masking avarice; thus, while founding convents, he plundered the public. Philip IV., on his father's death, squeezed out this full sponge, and then beheaded his agent Rodrigo Calderon, just as our Henry VIII. dealt with the Empsons of his father. At Lerma, in 1604, the minister raised a vast palace, designed by Francisco de Mora, the best pupil of Herrera, and planned in the style of *las casas de oficios* at the Escorial; the *patio*, with a double colonnade and noble staircase, shows what it was before the French invasion, when everything was pillaged, and the edifice turned into a barrack: now it is a prison. *La Colegiata* with a classical portal was also built by this Duke; the *retablo* is in vile taste, but the tabernacle, with fine marbles and bronze angels, is better. The superb monument of the kneeling Cardinal Lerma has been attributed to Pompeio Leoni.

An interesting excursion may be ridden from *Lerma*, by which the dreary high road to *Aranda*, or vice versâ, is avoided. First make for *Covarrubias*, 4 L. to the right, placed in a secluded hollow on the *Arlanza*, with a fine *colegiata* among the ruined remains of massy mediæval buildings. Observe the square tower in which Doña *Urraca* was immured by the Conde *Fernan Gonzalez*: about 1 L., in a rough rocky site, is or rather was the ancient Benedictine Carthusian monastery of *San Pedro de Arlanza*, which existed in the time of the Goths, as in it Wamba took the cowl: it was restored in 912, some say, by the Conde Fernan Gonzalez, in gratitude for his signal victory at Cascajares: here was guarded the cross which was sent him by Pope John XI., as a sure remedy against hail-storms; its virtue was tested in 1488 by the Bishop Luis de Acuña, who put it into a fire, whereupon the flames were instantly extinguished (see Sandoval's '*Idacio*,' p. 336). Here also was kept *la Virgen de las Batallas*, which was coeval with that of the Cid (see p. 520). The Count Fernan was buried here with his wife Sancha, and so also, as some say, is Mudarra and the 7 infantes of Lara. Etiam periese ruinæ! This count was the real founder of the Castilian monarchy, and a perfect hero of romance, being always up to his elbows in adventures; his grand deeds were the defeats of the infidel at Lara, at Osma, and Piedrahita; his escape from prison by the aid of his true wife, and other spirit-stirring incidents, just when history was hovering on fiction, are told in some charming old ballads (see Duran, v. 27).

Make next (1½ L.) for the huge white Benedictine convent of *Santo Domingo* of Silos, placed in a hill-girt valley, watered by the brawling *Matavicjas*: notice the double-galleried Byzantine cloister, the under one with highly worked grotesque capitals, all differing from each other; observe a peculiar elegant cluster of four spirally-twisted pillars; look at the quaint figures of the 10th or 11th century, which ornament the doorway; inquire for the *Patata* of the horse of Fernan Gonzalez, for which see '*Esp. Sag.*' xxxiii. 117. This convent was used as a hospital by the Carlists, whose beds were made with books of the library. The building may be yet saved, as it is destined for the *Missiones*. The tutelar Saint Domingo, born circa 1000 near Najera, for 23 years was abbot of this convent. He worked many miracles alive, and when dead delivered so many captives at Algiers, whose countless chains hung at the convent gate, that the feat passed into a synonym of infinity. *No te bastaran los hierros de Santo Domingo de Silos?* (See the details in Anquiano's '*Rioja*,' ch. xi., and in his authentic '*Vida*,' &c., by Juan de Castro, 1688.)

Now make, over mountain and glen parklike scenery, wooded with oak, pine and cedar, and freshened with rivulets, to *Huerta del Rey*, by *Arauzo de Miel* and *Doña Santos*, under its white cliffs; thence (1 L.) to *Peñalva de Castro*, the white rock of the camp, that lies under a hill to the N., the site of ancient *Clunia*, which, with its capitals inscribed columns and "old stones," served as a quarry for build-

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ing this modern hamlet. Just to the l. of the ascent, rises ancient *Clunia*, placed on a conspicuous height, with a fine view; fragments of the theatre, about 70 yards wide by 50 long, jut out of the hill side; 10 rows of steps and part of the proscenium are tolerably perfect. Bushels of engraved stones have been found amid the ruins; it is an unworked mine of antiquities. Consult the '*Historia del Obispado.*' The ancient town is gone all but a few stones, bleaching like skeletons: the scene is now desolate, and a single peasant vegetates where multitudes once swarmed: observe the *rollo*, or town cross, made from a Corinthian shaft. Hence turn by a hermitage, down to the castle-crowned village of *Coruña del Conde*, the corruption of *Clunia—Crunia:* it lies a little way beyond the base of the hill on the opposite side. Leaving Coruña to the r. is a sort of Romanesque chapel, constructed out of ancient fragments, where the doors of the 12th century contrast with classical cornices and festoons.

Thence, by a 2 L. ride, to picturesque, imposingly-situated *Peñaranda de Duero*, or *de la Perra*, so called from a *bitch* observed moving out of a hole in the wall, which pointed out to the Christians an adit to capture the castle, on the hill above, from the Moors. The ruined castle, the tumble-down Prout-like houses, the picturesque paupers and rags to match, will delight the artist. The decaying palace, a mixture of Saracenic and Moorish style, is the *Casa solar* of the powerful Zunigas, counts of Miranda. The *Conde de Montijo* is now the head of the family and the fair spouse of *Louis Napoleon* a scion, to whose eldest sister, the Duchess of Alba, this time-honoured ruin belongs. Walk up to and about the gorgeous wreck: notice the plateresque portal, decorated with a bust of Hercules, armour and heraldic coats, a double-galleried superb *patio*, a staircase ornamented with medallions, and the panoramic view. The interior has been turned to base and bucolic purposes: some of the ceilings, being out of Vandal reach, have escaped. In front of the palace is the Gothic *Rollo y Picote*, emblems of feudal days, when this great family possessed the right of the *Horca y cuchillo*. The *Colegiata* contains some fine tombs and *urnas* of the Mirandas, many brought from Genoa. Observe the busts of Roman emperors let into the façade of the church.

Now make for *La Vid*, 1 long L. It has a good bridge over the Duero, built in 1542 by Pedro Rasinas, at the cost of the Cardinal Mendoza; cross it and pass the extensive convent of *Premonstratenses*, of no particular interest, and thence to *Aranda de Duero*, 3 L.

Those going N. may proceed 3 L. dreary enough, in spite of vineyards and cornplains, to miserable *San Esteban*, whose tutelar *San Formerios'* ashes are kept under 7 keys on the over-hanging eminence, and thence through *Burgo de Osma*, 2½ L. It lies in a damp hollow; but the approach is fine, as seen through a rocky defile, with the church tower, ancient walls, and fresh stream; the cathedral was built in 1232. Notice the doors to the S. with the saints and figures; that to the W. is most delicate, with its double set of columns and rich frieze; inside observe the carved silleria, and the image of Santo Domingo, who was once subprior here; the *reja* of the *Capilla Mayor*, by Juan Frances, 1505, is excellent. Notice in the *trascoro* some grand carvings of Juan de Juni, from subjects in the life of the Saviour. In a chapel to the N. are 16 Albert-Durer-like paintings relating to the Virgin. Outside the town is a celebrated *seminario;* hence proceed by *Val de Alvillo*, 3 L. (short), by *Villa Cuervos*, 4 L. (long), to *Soria*, 3 L. *Agreda*, 8 L., to *Tudela*, 8 L. (see Index).

To continue and finish R. 115, on leaving *Lerma*, the weary traveller at last gladly beholds the walls of Burgos, rising nobly above the plantations on the banks of the Arlanzon, with its domineering castle and filigree spires of its splendid cathedral. The best inns are *Parador de las Diligencias* and *de Postas*, or *Doran*. There are also good

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quarters in the Plaza, in which is the bronze fountain of Flora, and a quiet un-coach-disturbed *Parador Nuevo* in the *Barrio de la Vega*. Few travellers halt at Burgos, a town of passage, as they are either in a hurry to get on to Madrid, or in a greater hurry to get out of the Castiles; yet the scholar, antiquarian, and artist may well spend a couple of days at this time-honoured old capital of Castile. For its history, consult '*Historia de Castilla*,' Diego Gutierez Coronel, 4to. Mad. 1785; the paper by Benito Montejo, in the '*Mem. de la Acad. de Hist.*' iii. 245; '*Viaje*,' Ponz, xii.; '*Viaje Artistico*,' Isidoro Bosarte, 8vo. Mad., 1804; Florez, '*Esp. Sag.*,' xxv. xxvi.; '*Apuntes sobre Burgos*,' D. E. A. Besson, 4to. Burgos, 1846; a '*Manual*,' by R. Monje.

BURGOS, a name connected by some with the Iberian *Briga*, at all events means a "fortified eminence," and is akin to Πυργος, Burgus, Burgh, Borough, Bury, &c. It is placed under the *Montañas*, or hilly regions, from whence so early as 874 the hardy highlanders turned against the Moors; this truly Castilian city was founded in 884 by Diego de Porcelos, and became the capital of the infant monarchy; it bears for arms, "gules, a half-length figure of the king, with an orle of 16 castles or." The city was at first subject in some degree to the kings of Leon, when Fruela II., about the year 926, invited the chief rulers to a feast, and then put them to death—*cosas de España*. The citizens of Burgos thereupon elected *judges* to govern them, just as the Moors of Seville chose Mohammed Abu'-l'-Kasim to be their *Kadi-l-jamah* or chief judge, when the Ummeyah dynasty was destroyed. The most celebrated of these magistrates were *Nuño Rasura*, *Lain Calvo*, and others who figure in old historical ballads. At length Fernan Gonzalez shook off the yoke of Leon, and in him the title of "*Conde de Castilla*" became hereditary, and the title of a "Count" was then equivalent to an independent sovereign. Thus, as among the Jews, the age of the law preceded the age of the monarchy. His granddaughter Nuña married Sancho el Mayor of Navarre, whose son, Ferdinand I. of Castile, united in 1067 the kingdoms of Leon and Castile, by marrying Sancha, sole daughter of Bermudo III. See '*Esp. Sag.*,' xxvi. 63.

When Alonso VI., in 1085, raised Toledo to the rank of capital, serious disputes of precedence arose between Burgos and its rival; and these were only compromised in 1349 by Alonso XI., who directed Burgos to speak first in Cortes, saying that he would speak for Toledo. The kings of Castile, by removing their court from Burgos, cut away the sources of its prosperity, which the Buonaparte invasion completed. The population has decayed from 50,000 to 12,000; venerable looking Burgos has a marked character about it of a genuine old Gothic Castilian city, and those who dwell in it are also *Castellanos rancios y viejos*—good men and true. Its chief support arises from the traffic of travellers going between Madrid. It contains 14 parishes, and is placed on the Arlanzon, over which there are 3 stone bridges. A smaller stream, *el Pico*, divided into watercourses, here called *esguevas*, traverses the streets, which are thus cleansed and freshened. Burgos has an *audiencia*, which was carved in 1835 out of the *chancelleria* of Valladolid, a public library, *museo*, theatre, liceo club, and wretched *cuna*, or foundling hospital. A new theatre, prison, and barrack are building on the *Espolon*. The *queso de Burgos* is a cheese much renowned in Spain, but those who know Stilton and Parmesan will think it better suited to hungry Sancho Panza's taste than to theirs. As a residence it is dull, damp, and cold.

The French entered Burgos for the first time Nov. 10, 1808, the epoch of its ruin, the whole Spanish army, under Belveder, having turned and fled at the opening charge of the invaders, who did not lose 50 men. The unresisting city was then sacked by Bessières, *à la Rioseco*; here, however, he was only the agent of Buonaparte in person, who wished, as usual, by an early example of terror, to intimidate all future resistance. Such was the

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barbarous Roman policy in Spain, where even Scipio, at the taking of Carthagena, ordered his troops to kill every living being, Καταπλήξεως χάριν, in order that his name might be a "stupifying terror" (Polyb. x. 15). The *Memoires* of Joseph have revealed to the world how entirely this bloody theory and practice was the panacea of Buonaparte: witness his ferocious instructions for the *Razzias* of Calabria. Buonaparte's views at Burgos were so perfectly carried out, that he thought it prudent to lament, in a bulletin to be read at Paris, the "horrors which made him shudder," but which one little word *spoken* by him on the spot would have prevented. Here he remained 12 days beating the English in bulletins with the paper pellets of his brain.

Burgos, the see of an archbishop, has for suffragans Pamplona, Palencia, Santander, and Tudela. The king, as *Señor de Vizcaya*, was one of the canons of the chapter, as at Leon and Toledo. Amongst those members who have risen to the tiara, are Rodrigo Borgia, Alexander VI., who was archdeacon of Burgos. The cathedral, one of the finest in Spain, is unfortunately much blocked up by mean buildings; but seen from afar, when towering over its incumbrances, it rises a superb pile of florid Gothic, with clustering filigree pinnacles. It was begun July 20, 1221, by the bishop Mauricio, an Englishman, and a friend of St. Ferdinand. The grand or W. entrance is placed between two towers finished by Juan de Colonia, and is crowned by spires of most delicate open stone-work, which indeed looks so much like lace, that one wonders how it has not been blown away in this stormy climate. The 3 bald portals, which correspond with the 3 aisles, are unfortunately much out of keeping; as, in 1791, when art and taste were at the lowest, and in a fatal rage for modernising, the chapter removed the former deep-recessed and enriched Gothic doorways. The central one is called *de Santa Maria*, for to her this Mariolatrous temple is dedicated; *her* praises, *Pulchra es et decora*, &c., are worked in open letters above in the balustrade, while *her* Conception and *her* Assumption and *her* Coronation are sculptured over the entrances. Observe particularly the beautiful rose window, and the niche work and finials. The ground at this front is uneven, but picturesque. Look at the cinque-cento fountain with its Cupids, mermaids, Madona, &c., the effect is pretty as a damaged bit of Cellini plate: notice the artistical flight of steps. The gate to the N. is some 30 ft. above the pavement of the cathedral, which is built on an uneven site. This *Puerta alta* is enriched with a recessed doorway and ranges of statues in niches. Although never opened, it is ascended to from the inside transept by a highly novel and elaborate staircase, designed by Diego de Siloe, in whose details Paganism struggles with Christianity, and hippogryphs with canonised saints. Observe also the rich plateresque door called *la Pellegeria*, and inside the tomb of Bernardino Gutierrez, ascribed by some to Torregiano, the foliage and children are truly graceful: the opposite gate is adorned with pillars and Gothic work. Observe the St. Peter, St. Paul, the Virgin and Child, and a kneeling Prelate. The lovers of middle-Gothic should examine the *Puerta de los Apostoles*. On going out of the *Puerta del Perdon* are two grand statues of the Saviour conceived like Sebastian del Piombo, with the legend, "Ego sum principium et finis; alpha et omega."

The interior is very light from the whiteness of stone and absence of painted glass, which was destroyed by the French explosion in 1813; it is blocked up by the *coro*, and its massy *reja;* but the well-lighted *cimborio* of the transept is a noble octagon, rising 180 ft. from circular buttresses, and adorned with imperial and archiepiscopal arms. Felipe de Borgoña, the architect, lies buried near this his grand elevation. Si monumentum quæris circumspice. This *crucero*, so elegant as to be called the work of angels, was completed Dec. 4, 1567, in the plateresque renaissance style, then all the fashion. It was built at the expense of the Archbishop Juan Alvarez

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de Toledo, son of the Duke of Alva, the original transept having fallen in March 3, 1539. The fine organs are by Juan de Argete. The walnut *silleria del coro* is of different periods and artists: observe the archbishop's throne. The first tier of stalls is carved with subjects from the Old Testament, but the backs are more modern. The lower tier are in the Berruguete style, and some of the figures are quite Italian. The elaborate *reja*, the work of Juan Bautista de Celma, was given in 1602 by Cardinal Zapata, whose canting arms, boots and shoes, mark the place; there is good Gothic work on the *respaldos del coro*, but the *trascoro* has been modernised with incongruous Corinthian; and, in the same bad taste, a Gothic portal was removed, and one of a Greek character substituted. The *reja* of the transept was wrought in 1723 for the Archbishop M. F. Navarrete, by a lay monk named Pedro Martinez; but these railings, beautiful in themselves, overimprison the cathedral. The high altar, rather tawdry from over gilding, ranks as a *Capilla Real*, because here lie buried some royal corpses. The infante Don Juan in mail, &c. Observe the figure of Doña Beatriz holding a tablet. The *retablo*, composed of the classical orders, with the Salominic or twisted spiral pillars, was put up by Archbishop Vela in 1575: the carved figures are somewhat lengthy. The emphatic image, that of the Virgin, was wrought in 1578 by Miguel de Ancheta of Pamplona. This grand *skreen* is the work of the brothers Rodrigo and Martin de la Aya or Haya, 1577-93. Observe the tree of the Saviour's genealogy, which winds up like ivy. Unfortunately many of the figures have been mutilated, and replaced by inferior hands. The magnificent silver *custodia* was plundered by the invaders: still, however, there exist six candelabra of the finest plateresque art, which on grand occasions are placed before the high altar. Inquire also for *la Cruz grande de las Processiones*, a superb work of Enrique de Arphe.

The various chapels of this cathedral deserve close inspection, as being full of good sculpture, tombs, and what escaped of the painted glass. The grandest of all is that *del Condestable*, which was erected about 1487 as the burial-place of the Velasco family, the hereditary Constables of Castile. This rich florid Gothic *capilla*, as large as some churches, is admirable inside and outside, as its pinnacles or *agujas* form a charming cluster, and correspond with the spires. The entrance is very striking; but before you go in observe the solid buttress, piers, and wreathed pillars, enriched with nichework, and children supporting carvings under glorious canopies which occupy the *trasaltar*, opposite to the entrance. The white stone forms an admirable material for the admirable sculpture, which is attributed to Juan de Borgoña. The subjects are the Agony of the Saviour; the Bearing the Cross; the Crucifixion, which is the best; the Resurrection and Ascension. The engrailed edges of the archway form a rich lace-like frame, under which the light, simple, and cheerful chapel is seen, with its tombs and heraldic decorations. Before the *retablo* repose the founder, Pedro Hernandez de Velasco, obt. 1492, and his wife Mencia Lopez de Mendoza, obt. 1500, at whose feet lies a dog, emblem of her fidelity; their full-length effigies surmount the monument. These fine tombs were sculptured in Italy in 1540; the costumes, armour, lace-work, and details deserve close inspection. Observe the early picture in the Albert Durer style, with folding panels, and representing the Virgin and Child, recently bequeathed by the Bishop of Leon. Next observe the lofty and superb *reja*, with a Santiago crowning the gate of the entrance. This railing is indeed a masterpiece of Christobal de Andino, 1523, a native of Burgos; now, alas! it is dimmed by age and neglect, but what must it have been in all its freshness, when first revealing to Burgos the glories of the *Renaissance!* Observe the lock and the kneeling figures holding a shield, which are quite à l'antique. Among other precious objects are a huge block of polished

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jasper; look at a beautiful *Purificacion* in the *retablo*; but the statues of *San Sebastian* and *San Jeronimo*, said to be by Becerra, are more admired than they deserve. The carved stalls are good. The picture of the Magdalen with auburn hair in the adjoining *Sacristia*, and here ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, is at all events a good Lombard picture. The *Sacristia* contains some old church plate, *e. g. cetros* or silver staves, pixes, incensaries, a good chalice and an exquisite cross by Juan d'Arphe. Notice the image of *Nuestra Señora de Oca*, on a throne, with the child holding an apple, which is carried about for public adoration. She is appealed to in cases of breach of marriage, having on one occasion nodded her head when appealed to! *Oca* in Spanish means a goose. Observe also a Virgin in ivory and ebony in a pearl-ornamented niche; inquire also for the statue of *San Bruno*, from the Cartuja, and look at the tomb of *El Beato Lesmes*, obt. 1212. This pious servant of the basket making St. Julian, Bishop of Cuenca, still cures pains in the kidneys! To the l. of this chapel is the grand tomb of Juan de Orteaga Velasco, abbot of San Quirce, obt. 1559. Observe the Cherubs, Caryatides, Conception of the Virgin, and Baptism in the Jordan. Among the sepulchres in the Gothic chapel *Santa Ana* is that in the middle, of Archbishop Luis de Acuña y Osorio, who finished one of the towers; the head of the effigy which, clad in episcopalibus, is stretched on the *urna*, is a portrait. Observe the statues of the cardinal virtues. The altar is excellent Gothic. The *retablo* contains the meeting of San Joaquin and Santa Ana, the parents of the Virgin. Observe an elaborate genealogy, and a fine Florentine picture, ascribed to Andrea del Sarto, of the Madonna with a child on her knee attended by St. John and St. Joseph.

The chapel of Santiago is the *parroquia* of the cathedral, and the *retablo* with the mounted tutelar is good: in its *Sacristia* are two superb cinquecento sepulchres of the Archbishop Juan Cabeza de Vaca, 1512, and of his brother Don Pedro. In the centre of the chapel lies the Archbishop Juan de Villacreses, arrayed in pontificalibus, obt. 1403. Observe the costume of the two recumbent figures of the Escalona family, and that of Lesmes de Astudilla, with the sculpture representing the Presentation of the Virgin, St. John, and Santiago. In the adjoining *Capilla de San Enrique* is a magnificent Italian marble sepulchre, with a kneeling figure in bronze of the prelate and founder, Enrique de Peralta y Cardenas, 1679. Observe the carving of the stalls, the *atril* and bronze eagle. In the *Capilla de la Visitacion* lies Alonso de Cartagena, an eminent historian, who in 1435 succeeded his father as archbishop. Observe in his chapel San Juan de Sahagun, clad as a monk, with a book at his feet—an admirable piece of minute art. In this chapel are six pictures of the life of Christ, by an old German artist. The picture in the *Capilla de la Presentacion*, the second to the rt. on entering from the W., is one of the finest paintings in Old Castile. In it the Virgin, larger than life and full length, is seated with the Infant, who gives benediction: the child is somewhat hard and stiff, as are some of the lower draperies of the Virgin. This masterpiece, here ascribed to Michael Angelo, is much more probably by Sebastian del Piombo. It was presented to the chapel by the founder, a Florentine named Mozzi. The old *retablos* are concealed by modern trumpery; observe, however, the figures of Santa Casilda, and a saint on horseback. Here is the tomb of Jacobo de Bilbao, the first chaplain of the chapel; his head is fine; the other details are in a truly plateresque and Berruguete style: equally rich is the door of the *Sacristia*. Observe also the organ and balustrade, and the tomb of Alonso Diaz de Lerma, nephew to Mozzi; the head drapery and sarcophagus are finely sculptured: the medallions on the sepulchre of Gonzalo Diaz de Lerma are not so good. The window of this chapel is large and grandiose. In the next capilla, *la del Cristo en Agonia*, is a Crucifixion by Mateo

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Cerezo (1635-1685), the Vandyke of Spain, but the colouring is brown and foxy, a common fault with this master. The *Capilla de Santa Tecla* offers a grand specimen of churrigueresque to lovers of gilt gingerbread.

Next visit the *Sala Capitular*, which has some bad pictures, but a good *artesonado* roof. In the Pieza de Juan "*el Cuchiller*" the carver, is the armed effigy of that gallant knight who pawned his clothes to procure a supper for Henrique III.; the king had no money to buy one, and starved at the moment when the Archbishop of Toledo was giving a grand supper, at which Henrique went in disguise: see for particulars Mariana xix. 14. But a makeshift menage distinguishes every house in Spain, from the venta to the palace, in which, among the other necessaries wanting, that of a well-stocked larder is the foremost; here the Queen, like all her subjects, lives from day to day and from hand to mouth, for when night sets in little more than a glass of water is to be found under royal or pauper roof. *Cosas de España: Σπανια, i. e.* want, hunger.

Notice here *el Cofre del Cid*, the worm-eaten old chest affixed up on the wall, which, *como cuenta la historia* (see his '*Cronica*,' chr. xc.), he filled with sand, and then, telling the Jews Rachel and Bidas that it contained gold and jewels, raised a loan on the security. They were not to inspect the contents or verify the security. Excellent Hebrews, they advanced the money, and great is the pity for Spain, where want of cash is a chronic complaint, that this tribe is lost! Now-a-days matters are changed, and we have heard of a Jew premier actually doing Christians out of a loan principal and interest. But the honest *Cid* did not repudiate, since, incredible as it may now seem, he actually repaid both principal and interest. Oh, *rare* Cid! *Honra de España.* He moreover was grieved at being reduced to such shifts by his king's ingratitude.

Oh necesidad infame
A cuantos honrados fuerças
A que por salir de ti
Hagan mil cosas mal hechas!

The adjoining *Sacristia* is churrigueresque, with a ceiling coloured like a china dish. Inquire for a fine Florentine table of *Pietre Commesse.* In the *Relicario* examine the banner used by Alonso VIII. at the battle of *Las Navas de Tolosa.*

The *Sacristia vieja* contains poor portraits of prelates of this cathedral, with quaint *letreros* or labels; here also are some good walnut carvings of Pedro Martinez, 1723. This place is used as a lumber or store-room for damaged carved images. Now pass into the beautiful Gothic cloisters, which, like the chapel of Santa Catalina, are placed on an irregular level. Observe particularly the curious old pointed work at the entrance, and a grand doorway carved in oak, with a noble panel of a crowned king. The head of a monk, from which the outer rim of the arch springs, is said to be the portrait bust of San Francisco, and at all events is a fine thing. In the cloisters observe the windows, staircases, and the tomb of Diego de Santander, obt. 1533, which has an exquisite alto-relievo of the Virgin and Child; remark also the sepulchres of Gaspar de Illescas and Pedro Sariz de Ruilobo, with a dead Saviour. Observe a group of four crowned figures on the corner shaft, near the tomb of Francisco de Mena, and the *urna* of Gonzalo de Burgos, an eminent lawyer; look at the curious *retablo* in the corner, dedicated to San Geronimo, with mediæval sculpture. The dates of the tombs range from the 14th to the 16th century. Consult, for fuller details of this cathedral than we pretend to give, either the '*Historia de la Catedral*,' by Pedro Orcajo, 3rd ed. Burgos, 1847, or the 4th vol. of Madoz.

Examine particularly the *Capilla del Santisimo Cristo*, the first to the r. on entering, for this cathedral at last is blessed with the marvellous and miraculous image *El Cristo de Burgos.* Like the *Cristo de Beyrut* (p. 379) it was self-navigating. According to the '*España Sagrada*' (xxvii. 495), a Burgalese merchant found the figure steering itself, as the body of Santiago did (see p. 603), in the Bay of Biscay. When

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landed and placed in the *Sn. Agustin* convent, it worked infinite miracles and attracted gold and silver offerings—for instance raised 10 men at once from the dead, and extended its arms to Queen Isabella, just as the polite statue of Memnon bowed to Sabina, wife of Adrian; the Archbishop naturally wished to move it into the cathedral, but it walked out and back again twice to its old quarters. Previously to the invasion the chaplain used to assure true believers that its beard grew as regularly as his own. Dii te Damasippe Deæque, *verum* ob consilium donent tonsore! It sweated every Friday, fast day, which was very edifying. So in pagan times four graven images at Cessene *sweated* blood for 24 hours without ceasing; so did the Cumæan Apollo. (Cic. de Dio. i. 43). A French Bishop bit off its toe, which he carried home as a relic, just as that of Pyrrhus was kept as a cure for the spleen (Pliny, 'N. H.' vii. 2). Marshal Bessières, bred a barber boy, laughed at the beard, but respected the remaining toes; he simply carried off a crown of gold which had been offered by the Cª. de Ureña, just as Dionysius only relieved Esculapius of his golden beard. Long before, the Burgalese image—true to a crown of thorns—had shaken the costly diadem off its head, which was placed in consequence at its feet, like the golden pateræ of Juno (Livy vi. 4; Cicero de N. Div. i. 34), "removed" by the aforesaid Dionysius (Cic. de N. D. iii. 34). A bit of one of the *green* tapers, once lighted before this Cristo, was supposed to secure the wearer from sudden death: thus Jaurequi, when he fired at the Prince of Orange, wore a candle's end under his waistcoat.

This crucifix, according to the chaplain, was carved by Nicodemus, out of supernatural materials; and so none could tell of what wood the Lycæan Apollo was wrought (Paus. ii. 9. 7). To us the former appeared, after close inspection, to be graven out of Sorian pine, and to be earlier than Becerra or Hernandez: still the Burgos connoisseurs prefer Nicodemus. Be this as it may, as a work of art it is admirable, and evidently modelled from a real corpse; the expression of suffering in the head drooping over the shoulder is very fine; nor will the lace petticoat displease our fair readers. It glories in a wig of real hair, continues to work miracles, and to attract *ex voto donations*. There is a most authentic Spanish '*Historia*,' &c, of this Sᵐᵒ *Cristo* by Joan Sierra, Mad. 1762; and another, 4to., published at Lisbon in 1609.

Burgos, being in a country famous for carvers, was very rich in these miraculous images. Florez ('*Esp. Sag.*' xxvii. 518) describes an efficacious one, the *Trinidad*: when the mob were damaging that church in 1366, a stone struck the figure's nose, which bled copiously.

Next ascend the castle hill, looking on the way at the ancient church of *Santa Gadea* (Agueda), which was one of the three *Iglesias Juraderas*, or churches of purgation by adjuration (see *Leon*, p. 551, and *Avila*, p. 748). The touchstone of truth was a lock, *el cerrojo*, which was called *del* Cid, because on it he obliged Alonso VI. to swear twice that he had no hand in his brother Sancho's assassination at *Zamora* (see p. 530), which the king never forgave. So Callipus was made to purge himself by oath in the temple of Ceres and Proserpine, when suspected of having plotted the life of Dion (Plut. in Dion.). When this practice was abolished by the *Leyes de Toro* of Isabella, the Bishop Pascual de Ampudia caused the lock to be affixed up out of reach, either to preserve it as an antiquity, or to nail it, in terrorem, as a forged coin is on a counter. All who wished to clear themselves used to *touch* it, *tango* aras et numina testor (Æn. xii. 201), and then kiss their thumb; but the word *adorare* implies the moving the hand to the mouth, *ad ora* (Pliny, xxviii. 2). Something of this form exists in the Spanish complimentary phrase, *Beso* a Vᵐᵈ. la mano. The lower classes now, when taking an oath, often close their hand and raise the thumb, which they kiss. Such is the import of the old Highland song, "There's *my thumb*, I'll ne'er beguile thee."

The interior of Santa Gadea has

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been plundered, and was abominably modernised in 1832, when the old *retablos*, paneled pictures, &c., were carted out. Observe, however, the baptismal font, the tomb of the chantor Alonso Delgadillo, and the statues of the Virgin and St. Peter.

Hence ascending the hill we reach the triumphant arch erected by Philip II. to Fernan Gonzalez, in the Doric style, with ball-tipped pyramids: this "High Street," or *Calle Alta*, as being nearest to the protecting castle, was the first inhabited when Burgos became a city, and here the aristocracy lived. The site of the Cid's house was cleared in 1771, and is now marked by pillars; a small space for so great a man, but his glory fills the world: now all is neglected and going fast to ruin, for the heroic ages of Spain are past, and the memorials of genuine old Castilians shame the modern mediocrities. The streets of the ancient parish of San Martin, higher up, were entirely razed by the invaders, whose quiver here was indeed an open sepulchre, for now a *Campo Santo* or public cemetery has been laid out here, and graves replace houses once warm with life. An old gate preserves its Moorish arch. Above, the hill of the castle comes to a point, and beneath it nestles the closely packed town. The view from the heights is extensive; now the pinnacled cathedral is really seen; beyond in the distances, to the N.E., are the monasteries of *Miraflores* and *Cardeña*, while to the S.W., outside the town, rises the royal convent of *Las Huelgas*, with the green *Isla* plantations and *Vega* stretching beyond.

The positions which the Duke of Wellington occupied were on the opposite hill, beginning at *San Miguel* on the l. of the road to Vitoria, and extending to *San Pedro*. The castle, built by one Belchides, was the original palace of the early kings, and here took place the bridal of the Cid, and that of our Edward I. with Eleanor of Castile; in it also Don Pedro the Cruel was born. Then it was a true Moorish *Alcazar*, and was much improved by Isabella, Charles V., and Philip II. The state-rooms were destroyed by an accidental fire in 1736, which was allowed to burn out, not a creature in Burgos even attempting to extinguish it. The ruins, beautiful even in decay, were used up by the French to erect fortifications, which they themselves destroyed when Reille fled, June 14, 1813, before the advancing Duke. Then the enemy mined the cathedral, which only escaped, like the Alhambra, by accident, from the train having failed, while by a premature explosion many hundreds of the disappointed destructives were "hoisted into the air by their own petards," in the sport of a retributive Nemesis. This castle, which had before baffled the Duke, had been left unrepaired and unprovisioned by the French, in spite of the express orders of Buonaparte: and Wellington reached it without obstacle, to the Emperor's infinite surprise and indignation (*Joseph. Mem.*, ix. 307). Poor Joseph indeed had given up the campaign before a blow was struck, and fought the battle of Vitoria chiefly to save his accumulated *plunder!* ('*Mem.*' ix. 156).

This most unexpected abandoning led to greater results and to final expulsion of the French from Spain. The Duke "*instanter*," to use his own words, determined, contrary to the advice of everybody to hustle them out of Spain, being sure that the effect would recoil on the armistice of Dresden. He advanced, crushed them at Vitoria, and thereby fixed the wavering policy of Austria. (See Croker, '*Quart. Rev.*,' No. 184.)

This castle also is memorable for the Duke's previous repulse in 1812, after his victory of *Salamanca*, which had driven Soult out of Seville, and Joseph out of Madrid; then their conqueror would have pursued them into Valencia, had not the "service been stinted and neglected" by both English and Spanish governments. Everybody who was to have co-operated with him failed: Gen. Maitland was sent to the eastern coast too late, and then did nothing, while the Spaniards were routed at *Castalla*. Thus the Duke's plans were deranged, and it now only remained to him, by taking Burgos, to open com-

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munications with Gallicia: he divided his army, and, leaving Hill at Madrid, ordered Ballesteros to place himself at Alcaraz, between the French and the capital; but this worthy cooperator, by refusing to obey a *foreigner*, left the flank open to Soult, who advanced on Madrid with overwhelming numbers; Hill was obliged to evacuate Madrid, and the Duke to raise the siege of Burgos. Thus were the results of the British campaign sacrificed to a vicious *Españolismo*. Previously the Duke had been forced to sue the citadel, as at *Badajoz*, "in formâ pauperis," "beseeching, not breaching," as Picton said. "What can be done?" as he wrote before setting out (Disp. Aug. 23, 1812); "for this *lost nation*? As for raising men or supplies, or taking one measure to enable them to carry on the war, *that is out of the question*. I shudder when I reflect on the enormity of the task which I have undertaken, with inadequate powers myself to do anything, and without assistance of any kind from the Spaniards, or, I may say, from any *individual* of the Spanish *nation*;" "for the enthusiasm of the people spent itself in vain boasting" (Disp. Dec. 24, 1811). Yet he did not despair: no time was now to be lost. He marched for Burgos Sept. 1, 1812, expecting to be joined by the Gallician army under Castaños, which, 35,000 strong on paper, arrived, after infinite delays, only 11,000, weak, "and wanting in everything, at the critical moment," while Madrid would not furnish the means of moving one gun; the Duke arrived at Burgos on the 19th with only three 18-pounders and scarcely any ammunition. A few guns were sent him *after* the siege was raised! The Spaniards also had deceived him by reporting that the castle was very weak; but the first glance revealed to him its formidable strength, and it was defended by a splendid garrison under the gallant Dubreton; Buonaparte had wisely had this important post on the main communication with France, put in excellent order. "This most difficult job is not one to be carried by any trifling means," said the Duke: he, however, gained the heights of *San Miguel* by assault, and on the 22nd could and ought to have taken the castle at the breach below the church *Santa Maria la Blanca*, had the field-officer, who was killed, obeyed his instructions, which, found in his pocket, became known to the enemy. The attack of the 28th, on the side of *San Pedro*, having also failed, he was reduced to sap and mine; but, on hearing of Soult's advance, he seized the nick of time, and instantly, Oct. 21, filed off by night, along the Arlanzon, under the guns of the castle, and thus gained a day's march on the French; finally he brought his army safely to *Ciudad Rodrigo*, the enemy, in spite of his vast superiority of numbers, never venturing to attack him from sheer fear of his very presence (see Rueda, 562). Now Señor Toreno criticizes his operations, as the poor pedant Phormio lectured Hannibal on the art of war; blinking at the same time the misconduct of Ballesteros, the *real* author of the failure (Disp. Nov. 2, 1812): call ye that backing your friends? The honest and fearless Duke took the blame of Burgos on himself, and ascribed the failure to his having taken inexperienced troops, and to the untimely death of the field-officer.

This castle is now scandalously dilapidated and defenceless, although the position of Burgos, as a second line of defence to Madrid, is of the highest military importance, as Buonaparte well knew.

Burgos is shaped in an irregular semicircle, with large portions of the old walls remaining on the river front. The grand gate *de Santa Maria* is massy, strengthened with bartizan turrets and battlemented, and the Virgin's image crowns the pile, whose solidity contrasts with the fairy filligre pinnacles of the cathedral. Charles V. added the statues of Burgalese worthies, which are grouped in niches around his own, to wit, Don Diego Porcelos, Fernan Gonzalez, the Cid, Nuño Rasura, and Lain Calvo: examine the *Cubos* or circular bastions of the primæval old walls behind

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this arch. The river Arlanzon flows through planted walks to the *Isla*, where the French built a stone bridge, which the patriotic natives destroyed after the evacuation, because the work of an enemy. The river flows down to the *Vega*, while higher up is the *Espolon* or *Esplanada*, a charming and frequented walk, which with its gardens were laid out by the Marquis de Villena. The heavy statues of Fernan Gonzalez, Alonso III., Henrique III., and Ferdinand I., were placed there by Charles III. The white regular modern row of houses on the *Espolon*, the "spur of a cock" or "the angle of a pier" by which water is broken, encase the ancient town like a new binding does an old book; and they contrast with the dark irregular lanes behind, and the gloomy half-fortress mansions in the Calle Alta, San Lorenzo, Avellanos, San Juan, and older quarters. The architect may select as good specimens of the earlier mansions, *la Casa del Cordon*, the house of the Constable, with its towers, arms, and the *rope* over the portal. Observe the enormous armorial sculpture of this powerful family at the back of their chapel in the cathedral. Their palace was gutted by the invaders, by whom almost all the family portraits, once the most complete series in Spain, were destroyed, and ever since dilapidation has prevailed. Those *azulejos* and *artesonados* which escaped show that the whole edifice originally must have had a Moorish character. The *patio*, with its galleries, and arms of Feria, Mendoza, and Haro, is still striking. To the l. of the *Puerta del Sarmental*, and opposite the cathedral-cloister, is the archiepiscopal palace: look at the portals of No. 34, *la Llana de afuera*; No. 4, *Calle Avellanos*; No. 7, *C. San Lorenzo*; observe the cornice under the roof. In the house of the Conde de Villariezo, of the 10th century, the great Alvaro de Luna was imprisoned. In the *C. de la Calera* is the *Casa de Miranda*, with superb *patio* and elegant fluted pillars. The windows, portals, and cornices of these old Burgalese residences deserve notice; they represent Spain of the 16th century, and have outlived both the greatness of their founders and country. The irregular brick-built *Plaza Mayor* was designed by the academical Ventura Rodriguez in 1783. Some poor shops are ranged under the cold granite arcades, into which penniless loungers, cloaked in threadbare *capas*, look wistfully. In the centre is a wretched bronze statue of Charles III., by one Domingo Urquiza, who has metamorphosed the Bourbon into a periwigged baboon. Visit the Town Hall, or *Casa del Ayuntamiento*; not for the rubbishy portraits of judges, kings, queens, or a straddling swaggering one of the Cid, but because his ashes were moved here in 1842 from their original resting-place, and placed in a walnut tea-urn in a paltry chapel! here also is a sort of *Concepcion*, attributed of course to Murillo: the staircase is good.

Among the churches visit the Gothic *San Esteban*, with a rich façade. Inside the elegant arch with gallery above it, the rose window, the monuments, pulpit, and bas-reliefs of the Last Supper, form an artistical group. The Dominican *San Pablo* has a noble cloister, with tombs in the Berruguete style, and the Gothic arches of the transept are fine; here were the sepulchres of the Gallos, 1560-93; of the Maluendas, 1562-74; of the Bishop Pablo de Santa Maria, his wife and children, he himself having been originally a jew and a married man, antecedents not common in Spanish bishops. The Gothic Benedictine *San Juan* contained fine tombs of the Torquemada and Castro Mogica families.

The Franciscan convent *was* a most exquisite pile, now all is gone—*etium periere ruinæ!* It was founded in 1256 by Ramon Bonifaz, the French admiral who broke the bridge of boats at the capture of Seville under St. Ferdinand; but his tomb and his works were demolished by his invading countrymen, who did not even respect that *rara avis inter Gallos*, a victorious sailor. They also destroyed the glorious Gothic *Trinitarios*, just, however, leaving one fragment alone, as a specimen of former beauty, which since has been pulled

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down by the Spaniards, and the work of destruction and vandalism progresses. In *Santa Ana* are some fine tombs of bishops, especially one under an elegant niche or arch, and another which is an isolated sarcophagus. The church *San Gil* is full of Gothic sepulchres; observe that of the De Castros, 1529. In the *Calle de San Juan*, once the residence of grandees and now of paupers, is the *Hospicio*. Observe the façade and porches, also the machicolated gate of San Juan, to the l. In *San Nicolas* are the tombs of the Polanco family, 1412-1503, by whom the high altar and skreen were given. Observe the engrailed arch. In *San Lesmes* is a vile churrigueresque high altar; observe, however, a good retablo in the *Capilla Mayor*, with excellent sculpture, relating to Santa Isabel and San Juan, inscribed MRS, *i.e.* Martines, by whom it was executed in 1560, as well as the tomb of Juan de San Martin.

Near the *Isla*, a short walk below Burgos, is the celebrated Cistertian nunnery of *Santa Maria la Real*, commonly called *las Huelgas*, because built in some "Gardens of Recreation;" these belonged to Alonso VIII., who founded it to expiate his sins, which had entailed on him the loss of the battle of Alarcos, and to gratify the wish of his wife Leonora, daughter of our Henry II. The pious work was begun in 1180, and was rewarded by the victory of *las Navas de Tolosa*. It presents a wall-enclosed jumble of ignoble buildings of different periods, granges, offices, &c., parasites which cluster around and block up the convent. The details offer an epitome of every style of Spanish architecture, during a space of seven centuries, from the half-fortress convent and Moro-Gothic down to the Royal Academical. No convent ever had more extraordinary privileges. The abbess was a princess palatinate, and styled by "the Grace of God," and the nunnery was nullius diocesis, possessing more than fifty villages, with all feudal rights of *Horca y cuchillo*, hanging, &c. Passing to the chapel through the *patios*, and the ancient vestibule with its tombs and Gothic work, observe the Gothic front, with a statue of the Conception, raised by Ferdinand and Isabella: here also are ranged many old sepulchres. Inside there are two cloisters; one, called *la Claustrilla*, was part of the founder's palace; they resemble those of Amalfi and Calabria, in the form of the roundheaded arches; notice these *obras de los Godos*, and the grouped pillars and Norman-like capitals. In the *coro* of the chapel is the tomb of the founder and foundress; other royal bodies are placed in urnas resting on lions, but these and other monuments are imperfectly seen through the gratings, as the interior is in strict *clausura*, and no males are allowed to enter. This convent was the Escorial, the St. George's chapel of the early kings of Spain, and here St. Ferdinand knighted himself; here his son Alonso El Sabio conferred, in 1254, that honour on our Edward I.; here the gallant Alonso XI. kept his vigil, and knighted and crowned himself; here was the articulated statue of Santiago, which, on some occasions, placed the crown on the head of Spanish monarchs. For the forms of Spanish chivalry, consult '*Tesoro Militar de Caballeria*,' with curious plates, Joseph Micheli Marquez, fol. Mad. 1642. Night and day solemn services were chanted over royal ashes, the nuns singing the sweetest near the tomb of their sainted foundress, as the nightingales of Greece did near the grave of Orpheus (Paus. ix. 30, 6), until the invaders plundered everything and converted the chapel into a stable. Observe a curious old painting of the victory at *las Navas de Tolosa*, and a gilt pulpit, in which *San Vicente de Ferrer* preached. In the interior is the chapel of *Belem* (Bethelem), which is built in a transition style between the Gothic and Moorish; indeed, the arches and *lienzos* might belong to the mosque of Cordova. For past glories, details of abbesses, illustrious dead, &c., consult '*Esp. Sag.*' xxvii. 574, and 'Ponz,' xii. 61; see also '*Apuntes sobre las Huelgas*,' José Maria Calvo, 4to. Burgos, 1846.

Continuing the walk beyond *Las Huelgas* is the *Hospital del Rey*, founded

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for poor pilgrims. Observe over the entrance a rich coronetted ornamental work, with niches, shields, and the Virgin. A finely carved oak door deserves notice.

Burgos, being a town of passage, was constantly made the quarters of advancing or retiring French armies; hence the dilapidation of sacred edifices, and, what is worse, caused by Roman Catholics; for our Protestant Duke directed, by a general order, that "churches were not to be used by troops without permission of the inhabitants and clergy, and when used the utmost care was to be taken of the sacred vessels and those articles which serve for religious purposes; neither horses nor other animals were to be put into churches, on any account whatever." Recent changes have finished what the Gaul began; *San Ildefonso* is now a depôt of artillery, *San Agustin* is an inn, the *Trinidad* and *San Francisco* are pulled down, *San Juan Bautista* a prison, the *Puerta de San Juan*, and the magnificent monastery *Frex del Val*, sold to a contractor for the materials; but while the dark ages of Spain covered the land with works of piety, taste, and learning, the enlightened 19th century will scarcely leave the ruins! In compensation, a manufacturing spirit has recently come over used-up Burgos: a paper-mill has been set up, and a *fabrica* of hardware at *el Vadillo;* a new theatre is begun on a grand scale near the bridge of *San Pablo*.

Excursions near Burgos.

Every one should devote a day to a pilgrimage to *Miraflores*, and to the tomb of the Cid. Crossing the river and turning to the l., the road soon ascends the bleak hills, and the Carthusian convent is seen at a distance of two miles, rising, with its nave and buttresses, like Eton College Chapel. It was built in 1441, on the site of a palace of Henrique III., by his son Juan II., for a royal burial-place; having been accidentally burnt in 1452, it was restored by Henrique IV., and finished in 1488 by Isabella, after designs of Juan de Colonia, in the finest style of the florid Gothic; she also raised the magnificent *retablo*, the *coro*, and the sepulchre of her parents, which are unequalled in Spain or elsewhere. The artist was *el Maestro Gil*, father of the celebrated Diego de Siloe; it was completed in 1493, and well might Philip II.—a good judge of art—exclaim when he saw it, "*We* have done nothing at the Escorial." Here lie Juan II. and his second wife Isabella, with his son the Infante Alonso, who died at Cardenosa July 15, 1470, aged 16, thus opening the succession to his illustrious sister. Their alabaster sepulchres baffle pen and pencil alike, *faltan ojos para mirarlos*, the eye can scarcely master the marvellous details. Nothing can surpass the execution of the superb costumes, animals, ornaments, apostles, saints, evangelists, &c. The royal effigies were placed on each side of the retablo, which was richly decorated with subjects from our Saviour's life; that of the infante is kneeling on a framework of lace-like filigree. The retablo, with circle of angels, deserves much notice. It is truly grievous to behold the wanton mutilations of the invaders. The fine *silleria del coro* was carved by Martin Sanchez in 1480; the chapel, as usual in *Cartuja* convents, is divided into three portions—the outer one for the people, the middle for the lay monks *Legos*, and the innermost for the *Sacerdotes*. The painted glass is of the fifteenth century; the walls were framed with Berruguete shell-work, and festoons for pictures of the life of the Virgin. The fine *reja* is by Salamanca. The splendid oratory, or portable travelling altar, of Juan, painted in 1445 by Maestro Rogel (Roger of Brusselles), and given that year by Pope Martin V. to Juan II., who gave it to the convent, was stolen by a French officer; some say General D'Armagnac sold it in Burgos, and now belongs to the King of Holland; then were "removed" all the fine Florentine pictures, and those relating to the life of San Bruno, by Diego de Leyva, who died here a monk in 1637; and also the five grand pictures of the life of St. John the Baptist, painted in 1496-99 by Juan Flamenco,

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who is thought to be Hans Hemling. The French next proceeded to ravage the gardens and burial-ground; now a few cypresses, sad mourners, remain in the weed-encumbered cloister, while in the angles frames remain from whence the paintings were torn. Consult '*Flores de Miraflores*,' 4to. Burgos, 1657; and '*Apuntes Historicos*,' Juan Arias de Miranda, 4to. Burgos, 1843.

Continuing the ride over bald downs, *San Pedro de Cardeña* appears with a few trees and its walls. The façade was modernised in 1739. Over the portal, the Cid mounted on Babieca, cuts down Moors *à la Santiago;* the gallant war-steed was honoured in life and death, like Copenhagen, the Waterloo charger of our Cid, for none ever rode Babieca after her master departed: and when she followed him her grave was prepared before the entrance of the monastery by Gil Diaz, one of the Campeador's most faithful subalterns.

The invaders under D'Armagnac arrived here Aug. 10, 1808, gutted the buildings, and burnt one of the most curious archives and libraries of Spain; fortunately many of the old muniments had been printed by a monk of this convent, whose work is now of such authority as to be admitted as evidence in Spanish courts of law. Let every book-collector secure the '*Antigüedades de España*,' Francisco de Berganza, 2 vols. fol. Mad. 1719-21. This monastery was the first ever founded in Spain for the Benedictine order, and was raised by the Princess Sancha, in 537, in memorial of her son Theodoric, who died while out hunting, at the fountain *Cara digna*, whence the name *Cardeña*. The convent was sacked by the Moors in the autumn of 872, who killed 200 monks; but it was restored in 899 by Alonso II. of Leon, and the blood of the murdered friars always issued out every year at the anniversary of their martyrdom; it ceased in 1492, when their manes were satisfied by the final downthrow of the infidel. Previously, however, by way of compensation, the body of S^{to}. Sisebuto, twenty-ninth abbot, began to work such miracles that the peasants prayed to him as their intercessor with God, and also offered money at his sepulchre, at which cripples were regularly cured (Florez, '*Esp. Sag.*,' xxvii. 238).

The French ravages were partially restored by a monk named Bernardo Zubiaur, of Bilbao, a learned basque, whom we saw there, and whose curious collections no doubt are now lost for ever. The singular register-book, *el Libro Becerro*, of the date 1092, was saved by a monk named Miguel Garcia, who happened to be consulting it when the invaders arrived. The Benedictines, in 1823, unfortunately restored the chapel with tawdry reds and yellows, and picked out the pillars in black and white. Among the few inscriptions that escaped the destroyers was that on the tomb of Sancha, obt. æra 580; they however mutilated the sepulchre of Theodoric. The old cloisters have also been modernised, but some of the original short pillars and capitals may be traced, and a slab still marks the spot where the 200 monks bled annually.

One word on the Cid, now we stand near his grave. Rodrigo Ruy Diaz of Vibar, where he was born in 1026, is the Prince, the Champion of Spain, *el Cid Campeador*, the hero of Gotho-Spanish epos, a Castilian "to the backbone," *Castellano á las derechas*. No incident of his *guerillero* condottieri career was left unrecorded in song, that form of primitive history. Thus, as Schlegel says, "He is worth a whole library for the understanding the spirit of his age, of which he was the personification; for six centuries his feats have formed the real reading of the Spanish people, and all now delight in his *Romancero;* and just as in the time of Cervantes *nos quita cañas* (Don Quix. i. 32), they gladden and prevent grey hairs.

This doughty Champion of Christendom was cast in the stern mould of a disputed creed and hostile invasion, when men fought for their God and their fatherland, for all they had in this world, or hoped for in the next; the Cid, who possessed the virtues and vices of the mediæval Spaniard, engrafted the daring personal valour, the cool determination and perseverance of

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the sledgehammering, crushing Northman, on the subtle perfidy and brilliant chivalry of the Oriental. Like an Alaric or Tamerlane, he was terrible to his enemies, kind and generous to his friends, charitable to the poor, liberal and submissive to the priest, and thus presented that strange mixture, which still marks Spanish and Arab character, of harshness and benevolence, cruelty and generosity, rapacity and munificence: for darker traits we must consult the Moorish annalists, since the early Spanish *histories*, being compiled exclusively by clergymen, naturally painted in a couleur de rose, not blood, their champion, by whom infidel kings were destroyed and their temples overturned, while Christian altars were endowed with the spoil.

The '*Poema del Cid*' was written in the twelfth century; and this, the epic of Spain, like the 'Iliad,' and at once the earliest and finest work in the language, is stamped with a poetry of heroism. Even then its Achilles, the Cid was spoken of with pride and affection, being already, like Nelson, the property of his whole nation, El *mio* Cid—*my* Cid. "He who was born in a *good* hour"—"he who in an auspicious moment girded on sword;" and he feels himself to be the honour of of his country, "*Soy el Cid, Honra de España*," which he is always ready to prove by his good sword. The leading events of his life have been handed down in an unbroken series of Spanish and Moorish writers; thus Alonso el Sabio, in the thirteenth century, speaks of him as already the hero of many early ballads, while Conde and Gayangos find the Arabic authors tallying exactly with the Spanish in dates and facts: but they paint him, as he really was to them, a fierce, perfidious, and merciless enemy. The type of the Cid is Oriental, and Biblical history abounds in parallel chiefs who raised themselves to power; such were Jephthah, Rezin, David, &c. And as the latter was persecuted by Saul, so the Cid was by Alonso: and both being compelled to carve out their fortunes with their own good sword, gathered around them "vain and light persons" (Judges ix. 4), "people in debt and discontented" (1 Sam. xxii. 2); and just the sort of desperate characters with nothing to lose and everything to gain, who are so well described by Sallust (B.C. 14) as forming the recruits of the radical patriot Catiline.

Again, in semi-barbarous nations and periods, agriculture and war are the only professions which do not degrade. The Iberian of old, like the Pindarree of Hindostan, loved the joys of battle, the excitement of the *raid*, and the possession of red gold; while the chase, that mimic war, with love, the guitar, and personal decoration filled up his brief hours of peace. These elements still exist, and form the basis of Spanish character: thus to this day they are personally brave, fond of adventure, and prodigal of life; and never has a Sertorius, a Hafssun, a Cid, wanted gallant followers. So in our times the Minas and Zumalacarreguys have enacted deeds which only require the distance of centuries to appear almost equally fabulous; but these very qualities, admirable for predatory forays, ambuscades, and a desultory irregular *petty war*—a *guerilla* in which Spain shines the best—have always incapacitated her from producing a really great general, for the Great Captain is the exception, which only proves the rule.

There is nothing in the Cid's rise or career more strange or eventful than in those of Jephthah or David. He, like them, was superstitious and reckless of the rights of property and of the life and happiness of men: but he was true to his faith and king, as to the Lord's anointed, while a halo of power gilded over his misdeeds. Thus during the French invasion, church and palace plunder if committed by armed marshals, is, it seems, to be overlooked; while, had private men done the same, it would have justly been stigmatized as robbery and sacrilege; but in those unprincipled and semi-civilized days, no disgrace was attached to bold violence, for those got, who had the power, and those kept, who could. Thus the conduct of David towards the people of his protector Achish is recorded but not condemned by Samuel (1, xxvii. 8),

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nor is the ferocity combined with perfidy of the Cid stigmatized by his clerical chroniclers. There is little doubt as to the accuracy of their general although flattering statements: thus Niebuhr, the decided sceptic of old history, considers the Cid to be a real character, and cites his ballad memoirs as early instances of records based on truth, yet hovering on the verge of fabulous times. Masdeu, however, thought fit to doubt his very existence; but this arose from his ignorance of the MS. of Leon (see p. 553), and from a secret pique against Florez and Risco, his rival antiquarians: and in our times Dr. Dunham, in Dr. Lardner's cyclopediac compilations, has repeated these absurd *Patrañas*. Our readers will do better to refer to the '*Chronica del Cid*,' fol. Burgos, 1593; to '*La Castilla*,' Manuel Risco, 4to., Mad., 1792; to the '*Romancero del Cid*,' Juan Müller, duo., Francfort, 1828, which is well fitted for the *alforjas* of the traveller. In his library at home let him place the new edition of the '*Chronica del Cid*,' by Herr Von Huber, Marburg, 1844. Our estimated friend and able Spanish scholar is the author of the '*Skitzen aus Spanien*,' one of the best sketches of this original people and country. The Cid again is *the* hero of Spanish ballad poetry, the most convenient edition of which is that published in five volumes at Madrid, 1828-32, by Agustin Duran: Depping also, in 1817, printed at Leipzig a good selection, '*Samlung der besten alten Spanischen Romancen*,' and his countryman Nicolas Böhl y Faber edited at Hamburg an excellent '*Floresta*.' See also on the Cid the lively duo. volume of Mr. Dennis, 1845. The whole subject of Spanish ballads has been treated by us in two Reviews of Mr. Lockhart's, one in the Edinburgh, No. cxlvi., and the other in the Westminster, No. lxv.

Suffice it now to state that the Cid, out of favour at court, was thrown on his own resources: and as the rich lands of the infidels in those days were considered fair game by the Christians, he assembled an army of bold adventurers and captured Valencia, where he ruled on his own account, and died in 1099. His body was then brought to Cardeña, mounted on Babieca,* and placed armed on a throne, with *Tisona*, "the sparkling brand," in his hand, according to legends, as Charlemagne had been with his Joyeuse. The Cid, however well he had paid off the Hebrews while alive, when dead knocked down a Jew, whose valour plucked the dead lion by the beard. Ximena, his widow, in order to keep him quiet, then had the body put under ground. The still existing tomb was raised in 1272, by Alonso el Sabio, who composed the still legible epitaph—

Belliger, invictus, famosus marte triumphis,
Clauditur hoc tumulo magnus Didaci Rodericus.

Some, however, consider the style of armour to be later than 1272. The original sepulchre was erected in the site of honour, near the high altar; but when the chapel was remodelled in 1447, the abbot, Pedro de Burgo, moved it into the *sacristia*, from whence it was turned out in 1541; thereupon the garrison of Burgos complained to Charles V., who ordered the good Cid's tomb back into the chapel; but in Feb. 5, 1736, it was moved into the chapel of San Sisebuto, which was fitted up by Philip V. in 1736, in a semi-theatrical manner, with trumpery shields, &c. Around him were interred his faithful wife Ximena, their two daughters, Maria Sol, queen of Arragon, and Elvira queen of Navarre, who rest with their husbands, authentic history to the contrary notwithstanding. The Cid's only son was killed at the battle of Consuegra, together with Martin Antolinez, Pero Bermudez, and others, of his most faithful followers; among whom was Alvar Fañez Minaya, his first cousin and Fidus Achates, or as he used to call him his "right arm." The Cid blazoned on his shield, his two swords Tizona and Colada, crossed, with a cross between them, enclosed with a chain.

Paltry as was this Pantheon, the ashes of the Cid were not yet allowed to rest here in peace. In 1808, when the French invaded Spain, "their

* Down to the end of the last century bodies of *hidalgos* in the neighbourhood were taken to be buried on horse-back.

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curiosity," says Southey (Chr. of Cid, 432), was excited by nothing until they came to Burgos, and when they heard that *Chimene* (for thus dignified Doña Ximena is Frenchified into a tragic coquette) was buried at Cardeña, then parties were daily made to visit her tomb, and passages were spouted from "Corneille," or rather from what Corneille had adapted from '*Las Mocedades del Cid*' of Guillem de Castro, and the '*El Honrador de su Padre*,' of Juan Bautista Diamante. The spouters next "removed" the church plate, and pilfered even the bones of the Cid, and "sa chère Chimene" (Schep. ii. 255); they next "removed" the old sepulchre itself to decorate their new promenade at Burgos, a theatrical affair which made even a French "*apothicaire*" sick; what, ho, apothecary! This gent, in his amusing '*Mémoires*' (ch. 42), administers a brisk cathartic to one General Thibeault, who, in the hopes, as he says, of linking his insignificance with the immortality of Rodrigo, had inscribed his name on the tomb as perpetrator of the transportation. But the Duke, *el gran Lor*, avenged his colleague, *el mio Cid*, and fell in with this Thibeault (whom he had before trounced at Vimiero) at *Aldea de Puente*, Sept. 29, 1811; thereupon *Monsieur*, or rather *Doctor* Thiebault, for he had forced the Dons of Salamanca, where doctores sine doctrinâ, are common, to make him a L.L.D., took to his heels; and yet, according to Mons. Gautier (Lett. 4), he used to sleep with some of the Cid's bones, *pour se hausser la valeur*. The Cid's sepulchre was taken back to *Cardeña* in great pomp July 30, 1826: but when convents were sequestered, they were put into a rococo walnut tea-urn and conveyed to the *Casas Consistoriales*, or Mansion-house of Burgos, a motion which does honour to the absolute wisdom of Spanish mayors and the proverbial taste of most municipal corporations in the Peninsula or out: requiescant in pace!

Now-a-days, according to Mons. A. F. Ozanam (*Pélérinage au Pays du Cid*,' Paris, 1853,' p. 24), the Cid's bones were thus *saved* from some "*touriste Anglais!*" This poetical pilgrim entirely ignores the ravages of his countrymen, or the presence of a single avenging *red* coat.

Those who arrive coming from France are advised to go to Madrid by Valladolid, Segovia, and the Escorial (see R. 78, 80, 101), and thus avoid the most dreary line (R. 115) through *Aranda*. Burgos being a central point is quite a coach town; it has diligence communications with Bayonne, Madrid, Valladolid, Santander, Vitoria, Logroño, and thence to Tudela, Pamplona, Zaragoza, and Barcelona.

ROUTE 116.—BURGOS TO SANTANDER.

Quintaña Dueñas	1	
Huermeces	3	4
Urbel del Castillo	2½	6½
Basconcillos	3	9½
Llanillo	1½	11
Canduela	2½	13½
Fuenvellida	2½	16
Reinosa	1½	17½
Barcena pie de concha	3	20½
Molledo	1	21½
Cartes	3½	25
Arce	2	27
Santander	3	30

There is another road to the rt., 29½ L., through *Vivar*, *Pesadas*, *Ontaneda*, and *Vargas*. There is a diligence. This excursion will lead the angler into some of the finest salmon and trout fishing in Spain, as from *Santander* he may either turn to *Bilbao* and the Basque provinces, or strike to the l. to *Oviedo*, *Lugo*, and the *Vierzo*.

Leaving *Burgos* the road enters the valley of the river Urbel. *Vibar*, where the Cid is said to have been born, lies to the rt., and the hills of Villadiego rise on the l. Next we ascend to *Urbel del Castillo*, built on La Pinza, over its trout-stream. This decayed place was originally the seat of the see of Burgos; hence by the range which divides the basins of the Ebro and Pisuerga to Canduela and Reinosa. The latter is the chief town of its district. The mountains around are very lofty, and often covered with snow. This is the nucleus whence *las Montañas de Santander* and those *de Burgos* diverge. They abound in natural and neglected forests of oak and chesnut. The botanist, artist, and angler should

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make for the environs of *Liebana*. This mountainous district, with its crater-like valleys is a wild and ill-used arboretum. *Potes* will be a good head-quarter; it stands in the centre of four charming Swiss-like valleys, the *Val de Prado*, *Cereceda*, *Val de Baro*, and *Cillorigo*. The fishing in the Deva, and particularly in the Nansa, and Sal, is excellent. Potes where the hill and valley scenery is most Swiss-like, was one of the first towns entered by Soult, who, with the Parisian guards, was welcomed with palms, but the place was forthwith sacked, and the inhabitants butchered (Schepeler, ii. 116). A good light wine is made in these districts. The forests of Liebana are magnificent, but much neglected; nor are foreigners allowed to cut what the Spaniard permits to rot; nor are even those who would turn it to better account, allowed permission. Thus, in 1843, a proposition was made to the Minister of Marine by Messrs. Septimius Arabin and Co., for the purchase or working of the forests of Asturias for a term of 20 years. The company engaged to furnish to the State all the building timber necessary for the navy, and undertook to build whatever vessels might be required from models furnished by the minister. In order to cover their expenses, the company required a grant to be made to them of 500,000 trees. The following was the reply of the minister:—"The Spanish people duly appreciate the importance of their forests. The company desire to receive two trees for one which they will cut down for the interest of Spain; so that for the acquisition of one ship, Spain would give two to a foreign nation. The Spanish government has still the means of improving and increasing her navy without destroying her forests. The government is, however, grateful for the interest shown by the English house for the Spanish navy, and is not surprised at the feeling. Spain has for a long time had multiplied reasons to believe that a great number of nations feel an ardent wish for the diminution of the Spanish navy. As long as the present minister shall remain at the head of the Marine department, he can never listen to a proposition which can give rise to an idea similar to that which in his opinion has dictated the proposition." Meanwhile the forests of Liebana will remain in their primæval repose and natural decay, while *El Ferrol* can scarcely supply a spar for a cock-boat; but "to boast of his strength is the national disease" of a Spanish misminister, whose words are greater than his ideas, and who will repose under his laurels, having thus proudly rejected the *foreigner*. This amusing state paper did credit to a cabinet, of which Senor Bravo, the ci-devant editor of the Madrid "slang," or Satirist paper, was the Premier—*Cosas de España*.

A bad road leads to *Reinosa* (Pop. 1700), the chief place of the mountainous district by which it is encompassed, and generally called *las Montañas de Burgos*. Some of the passes to the N.W. slopes are very high: the *Portillo de Bedore* rises 3800 feet, and that de Lunada 3400 feet above the sea-level. The Ebro gushes forth in Fontibre or *Fuentes de Ebro*, from a wild and rocky source. It flows 342 miles through the Rioja, and divides Aragon. *Reinosa* is a tidy hill town, with a good street and fine bridge over the beautiful Ebro. It is a busy place, frequented by carriers, who convey across the *Puerto* the corn and wine of the plains, and bring back the iron and fish from the coasts. Santander may be called the seaport of Madrid: many projects have been formed to facilitate this important communication. Thus the grand canal of Castile, which was begun in 1753, and is not yet finished (*Cosas de España*—donde se empieza tarde y se acaba nunca), was to connect Segovia and Burgos; next a new and shorter road was to be opened to Burgos; and now the Castile canal company and municipality of Santander propose to construct a railroad from the latter town to Reinosa, which, when accomplished, will be a great benefit to central and cereal Spain.

The fairs of July 25 and Sept. 21 at *Reinosa* are attended by most picturesque peasants and *Pasiegas*. There

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is good fishing in the valleys and wild shooting in the hills, especially in the *Montes* and *Breñas*, near Val de Arroyo, and near the Dominican convent *Monte Claros*. This naturally almost impregnable country, which might have been made the Torres Vedras of Gallicia, was absurdly abandoned in 1808 by Blake, who quitted it to court defeat at *Espinosa*. Then *Reinosa* was so wantonly and dreadfully sacked by Soult, that Schepeler (ii. 39) imagined the invaders wished to leave it as a monument of the greatest horrors which even sans culottes could by any means perpetrate.

Crossing the noble mountain *Puerto*, we descend, with the trout-stream, the *Besaya*. This lofty range extends about 12 leagues, and is one of the coldest in Spain. The hard rocks will, however, offer fine opportunities for our engineers to exhibit their skill in tunneling and circumventing. *Somaoz*, in the valley of *Buelna*, lies half-way between *Reinosa* and Santander, and the country is truly Swiss-like and alpine. The Pas is soon crossed, where the Santillana and Oviedo road joins in (see p. 643). This valley is the healthy home of *las Pasiegas*, who, as *Amas de Cria*, and bursting with mountain juices, suckle the puny children of the better classes in sickly Madrid. *Ama* in Arabic means mother, or one that feeds. In their native hills they carry their own babies in *Cuebanos*, which sometimes contain cotton wares, for there is great smuggling in these parts. For Santander see Rte. 119.

ROUTE 117.—BURGOS TO LOGROÑO.

Zalduendo	3	
Villafranca	3	.. 6
Belorado	2	.. 8
Villaypun	2	.. 10
Santo Domingo de la Calzada	2	.. 12
Najera	3	.. 15
Navarrete	3	.. 18
Logroño	2	.. 20

This is the direct and shortest route, but the one usually taken by the diligences goes up to *Pancorbo* on the *Vitoria* road, 11 L. (see Rte. 118), and then branches off to the rt. The circuit is about 2 L. longer, but the road is better. There is a diligence which communicates from *Logroño* with Tudela, and thence to Pamplona and Zaragoza and Barcelona. The hilly broken country continues to *Velorado*, over the mountains of Oca. In the valley Atapuerca, near *Zalduendo*, was fought, in 1053, the battle between Ferdinand I. of Castile and his brother Garcia of Navarre, who was killed and buried at Najera: thus *Rioja* was annexed to Castile. Mariana (ix. 4) details the Iberian strategics and Punic perfidy of these fratricidal princes.

The district of *La Rioja* lies between Burgos, Soria, and Alava, and is so called from its river, *la Oja*, *el Rio Oja*, which rises in the hills of San Lorenzo. The rich valley is in the shape of an S, being some 24 L. in length, with an unequal breadth, varying from 8 to 10 L. It is divided into high, *alta*, and low, *baja*. The former runs from Villafranca de Montes de Oca to Logroño, and the latter from Logroño to Agreda; the two are divided by the chain which separates the basins of the Ebro and Duero. The whole extent is about 270 square leagues, with a population of 25,000. The soil is rich, but most slovenly cultivated; indeed from its fertility it is called *La Andalucia del nord;* being productive in corn and wine, it never wanted pious priests to pray while the peasants ploughed; so many indeed were the convents and holy men that the province was called *La Urna de Santos*. One of them, San Vitores, preached for many days after his head was cut off (*Anquiano*, p. 250); but these sort of miracles are always absurd in proportion to the remoteness of the locality and ignorance of the flock.

For this district consult '*Compendio Historial de Rioja*,' Domingo Hidalgo de Torres y la Cerda, 4to. Mad. 1701, or the second edition by Matteo de Anguiano, 4to. Mad. 1704; also '*Epilogo de la Rioja*,' Juan Josef de Salazar, 4to. Mad. 1732; '*Memorias Politicas*,' Eugenio Larruga, vol. xxvii. 206; and the '*Diccionario Geografico*,' Angel Casimiro de Govantes, fol. Mad. 1846.

A dreary ride of some 11 hours over bleak hills, with here and there some

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oak, leads from *Burgos* to Santo Domingo *de la Calzada* (of the Causeway), Posada *de Atauri:* this town (Pop. some 5000) stands on the Oca, and rises with a tall overloaded belfry, over a rich plain: it shares with *Calahorra* in the dignity of a bishopric, resembling Jaen and Baeza, and our Bath and Wells. The cathedral, of a simple, massy, early Gothic, was begun in 1180 by Alonso VIII., and finished in 1235, but was much injured by fire in 1825. The *coro*, high altar, and chapel of the tutelar *Santo Domingo*, are in the Berruguete style. The reja of the chapel of the Magdalen is a fine specimen of the plateresque.

This *Santo Domingo* was not the holy Inquisidor, his namesake, but a local saint, born in these parts about 1010. He was induced to quit his hermitage by San Gregorio of Ostia, a judicious bishop, who having expelled the rapacious locusts, settled there himself; his follower became a mediæval Macadam, constructed the "Causeway" for pilgrims to Santiago, worked infinite miracles, built bridges, inns, and hospitals, restored masons to life, while wild bulls carried stones for him. His good works are fully detailed in '*Anguiano:*' consult also '*Siyüenzas Historia de la Orden,*' &c. iii. ch. x. His crowning feat is charged on the city arms, "argent, a tree vert, with a sickle, a cross, a cock and hen proper." Southey made a ballad on these charges, more droll, it is true, than reverential; the pith of his 'Legend of the Cock and Hen, or the Pilgrim to Compostella,' is detailed in historical prose by Moya in his '*Rasgo,*' p. 283. The city arms tell the true story, as it were in hieroglyphics, which is to be interpreted after this wise: the *trees* represent the primeval forest, which the saint cut away with a *sickle*, building a *venta* on the clearance; the Maritornes of the new hotel fell in love with a handsome French pilgrim, who resisted, whereupon she hid some spoons in this Joseph's wallet, accused him of theft, so our traveller was taken up by the Alcalde, and forthwith hanged. But his parents some time afterwards passing under the dead body, were assured by it that he was innocent, and saved by the intercession of St. Domenick, who was also dead; thereupon the parents proceeded forthwith to the Alcalde, who was going to dine off two roasted fowls, and, on hearing their report, remarked, "You might as well tell me that this cock," pointing to one on the dish, would crow; whereupon it did crow, and was taken with its hen to the cathedral, and two chicks were regularly hatched every year. The birds always white were kept in a rich cage near the high altar, and their feathers were worn by pilgrims in their caps, and the *Alcalde's* house in the *Barrio Viejo*, with a cock over the door, was long shown as a lion. Prudent writers will, however, without minding Santo Domingo, put a couple of ordinary roast fowls into their "provend," for hungry is the road to *Logroño*. Much as Spaniards may have neglected ordinary ornithology, they have always excelled in the miraculous investigation and breeding of fowls: thus Lampridius, praising Alexander Severus, says he beat even the Augurs of Spain: San Vicente too had his crows (p. 199); San Millan was famous for his cocks and hens. The scholar may compare these portentous pullets with the pagan *pulli*, by which the aruspices enlightened the ancients, and they too were kept in caveæ; their revelations were so clear, that even most Bœotian augurs could interpret the crowings of their *Gallos Gallinaceos* (Cic. 'de Div.' i. 34): Livy (xxxi. 1) records that a cock and hen changed sexes. But fowls have long figured in mythologies; witness the cock of Esculapius, the doves of Venus and Santa Teresa. If sacred Geese cackled in the capitol, Jupiter at least had an eagle; but those who reflect on the dog of Santo Domingo, and the pig of San Antonio, will ask, like Cicero (N.D. iii. 17), how low you are to descend in this bathos? "Si dii sunt, suntne etiam nymphæ deæ? si nymphæ, Panisci et Satyri. Tum Charon tum Cerberus dii putandi;" but such things, as the Roman philosopher observed, are the invention of poets; and well might he wonder how any two *aruspices* could

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meet in the street and keep their countenances.

Santo Domingo's other miracles are detailed in the works of Luis de Vega, 4to. Burgos, 1606; and Andrea de Salazar, 4to. Pamplona, 1624; see also the '*Historia*,' by Gonzalez de Tejada, fol. 1702, and Ribadeneyra, ii. 68.

In going from *Santo Domingo de la Calzada* to *Najera* you may make a detour of some 3 L. over bare hills to *San Acencion*, a village prettily perched on a rocky range, behind which, in its valley, is the Jeronomite convent *La Estrella*, in which *el Mudo* learned to paint. Thence strike S. to *San Millan*, so called from its tutelar, whose authentic legend is fully given by Anguiano (p. 403). Born in Rioja, he died about 564, and Bishop Braulio wrote his life in 638. Originally a shepherd, he passed 40 years in a cave on the *Cerro de San Lorenzo*, where he worked infinite miracles thus: he wrestled with the devil and beat him; a touch of his staff put out of his cave cured the sick, lengthened short beams for carpenters, and multiplied wine for vintners. This poor hamlet was famed for its once noble Benedictine convent, *de la Cogolla*. The upper and elder convent, *el Souso*, was founded in 537 by St. Millan himself; but when the monks got rich, the acclivity became inconvenient, so in 1053 the holy body was brought down. But on reaching a pleasant spot the bulls that drew it were found miraculously to be unable to move a peg further; so a new convent was built there, and called *el de Abajo, de Yuso;* but only a few fragments of this can be traced, as the monks moved again, and in 1554 raised the present pile, which, from its splendour, was called the *Escorial de Rioja*; it is built in the severe style of Herrera. The fine cloister contains curious tombs, and among them those of the seven Infantes de Lara (?); the church, large as some cathedrals, and now used as a parroquia, was built in 1642. Observe in the *retablo* the tutelar, on a white horse, charging the Saracens à la Santiago. Observe also those which represent his other miracles, casting out devils, putting out fires, &c. The modern church is very ornate; notice the pulpit and the overgilt altar and arch.

The ashes of San Millan were collected in the year 1033 by Sancho el Mayor, and the identical *urna* or chest existed until stripped by the French, in 1808, of all the gold and silver ornaments. These lovers of bullion fortunately neglected the most curious contemporary ivory carvings, wrought by Apariccio and Rodolpho. In 1813 these were let into a new urna, and deserve careful notice. The convent was very comfortable, with its fine *ambulatorio;* the rich library has been much pillaged. The choice things have been moved to the *Academia de la Historia*, at Madrid; some of the MSS. were older than the Moorish invasion; among them was a ritual earlier than even the Mosarabic. The library still possesses a copy of the polyglott Bible of Ximenez. In the lofty tower bell-fanciers may look at one called *La Bomba*, of the date 1269. But the glories of St. Millan are passed. Sequestration has succeeded to the "repairs and beautifyings" of Ventura Rodriguez, and farmers have taken the places of the friars, and bullocks and asses of the monks. Besides this saint, here was born Gonzalo Berceo, one of the earliest poets of Spain.

The distance to *Nojera* is about 2½ L.; the name has been derived from *Nahr*, a river, and better perhaps as meaning "a place in rocks," and many are the caves, the refuges in the hills, to which the Goths fled at the Moorish invasion: one is much venerated and visited, the *cueva* in which *San Millan* lived for forty years.

Najera—*Posada de la Campana*—rises on the *Najerilla* (called here *el Canal*), in a rich vega, under a ruined castle, which crowns the hill. Pop. 2500. Now decayed, it was once the court of Navarre, and here St. Ferdinand was crowned. The Benedictine S^{a}. Maria is fine and well kept; the library, however, and archives have been sadly pillaged. This also was once a sort of Escorial, for here lie 35 bodies of the royal families of Castile

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and Navarre. The elaborate Gothic *coro* was carved by el Maestro Andres and Nicolas in 1495, and the fine ruined cloister was filled with statues by A. Gallego, 1542-46. Observe the delicate tracery in the openings of the arches. Observe the *retablos* of Juan Vascardo and Pedro Margoledo, 1631, and the early painting of Maestro Luiz, 1442.

You can ride from Najera to Logroño easily in 3½ hours. It was between *Najera* and *Navarrete* that the Black Prince replaced on his throne the perfidious, cruel, and ungrateful Don Pedro, just as Wellington at the no distant *Vitoria*, restored the beloved Ferdinand VII.; and striking is the parallel throughout, for thus the past is the prophet of the future, and the present vouches for the past. Then, as in our times, the Peninsula was made the arena for the war between rival giants, between England and France; then the Black Prince, in despite of inferior forces, everywhere defeated the Du Guesclins, just as the Duke trounced the Soults; then, as recently, the single-handed Spaniards were easily defeated by the French; then, as now, the Spanish juntas were proud, obstinate, and self-confident when danger was distant, but craven and clamorous for aid when it drew near; then as now, when the *foreigner* had done their work, they treated him ungratefully, violating every promise, nay, robbing him even of his glory.

The French were valorous, chivalrous, and soldierlike, but cruel, false, and plunderers. The English were brave in battle and honest in word and deed; they, as in our times, never took up a position which they did not hold, and never attacked an enemy's which they did not carry. They were only subdued by climate, starvation, and wine, ever their worst of foes: they duly appreciated the gallant French "as the only troops worth fighting against;" and the French, like Buonaparte, in our times, felt that "the English alone were to be dreaded." "Il n'y a de dangereux en Espagne que les Anglais, le reste n'est que des partisans que ne peuvent jamais se tenir en campagne" (*'Mém. de Joseph,'* vii. 241). The Spaniards resented this inferred *menosprecio*, and hated friends and foes alike, using and abusing them alternately—"a plague on both your houses." So the beloved Ferdinand wished to see his English allies *Los Borrachos*, hung up *con las entrañas* of his French enemies *los gavachos*, just as a good Moor's prayer runs, *Ensara fee senara, le hood fee sefood*, the Christian to the hook, the Jew to the spit.

Froissart has graphically painted the campaign; begin at ch. 230. Pedro, the king, was opposed by his natural brother Henrique de Trastamara, who was backed by France; Pedro's ill-usage of his wife, Blanche of Bourbon, was put forward as the ostensible pretext for invasion, while the real object was to combat British influence, and to give employment to her revolutionary legions, *les pillards*, *les compagnies*, whose trade was war, and who, by the peace with England, were left without employment. It was to get rid of these mercenary freebooters, some 20,000 in number, by which France was overrun, that the ransom of Du Guesclin was paid by Charles, who would gladly have seen him and them hanged; so they were vomited forth into unhappy Spain, which, like Algeria in our times, was made a safety-valve, where glory and plunder-baited grave-traps were laid. Don Pedro, far away at Seville, at first "boasted of his strength," and, "reposing under his laurels," made no sort of preparation for defence; but, when the formidable French advanced, like the juntas of 1810 and 1823, he crouched into the mire, and ran at once to beg the aid of Edward III., just as in our times the patriots did of George III. The Black Prince crossed the Pyrenees in Feb. 1367; he arrived at *Logroño*, "enduring the greatest anguish of mind," from want of food and every promised co-operation. Such anguish, and from the same causes, was endured by our Duke after *Talavera;* but neither of our chiefs despaired, being sufficient in themselves. The morn of April 2 beheld 30,000

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English (Mariana, xvii. 10, says 20,000) opposed at *Navarrete* to 80,000 French and Spaniards, enough, as our Duke said at *Rueda*, to "eat him up." The Spaniards despised the foot-sore Britons, who were shrewdly out of Monsieur Foy's "beef and rum." They were only afraid that we should run away before they could catch us all in a net; so thought the Cuestas when "hunting" the French.

In vain Du Guesclin, who remembered Poictiers (an untoward affair, which Henry of Trastamara, who was at it, might also have remembered) spoke of prudence, and counselled a Fabian defence. He said, like Soult on the Tormes, "Let them starve in hungry Navarre, and rot on the marshes of the Ebro." The French counsels, like those of our Duke before *Ocaña*, were lost on the Spanish chiefs, who cried "We are double their number, we will outgeneral and beat them." The French opened the battle with one of their characteristic en avant attacks, but the English stood silent, and firm, receiving the head of the column with an iron sleet of arrowy shower. Then the foe wavered; then "Up, guards, and at them!" then followed the usual "Sauve qui peut." The French were sacrificed by their allies; for Don Telmo, who before the battle had been the greatest boaster, now ran ere it commenced, and thus exposed the flank of his allies, who were left to bear the whole brunt, to do the work; just as the Cuestas, La Peñas, and Blakes did in regard to us at Talavera, Barrosa, and Albuera. Don Telmo next himself set the example of flight, like Areizaga and Venegas at Ocaña and Almonacid.

The victory was settled before twelve o'clock, the English having lost, according to even Froissart, a French author, only 40 men, while the loss of their opponents amounted to 17,500, a mistake, no doubt, in subtraction and addition. The Spanish army disbanded "each man to his own city." Pedro now proceeded to butcher his prisoners, and his murderous *venganza* was with difficulty restrained by the Black Prince, as Cuesta was by the Duke after Talavera; sweet mercy is nobility's true badge, and humanity in the hour of *victory* is an older English adage than even immortal Nelson thought. Pedro next claimed all the glory for himself. Active in "vile, black blood-shedding," he neither repaid one farthing of the loans nor made good one promise or pledge. At length the Black Prince—bright mirror of English good faith and chivalry—quitted Spain in disgust, exclaiming that "the Castilian had shamefully and dishonourably failed in his engagements;" and so the Duke retired after Talavera: and so again, when he had finally replaced Ferdinand on the throne, he withdrew from the scurvy concern. "Le gouvernement ayant manqué à *tous* les engagements faits avec moi, j'ai donné ma démission" ('Disp.' Oct. 30, 1813). No sooner were the English under the Black Prince withdrawn than the French reappeared; and now, having only the Spaniards to deal with, overran the Peninsula at a hand-gallop: thus the *promenade militaire* of the stout Du Guesclin in 1369 was but the prototype of that of the puny Angoulême in 1823.

Navarrete was the *Vitoria* of the age, as it cleared Spain of the pillaging invaders, while their general fell a prisoner into the hands of the Black Prince, who, knowing well how to honour a brave opponent, saved him from the false ferocious Pedro.

Meantime no satire can be more severe on *Las Cosas de España* than the account of Mariana himself, who by the way calls Du Guesclin, Bertran Claquin. Henrique II., when enabled to dethrone his brother by this *foreign* general, granted to him his own previous title of *Conde de Trastamara*, and also made him *Duque de Molina:* thus introducing the ducal title for the first time in Spain. But the new Duke was robbed of his appanages by insurrections fostered at the Spanish court, just as Pedro, having granted the *Señorio* of Biscay to the Black Prince, sent secret orders to impede his taking possession. Such has before

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been the reward which *foreign* generals have received from Spanish kings; so their ancestors the Carthaginians, having been saved by Xantippus, a Lacedemonian, covered him *publicly* with honours, but had him *privately* drowned (App. 'B. P.,' 6).

Now-a-days Spanish historians simply talk of a "decisive battle between Don Pedro and his brother," the part of Hamlet being left out. Señor Govantes, in his '*History!*' p. 129, does not even name the Black Prince: Don Pedro and *Nosotros* do all the work—*Cosas de España*. And so Señor Mellado and Co. blink our great Duke's recent doings, while, to complete the traits of national character, Mons. Foy (i. 205) ingeniously ascribes this victory, *not* to the English, but the "Normans and *Gascons*" who served under the Black Prince. Well done, Gascons! See also Roncesvalles. Near Najera is the hamlet *Tricio*, the ancient Tricium, founded, according to Anguiano (ch. 36), by Noah, and preached in by St. Paul, and where Roman antiquities and inscriptions are at all events often found.

For *Logroño* and its communications see R. 137.

ROUTE 118.—BURGOS TO VITORIA.

Quintanapalla	3	
Castel de Peones	2	5
Briviesca	2	7
Cubo	2¼	9¼
Ameyugo	2¼	12
Miranda de Ebro	3	15
Puebla de Argamon	2¼	17¼
Vitoria	3	20¼

This is the great line from Madrid to France, and is travelled by many mails and diligences; the road is tolerable, and runs through a hilly but well-cultivated and agreeable country. *Briviesca*, Virovesca, has a good inn, where the dilly stops. It is a square regularly-built town on the Oca, and Isabella took it as a model for Santa Fé, near Granada. In the *Colejiata*, in the *retablo* of Santa Casilda, are images of St. Peter and St. Paul, by Becerra. Look at the *sacristia*, the fine *custodia*, and the chapel of the Marquises of Sopraga, by Diego de Guillen. The *retablo* of Santa Clara, by Quillen, 1523, is fine. At Briviesca in 1388 Juan I. held a Cortes, in which he gave to his eldest son the title of Prince of the Asturias, in imitation of our Prince of Wales, and at the express desire of John of Gaunt, whose daughter was married to the heir apparent.

Those who have time should make an excursion to the celebrated Benedictine convent at *Oña*, which stands in its hamlet near the Ebro, about 4½ L. from Briviesca: for details consult Florez ('*Esp. Sag.*' xxvii. 250) and Berganza (i. 30). It is dedicated to *San Salvador*, and once lorded over its rich hill-encompassed valley, watered by the sweet rivers the Vesga, Omino, Oca, and Bureba; the gardens and fishponds were delightful. The perennial fountain Sagredo gushes out in a volume of crystal water. The whole *merindad* of *Valdivielso* is truly Swiss and pastoral. The mills are very artistical. About 1 L. from Oña is *la Horadada*, a lofty bridge of one arch thrown over the Ebro, and thought to be Roman. The convent was founded in 1011 by the Conde Don Sancho for his burial-place; he died Feb. 5, 1017; his epitaph, in a Leonine versification and play upon words, records his deeds and worth. *Oña* has been derived from Maiona, the count's mother, who, fearing her son was about to marry a Moorish princess, gave him poison in a cup, which he managed to make her drink, and then raised the monastery in expiation. Mariana (viii. 2) states that the custom of women drinking before men arose from this maternal malice (see the ballad, Duran, iv. 203). The exterior of the convent is ancient, simple, and severe; the interior was formerly *duplex*, that is, conveniently arranged for monks and nuns under the same roof—abuses which were reformed in 1032. The Gothic chapel was begun in 1470; the cloisters were finished in 1503, and are most airy and elegant, and of the finest period. Observe the slim windows, pinnacles, and shields, and among the lay sepulchres those of the Bureva, Sandoval, and Salvador families: the royal tombs in the chapel consist of four rich *urnas*; here repose the Infante Garcia, Sancho de Navarra and his wife,

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and Sancho II., who was assassinated at Zamora. Observe the old paintings and shrinework canopies. The prosody of Sancho's epitaph would perplex Porson: "Sanctus formâ Paris, et ferox Hector in armis," &c. It was on the high altar here that St. Ferdinand was placed by his mother until the Virgin cured him of the worms; on this miracle Alonso el Sabio wrote a '*romance*.' This convent was pillaged by the invaders, who burnt the fine library; again in 1835 it was made a barrack by Cordova, who used the cloisters as a stable, while his troopers added new injuries to the already mutilated sepulchres. The halt of this Bombastes was made here during one of his absurd "marchings and countermarchings" over mountains higher, as he said, than eagles ever soared, in order to tire his unfortunate troops, which he *did*, and to assist Gen. Evans, which he did *not*, as he left his brave ally in the lurch in the hour of danger. *Socorros de España!* But the grievous military mistake of wasting time and strength in operations which can lead to nothing, passes for vigour, activity, and skill in most Spanish generals. The progress of ruin has been recently arrested by the new purchaser, who formerly a great slave-dealer, is doing penance by the *obras pias* of restoring a sacred edifice. There is a finely engineered road from Oña to *Villacayo*, 6 L. over the heights.

After quitting *Briviesca* the road continues to *Pancorbo*, Porta Augusta, the picturesque pass between the defiles of the mountains of Oca and the Pyrenean spurs; the river Oroncillo and the road have scarcely room to thread the shadowy narrow gorge or *garganta*, a cleft in the limestone rock; in the middle is a chapel to Nuestra Señora del *Camino*, our Holy Lady, and *way* warden, who superintends the *road*, and protects travellers from avalanches; all around arise fantastic rocks, which hem in this natural portal and barrier of Castile, and in which the old Spaniards defied the Moorish advance, and where the modern ones ran away frightened at the mere name of Buonaparte. Above, to the W., is a ruined castle, which commands a fine view of the Rioja; in it Roderick is said to have seduced the ill-omened Cava: *ay! de España perdida por un gusto.* The modern fort, Santa Engracia, built in 1795, was dismantled in 1823 by Angoulême, who, although then the ally to Spain, was glad to destroy a barrier to future French invasions. Now all is *hors de combat*, except the Moorish caverns or *algibes;* not even the guns spiked by the French, nor the shot and shells rolled down the rocky crevices, were removed when last we there there, and this military gate, the natural defence of Madrid, is barely stronger than a turnpike one.

Leaving *Pancorbo*, soon the Bilbao road branches off to the l.; the Ebro is passed at *Miranda* by a fine bridge. Nature becomes fresher, fountains more abundant, the population increases, and the towns have more trees and gardens near them; the face of man, too, is ruddier. How beautiful the contrast of these Welsh-like hills and dales after the dreary desert of the Castiles! The open belfry of the churches now is changed for a square tower. *Miranda*, with a decent diligence inn, contains 2300 souls, and is utterly uninteresting. Here are placed the custom-house offices, as this is the fiscal frontier of Castile, whose system does not obtain in the Basque provinces, which we now enter. The Ebro is a geographical and vegetable line of demarcation; soon maize becomes the staple food, and the cereal region is left behind. *Miranda* has an ancient church with the porch in front, the common protection against weather in these damp N.W. provinces. *Logroño* lies 10 L. from *Miranda de Ebro;* the first three to *Haro* are picturesque, as following the windings of the river. *Haro*, with its 6000 inhabitants, is prettily placed on the Ebro in a fertile vega, where much wine is grown; but all its time-honoured glories and interests belong to the past.

La Puebla de Arganzon is placed in the defile of the *Morillas* hills, and is the gorge by which the waters of the basin of *Vitoria*, once a lake, made their exit. The road and the river Zadorra run through this pass into the plains,

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at the head of which *Vitoria* rises in the distance. This undulating basin is about 12 miles in length by 10 in width, and is cut up by the Zadorra, which serpentines down the portion to the l.; it is interspersed with woods, villages, and broken ground, with good wild-fowl shooting in winter. This rugged country offered strong positions of defence to the French against the English attack.

On the 20th of June, 1813, our army bivouacked on the Bayas, a mountain stream which flows to the l. of the road, and occupied *Tuto*, *Subijana de Morales* (the Duke's head-quarters), *Zuazo*, *Vitoriano*, and *Marquina*. The enemy, commanded by Joseph and Jourdan, was strongly posted in front, at the opening of the pass; their rt. was drawn up at *Tres Puentes*, and their l. at *Subijana de Alava*, with the hill of *Arinez* in their centre, not far from which is a height called *Inglesmendi*, the "English mound," where five centuries before they had defeated the French. On the 21st the Duke ordered Hill to open the ball: he, with Morillo, scaled the elevations to the rt., where Col. Cadogan fell mortally wounded; he begged to be so placed that he might die happy at the sight of the foe in flight, and his last wish was gratified, for the French under Gazan and Darricau were forthwith driven down. Meanwhile Graham, who had been sent with 20,000 men from *Marquina*, on the extreme l., to sweep round to the Bilbao road, routed Reille at every point, Lonja and the Spaniards holding *Gamarra menor*, and the English turning the enemy at *Gamarra mayor* and *Abechuco*, and thus depriving them of the possibility of retreating by the Irun road. While these two distinct battles and victories were being gained, the Duke led the centre and struck the heart of his opponents. He threaded the defile by *Nanclares*, Kempt at the same time, with the light division, crossing the *Zadorra* at *Tres Puentes*, and, bursting into the French position, of which the *Mamario de Arinez* was the key; Joseph wavered and detached Villate to Gomecha in his rear; the Duke saw the moment—and ordered the splendid rush at the hill of *Arinez*. Old Picton led on his "invincible division," encouraging them kindly as he was wont, "forward, ye fighting villains!" and they followed their brave leader to a man; although opposed to five times their numbers and to 50 cannon, they bore everything down before them, Joseph being the first to run; just as at Cressy, where, says old Aleyn, "the kinge turned head, and so soon his men turned tayle." The French, relates Southey, "were beaten before the town, in the town, through the town, out of the town, behind the town, and all about the town." They fled, leaving behind them baggage, eagles, 6000 killed and wounded, 150 cannon, and even their plunder. The battle was soon over, for, as at Salamanca, the numbers being nearly equal, the Duke took the aggressive; yet not two-thirds of his army were British, and the returns of losses separate the wheat from the chaff, our loss was 3308, the Portuguese 1049, the Spanish 553, who now claim the glory as *theirs*. According to the Memoirs of poor Joseph —who ended in believing his own lies —the English force was *double de la notre!* How unlucky! 80,000 to 39,000. Even then had but Foy and Clausel obeyed *his* orders, the English must have been *culbuté!* — risum teneatis? Be that as it may, the victory was so complete that the French at least have not yet claimed it as theirs; Gen. Clausel, who had had a taste of the British bayonet at Salamanca, again escaped by a miracle to *Huesca*, as Joseph did to Roncesvalles; while Foy, who had failed to come up to the battle, fled to France by the Basque hills.

Then the Duke pressed on in his pursuit of the fugitives to the Pyrenees, and on their summits, says Napier, "emerging from the chaos of the Peninsular struggle, he stood a recognised conqueror; then, on those lofty pinnacles, the clangour of his trumpets pealed clear and loud, and his splendour appeared as a flaming beacon to warring nations." Alone he did it, for the blundering Bentincks and Murrays,

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by repeated failures on the E. coast, had, like the Spanish generals, been an incumbrance to him instead of an aid, and this alike when present and when absent; the former had departed for Sicily, just when most needed to act as a diversion, having just before crippled the Duke's finance by sweeping the money-market with most ill-advised competition.

Vitoria not only cleared Spain of the invader, but cheered Europe at large, for the recoil shook Buonaparte at Dresden, as Salamanca had done when he was in Russia. He indeed kept the news of this "affaire" even from his minister Maret; but when the event was learnt by Lord Castlereagh, it "at once," as he wrote Desp. viii. 45, "put us on strong ground," and thus realized the political objects of the Duke. It induced the allies to refuse the armistice, fixed the wavering adhesion of Austria, and thus was harbinger of glorious Leipzig. Mons. Bory de St. Vincent (Laborde, i. 132), describing this battle, after severely criticising the *mollesse* of the English attack, continues thus:—"Les braves, débandés par le découragement des chefs, se jetèrent vers les Pyrenées, tandis que Lord Wellington, qui *se crut* vainqueur de Vitoria, s'arrêta paisiblement avec toutes ses forces dans une ville sans importance (which he did not), au lieu de marcher vivement sur Bayonne. Sans avoir vaincu *selon la signification du mot*, les Anglais demeurèrent en possession de quatre-vingt pièces de canon au moins (*i. e.* 151). La France n'eut pas à regretter plus de cent braves (*i. e.* 6000) tués ou blessés qui restèrent sur le champ de bataille."!! The comparative smallness of the French loss arose, first, because, as at Oudenarde and Ramillies, they were beaten by us too quickly; and, secondly, because, as at Salamanca, their fugitives threw away arms, &c.—all that constitutes a soldier, but impedes escape.

Again, the enormous booty, to save which the French *risked* the battle, and which the runaways left behind, offered a temptation which our troops could not resist; they who had defied the steel of the enemy were vanquished by his gold. And yet these were fair battle prizes, won from strong men by stronger; and after a well-fought field, not the pillage of unresisting citizens. Now five millions of dollars were taken by the English troops, but thereby all "order and discipline were annihilated," as the indignant Duke said, who, as a soldier and gentleman, hated the very sound of pillage: "je suis assez long temps soldat pour savoir," wrote he in his nervous Anglo-français, and how truly English both the sentiment and the French form he puts it in! "que les *pillards* et ceux que les encouragent *ne valent rien devant l'ennemi*" (Desp. Dec. 23, 1813, March 5, 1814, June 27, 1815). The English troops wearied themselves in searching for booty rather than in following up their victory, and thus stopping to pick up gold, they lost, like Atalanta, the race of honour. The old curse of the *Aurum Tolosanum* pursued both conquerors and the conquered. Here, as at Bailen (see p. 233), the French movements were hopelessly hampered, for behind the town was collected in nearly 2000 vehicles the aggregate French plunder of the whole Peninsula during five years. These impedimenta rendered retreat by the high road impossible; so there was some truth in poor Joseph's lamentation ('*Mem.*' vii. 462) —"Tout ce que l'on a volé ici, est payé tot ou tard par le sang Français." Southey has graphically described the variety of the church plate and pictures, the delicate eatables, the mistresses, the poodles, parrots, and monkeys. Poor Joseph, after all his gigantic pickings, narrowly escaped with only one Napoleon in his royal pocket ('*Mem.*' x. 342). His carriage was taken, like that of his brother at Waterloo, and it was filled, says Toreno (xxii.), with pickings and stealings and obscene objects, while Marshal Jourdan's *baton* was found in his *fourgon de comestibles!* this, with the colours of the 100th regiment was "laid by the Duke at the Prince Regent's feet," who, with great good taste, repaid the compliment by returning the staff of

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an English field-marshal to the captor. The enemy's losses were so complete as to furnish jokes to themselves. Thus *l'Apothicaire*, in his clever '*Mémoires*' (chr. 42), consoled his friends, so cleaned out by this Wellington purge, or steel prescription, by quoting Horace: "You all of you came into Spain thinner than weasels, and now as thin you must go out." The French soldiers also derided their general, who from his continual beatings at *Talavera* and elsewhere, was called the "anvil," and exclaimed irreverently, "The sea fled, and Jordan was driven back."

Joseph's own carriage was gorged with stolen goods, for his Royal and Imperial Majesty had there stowed away in its imperial many of Ferdinand's choicest cabinet pictures, which now worthily ornament Apsley House. These *spolia opima* are indeed fair battle-won trophies, not the free gift of bayonet-threatened chapters, nor the fee of bribed violence, à la Soult (see pp. 180, 610). Nay, no sooner had the Duke learnt that the pictures were more valuable than he thought, than he wrote to express his desire to "restore" them to Ferdinand, suspecting that they might have been "*robbed by Joseph*" from the royal palaces (Desp. March 16, 1814). According, however, to Napier (xx. 8) all the plundering on this great day was now on our side, and the French in consequence "were not half beaten." Another prize, more precious for the sacred cause of truth and history than plate or paintings, was also taken here in the usurper's carriage, namely, the official and confidential correspondence between Madrid and Paris; this reveals some secrets of Buonaparte's prison-house and lifts up a corner of his mantle of ruse doublée de force; these thoughts, shot from his innermost quiver, give the best contradiction to his *public bulletins* and "enormous lies," that poison with which he fed his slaves instead of bread. These *private* papers, never destined for the Moniteur, fully corroborate the Duke's *public* despatches, for the noble mind will dare do all but lie. *Bon sang ne peut mentir*, and when will any French marshal venture to print his private letters?

Our Duke, as unlike the gang of revolutionary "*Victors*," as like the heroes of antiquity, preferred bright honour to filthy lucre; his motto was τιμη μαλλον η κτηματα, his pursuit was "gloriam ingentem, divitias honestas." He never contaminated his golden mind with the dross of peculation or pillage. He never sold his large glory "for what might be grasped thus." His shrine of renown was only to be approached through the temple of virtue, and he trusted to a grateful country to provide means for the support of a dignity which he carved out with an untarnished soldier-sword. Such also is our *sailor's* maxim. "Corsica," writes Nelson (Desp. June, 27, 1794), "in respect to prizes, produces nothing but *honour far above wealth*." But the Massenas and Soults and Co., marshals of the rapacious eagle, qui se ressemblent comme deux gouttes *de feu*, have proved that military heroism may exist with an utter absence of all moral or principle: officers but not gentlemen—they rose it is true from the ranks.

Mons. Bory attributed the loss of Vitoria to the soldiers' want of confidence in their chiefs; so Sallust (B. C. i.) dated the decay of Roman arms to the misconduct of the Syllas in Asia, who then first collected "tabulas pictas —vasa cælata." These spoilers never scrupled "ea privatim ac publice rapere, delubra spoliare, sacra profanaque omnia polluere;" but there is nothing new under the sun. *Tel maître tels valets*. And who can fail to apply to these marshals' master, that wonderful man, one of true Italian intellect and Machiavellianism, all those characteristics which Livy (xxi. 4) so unjustly predicated of the mighty Hannibal?—"Has tantas viri virtutes, ingentia vitia equabant, inhumana crudelitas, perfidia plusquam punica, nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus Deûm metus, nullum jus jurandum, nulla religio." For *Vitoria*, see p. 878.

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ROUTE 119.—VITORIA TO SANTANDER.

Miranda de Ebro	6	
Ameyugo	2¼ ..	8¼
Valderada	4 ..	12¼
Frias	1¼ ..	14
Trespaderne	2 ..	16
Monco	2¼ ..	18¼
Villarcayo	2 ..	20¼
Espinosa	3 ..	23¼
Salcedillo	1 ..	24¼
San Roque	2¼ ..	27
Lierganes	2 ..	29
Santander	3 ..	32

Retracing our steps to *Miranda de Ebro*, we soon turn off from the high road to *Frias*, a dilapidated old town hanging over the Ebro, with a bridge said to be of Roman foundation; from the ruined castle of this place the great Velasco family derive their ducal title. At *Villarcayo* the Burgos road branches down, and crosses the Ebro at *Puente de Arenas*, by which the Duke, June 14, 1813, marched and turned the enemy's position at *Pancorbo*, "the glories of twelve victories playing about their bayonets, their foes flying like sheep before wolves, all their combinations baffled, rivers dried up, ravines levelled by the genius of him who was soon to annihilate them" (Napier, xx. 7). Our brave men poured through the intricate passes between Frias and Orduña, in which they toiled for six days, and then "trickling from the mountains like raging streams from every defile, went foaming into the basin of Vitoria," to victory.

Not far from *Villarcayo*, on the road to Bilbao, is the old Castilian city of *Medina de Pomar*, pop. 1200. It is pleasantly placed on the trout-streams the Trueba and Nela, and has a good bridge, a fine fountain on the *Plaza*, and some grand tombs of the Velasco family in *Santa Clara*. One Duke of Frias lies clad in armour, with his wife near him; observe the animals at their feet. But the time-honoured tombs of this ancient family, the hereditary constables of Castile, have decayed like their degenerate chief. The *Duque de Frias* of our day used to boast, so it was said, that he possessed all the essentials of grandeeship, that he was *chico, endeudado, y cornudo*. From *Villarcayo* to *Santander* there are two roads, one by *Soncillo*, 3½, and hence 12 by the *Camino Real de la Rioja*, and the other, a bridle and shorter, by Cabada and Espinosa. Espinosa, pop. 2000, lies on a slope of the Somo, in a pleasant valley watered by the Trueba, which, with the Nela soon joins the Ebro. The inhabitants had the privilege of *mounting* guard over the king's person at night: hence it is called *Espinosa de los Monteros*. This honour was granted in reward of the valour of Sancho Montero, by whom the Conde Sancho's life was saved in 1113. Consult '*Origen de los Monteros*,' Pedro de la Escalera Guevara. 4to. Mad. 1632, or the reprint, Mad. 1735.

At *Espinosa*, Nov. 10 and 11, 1808, Blake, Mahy, and Mendizabal, when posted on strong heights, were surprised by Victor, and put to instant flight, and this just at the moment when Castaños was losing the battle of Tudela; thus Moore, who had advanced into the Castiles, relying on Spanish co-operation, was left with his handful of Britons to bear the whole brunt. The incapables Blake and Mahy, when out of breath, halted at *Reinosa*, from whence and its almost impregnable passes they again fled at the mere report of the French approach, leaving *Santander* to its fate, which was utterly and most brutally sacked.

Lierganes lies on the trout-stream Miera, and furnishes itinerant blacksmiths and needy knife-grinders. Here was born, in 1660, Francisco de la Vega Caz, the Spanish merman, or *hombre pez*. He took to the sea in 1674, and was caught in some nets near Cadiz in 1679, whereupon Señor Caz, on being hauled out, exclaimed "*Pan, vino, tabaco*," bread, wine, tobacco; on hearing which the sailors saw at once that he was a countryman and Christian; and, as he afterwards said "*Lierganes*," they identified his locality. However, this amphibious mountaineer, like a fish out of water, soon got sick of land, and disappeared again among his finny friends. His natural *history* was vouched for by Span-

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ish archbishops, and even Feijoo, the refuter of popular fallacies, gives the whole *critical* account, '*Teatro Crítico*,' vi. Dis. 8.

Now we enter the iron district, and the best mines are those of Pamanes, Vizmaya, Montecillo; but *Somorrostro*, the finest of all, is distant 12 L. The forests of oak and beech furnish a bad fuel for the furnaces; yet the port of *Gijon* could supply coal to any amount. At *La Cavada*, on the Miera, Charles III. established an artillery foundry.

Santander, although some Spaniards assert that it was founded by Noah!! others only by Tubal! was probably the Roman Portus Blendium. Inns: *El Suisso*, *Café Frances*, *la Fonda de Boggio*, *de Cristou*, and *el Parador de Moral*, Calle de Becedo. The damp and wind-blown town is picturesquely placed on the extremity of a headland, protected by a hill, with a harbour of easy access, sheltered to the N. and N.E., but open to the S.; it has a lighthouse and good anchorage: pop. 16,000. It has a theatre, made out of the old convent *S. Agustin*, a *Circulo*, *Liceo*, and good baths. The fine quay and newly-built houses of the chief merchants have rather a French than a Spanish look, and the shops abound with Parisian *colifichets* and poor hagiographical engravings. The busy quay, with its bales, sugars, flour-barrels, and bustle, contrasts with the fishy poverty of the older town, especially the quarter of San Pedro. Here porter's work, as in Bilbao, is done by women, if those androgynous epicene Amazons can so be called. The local carts are coffin-looking concerns, built after the Affghan waggon with solid *creaking* wheels. The fresh-aired walks on the hill command pretty views over the *Ria*, the *Muelle de los Naos*, the mole crowded with shipping, and the *Castillo de San Felipe*: the *Alamedas de Becedo* and *de los Barcos* are the fashionable promenades. *Santander* is a cheap and well-provided place; the fish both of sea and fresh water is plentiful and excellent. The green valleys of the Pas supply butter, which is brought in by Swiss-like *pasiegas*, who carry baskets, *cuebanos*, fastened with straps, and by which they are bent double; however, when the weight is removed, they spring up straight like a bent cane. The vin du pays is a poor cidery chacoli, nor is the water good, but there is a mineral spring called *la Salud* about two miles off, which is much frequented for visceral disorders from June to October, and about 20 miles off, at *Ontaneda*, there are baths, with a large and decent *parador*.

Santander is the residence of the provincial authorities, and the see of a bishop, suffragan to Burgos, which was founded in 1174 by Alonso IX.: the cathedral is one of the least important in Spain; the ancient tower has been disfigured by a modern cupola of bad taste, and the curious crypt underneath painted! in 1845; the cloister commands pretty sea-views. The relics of Saints Emeterio and Celedonio (see p. 945) sanctify this cathedral, of which the *Christian* baptismal fount is an Arabic one, with an Arabic inscription, like the Pope's chair at St. Peter's.

Santander has long been a seaport: the bay and port were much esteemed in the early periods of Spanish history. From hence, in 1248, St. Ferdinand's fleet sailed to blockade Seville, which is commemorated on the city's shield. It afterwards decayed into a mere fishing-town, but rose when made a *puerto habilitado*, or a port entitled to trade with S. America; it still supplies Cuba with corn from the Castiles, bringing back colonial produce; and as it is, in fact, the seaport of Madrid, whenever the canal of Castile or the railroad to Reinosa be finished, it must necessarily profit largely. Now, next to fish, cigars are the staple, and the *Santa Cruz* convent has been converted into a fabrica of the filthy weed.

Here Charles V. landed, July 16, 1522, to take possession of Spain; and from the same quay our Charles, embarked to quit Spain after his romantic visit to Madrid; he arrived here on the 11th of Sept., 1623 (old style, *i. e.* on St. Matthew's, the 21st), and was nearly drowned on Friday the 12th,

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when going to visit his ship; he sailed, however, on the 17th, and landed safely at Portsmouth on Sunday October 5, to the inexpressible joy of the whole nation, which, 26 years afterwards almost as gladly saw him beheaded.

Santander was ferociously sacked by Soult, Nov. 16, 1808, and yet no place during the war exhibited more selfish localism or greater unfriendliness to our delivering armies. The Junta having clamoured for our aid, turned round like Berbers when it was granted, abusing and ill-using its defenders; the citizens refused even to lodge the Duke's couriers, although paid for by England and for Spanish purposes. They placed his wounded in quarantine, and in the most offensive manner ('*Disp.*' Jan. 14, 1814). "The town of Santander," wrote he, "has at one stroke virtually cut of the supplies of the allied armies of every description, and has thereby done that which the enemy has never been able to effect." Again, Oct. 14, 1813, he notices the "bad temper shown by Santander to the English, which he had not observed in any other part of Spain."

In fact, next to "His Majesty's" Opposition at home (see p. 486), the Duke's worst enemies abroad were his allies the Liberals of Cadiz. The democratic party, from feeling that the cause of Royalty was upheld by him, set themselves to thwart his efforts; thus their patriotic tool Ballasteros neutralised the victory of Salamanca. The Cortes, which insulted and injured the priesthood, led the church party to fancy the Duke was the upholder of the absurd constitution. Thus, when Wellington had delivered the Peninsula, and finished the good work despite of the Spaniards, and when he stood a conqueror in France, his chief anxiety arose from his *friends!* in the rear; and he recommended our Ministers "to take steps with a view to a war with Spain" ('*Desp.*' Nov. 27, 1813). This painful conclusion to a career so glorious was averted by the sudden downfall of Buonaparte.

The Santandrians have not changed, for again when Gen. Evans landed with his legion, the citizens refused to contribute to the bare necessities of those brave men whose assistance had been implored. The capital fishing districts extending westwards to Oviedo have been described in Rtes. 95 and 96. There are diligences from *Santander* to Burgos, Rte. 116, and to Valladolid, Rte. 77; one runs to Madrid in about 55 hours; a coasting steamer communicates up and down between San Sebastian and Cadiz, and sometimes to Havre and Liverpool. For the land route to *Bilbao*, see Rte. 125.

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SECTION XII.

THE BASQUE PROVINCES.

ALAVA; VIZCAYA; GUIPUZCOA.

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Las Provincias Vascongadas consist of the three united provinces of *Alava*, *Vizcaya*, and *Guipuzcoa*. *Vizcaya*, the largest, contains about 106 square leagues; *Guipuzcoa*, the smallest, only 52, but it is the most densely peopled, and at the rate of 2000 inhabitants to the square league; *Alava*, containing about 180 square leagues, lies between *Guipuzcoa* and Navarre. These provinces, forming the mountainous triangle of the N.W. of the Peninsula, constituted the *Cantabria* of the ancients, a name derived by some from *Kent-Aber*, which they interpret the "Corner of the Water." This corner of the land, like our Wales, is the home of the remnant of the indigenes or aboriginal inhabitants, who never have been expelled or subdued;* thus the character of an unadulterated primitive race, an ethnological fossil, remains strongly marked in language and nationality. These highlanders, bred on metal-pregnant mountains, and nursed amid storms in a cradle indomitable as themselves, in a country difficult to take and not much worth the taking, have always known how to forge their iron into arms, and to wield them in defence of their independence; and what sword equals that moulded from the ploughshare? This *sufficiency in self* is the meaning which *Senor Perochegui* reads in the Basque name, a word derived by him from *Bayascogara*, "somos bastantes." A sense of separate weakness has taught

* The Goths could not subdue these rebellious highlanders, although Recared, as San Isidoro tells us, used especially to send his troops there to keep his soldiers' hands in fighting condition —quasi in palæstri ludo (Chron. Era 585).

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these provinces the secret of *union*. This federal association is expressed in their national symbol of three hands joined together, with the motto "*Irurac Bat*," which is equivalent to the tria juncta in uno of the Bath order of our *united* kingdoms. The armorial shield is "argent, the tree of Guernica vert, two wolves gules, with an orle of eight crosses or."

The Basques have been less successful in resisting invasions by sea, for they were partly overcome about the year 870 by a fair-haired Northman, named Zuria, an adventurer either from Norway or Scotland; and to this foreign admixture their fair complexions and immemorial representative government have been traced. These provinces, when the descendants of the Goths began to gain ground on the Moorish invaders, formed themselves into a confederation of small detached tribes or republics, placed under a nominal Lord or *Señor*, until at length, in the 14th century, Nuña, the 19th Lord, died, leaving two daughters, one of whom having married Juan of Arragon, Pedro the Cruel seized the opportunity, put her husband to death, and annexed the *Lordship* (*el Señorio*) to the crown of Castile. Soon afterwards he ceded it to the Black Prince, in reward for his assistance at Navarrete; however, private instructions were given to the Basques not to allow the *foreigner* to take possession, which he never did: and considering the Punic character of Don Pedro *el cruel*, his deliverer was fortunate to escape even with life. The Basques have not forgotten their double-dealing monarch's hint, and have turned his own arm against his successors; thus, whenever they have issued decrees militating against their *fueros*, they have been received with lip obedience, and treated like waste paper—*obedecido pero no cumplido*, obeyed but not carried out. Although incorporated with the Castilian monarchy, these provinces were considered *exentas;* the national *fueros* were rigidly retained; and these, the kings of Spain, as *Señores* only of Biscay, always swore on their accessions to maintain, and as regularly endeavoured to subvert. The first impolitic act of Castañon, after Ferdinand VII.'s death, was to abolish these *fueros*, which threw the Basques into the cause of Don Carlos, in whom they beheld a non-innovating principle; their cry was, "*Conservar intactas la F., y las costumbres antiguas;*" and they fought more for *their* own independence than for *his* cause. The Basque *fueros* were regularly classified and digested for the first time in 1526, by a native commission appointed by Charles V., and have been often printed: these privileges breathe a parochial isolation and monopoly, each *partido* or district treating its neighbours as rivals, and almost as enemies, seldom even purchasing anything from them until all raised at home be first consumed; but men will bear and glory in any chains provided they be self-imposed, and in local self-government national character and fitness for liberty is formed; therefore the Basques, who take the good with the bad, and who have been happy and free under their chartered rights, cling to them as guarantees of future vitality and prosperity; and their shadows of liberties, as we English may think them, were as bright lights shining in the circumambient darkness. The *fueros* of the Peninsula have survived many a change and chance, and have resisted many a foe domestic and foreign; they have continued to exist when little Spanish existed save the fertile soil and the noble hearts of the honest people; they kept Spain Spanish, because such institutions were congenial to national character, which, essentially local, abhors a foreign centralising system. They again have grown with the country's growth, and have become part and parcel of the constitution; and although not perhaps abstractedly the best, yet are the only ones which it has been possible to obtain and maintain. Sooner or later, however, the Basque *fueros* must be abolished whenever a really strong government can be formed. Meantime the policy of an imperium in imperio continues, and the *alcalde* is the Sheikh, and the *cura* the petty Pope, of their particular villages, which they rule in temporals and spirituals, indifferent to the orders or wishes of those who are their nominal

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superiors, whose commands they either evade or disobey. The religious independence secured by the *fueros* presents a strange anomaly in prelatical Spain; here the episcopal office is unknown, and the parish priest is exempt from all diocesan control. The amount of taxes, again, is determined by the popularly elected representatives, and the supply is called *donativo*, a gift, not a tribute or *service*, as it is in Navarre. The Basques are free also from the *quinta*, or conscription, that *contribucion de sangre*, as Spaniards call this blood-tax, the fit invention of a French Revolution which, like Saturn, devoured its own children. Each *partido* here raises its own *tercios* or militia, who are not compellable to serve beyond their respective provinces; hence the difficulty which Don Carlos had to get his Basques to advance into Aragon or the Castiles. Again, the Basques are exempt from the burdensome *papel sellado* and stamps and taxes of Castile, from governmental *escribanos*, and from the fiscal scourge of Spanish custom-houses and their officers, which are placed on the Ebro, not the Bidasoa.

Another privilege is universal nobility, the appanage secured to all by the mere fact of being born in these provinces. Sons of old and good Christians, free from all Jewish and Moorish taint, they represent the "Hebrew of the Hebrews," and are the *most* Gothic gentlemen of Spain, and are consequently all *Caballeros hijos de algo*. It is true that where all are so noble, the distinction is of small importance; nevertheless, like other Highlanders, they are grievously affected with genealogy and goitre: thus Perochegui (Origen, p. 96) modestly eulogises his beloved Cantaberria: "*Hidalga en abstracto, rio caudaloso de Nobleza, solar indicativo y demonstrativo de Nobleza, antiquisimo seminario de la Nobleza de España.*" Peppery as the Welsh, proud as Lucifer, and combustible as his matches, these pauper peers fire up when their pedigree is questioned, and well did Don Quixote (i. 8) know how to annoy a Biscayan by telling him that "he was no gentleman." Basque gentility often consists rather in blood than in manners; better born than bred, the Cantabrian is not always courteous nor over quick in rendering honour to whom honour is due; he considers a sort of boorishness to indicate a republican independence, and thinks the deference which one well-conditioned person pays to another, to be a degradation to his noble birthright; their provinces may be the three Graces of Spain, but the natives sacrifice but little to those amiable types.

The modern Basques, however brave and active as individuals, form very bad *regular* soldiers, as they are too obstinate and self-opinionated to tolerate drill and discipline; again, they can only be managed, and that imperfectly, by one of themselves; hence Gonzalo de Cordova affirmed that he would rather be a keeper of wild beasts than a commander of Basques. As *Guerilleros* they are excellent, since their active mountain and smuggling habits educate them for a desultory war of frontier ambuscade, foray, and bush-fighting. In the wild sierras of *Guipuzcoa* bands were raised by the shepherd Gaspar Jauregui, which were always a thorn in the path of the invader. The treatment which our soldiers have met with from the Basques, from the Black Prince down to Sir De Lacy Evans, has always been the reverse of friendly, even while fighting their battles. The Duke never found an enemy among the honest PEOPLE of Spain until he entered these provinces, when the Basques, saved from the invaders by him alone, rose in his rear, as in olden time, "impacatos *a tergo* horrebis Iberos" ('*Georg.*' iii. 408); so they repaid Charlemagne, whom they had called in to assist them. From such allies well might the Duke pray to be delivered; from all enemies in front he could protect himself; and at last, when a conqueror on the Pyrenees, ever prescient, he warned the ministry at home to prepare for a war with that very country which without him would have remained a province of Buonaparte's, who had been welcomed by the Basques with arches of triumph, inscribed, "à l'heros invaincu, les Cantabres invaincus."

The English are not very popular in these parts; the lies and libels of

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St. Sebastian, circulated by the Afrancesados (see p. 901), are remembered and rankle. Nor are the deeds of the *Legion* forgotten, who, not themselves exactly the *élite* of society, put down Don Carlos, the favourite of the Basques, and the hero of their *fueros*.

In time of peace, commerce and fishing form the occupations of those who dwell on the sea-board, while agricultural and pastoral pursuits do of those who live inland: the ores of the iron-pregnant hills are also worked at smithies rude as in the days of the Iberians. The limited attractions offered to strangers are chiefly those of nature, for the towns are without much social, historical, or artistical attraction, while the villages have been almost all ravaged during the civil wars. Nevertheless there is less of squalid poverty and ragged misery in them than in the mendicant mud hamlets of Castile and La Mancha. A tour in these provinces is rather suited to the lover of nature than of arts. The chief cities have small charms except to commercial travellers, for these republican nonepiscopalians have neither palaces, picture-galleries, nor cathedrals; and since wealthy prelates and chapters have been wanting, there are few churches of architectural pretension. The towns are Swiss-like, surrounded with green hills and enlivened by clear trout-streams; the streets are often drawn in straight lines, which intersect each other at right angles; the *alamedas* are pretty; a *Juego de Pelota*, or fives-court, and a public *plaza*, are seldom wanting: the defences and walls are solid, for stone and iron abound, and the climate is damp and rainy. The sombre-looking balconied dwellings are so strongly built that they look like fortresses; here every gentleman's house is indeed his castle: they also resemble prisons from the iron *rejas* with which they are barred and blockaded. The soffits which support the projecting sheltering eaves are often richly carved; the eaves, indeed, protect the houses from the rains, but deluge passengers with shower-baths. To these *Casas Solares* or family manor-houses is added a pomp of heraldry, as armorial shields large as the pride of the owners are sculptured over the portals.

The antiquarian will not fare much better in these provinces than the dilletante or ecclesiologist. The towers of the ancient factions between the *Gamboino* and *Oñecino* are fast disappearing: these local Guelfs and Ghibelines differed to the death on the mode of offering lighted candles at religious ceremonies; the former bearing them aloft, the latter carrying them low.

Agriculture, as being the occupation of Adam, the first gentleman who bore arms, is not held to degrade these peasant peers. Their *hidalgos*, or better classes, are something between our small squires and substantial yeomen, and their claim to nobility is much higher in regard to birth than intellect: whole coveys of them would never make a single Cervantes; but how can he get wisdom that only holdeth a plough, and whose talk is about bullocks; here there are neither turnpike trusts nor quarter-sessions, which so enliven and enlighten some of our country gentlemen. As both skill and capital are scarce, cultivation is imperfectly conducted; human thews and sinews supply the place of machinery, and overworked man, woman, and child are truly *maquinas de sangre*. Both the roads and agriculture are better managed here than in Spain. The Basque farms are small, many not exceeding four or five acres, or so much land as a man, his wife, and family can labour: cultivation with the spade is much in vogue, or rather with a sort of prong-fork or mattock called *laya*. Meanwhile the peasantry are the best portion of the Basques, and if kindly treated are civil and hospitable as far as their humble means allow. Simple, hardy, and patient, they have the virtues and vices of highlanders; from knowing no better, they do not repine at their lot, but feeling strongly the attaching power of a mountain home, love their rocks and Alps, and are wretched when torn from them.

These provinces are made up of mountain and valley, with a sea-board line. The plains are verdurous from damp, and cultivated with great industry.

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The elevated slopes are covered with oak and chesnut trees; the produce of the latter is exported to England, or enters into the diet of the frugal natives. As this pastoral country is akin to portions of the Asturias and Gallicia, refer to the introductory observations of Sections ix. and x. Corn only ripens in favoured localities; maize is the staple "bread-stuff;" good milk, bad cheese, and fine apples are plentiful. A poor wine also is made called *chacoli*, Arabicè *chaculet*, weakness, thinness; and the drink justifies the derivation, since it is far inferior to good Devonshire cider, and resembles those very *ordinaire* French wines *de Surenne* and *de Brie*. The Basques, from having little better, drink it copiously, and, from habit, have even got to like it; however, it disagrees with the palate and stomach of most foreigners, who have not the dura Bascorum ilia; but the bowels, digestion, and endurance of the Cantabrian are inherited by the Basques, who are still "hiemisque æstusque famisque invicti" ('*Sil Ital.*' iii. 326). The lower classes, as in the East, are frugal rather from poverty than will, temperate from necessity, not choice. Where meat and drink are set before them, they will consume any *given* quantity, and lay in a provision for at least 24 hours, being always uncertain of getting a similar supply. The way to their heart lies through their belly, and their blessing on the hospitable stranger is connected with "savoury meat."

The Basque, as being the head of the Iberian family, is naturally prejudiced in favour of his country and himself; ultra local, he rarely quits even his parish, and therefore overrates his own ignorance as much as he underrates the intelligence of others. If the *Castellano* sees double in his own favour, the Basque sees quadruple, and his power of vision is keen in all that concerns himself and his interests, for in his limited scope *self* forms the foreground and emphatic feature of his parochial picture; but *self* being placed so near, stands forward in too large a scale and in too bright colour; and as his eye for perspective is as defective as it is for proportion, every thing and person beyond his boundary appears too diminutive and subordinate.

Sunday, the day to observe the costume and amusements of the peasantry, is still called *Astartea*, or the feast dedicated to Astarte, who is practically replaced by the Virgin.

The Basque holidays are celebrated with the song, dance, single-stick, and broken heads, amusements which they love as much as do their neighbours the Asturians, whom they hate. Their songs resemble those of the Gallicians, whom otherwise they abhor. Their so-called musical instruments consist of the Moorish *pandero* and *gaita*, or bagpipe. *Gayt* in Arabic signifies the long neck of the ostrich, and hence its secondary meaning of a pipe. The Basque dances are Salic and singular; the *Zortico*, *Zorzico*, or "evolution of eight," consists of two parts, *la danza real*, the opening, and the *arrin, arrin*, or the conclusion. This is largely capered at Azpeitia to the sounds of rude fifes, tambourines, and a sort of flageolet, *el silbato*, which resembles those rude instruments of the Pifferari at Rome, and is probably equally antique. The *Carrica* is a dance performed in the *streets*; the *Espata danza* is a remnant of the primitive *Tripudium* of the Iberians. The Basques delight in every other sort of noises, and especially in the Moorish *lab el barood*, the firing off guns at weddings. Their costume is not becoming, their shocking bad hats are quite Irish. These hirsute and galligaskined rustics wear brogues, *abarcas*, *espadillos*, made of skins and tied loosely with thongs; thus the water and mud ooze out. In dry weather they prefer the sandal, *alpargata*, which, however, will not stand much wet. Shoes are in some places a rarity, whether of leather or of wood, *madreñas*. The women wear their hair in long plaited tresses, *trenzas*, and cover their heads with a hood or *capuz*, which is more convenient than picturesque: when young they are fresh and fair, somewhat muscular; their beauty, from overwork, poor fare, and exposure, is shortlived and they pass into *haghood* after thirty. The Basques are much given to pil-

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grimages to holy sites in the hills, where the *chacoli* and *shillelah* are devoutly used: and how well chosen are these "*high places!*" How the fresh air exhilarates, how the views delight, how as we ascend is the earth left below, while we mount as it were to heaven, and then with what an appetite do all descend, and how sweet is sleep when the conscience is at rest and the frame is weary from this combination of devotion and exercise!

Among other antique customs corn and bread are offered to the manes of the deceased on the anniversary of death; these oblations are called *robos*, from an Aragonese measure taken from the Moorish *arroba*. Compare the "Sparsæ fruges" of Ovid (Fasti, ii. 538), and the barley offered to the Polian Jupiter (Paus. i. 24. 4). The Basques, as becomes a people sui generis, have a language of their own, which few but themselves can understand; nor is it worth the trouble of learning, as it is without a written literature, while the conversation of the natives is scarcely of that high intellectual quality which repays the study. The enunciation is not easy, at least, if the Andalucian's joke be true, who says, "that the Basque writes Solomon and pronounces it Nebuchadnezzor." The fine-eared fastidiousness of the ancients rejected as barbarous these Basque words, spellings, and sounds; they could neither be written nor spoken from their *το ανδες της γεαφης* (Strabo. iii. 234; see also Pliny, '*N. H.*' iii. 3; and Martial, iv. 55-9). Pomponius Mela (iii. 1) goes farther:—"Quorum nomina nostro ore concipi nequeant." We therefore protest against being held responsible for the spelling or meaning of any Basque word which we may be compelled to use. Again, our readers are cautioned against the wild philological theories and treatises of Basque antiquarians, which rival the Irish Vallencey's and such like. Humboldt, a critical German, and free from national prejudices and predilections, is the safest guide. He considers the Basque to have been formerly spoken all over the Peninsula, as is evidenced in the nomenclature of localities and other things which are not subject to changes.

The Basques call themselves *Euscaldunac*, their country *Euscaleria*, and their language *Euscara*. This *Eusc* is the old Osc, Vesc, Vasq, of Italy and Iberia. According to Perochegui, Adam spoke Basque, as being the language of angels, which seems strange. This idiom was, moreover, brought pure into Spain, by Tubal, long before the confusion of tongues at Babel. Angelic or not, it is so difficult that the devil, who is no fool, is said to have studied seven years in the Bilboes, and to have learnt only three words. The grammar and declensions, as therefore may be supposed, are very intricate. The language is distinct from the Irish, Celtic, and Welsh, with which it has been often supposed to be a sister idiom. Mr. Borrow believes that the Basque is of a Tartar origin, resembling in structure the Manchou and the Mongolian, with a decided Sanscrit element. The Basque student is referred to the philological works of Larramendi, '*Antigüedad y Universilidad del Bascuence*,' 8vo. Salamanca; '*El imposible Vencido o Arte de la Lengua Bascongada*,' 8vo. Sal. 1729; '*Diccionario Trilingue*,' 2 vols. fol. St. Sebastian, 1745.

The best general works to consult on these provinces are '*Averiguaciones de Cantabria*,' Gabriel de Henao, fol. Salamanca, 1689; '*Illustraciones de Vizcaya*,' Zaragoza, 1631; '*Noticia Utriusque Vasconiæ*,' Arnold, Oihenart, 4to. Paris, 1638-56; '*Discursos Historicos, &c., de Vizcaya*,' Lorenzo Roberto de la Linde, 2 vols. 8vo. Sevilla, 1740; '*Discurso Historico de las tres Provincias*,' M. Larramendi, 8vo. Mad. 1736; '*Urbewohner von Hispanien*,' Wm. Von Humboldt, 4to. Berlin, 1821; six volumes of curious documents in Simancas, (collected by Dr. Tomas Gonzalez) '*Coleccion de Cedulas*,' 4to. Mad. 1829-33; '*La Cantabria*,' Florez, 4to. Mad. 1768; '*Historia de Alava*,' Joaquin Landazuri, 4to. Vitoria, 1798; '*Noticias Historicas de las tres Provincias, &c.*' (there is a good map of Alava by *Martin de Sabacibar*); '*Historia Ecclesiastica, &c., de Alava*,' Pamplona, 4to. 1797, '*Compendios Historicos, &c., de Alava*,' Pamplona, 4to. 1798, Juan Antonio

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Llorente, 4to. 5 vols. Mad. 1806–8; and the excellent '*Diccionario Geographico de la Academia*,' by different authors, 4to. 2 vols. Mad. 1802: unfortunately it has not been continued. We may add, '*Historia de las Naciones Bascas*,' J. A. de Zamacola, 3 vols. 8vo. Auch, 1818; '*Semanes Historica Basconçada*,' Thomas de Sorregineta, 4to. Pampl. 1804; '*De la Antigua Lengua, &c., de Cantabria*,' Andres de Poca, 4to. Bilbao, 1587; '*Discursos de la Antigüedad de la Lengua Cantabria*,' Balthasar de Echave, 4to. Mexico, 1607.

VITORIA is a busy, flourishing *coach* town, and, being on the high road between France and Madrid, is full of diligences and decent inns; *el Parador Viejo, el Parador Nuevo, Parador de Postas, de Pallares*—good.

Vitoria, pop. about 10,000, is the capital of Alava: it is placed on a gentle eminence above *its plain*, for such the word *Beturia* signifies in Basque. The city was much improved about 1181 by Sancho *el Sabio* of Navarre, to commemorate a *victory* gained here over the Moors. That name Wellington has confirmed and fixed forever (for *the* victory see p. 866). The town is divided into the old and new portions, which contrast with each other; the former, the *Campillo* or *Villa Suso*, with its curious *plaza*, its dark tortuous streets, being in perfect contrast with the latter, which is all line and rule. Vitoria has a *Colegiata*, which Adrian VI., who in this place received the intelligence of his having been elected Pope, promised to elevate to a see, but which he did *not*.

The public *alamedas* are charming, especially *la Florida* and *el Prado*, outside the town, where under leafy avenues the lower classes meet and dance. There is, moreover, a theatre, a *Liceo*, and *Circulo*. The climate is temperate, the living cheap and abundant, the fruits and vegetables much like those in the west of England. The fine modern *plaza nueva*, like that at Salamanca, which was its model, is an arcaded square of 220 feet, and was built in 1791 from designs of Justo Antonio de Olaguibel. The *Casa Consistorial*, with fine portal and staircase, is handsome. There is little to be seen else. Visit the hospital with its classical façade, designed in 1630 by the Capuchin Lorenzo Jordanes; the dark stone from the quarries of Anda adds to the grandiose character. Ascend the belfry of the collegiate *Santa Maria;* the vast plain is studded with some 168 villages. Observe the porch under this tower, with niche-work and statuary; before the high altar widows prostrate themselves the anniversary of their husbands' death on a black cloth, lighted with yellow tapers. In the *Sacristia* is or was an injured "Dead Christ" by Ribera, 1645, and in *el Noviciado*, upstairs, a "St. Peter and St. Paul," by the same painter.

Look at the *retablos* in the churches of *San Vicente*, once a fortress in the old city, and *San Miguel:* the latter is built by Hernandez; the statue of the Conception is excellent. Vitoria bears for arms "a castle supported by two lions." The inhabitants, like those of most other Basque towns, during the Peninsular war denied all assistance to our wounded, although the army expended in it most of the money and booty wrested from the invaders, thus enriching a place which the enemy had impoverished. Again, the authorities refused the use of empty convents and churches which had been gutted when Vitoria was sacked by Verdier, June 5, 1808. The treatment of Gen. Evans and his gallant legion was even more inhospitable. There is a local '*Historia*,' by Joaquin Joseph Landazuri y Romarate, 4to. Mad. 1780.

There are diligence communications with Irun, Route 120; Burgos, Route 118; Madrid, Route 116; Pamplona, Route 121; Bilbao, Route 122; Cestona Deva; and the baths of Santa Agueda.

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ROUTE 120.—VITORIA TO IRUN.

Arroyabe	2	
Salinas de Leniz	2½ ..	4½
Escoriaza	1 ..	5½
Mondragon	1 ..	6½
Vergara	2 ..	8½
Villareal	2½ ..	11
Villafranca	3 ..	14
Tolosa	3 ..	17
Andoain	2 ..	19
Astigarraga	2 ..	21
Oyarzun	2½ ..	23½
Irun	2½ ..	26

Quitting Vitoria, we soon enter the Welsh-like hills with green copses, maize-crops, and pretty villages perched on the eminences, amid chesnut-groves. Now the Irish-looking hat gives place to the low blue cap or *bereta*. The legs of the peasants are swathed up to the knees with Moorish bandages, and their feet encased in Iberian *abarcas*, brogues. The women toil at their hard tasks, and look old and broken. The architect will now remark the pepper-pot belfry-domes of the churches, the carved coats of arms over the portals of the *family* mansions, and the solidly built houses, with projecting cornices and protecting roofs. Here rain and damp are the enemies of the climate, while stone and iron are the drugs of the soil.

Soon we ascend the ridge of *Adrian*. At *Arlaban*, May 25, 1811, the *Guerrillero* Mina surprised Col. Lafitte, who was convoying Masséna's accumulations of plunder to France after Santarem had settled his pretensions to soldiership. Mina spared his captives, but Masséna he meant to have hung, had he not escaped by accident, from having loitered behind in the stews of Vitoria. Consult the '*Memorias*,' of Mina, 5 vols, published in Madrid in 1851 by his widow. The enormous booty became, says Toreno (xv.) a powerful incentive to new recruits, who swelled the roving bands, confirming thereby Napier's assertion, that much of this sort of patriotism was grafted on the stock of pillage—*Viva Fernando, y vamos robando*—a remark which, because true, gave such dire offence to Arguelles, who, like Maldonado (ii. 442), beheld in these semi-bandits the personifications of purity and patriotism, and the real and sole deliverers of Spain. That these *guerrilleros* were a most formidable *nuisance* to the invaders cannot be doubted, and none more cheerfully acknowledged the value of their co-operation than the Duke; but great military armies, like the French, are never to be subdued by such desultory antagonists, however brave or active. Indirectly they did us good service by scaring the French and causing them to break up their armies, by detaching troops to chase the phantom of the partizan; thus neither Foy nor Clausel were present at the *scratch* of Vitoria.

After descending the ridge of *Salinas* the province of *Guipuzcoa* is entered. *Escoriaza*, a fine hamlet of 1600 souls, has a parish church, with a good nave and transept, and a hospital founded in the 15th century by Juan de Mondragon, and now abandoned. Observe the bridge and arch over the trout-stream, the devious Deva. To the r. are the baths of *Arechavaleta*, much frequented for cutaneous disorders.

Mondragon, a walled town, is also well placed on this beautiful river and the Aramayana. Diligence inn, decent; pop. 2500, and chiefly blacksmiths. The isolated *el Campanzar* may, in the words of Pliny (N. H., xxxiv. 14), be termed "a hill of iron." Here is a mine of most remote antiquity; the ore is found in a reddish clay, and yields at least 40 per cent. of the finest metal. Very fine iron is also procured from *la mina de hierro helado*, "the ice-brook's temper," and from *la Cueva de Udala*. (For steel and swords, see pp. 835, 796.) One L. from *Mondragon* are the excellent sulphur-baths of *Santa Agueda*.

Vergara, which lies 2 L. out of the road from *Mondragon*, is a Swiss-like town on the banks of the Deva, whose pleasant basin is girdled by mountains. *Parador de las Diligencias*. Pop. about 4000. The *plaza* has a good *casa consistorial*; there is, as usual, a capital fives-court. The town was taken by the Carlists under Zumalacarregui in 1835. It soon witnessed the conclusion of the famous, or infamous, convention, or Carlist capitulation, of

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Aug. 31, 1839, between Maroto and Espartero. In this, the former, reeking with the blood of his comrades whom he had executed at Estella (see p. 956), consummated his career by betraying his king and master. Thus were sold those mountain posts which, defended by stout highlanders, long had defied alike the Christinos and Legionaries. For this *transacion*, consult '*El Campo y la Corte de Don Carlos*,' with an appendix of '*El Convenio de Vergara*,' 3rd edit. Mad. 1840. Dissensions prevailed in the camp of Don Carlos, who himself was fitter to lose than to win a crown, for, had he evinced a particle of talent or spirit, he long before must have been at Madrid; at last even the wearied and impoverished Basques were anxious to *fraternise*. The site of the Judas *kiss* is called *el Campo del Abrazo*. But *Ardoz* paid off *Vergara*, and then Espartero in his turn was bought and sold, and the first then to abandon him was the very Zabala who here had been his go-between with Maroto; this worthy soon fell into universal disgrace, and obtained permission to exile himself to Cuba: "'tis sport to see the engineer hoist with his own petard." Spaniards, like the Orientals, have no horror of treachery in the abstract: had Zimri peace who slew his master? If the treachery fails, then they turn on their base agent, threatening sword and "fire" (compare Judges xiv. 15). Maroto published a '*Vindicacion*,' Mad. 1846; but his name, in Spain and out, became a synonym to vile turncoats, who prove false to professions of their life, ruin their parties, and play the enemies' game; and even here, while all rejoiced to see the civil wars concluded by fair means or *foul*, in the latter case none esteemed the instrument; *la traicion aplace, pero no el que la hace*.

Passing *Villareal* is *Ormaiztegui*, where Zumalacarregui, the excellent *Guerrillero* chieftain of Don Carlos, was born Dec. 29, 1788; now a ridge is crossed which separates the valleys irrigated by the Deva and Oria. A new road is to be made, which is to go by *Oñate*, and thus avoid this ascent. *Villafranca* is a solid, well-built town; on the heights of *Descarga*, Zumalacarregui entirely routed Espartero, driving with his wild guerrilleros the regular troops before him into *Vergara*. Passing a Swiss-like country, intersected by trout-streams, of which the *Zubin* is renowned, we reach *Tolosa*, with a decent *parador de las diligencias*. Tolosa Ituriza (Ituria in Basque means "a fountain") is one of the best towns of Guipuzcoa, of which it is the central place, and therefore has been made the capital, to the infinite disgust of *San Sebastian*. The neighbours hate each other like poison. It is built on the Oria and Arages, under the mountains Ernio to the W., and Loaza to the E. Pop. under 8000. The town consists of six streets, intersected by three others; the fine old gates were wantonly defaced by the invaders. There is the usual fives-court on the new *plaza*. The church *Santa Maria* has a good portico between its towers: the *retablo*, of a simple classical elevation, is enriched with different local marbles. Tolosa abounds in the *casas solares*, the family houses of men of ancient pedigree, among whom Miñano mentions that *Andia*, in whom he erroneously states that our order of the Garter is *hereditary*, it having been conferred on their ancestor Domenjou Gonzales, Aug. 20, 1471, by Edward IV., in compliment to the aid rendered to him by a legion sent from *Guipuzcoa* to meddle in English civil wars. The records of our Garter are missing from the 7th to the 12th year of Edward IV. (Anstis. ii. 184); and possibly this Basque member may have been decorated in that disturbed interval. During the civil wars this city was the court of Don Carlos. Being a regular coach town, it is full of dillies and tables d'hôte. During the Peninsular war, the authorities of Tolosa not only refused assistance to our soldiers, but "positively ordered the inhabitants not to give it for payment;" they plundered even our magazines, and refused to give up their pillage when discovered. ('Disp.,' Nov. 27, 1813). Call ye that backing your friends?

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From Tolosa there are diligences to *San Sebastian*, distant 4½ L.; but the traveller, if he be bound for that seaplace, had better by far make the detour by *Azpeitia* (see R. 128). There is also a very good diligence to *Pamplona* (R. 140), to *Bilbao*, and elsewhere, for this is a regular coach town.

The road continues through an excellent fishing and sketching country, and, crossing the rivers Oria and Leizaran, ascends by the strong defences of *Andoain* (from whence a new road is to be carried to Irun round by San Sebastian, thus avoiding the heights of *Oyarzun*, &c.) to *Hernani*, a long narrowish street, which is built under the fortified hill Santa Barbara on the river Urumea: although shattered and scarred during the civil wars, it has a good town-house and fives-court. Pop. about 2300. Here the Legion suffered a defeat, March 16, 1837, when Evans, relying on being assisted from the Lecumberri side by the Christinos under Sarsfield, sallied forth from San Sebastian, distant about 1½ L., to assault the strong Carlist lines both here and on Santa Barbara to the l.; but in the moment of danger he was left by his allies to bear the whole brunt, for Sarsfield, scared by "a snow-storm!" marched *not* to the field of battle, but back to Pamplona, and that without giving Evans proper notice. Thus unsupported, the false position of the Legionaries was completed by the withdrawal of the 450 royal marines, who, by a widish interpretation of the laws of non-intervention and the rules of sea-service, had been marched inland: nothing then could impede the Carlist advance, and the Legion were compelled to turn. *Hernani* has two good streets, called Mayor and Urumea, and some pretty alamedas on the road-sides, and is a good head-quarter for the man of the sketch-book, rod, and gun.

The road continues hence to *Astigarraga*, amid dove-tailing mountains: Inns, *parador* and *casa de postas*; thence crossing a crystal stream, the *Chaparrea*, into picturesque *Oyarzun*, with its square tower rising over the defile: the arcades indicate the constant rain and necessity for shelter. It has a pretty *alameda* and the usual fives-court. The Pyrenees now soar to the r., while to the l. lies rock-built *San Sebastian* and the land-locked bay of *Pasages*. This line of broken country was taken by our libeller Foy when running away from Bilbao after the battle of Vitoria, when he made for France with such extraordinary rapidity—practice makes perfect—that even our gallant fox-hunter Graham could not catch him; but Foy's pace was ever a subject of praise to his fond eulogists (see p. 490).

ROUTE 121.—VITORIA TO PAMPLONA.

Salvatierra	4	..
Aranaz	5	.. 9
Irurzun	3½	.. 12½
Pamplona	3	.. 15½

This is the line by which the Black Prince advanced in 1367 to victory, and that by which Marshal Jourdan retreated in 1813 after his defeat at Vitoria. The rich country or basin lies between the *Sierras* of San Adrian and Andia, and the scenery is fresh and full of fruit and cultivation. *Guevara* lies to the l. on the Zadorra, and was one of the strongholds of the Carlists; the castle on the hill was meant to be an imitation of that of St. Angelo at Rome. Observe in the town the *casa solar* or *casa fuerte* of the Ladrones de Guevara, an illustrious house; the name *Ladron*, "robber," was given as an augmentation of *honour*, a *good* thief as it were, to Sancho de Guevara, in the tenth century. In the year 885 Garci Iniguez, king of Navarre, was surprised at St. Juan de la Peña by the Moors, who, having killed him and his queen, left their bodies naked on the plain, after which Sancho, riding by, perceived a hand issuing from the female corpse, which he delivered of a boy, and, after bringing up the orphan, ultimately presented him to the people, having thus *robbed* death of their king. His descendant Gen. Santos Ladron was the first victim of the recent civil war, having been executed by the Christino Castañon. The *Ladrones* of Spain, no doubt indigenous, are scat-

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tered over the length and breadth of the land, and are to be found sometimes on the high roads, and often in the offices and treasuries of cities. *Good* thieves being scarce are proportionally estimated; thus San Dimas is universally worshipped as El *buen Ladron*, but the patron of the light-fingered and unprincipled is *San Nicolas*, our "old Nick," who is also the sea-god of modern Greek pirates. The lady patroness in Spain of rogues is *Nª Señora del Carmel*, who is generally represented with a large crowd of kings and monks, &c., who creep under her capacious petticoat.

Salvatierra, safe ground, a name which Joseph, resting for the first time after his sauve qui peut from Vitoria, must have thought very appropriate, is the chief place of its *Hermandad*. Pop. about 1000. It stands picturesquely near the Zadorra, on the spurs of the hills, overlooking a rich plain, which its agricultural inhabitants cultivate. The ancient walls were very perfect previously to the late civil wars. Passing hence to the valley of *Borunda*, are the villages *Alzazua* and others, the scenes of *petty wars* between the Carlists and Christinos. At *Echauri* is a small but clean *venta*, where good wine and trout are to be had. The road in some parts enters Old Castile and then Navarre through a pleasant farm-studded country; soon the two Sierras *Avalar* and *Andia*, to the r., stand like mountain sentinels guarding the gorge; then after wilder bleaker districts we reach the capital Pamplona.

Vitoria to *Bilbao*. There are several routes; those who love a mountain ride may bid adieu to wheels, and scale the heights of *Altubi*, and then thread the valleys of *Orozco*.

ROUTE 122.—VITORIA TO BILBAO.

Murguia	3	
Barambio	2	.. 5
Orozco	2	.. 7
Areta	1	.. 8
Bilbao	3	.. 11

Another good but circuitous road strikes up the Swiss-like valley of *Orduña*, starting from Miranda de Ebro.

ROUTE 123.—VITORIA TO BILBAO.

Miranda de Ebro	6	
Berquendo	2½	.. 8½
Berberana	3	.. 11½
Orduña	2½	.. 14
Llodio	3	.. 17
Areta	3	.. 20
Bilbao	3	.. 23

The country is hilly and pastoral. At *Beberana* there is an old castle and a new *posada*. Then the hills are ascended, at the top of which, 1 long L., is the ominously named Venta del *Hambre;* attend to the provend. The road over *la peña sobre Orduña* is finely engineered, while from the eminences the panoramas are noble. *Orduña*, from its position, and backed by *Amurrio*, is of great military importance; the latter spot, as commanding four roads, was strongly fortified by Espartero, and became to Bilbao what Ramales is to Santander, the inner or land-side outwork. It was for taking Ramales that Espartero was made the Duke of Victory. *Orduña*, one of the last towns of Old Castile, is placed on its beautiful plain, near the Nervion, which flows hence to Bilbao. Pop. 2400, and principally agricultural. This *city*, long the only one in the Basque provinces, preserves its ancient walls and towers; it has a good *plaza*, with arcades, and shops under them, and a handsome custom-house and fountain: the principal streets communicate with this square. The climate is damp, the fruit and trout-fishing good. Ancient *Orduña* was built nearer to its celebrated Alp *la peña de Orduña*, which formed the mountain barrier frontier of the refugee Iberians; the peaks are covered with snow the greater part of the year. The road now follows the Nervion river through a charming cultivated country filled with villages, with an air of industry, comfort, and rural prosperity, more like England than the desolate and poverty-stricken districts of the central Castiles. From *Orduña* Gomez started in June, 1836, on his military tour of Spain, and passed unmolested through the length and breadth of the land, frightening Christino towns and armies out of their propriety. He was pursued by

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Espartero and Narvaez; but these great generals were always just too late, arriving, as their bulletins stated, after the "bandit had fled in terror from their victorious veterans."

ROUTE 124.—VITORIA TO BILBAO.

Luco		2½
Ochandiano	3 ..	5½
Durango	3 ..	8½
Zornoza	1½ ..	10
Bilbao	3 ..	13

This, the diligence road, is well engineered: leaving Vitoria, it passes through the villages *Gamarra menor y mayor*, and the sites where Graham dislodged and beat Reille during the battle of Vitoria, thereby turning the French position and forcing them to abandon the Irun high road and retreat by Salvatierra. After a succession of hills, dales, clear streams, and villages, we reach *Durango*, a Swiss-like walled old town, with rectangular streets, placed on its river of the same name; pop. about 2600. Here are the usual *alamedas* and fives-court. The altar in the church of *Santa Ana* was raised in 1774 by the academical Ventura Rodriguez. *Durango*, the capital of its *Merindad*, from the central position is an important military point. Between it and *Elorio*, at the hermitage of San Antolin, Maroto met Espartero, Aug. 25, 1839, to plan the betrayal of Don Carlos, who, instead of boldly advancing with his Castilian battalions and seizing his traitor-general, fled to *Villareal*, and thus encouraged defection.

From Durango he had before issued his decree, that all *foreigners* taken in arms against him should be put to death without trial; an Oriental and Draco proceeding, which, however disgusting to Europe, was in perfect accordance with all the immemorial and still existing laws and feelings of Spaniards, among whom it was, is, and will be of an every-day occurrence, being simply one of the common form, and almost stereotyped *Bandos*, which every Spanish man armed with brief authority issues at once, and acts upon without mercy or remorse; witness the wholesale executions, without form or trial, of the Españas, Eguias, Minas, Rodils, Zurbanos, &c., for their name is legion: or cross the Atlantic, and observe the identical policy and practice carried out by the cognate Oribés, Rosas, Santa Anas, &c. Here and there they are so completely *cosas de España*, or matters of course, that they create neither surprise nor pain; and this Durango decree, like the similar *bando* and executions at Malaga of Moreno, only attracted European notice because some *foreigners* were its victims.

By some wiseacres it has been ascribed to the personal cruelty of Don Carlos, who has been stigmatised by penny-a-liners as a monster, on the ground that he was the inventor of such a summary process; but such accusers are either biassed by political prejudices or utterly ignorant of the history and philosophy of Spain and Spaniards, when they thus argue about the matter as if it had taken place in England. Don Carlos, whatever may have been his faults, which were rather those of head than heart, was a man of strict honour, and one by no means of a sanguinary or unforgiving disposition: he merely acted as his cabinet advised him, and exactly as ninety-nine out of one hundred Spaniards always have done before him, and always will do. There, as in the East, a policy of perfidy and death has generally been pursued against enemies, and especially if they be intermeddling foreigners; there war assumes a personal character, and becomes one of petty hatred and revenge rather than a general contest for great principles; there life has never at any time been valued; in the prevailing indifference or fatalism, all know that they owe nature a death, and fancy that the moment is predetermined, which no forethought or precaution of theirs either can advance or retard when the fatal hour is come; and this is one of the secrets of the valour of the individual Spaniard and Oriental. In Spain life is staked every day, and all parties stand the hazard of the die; those who win exacting the whole pound of flesh, and those who lose

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paying the forfeit as a matter of course; to beg for or grant pardon would alike degrade the petitioner and sparer, as strength is estimated by the blows struck, not by those that are withheld. Mercy to a foe when down is thought imbecility or treachery; the slightest forbearance, concession, conciliation, or hesitation would be imputed, not to kindly principles, but to weakness and timidity. Fair play and equity are motives which would be received with incredulity or shouts of derisive laughter; for here, as in the East, wherever there is power, it is used without scruple, and is submitted to however unjustly exercised, as each and every individual Spaniard feels that he in similar circumstances would have done the same. To attempt to conciliate those who are not to be conciliated is holding out a premium to agitation; and whenever a people from *inherent vices of race* are unfit for self-government, and have no control from *within*, they must have it forced upon them from *without*.

A real Spanish authority prides itself on a stern, harsh inexorability, and adopts what have been blandly termed "prudent and vigorous" measures, a "salutary intimidation," by just lopping off opponents' heads, as Tarquin did those of the sweet lillies. Political antagonists, and much more, if foreign ones, are presumed to be guilty, and, if identified, are shot on the spot, without trial. However frigid and dilatory the government may be on all questions of domestic improvement, when traitors take the field, it is indeed brief—off with their heads: nor on these occasions does it ever become unpopular with Spaniards, who, like Orientals, have no other abstract notion of sovereignty except a despotism: it is the really strong and civilised who alone can afford to be generous, while the weak resort to cruelty, which is proportionate to their previous terror.

To defraud, ill-use, and abuse the *foreigner* is one essence of *Españolismo*, against whom the Iberians waged a war of fire ανδρικος, one *á cuchillo*, to the knife, and without quarter or treaty ασπονδος (Polyb. xxxv. 1, i. 65). In the East prisoners have always been killed almost as a matter of course (see 1 Sam. xi. 34; 1 Sam. xv.; Isa. xiii. 6). And as Amaziah cast down ten thousand at once from a rock (ii. Chr. xxv. 12), so Hannibal cut the throats of five thousand Romans; ινα μη εν τω κινδυνω νεωτερισειαν (App. '*An.*' 556), or *que no haya novedad*, as a modern Spaniard would say while starving them or doing the same thing: and the common phrase of the day is *asegurarles*, to make sure of them; just as the soldiers proposed to do with St. Paul (Acts xxvii. 42). Mercy is held to be expensive, while death is economical, and saves rations, which are scarce in Spain. The manner in which the Spaniards massacred the French prisoners during the war is well known; and in justification it may be stated that such reprisals were a natural retaliation for the wholesale executions of the terrorist *Victors*, who first taught the lesson, and were only compelled to lean to mercy by having their own measure of death dealt out to them. In vain the Duke counselled amnesties towards the *Afrancesados* ('*Disp.*' June 11, 1813): in vain again did he send Lord Eliot to stay the fratricidal bloodshed. The Spanish premier, for only listening to the proposal, was hurled from office amid the *mueras* of Madrid. A copious "*shedding of vile black blood*" is the ancient uninterrupted panacea of all military *Sangrados*, whatever their shade of politics. Amnesties, &c. have always been scouted as the base inventions of the *forcigner* and enemy; therefore, when the Spaniard, whether Carlist or Christinist, perused the diatribes in the English press against the decree of Durango, they only smiled at the writer's total ignorance of Spanish common-sense and customs, and murdered on, unchecked by the public opinion of Europe, of which they are either entirely ignorant, or for which they have a profound scorn and contempt. Those, therefore, who prefer the practice of Westminister Hall to the summary proceedings of *cuatro tiros, pasale por las*

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armas, and the bowstring garrote, should not interpose in the domestic quarrels either of Spain or Barbary. The *foreign* adventurers moreover sought the penalties of the decree of Durango, of which they came forewarned, for it was passed before they landed; nor had even a Christino packed jury been assembled, would it have found Don Carlos guilty, as regarded these *foreigners*, of infringing the laws of Spain, or of doing anything repugnant to the feelings of the nation. Those who measure Spaniards by a European standard, and condemn their *things* because differing from ours, certainly prove that they have better hearts than heads, and a clearer perception of the laws of humanity and justice than of logical reasoning, or of the usages of this Oriental country and people.

Approaching Bilbao is *Arrigorriga*, where Espartero and Evans were defeated by the Carlists, Sept. 11, 1835. The *puente nuevo*, near the scene of battle, is made for the artist.

Bilbao. — *Posadas*: La de Maria Anton, C. Sombrereria; the *San Nicolas*. Bilbao (Bello vao, "the beautiful bay or ford"), the capital of Vizcaya, is placed on the Nervion, the *Ria*, which divides the old town from the new: the river disembogues at *Portugalete*, distant about six miles, and has a dangerous bar. The name in Basque is *Ibaizabel*, and this is the "narrow river," whose windings are "the *Bilboes*," where in steam-tugless days our ancient mariners feared to be caught, and to whose entanglements Beaumont and Fletcher ('Wild Goose Chase,' i. 2) compared the noose of being married. The passage boats to Portugalete are called *Carrozas*, carriages. Bilbao, being situated in a gorge of hills, is damp, liable to be overflooded, and pulmonary diseases are prevalent; pop. about 11,000: the city is purely mercantile, and possesses very little fine art; many of its older churches and convents were destroyed during the recent sieges, or since suppressed. There is a poor Museo, a public library, a theatre, *liceo*, and a good civil hospital in the Doric style. The principal streets are straight and well built, the houses lofty and substantial; the roofs project, forming penthouses and protections against sun and rain. *Bilbao* is well supplied with fish, flesh, fowl, and green herbs, and the foreign merchants are hospitable. The *Café Suizo* is a favourite resort, where the Biscayans eat ices, play at dominos and at *Mús*, a game of cards, and grimace. They are, moreover, considerable cock-fighters. There is very little else to be seen. The *Campo Santo*, or new burial-ground, is admired by judges of cemeteries. The *Arenal*, or "Strand," is the favourite *alameda* and public walk. The Nervion is crossed by a new iron suspension-bridge; but the old bridge *de San Anton* of the twelfth century, is much more artistical, and was also once the boast of Bilbao; it still forms the charge of the city arms with two wolves, the cognizance of Diego Lopez (Lupus) de Haro, Lord of Biscay, who built it circa 1356. On the *plaza vieja* is the *Casa Torre*, the site where, June 12, 1358, Don Pedro the Cruel had the infanta Juan, who aspired to be Lord of Biscay, thrown out of the window and killed. (Chro. Ch. 6.) The Tuscan *carniceria*, or shambles, is also considered to be a lion, second only to the cemetery—pleasant sights! The streets are clean and the town quiet, for no carts or carriages are allowed to enter, and goods are drawn about on trucks. The female porters, *las Cargueras*, have strong legs and show them. The women in Bilbao do porter's work, just as in the fields they do that of men and asses. The walk to the *Punta de Banderas*, whence the merchants telegraph arriving ships, is agreeable, being enlivened with gardens, mountains, and sea. There the river presents a considerable show of business. For the river and coast see Rtes. 125, 126.

The Bilbaoese during the Peninsular war refused even the use of the convents which the French had gutted, for the wounded English, who, by their victory at Vitoria, had delivered their city (Disp., Aug. 19, 1813); and yet the place had been sacked without re-

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morse by Gen. Merlin, who boasted in his bulletin that "he had extinguished the insurrection in the blood of 1200 men" (Toreno, v.). This *conjuror*, like Victor at Talavera, obtained, by a wand of iron, everything that was denied to the gold of a merciful ally.

Bilbao, in the recent civil wars, was twice exposed to destructive sieges; the dilapidations have, however, been much repaired. Don Carlos, in the first case, had absurdly ordered Zumalacarregui to attack this place, in order to satisfy Russia, and the other powers, who complained that he had mastered no important city in the Basque provinces: thus his cause was lost, for had he at once pushed on to Madrid, it must have surrendered. Such was the prestige of the *Guerrillero's* victories over the Rodils, Quesadas, Osmas, and other regular Christino generals; thus in the War of the Succession the Archduke Charles forced Peterborough to besiege Barcelona, instead of pouncing on the dispirited capital, and these sieges lost to both these Charleses the crown of Spain. Bilbao was defended by Mirasol, a personally brave man, but "a child in the art of war," who selected a line of defence beginning at the rise Larrinaga, on to Santa Cruz, and down to the Zendeja, thus actually leaving to the enemy the heights Morro and Artagan, which commanded his position and the town. On the 10th of June, 1835, Zumalacarregui, having routed Espartero at Descarga, came to Bilbao and seized the church and *Palacio de Begoña* (the holy image here is much venerated, the grand holiday is Aug. 15); from this position the town is commanded, which, having been left by Mirasol undefended, must have capitulated had not a ball struck *el Tio Tomas* in the calf of his right leg while standing in the balcony. The Basque surgeons did the rest, and with him died the Carlist cause, for Eraso raised the siege on the 1st of the ensuing July. The conduct of the Christinist generals, Mirasol inside and Alaix outside, was, in the words of even their partisan, Mr. Bacon, "a burlesque on war;" both did everything that they ought not to have done, and did nothing that they ought to have done; the chief and real work was performed by the English sailors, under Captains Ebsworth, Lapidge, and Henry. Bilbao, relieved by others, now called itself a modern Saguntum, and, reposing under its laurels, made no sort of preparation against future attack, although warned of its approach; thus, October 23rd, when the Carlists re-appeared they at once carried all the undefended positions on the right bank of the Nervion, from San Agustin to *Los Capuchinos*, the Christino general San Miguel abandoning everything without a struggle; and then, had the Carlist Eguia occupied, as he ought to have done, the Begoña hill and the opposite *Miravilla*, the *ciudad invicta* would have been conquered at once. But now the English blue-jackets, came again to the rescue. Meanwhile Espartero, either from want of means or talent, was busy doing nothing but "marching and countermarching" his poor soldiers, and issuing orders, counter-orders, and disorders; he wasted fourteen precious days in moving from *Balmaceda*, distant only twenty miles, and that never would have been done had not every sort of supply been furnished by us. Such, indeed, was the destitution of this army, that its officers wished to retire and leave Bilbao to its fate. Then it was that Captain Lapidge and Colonel Wylde, the real heroes, pointed out the true line of relief by crossing the river to Espartero, and, it is said, using towards him a gentle violence: then English sailors prepared rafts, which the fire of English artillery protected, and so the Nervion was first passed by Espartero, and next the Asua was crossed at Luchana; thus Bilbao was relieved, after a sixty days' siege, on which the whole question of the war turned; and one short day more would have exhausted both the townsfolk and their enemies, who were equally reduced to the last extremities of destitution, and the weather was terrific. The Carlists made a very feeble resistance against the Christinists, who advanced in a snow storm,

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and bivouacked that night without food and half naked, on the ground, with true Spanish endurance of hardships. The garrison in Bilbao in the meanwhile offered no sort of co-operation by way of sortie, such was the incredible ignorance or want of vigilance on the part of their commanders. Espartero, although in bad health, displayed much courage under fire, while the besieged and besiegers, during the desultory contests, fought with all the desperate personal valour and individual implacability of local hatreds, hand to hand, knife to knife. The emphatic want on both sides, when everything was alike wanting, was a *head* to plan the war greatly and carry it out worthily. *Cosas de España.*

The best Carlist account is Henningsen's '*Twelve Months' Campaign with Zumalacarregui*;' for Christinist details consult '*Scenes and Adventures*' of *Poco Mas*, in which Mr. Moore, a hearty partisan, while "reporting" the glories of his "grace," proves beyond doubt that Wylde and the English did the work. Again, Mr. Bacon, an equally staunch and honest partisan, admits, in his '*Six Years in Biscay*,' that "no satire can be written equal to the official bulletins" of the Christinos on this burlesque of war; and those who wish to see a choice specimen of the style called Rigmarole are referred to Madoz, iv. 333. But the Castilian is such a sonorous sesquipedalian language that it seems to be made for *valientes* who trumpet forth their own *prodigios de valor*, their own "*glorias y fatigas*." Espartero was only compared, on this 24th of December, to our Saviour! The Madrid government responded with equal eloquence; cheap ribbons, thanks, odes, oranges, and cigars, in short every reward was given except money; and now Mellado, writing in 1843, does not even allude to the English; thus the stout Legion was done not only out of its glory, but its pay. And only the other day, April 15, 1848, the minister Sotomayor wrote to our envoy, Sir H. Bulwer, "that his loyal countrymen could and would have fixed the crown on their youthful Isabel by their *own unassisted* effort!" So much for Lord Palmerston's non-intervention of the Marines, 500,000*l.* advanced in stores (and not yet paid for), to say nothing of Evans and the stout Legion which did the work. *Cosas de España.* However there is nothing new in all this, and the Black Prince fared no better (see *Navarrete*, p. 863). And when will our worthy countrymen, who fight and pay for all, consult Spanish history, that old almanac, but in every page of which it stands thus recorded, for the benefit of *foreigners*—

> Those who in our "things" interpose
> Will only get a bloody nose?

There is a dull '*Guia de Bilbao*,' 1846.

There is some talk of a railroad from Bilbao to Madrid; meanwhile, there are plenty of diligences for inland communication, and steamers and ships for the seaboard.

ROUTE 125.—SANTANDER TO BILBAO.

Langre	. . . . .	2	
Meruelo	. . . . .	3	.. 5
Santoña	. . . . .	2	.. 7
Laredo	. . . . .	1	.. 8
Islares	. . . . .	2	.. 10
Castro Urdiales	. . . .	2	.. 12
Somorrostro	. . . .	2	.. 14
Bilbao	. . . . .	3½	.. 17½

For *Santander* see p. 870. This bridle-road is much cut up by the bays and rivers of a hilly and indented coast, and almost impracticable in winter; an occasional steam-communication in summer offers a shorter and more convenient passage by sea. If the weather be fair cross the *rio* to *Langre*, thus avoiding the land circuit. If you ride, take a local guide, and attend to the provend. The arm of the sea, half a mile across, with bad boats for horses, but better ones for fishing. *Santoña* and *Laredo* rise opposite each other on their excellent bay; but neither need be entered, as they can be passed by on the l. *Santoña*, pop. 700, was formed by nature to be the Gibraltar of Cantabria, however neglected by the poco curante Spaniards. The *Monte*, under which it is built, is severed by the Isthmus *el Arenal de Berria*, which intervenes

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between the hills *Brusco* and *Groma* and the isolated Ano, just as the neutral ground does between the "Rock" and *San Roque*. The land approach was much strengthened by orders of Buonaparte, who at once saw the importance of this stronghold, of this key of the coast. The view over the sea is not extensive. The city is protected chiefly by the miraculous little image of the patroness, which came from Antioch. It is worshipped in the Parroquia *la Virgen del Puerto*; the grand fête, September 7, is celebrated by the peasantry and sailors: her votive offerings are costly. The bay contracts opposite *Santoña*, and is crossed at the passage *Pasage de Salue*. The Franciscan convent, higher up on the *Canal de Ano*, is pleasantly situated. From Santoña the corn of Castile and iron of Biscay are largely exported. The storms off the coast are sometimes terrific; and here, in October, 1810, a British squadron was wrecked. *Santoña*, during the war, was fortified by the French, who were regularly supplied from France by *sea!* and became one of their chief magazines. See the indignant Lesaca correspondence of the Duke to Lord Melville, who so miserably mismanaged our admiralty. The place capitulated in March, 1814; but the Duke refused to ratify the treaty in consequence of the breach of all faith shown by the French garrison of Jaca (Disp. April 1, 1814).

Laredo is protected by its headland and fort *el Rastillar*, which defends the S. side of the bay. The lands gain on the coast; and this port, which under the Romans contained 14,000 souls, now has dwindled to 3000. Part of the Moorish chain of the Seville bridge was long hung up in the Santa Maria here, having been broken by a Laredo ship, and it forms the charge of the city's shield. All this line of coast is very picturesque and piscatose; the men labour on the waters and the women on the lands; soon we enter the province of Santander. *Castro Urdiales*, pop. 3000, is placed on a pleasant peninsula, and once could boast of our Black Prince as its *Señor*. This pretty port has also its bay, headland, rocks, castle, and hermitage of *Santa Ana*, of which the artist should sketch the curious rocks and arches. The place was sacked by our libeller, M. Foy, May 11, 1813, on quitting it to retreat to France, when, says Southey (Chr. 43), "He butchered men and women, sparing none, and inflicting upon them cruelties which none but a devilish nature could devise." His troops marched out with babies stuck on their bayonets. The ravaged town has since been rebuilt. M. Foy could not destroy the port, one so beloved by the sailors of the storm-tossed Bay of Biscay, that they say, "*A Castro ó al Cielo.*" On this iron-bound coast the mighty Atlantic is first repelled, and the volume of waters thrown back on the fresh incoming waves, and thus a boiling race is created. At *San Anton*, near the town, is a ruined convent of the Templars; the fish is excellent, especially the *besugo* and *bonito*, a sort of tunny and bream. The rocky hills are terraced with vines, which produce a poor *chacoli*, a sort of cidrous wine, to which the natives are more partial than strangers. The *Somorrostro* district has been immemorially celebrated for iron; the ore occurs abundantly in beds from 3 to 10 ft. deep, in a calcareous earth, and, when taken up and wetted, sometimes it is of a blood colour. It yields from 30 to 35 per cent. metal; it is softer and with a longer fibre than our iron, because smelted with charcoal, not coal; the mining and smithies are primitively rude. Foreigners, however, are slowly introducing more scientific methods; the steel for swords was better made, a manufacture in which the warlike Spaniards have always excelled: the "good Bilbos" of Falstaff were wrought from the produce of the hill *Trimo*. (For swords see p. 796.)

All this district affords much occupation to the mineralogist and geologist, as the *Monte Serrantes* was once a volcano; leaving it to the r., and crossing the *Concha de Bilbao*, is *Portugalete*, placed on the neck of the

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Nervion, with a dangerous bar; six pleasant miles lead to Bilboa; to the l. is the convent *el Desierto*, now indeed a desert, but once a monastic paradise; near the *Desierto*, which is placed on the confluence of the Galindo and Nervion, was the roadstead of the English *non-intervening* squadron, by which alone Bilbao was twice relieved, and Don Carlos twice defeated. Proceeding onwards on the r. bank is *Luchana*, from whence Espartero took his title of *Conde*. Those who cross the river will enter *Bilbao* by the upper road through *Deusto*; those who continue on the l. bank will pass the *Cadagua*, and, continuing under the ridge of *Castrojana*, enter the old town under the fort of *Miravilla*.

ROUTE 126.—BILBAO TO SAN SEBASTIAN.

Algorta	2	
Plencia	2 ..	4
Baguio	2 ..	6
Bermeo	2 ..	8
Guernica	2 ..	10
Elancobe	2 ..	12
Lequeitio	2 ..	14
Ondarrea	2 ..	16
Motrico	1½ ..	17½
Deva	1 ..	18½
Venta de Ibarrieta	2 ..	20½
Orio	2 ..	22½
San Sebastian	2½ ..	25

The steam communication is preferable to the bridle-road, except to anglers; those who adventure by land, after crossing the *Asua*, will reach the fishing-town *Algorta*, and thence turning to the r. *Plencia* with its bridge, and *Villano* with its signal *Atalaya*; thence leaving the headland *Machichaco* to the l. on to *Bermeo*, Flavio Briga, which has a good harbour and free from any bar. This busy fishing-town contains some 4600 amphibious inhabitants. The hills abound with game. In the parish church of *Sa. Eufemia* the Kings of Castile swear, after the *Junta* at Guernica, to observe the Fueros of the Basque provinces. See the tombs, and that of the Bp. Mendoza. Here, also, is the *Casa Solar* of Alonso de Ercilla, the soldier-poet of Spain, whose best authors have been men of the sword, and this hero wrote the finest stanzas of his versified bulletins or despatches—for such in truth his epic is—on the pommel of his saddle. At *Mundaca*, famous for tunnies, the road to *Guernica* follows the l. bank of the river.

Guernica, as its Basque name signifies, is placed on the "slope of a hill," below which is a "reedy flat," called *el Junical*, much subject to inundations, and full of snipes and wild fowl in winter. At *Guernica* was held the Parliament of Basque senators, or *apoderados de las ante-iglesias*. This *Calzarra*, *congress*, or *Witenagemote*, originally sat near the hermitage of *Na. Sa. de la Antigua*, under the over-spreading canopy of an ancient *oak*, which the town still bears on its shield. Among rude primitive people, before temples were raised by the hand, a noble tree inspired a reverential awe, and was dedicated to the Deity (Pliny, N.H. xii. 1). Joshua (xxiv. 26), placed the book of the law under an *oak*, "by the sanctuary." Such, again, was the sacred Δρυς of the Druids; such were the *Ygdraisel*, or consecrated trees, under which were seated the twelve deified judges of the Norwegians. The association of religion with trees and groves long survived after the erection of temples. St. Bridget of Ireland formed her "chapel" out of an *oak*, her *kill* Dara. So our Fairlop *oak*, like the terebinth-tree of Abraham, is an example of the admixture of religion and traffic which always characterized these silvan sanctuaries.

The *casas consistoriales*, and more than half the town of *Guernica*, were burnt in 1808 by the French republicans, the preachers of universal freedom and philanthropy; these theorists, who planted sham trees of liberty and real guillotines at home, cut down the time-honoured oak of the free Basques, a tree which was very old even in 1334 (see Mariana, xvi. 3); it was one "Religione patrum longos servata per annos," and under whose venerable canopy Ferdinand and Isabella swore in 1476 to uphold the Basque *Fueros*, as their grandson Charles V. did again, April 5, 1526. When the English cleared Spain of the French, an oak sapling

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was planted to replace the original, but even that tender plant, *Arbol de la Libertad*, was hewed down by Armildez de Toledo, a general of the then liberal Christina. The oak of *Guernica* was a refuge for debtors, and formed a sort of place of *habeas corpus* return, or court of appeal, as no Basque could be arrested without a summons to appear under it, and learn the charge against him, and thus prepare his defence. The word rendered *grove* in our Bible (Gen. xxi. 33) is read by Parkhurst as *asel*, oak, and he conjectures that the *Asylum*, or sanctuary of Romulus, which was placed between two oaks, may be derived from it. Those who have pictured to themselves a wide-shadowing *oak*, under whose boughs mossed with age, and high tops bald with dry antiquity, silver-haired men sat in council, just as one reads of in 'Télémaque,' and other equally true delineations of society as it is not, will find to their horror that the *Casa de Juntas*, built in 1826, is an ungainly mass of stone of passing pretension, and a sort of Corinthian summer-house, while Basque senators, who assemble July 1 every two years, in French pea-jackets, complete the ruin of all national, primitive, and picturesque associations. They offer a strange contrast to the series of old *Señores*, whose bad portraits hang in a row.

About a mile from the town is a Roman encampment, which is not worth visiting. Returning to the coast at *Lequeitio*, a post strong by nature and art, and placed on its river, girdled by the *Lumencha* and *Otoya* hills, we enter the easily defended country which all the way up to *Guetaria* was abandoned to the Carlists in 1836 by Iriarte and Cordova. *Ondarroa*, the "mouth of sand," has a snug but not a deep port, a decent church built on piles, and a good bridge over its river. Now we quit Vizcaya and enter Guipuzcoa. The name of the town, *Motrica* (*tucio-turbolico*), whence much fish is sent to Madrid, in the Basque signifies a hedgehog, *tricu*, which the rock is *said* to resemble. This pretty port is surrounded with wooded hills; the land teems with fruit and vines, which are trellised over the fishermen's cottages. Here is produced a poor red *chacoli*. In the church *were* a Crucifixion, attributed to Murillo, and a Santa Catherine by Johan Boechorst, 1663: inquire for them. *Deva* is charming, and contains some 3000 piscatose souls: here the orange and olive ripen. It was proposed to make this place the port of a canal, which, by means of the rivers Zadorra and Ebro, was to connect the Atlantic with the Mediterranean, and still the sheltered secure bay is the outport of Vitoria and Mondragon. The square town, with streets intersecting each other at right angles, lies below the slope of the *Iciar*, with two *plazas*. The parish church is one of the finest in these provinces, and near it is the mansion-house with portico and clock-tower. The panorama from the summit of the *Izarraiz* is magnificent, and the wide expanse of ocean contrasts with the mountain jumble of the land. At *Zumaya* we cross the excellent salmon and trout stream *Urola* (*Ur*, water, *ola*, smithy), then the *Oria*, which, rising near the *Puerto San Adrian*, finishes its beautiful course, separated by a ridge from the basin of the Deva; both rivers are precious to the angler. Thence to *San Sebastian*, rising on its conical rocky knoll (see Rte. 128).

In briefly describing the route from Bayonne to Irun, we refer, for all details which do not touch on English or Spanish interests, to Mr. Murray's 'Handbook for France' (R. 76). And first we strongly advise all entering Spain for the first time to run over our preliminary pages in Part I.

ROUTE 127.—BAYONNE TO IRUN.

	Posts.		
Bayonne			
Bidart	1¼		
St. Jean de Luz	1¼	..	3
Urugne	2¼	..	5¼
Irun	2	..	7¼

Bayonne (Hôtel de Saint Etienne, excellent; *Hôtel de Commerce*, ditto), the Basque *Bay-o-na*, "the good port," is placed on the Nive and Adour (Ur, ὕδωρ, *Duero*, the Sussex Adur), most

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picturesquely, with its beautiful river and distant mountain chains. Fail not to enjoy the panorama from the tower of the cathedral. The strong citadel, fortified by Vauban, was the key of Soult's position in 1814, and the scene of one of the last most murderous and unnecessary conflicts between the French and English. Buonaparte's abdication on the 7th of April, 1814, was known to the sanguinary Soult on the 12th, and a suspension of arms had been proposed by the Duke; accordingly, our troops were off their guard, when on the 14th, before daylight, a sortie was made by the French, which was signally beaten back; but this tragical episode to the war cost the lives of 2000 brave men. Here the *bayonet* finished the work, and on the spot where it was first used by some Basques, who stuck their knives in their muskets' muzzles: now it is *the* English weapon, which few foes like facing twice.

In the old castle of Bayonne, opposite the Prefecture, in 1563, did Catherine de Medicis, an Italian Machiavelli, meet Alva, a Spanish man of blood and bigotry. Here this pretty pair planned the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which was executed Aug. 24, 1572, to the joy of the Vatican and the Escorial, for Philip II. never laughed heartily but that once.

There are plenty of mails and diligences from Bayonne to Madrid, viâ Tolosa and Burgos; the mail does the distance in some 50 hours: hard and jolting work; from Tolosa others run to Pamplona and Zaragoza. Those who are not hurried should stop at Irun, and take up the Vitoria road after making a détour through *San Sebastian* (R. 128). A carriage with three horses may be hired here for about 90 francs, including driver, for the excursion to San Sebastian, sleeping one night and returning the next day. N.B. In passing from France to Spain with hired horses, remember that arrangements be made for the guide to leave, at the Spanish frontier, a deposit, generally about 13 dollars per horse. If this be not done, or security found for the return of each horse, they will not be admitted. At *Bayonne* the bother of passports must be attended to, from which no honest men are exempt, except robbers and smugglers. The document must be *visé* by the Spanish and English consuls, the latter charging certain francs for his permit. Should the traveller be desirous of returning to France, he must have the *visé* of the French consul also.

Bayonne is quitted by the *Porte d'Espagne:* soon to the l. is the *Château Marrac*, whose dishonourable recollections long will survive those ruined walls in which Buonaparte embraced his decoyed guest Ferdinand VII., and then sent him from his table to a dungeon. To the r., about 5 miles from Bayonne, is *Biaritz*, the pleasant Brighton of Bayonne, from whose cliff-built Phare the rocky iron-bound coast of hard Iberia looms in view. This first glance of a new land and people relieves the dull monotony of the commonplace *Landes* which extend to Bordeaux. Now what a change awaits those who love surprises, contrasts, and comparisons! It is the passing into a new planet, or like crossing from Dover to Calais.

At *Bidart* the Basque country is entered, and the peasantry are at least cognate with those on each side of the *Bidasoa*, but theirs is a neutral ground, and they are Basques—that is, neither French nor Spaniards. *St Jean de Luz*—inn, la Poste—placed on the Nivelle is, like Irun, a Basque misnomer, for it is not a "city of light," but of "mud," and a rather Lutetia, or lucus a non lucendo. Here, in 1660, Louis XIV. was married to Maria Teresa, daughter of Philip IV.; and higher up to the l. are the heights of *Ainhoüe*, where, Nov. 10, 1813, the Duke routed Soult and Foy, driving them headlong from their tremendous fortifications, and capturing 51 cannon. Here, again, the Duke long had his head-quarters, winning golden opinions from his very foes the French by protecting them from the plunder not only of the Spaniards, but of their own countrymen. "Je suis assez long-temps soldat pour savoir que les pillards et ceux qui les

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encouragent ne valent rien devant l'ennemi" ('*Disp.*' June 27, 1815). How truly English is the sentiment, as well as the language in which it is expressed; for the Duke created a new Anglo-French dialect, which his Dispatches have rendered classical. The gallant French estimated the worth and valour of their generous foe as the Carthaginians did of Scipio, exclaiming that "one like the gods had come among them who overcame all alike by his goodness as by his arms" (Livy, xxvi. 50). The authorities everywhere presented addresses to him, which the modest hero, who did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame, begged Lord Bathurst *not* to publish ('*Disp.*' Nov. 21, 1813; April 12, 1814). Like the old Roman, he never trumpeted forth his own prodigies of valour—that he left to others: "optimus quisque *facere*, quam dicere, et sua ab *aliis* benefacta laudari malebat" (Sal. B. C. 8). The French offered prayers to heaven to long preserve "un héros aussi grand que sage," and one whom they had learnt to esteem both in war and peace. They also proved by their actions that a brave enemy can become a noble friend; for here did the Duke receive "repeated intelligence and warning from the *French!* of acts of treachery meditated by the *Spanish!!*" (Disp. Jan. 13, 1814).

Urugne, the last post station in France, is in the spurs of the mountain range which, called the *Pyrenean*, extends from the Mediterranean to the mouth of the Miño in Gallicia. The French custom-house is at Behovie, *Behobia*, a small village with a *Hotel de la Bidasoa*, which prepares the traveller for a Spanish *posada*. Here the baggage of those coming from Spain is severely searched by the semi-soldier *douanier*, who thus wages war in peace-time; nor are the persons even of ladies always respected; but on both sides of the Bidasoa a strait waistcoat seems to be put on all fair, free, commercial enterprise, to the benefit of the smuggler and inconvenience of the honest merchant and uncommercial traveller. The objects most searched for are tobacco and sealed letters. Coined money is not allowed to be taken *out* of Spain; you may bring *into* it as much as you please. Beware, if you love a quiet life, of having anything contraband, and make a full declaration of whatever is doubtful, and begrudge not a compliment to the well-known *politesse* of *la Grande Nation*, which softens even a douanier's heart. Touch, therefore, and take off your hat; take out and offer your keys; at all events be patient and good-tempered, for these detentions and scrutinies, so inexpressibly odious to tourists, and like passports, the curse of continental travelling, cannot be escaped and must be endured. Those who proceed from Spain to Bayonne are advised to have their luggage *plombé* at Behobia, paying for each package a sous, as the leaden seal keeps off the custom-house harpies, like the seal of Solomon did the devil himself.

A wooden bridge painted with a dingy red, which, although the sanguinary colour of the guillotine, is a very favourite one for shutters, &c. on the French side, crosses the *Bidasoa*, which flows between the two antipathetic nations. The name means in Basque either the "way to the west," or *vida*, "two," and *osoa*, "streams," because composed of two streams flowing one from *Elisondo* and the other from the *Baztan*. The length of the Bidasoa is about 45 miles, and it forms for the last 12 the boundary between the two antipathetic countries. In olden times Spain claimed not only the whole river, because rising in Navarra, but so much of the French bank as its waters covered at high tide (Mariana, xxiii. 5). These questions, long matters of *rivality*, were settled by the French republic and Charles IV., by each country retaining its own shore. The question of boundary was opened by France in 1851, and Spain will probably be done by the neighbour, as after Jaca was occupied in 1823, by the French troops, allies of Ferdinand VII., the original papers of the convention, kept at *San Juan de la Peña*, were found "missing." The river widens below the bridge into a tidal

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rio or estuary, and the embouchure is guarded on the Spanish side by *Fuenterrabiá*, which looks strong at a distance, which it is not: it faces *Andaye*, a French village celebrated for its brandy. Between the bridge and the sea are some fords which are practicable at low water, being covered at least 14 feet at high tide. These were made known to the Duke by a Basque fisherman, and thus, as at Oporto, he was enabled again to surprise and defeat Soult. At the close of a thunderstorm, Oct. 7, 1813, our troops, at a given signal, wound slowly like serpents across the sands, effected a passage, dashed up the *Montagne d'Arrhune*, and carried by sheer daring the rugged, natural frontier of France, which skilful engineers had been fortifying for three months.

Standing on the bridge and looking up the river to the l., in front rises the celebrated hill of *San Marcial* (see next page), and on the flats below the bridge are the wretched huts set up by the Spanish authorities as *lazaretos*, or quarantine-houses, during the cholera of 1833: charnel-houses would be a fitter term. Looking down the stream is an ignoble patch in the waters, which a lively Frenchman compares to a fried sole, but Spaniards dignify the strip by the name of *la Isla de los Faisanes*, the Island of Pheasants, which are about as plentiful here as phœnixes or birds of paradise are in the Champs Elysées at Paris. On this neutral ground, in 1463, Louis XI. had an interview with Henrique IV. The perfidious award of the former led to the formation of the Spanish league and deposition of the latter (Prescott, ch. iii.). Mariana (xxiii. 5) and Comines (ch. 36) have described this meeting. The mean appearance of Louis offended the Spaniards, who always visit in grand costume, while the French satirically laughed at the Don's *boato*; so the two kings embraced, and then, like the devils in Asmodeus, hated each other ever afterwards. Here, Nov. 1615, Isabella, daughter of Henry IV., was exchanged as wife for Philip IV., against his sister Anne of Austria, the celebrated queen of Louis XIII. Here again, in 1660, Cardinal Mazarin met Louis de Haro, and arranged the marriage between the daughter of Philip IV. and Louis XIV. (see for details, '*Esp. Sag.*,' xxxii. 118). The singular mutual suspicions and etiquette are accurately described by Dunlop (Memoirs, ch. xi.). It was while fitting up the saloon of conference that Velazquez sickened of a tertian fever, of which he soon after died at Madrid. Thus Spain's greatest artist was sacrificed on the altar of upholstery. For the particulars of his death see Palomino (Mus. Pit. ii. 521). This Spanish Vasari gives us a full-length portrait of the magnificent costume worn by Velazquez on the occasion, who eclipsed the lords of the bedchamber as much in the sparkle of his diamonds as in the brilliancy of his intellect. See for details '*Viaje del Rey*,' &c., by Leonardo del Castillo, 4to., Madrid, 1667; and our Biography of Velazquez in the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' and his Life by Stirling.

Louis XIV., *le Grand Monarque*, lived to afterwards deprive the Catalonians of their liberties, which he had pledged his honour to uphold, and he moreover placed his grandson on the throne of Spain, which he had then and there, at his marriage with the daughter of Philip IV., guaranteed never to do: thus the weaker kingdom became locked in the embrace of the stronger one, and from that fatal moment has been alternately her dupe or victim. The Spanish policy of Louis XIV. became a French axiom of state, "une pensée immuable," whether the yoke is to be placed on by the sword or ring of a Buonaparte or a Bourbon. Foy (ii. 211) candidly remarks, "*La soumission absolue*, et avec une garantie stable de l'Espagne, n'était-elle pas la conséquence naturelle et nécessaire de l'extension de la France au-delà des Alpes et du Rhin, ses limites naturelles?" He proceeds to term these views *saines et politiques*, as undoubtedly they are for *one* party, since the Pyrenean boundary, says the Duke, is "the most vulnerable frontier of France, probably the only vulnerable frontier" (Disp., Dec. 21, 1813). Accordingly France has always endea-

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voured to weaken and denationalize her neighbour, to dismantle the Spanish defences, and to foster insurrections and *pronunciamientos* in Catalonia; for Spain's infirmity is her opportunity, and therefore the "sound policy" of Europe is to see Spain strong, independent, and able to hold her own Pyrenean key.

The *Bidasoa* once crossed, the Basque provinces are entered. The geology of both sides is alike; how unlike the ethnology! Just as the country is cognate, the natives differ: the very sentinels show it. But Spain is a land of contrasts herself, and this first change is not the least striking. Now, as on passing the lines at Gibraltar, we step from a highly-organized power, of the most amiable social civilization, to one where nothing is *réglementaire*, where nothing is done in real style, where a lazy, Oriental, unbusiness, make-shift character pervades every civil and military department. The authorities seem to have put Spain and Spaniards into our Chancery, such is the dilapidation of things real and personal. If, however, the neglected soldiers, &c., be such as Falstaff would not march through Coventry with, each individual is a fine, brave, temperate, and patient fellow, and for a picturesque foreground group in your first sketch of Spain is worth a dozen French marshals. Recent travellers report, that in matters of *pen and pencil* many changes have taken place for the better, and that the man of the note-book and sketch-book is not likely to be annoyed; but it is always best to be on the safe side, and to feel your way on the spot, applying to the authorities if necessary. In our times, as in the East, the best-intentioned travellers were liable to be taken up for spies and not well treated (2 Sam. x. 3). Our experience leads us to coincide with that of Capt. Widdrington (ii. 202), who loves Spain and Spaniards so well and understands them so perfectly: he "never visited barracks at all;" he never "attempted anything of that sort even in the most quiet times," as all have here a "paltry and contemptible feeling of jealousy which is highly discreditable." Nor is much lost by restraining curiosity as regards citadels, arsenals, hospitals, &c., which generally, as in Moorish Barbary, are full of nothingness, and "wanting in everything at the most critical moment;" a state of things which arises partly from the poverty, and more from the bad management and apathy, of those rogues or incapables who too generally misgovern these fine but ill-fated lands.

The first sight and welcome of Spain scarcely will inspire love—oh dura tellus Iberiæ!—but the PEOPLE, and their wild, racy, original country, improve on better acquaintance, and the more as we advance into the sunny Oriental east and south, for these provinces are *not* Spain but Basque. Now you have quitted Europe and French things, all around breathes *ajo y Españolismo*, mules and mantillas; and however lacking in surface and sensual civilization, MAN is here the vigorous plant of a strong soil; here he stands erect, full of personal dignity and individual worth and independence: the members, indeed, are strong in masculine virility and vitality, although a head be wanting. Yet the Spanish PEOPLE are still unbroken in despite of Austrian and Bourbon, who have failed to dwarf their high spirit and character, and have been unable to sacrifice their worth, valour, and intelligence to advance the personal intrigues of unworthy rulers in church, camp, and cabinet.

IRUN, the first Spanish town, rises conspicuously in front on its hill; the *Posada de las Diligencias* is decent, and Ramon, "mine host," obliging. As he combines also a little coach-office managing with "neat accommodation for travellers," conciliate him with a cigar, and consult with him as to getting on to Burgos, having made the tour to Tolosa viâ San Sebastian.

Irun, *Irunia*, signifies in Basque the "*good* town," possibly in irony, as, after all, it is rather a good-for-nothing place, peopled with some 4000 paupers, who live on the crumbs of those who come and those who depart: placed, however, at the entrance of

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Spain, and on the high road to Madrid, it at least is a *good* coach-town, and means of escape are plentiful. Few travellers remain here long; they are either in a hurry to get into the Castiles, or in a far greater hurry to get out again. Consult '*Historia de Irun*,' Fro. de Gainza Uranzu, fol., Pamplona, 1738. Mails and diligences start for Madrid by *Vitoria* (Rte. 120), and thence by *Burgos* (Rte. 118) or *Valladolid* (Rte. 78), which *we strongly recommend as the most interesting line.* Coaches run to *Pamplona* (Rte. 141), and hence by *Tudela* (Rte. 135) to *Zaragoza*, from whence diligences run to Barcelona (Rte. 129). Another mode of reaching the capital of Aragon is by the diligence to Tudela, which branches off at *Tolosa* (Rte. 120) in about 11 hrs., and then passes on to *Pamplona* (Rte. 138) and to *Tudela* (Rte. 135). Those who quit social, sensual France will miss many a comfort on the road, and take but little ease in their inn. The conveyances are, however, cheaper; sometimes a brief period at night offers to the very tired the means of snatching some repose if *voltigeurs* winged and creeping permit. Some delicate travellers, however, have compared the mattresses to sacks of walnuts or potatoes. At the improved inns clean water and towels greet the dusty, thirsty passenger; a tolerable dinner is provided for those who can stand oil and garlic. At early dawn a cup or *jicara* of good chocolate and some roasted or fried bread is ready. N.B. Drink water after this cup, oh ye bilious ones! The prices for these comforts are moderate, and moreover fixed; thus the stranger is protected from rogueish *venteros*, if he cannot escape their vermin. The average expense at Spanish *posadas* for a day's board and lodging may be taken at from a dollar to a dollar and a half, which is cheap enough. On some roads small guide-books, or '*Manuales de Diligencia*,' are sold for a trifle, and are worth the purchase.

Those going to Madrid, who are not pressed for time, are recommended, instead of pursuing the direct but dull diligence line through Burgos and Lerma, first to visit *San Sebastian* (Rte. 128), and branch off from *Burgos* (Rte. 78) to *Valladolid*, and thence by *Segovia* and the *Escorial* to the capital.

The military man, while his first *puchero* is stewing at *Irun*, may walk out to the hill of *San Marcial*, the site of the crowning boast and glory of Spanish arms. The panorama of ocean and mountain is grand. Seated on the knoll near the hermitage, a stone covers the ashes of the brave who died here; and a cannon on the anniversary used to fire salvos in their honour, sounds unpleasing to the echoes of the opposed heights. The hill is so called after an obscure saint, on whose day, in 1522, Beltran de la Cueva here defeated the French under Bonnivet, who had invaded Spain, in the hopes of reversing their previous disasters at *Logroño*; and now, Aug. 30, 1813, Soult, making an ill-conceived, ill-executed, but desperate attempt to relieve San Sebastian, ordered Reille to cross the Bidasoa and attack the Spaniards, who, under the nominal command of Freire, were posted on San Marcial. At that moment the Duke rode up, and his presence produced the cheering influence which that of Hercules and Santiago did in olden times (see Zubiri, p. 955). Now the Spaniards felt that they were worthily commanded, and worthily did they do their duty, proving to Europe that those qualities yet remained uninjured which once rendered their infantry the terror of the world. Eighteen thousand right gallant French scaled the *Monte de los Lobos*; but now 12,000 *Merinos*, who knew that the shepherd was near, turned upon the *wolves*, charging them manfully with the bayonet, and driving them back headlong. "Their conduct," says the Duke, "was equal to that of any troops I have ever seen engaged." Every repeated French "attack was defeated with the same gallantry and determination." And the Duke—their Santiago or presiding tutelar—writing to Castaños, who once commanded this very corps, observed, "*Je* l'ai fait battre Soult toute seule." He readily left the whole glory to the Spaniards, to whom he could well spare some crumbs from his ample banquet. He

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who had led the Sepoys to victory knew well how the native soldier lights his courage at the example of an English leader's skill and bravery; and gladly did the Spanish PEOPLE trust in the foreigner, whatever might be the prejudice of their own unworthy leaders. Nor ever had the ill-used Spanish soldier a better friend than in the Duke, who in vain, but over and over again stated their cruel wants to their ministers; and now, at Saint Marcial, he rejoiced in putting them in a good position, and thus demonstrating that their previous disasters had been the result not of the members, but their brainless heads. Here it was the Duke, and none other but the Duke, who commanded and conquered. Thus the last battle fought on the soil of Spain, like Bailen one of the first, added a laurel to the national chaplet; and to these, the Alpha and Omega of the Peninsular war, the Spanish annalists turn proudly, nor let any one begrudge their well-earned glory. To these two glorious days their Maldonados and Co. mainly ascribe the deliverance of their country and of Europe eventually, and small is the mention made of the ally who did the intervening work; nor does Mellado even allude to the English at San Marcial. This very Freire, whose name is almost synonymous with defeat, is now *the* Spanish god of war, and here *Nosotros* alone fluttered the eagles of Austerlitz; but how stands the truth? The Spaniards, says the Duke, were "*supported and protected*" by the British on all sides; the first division, under Lord Aylmer, was between them and Irun, two brigades of the 4th division, under Cole, were to their r., while the 7th division, under Inglis, was close at hand. The Spaniards "were a *little* desirous of being relieved towards the end of the day, but *I saw* that the enemy were done, and I would not relieve them" (Disp., Sept. 3, 1813). Venit, *vidit*, vicit; for this *pobrecito* Freire never won a battle before or after, while he had taken a leading part in almost every flight and disgrace (see his name in Index). The French repulse was most complete. Soult, attended by our libeller Foy, beheld the rout from the opposite hill of Louis XIV.; while the conflict was going on, the Bidasoa most patriotically swelled its waters, and thus rendered a refording impossible. The beaten heart-and-foot-sore foe had to retreat round by the bridge of Vera, and there must have been cut off to a man, had Skerret, instead of remaining half a mile off and inactive, listened to the repeated entreaties of a handful of our rifles to be reinforced (Napier, xx. 3).

And as the boundaries of France and Spain lie at our feet like an opened map, how recollections crowd on the memory; how many spirit-stirring events have disturbed the repose of the now quiet scene; how much blood of the brave has dyed that clear stream which now winds peacefully to the ocean!

Princely forms and belted knights come and depart like shadows: there slouches the mean, false Bourbon Louis XI., cheating with sombre smile his gorgeous silly dupe the impotent Henrique IV.; next passes François I., model of French chivalry—he who at Pavia said he had lost all save honour; slowly he treads that bridge, and now, on touching again the "sacred soil" of France, gathers strength, like Antæus, and, shaking off the prison-dust of hard Iberia, gallops furiously away, exclaiming, "I am yet a king!" but his second thought is how soonest he can break his plighted word; nor is a Clement VII. wanting to sanctify dishonour by absolving the obligation of a royal oath.

Next advances the stately Louis XIV., in the opening pride of a magnificent monarchy, of which he was the impersonation; with love and pledges on his lips, ambition and perfidy in his heart, he accepts the daughter of Philip IV. for his bride, soon to rob her country of liberty and crown; but the avenger is at hand; now a usurper greater than he, sits on the ruins of the Bourbon throne, and grudges to the descendant of *le Grand Monarque* the sceptre of Spain: that prize of French fraud is again seized by French treachery; Ferdinand, lured by Savary, crosses this Rubicon April

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20, 1808, welcomed by Buonaparte (who, like a viper, could only proceed by a tortuous career) with a Judas kiss, soon he is dismissed, having tasted his salt, a prisoner and unkinged. And now across that narrow and creaking bridge legions press on legions with dense and heavy tread. How brilliant, this, the most splendid soldiery on earth, save that by whom it was driven back! how few destined ever to return to their beloved France! The war, begun with perfidy and carried out with terror, was, in the words of the French themselves, a source of making fortunes to the generals, of misery to the officers, and a grave to the poor soldier. Arguelles demonstrates ('Hist.' ii. 367) that 549,750 Frenchmen entered from Irun alone, of whom only 236,555 ever returned; while the loss on the Catalonian side exceeded 160,000.

The first legions were led across the Bidasoa Oct. 18, 1808, by Generals Laborde and our libeller M. Foy, who were the first to meet the English and defeat at Roleia, while by a poetical justice this identical Foy was the first to run and escape to France, Oct. 17, 1813, when Vitoria had consummated the Duke's career of uninterrupted victory; then, as Napier says, thousands of the finest and bravest troops in the world fled like sheep before the wolf; say rather from that leopard which their Masséna boasted they would drown in the sea, provided it would only dare to await their approach. And how trifling were the means by which this glorious result was obtained! "By having kept about 30,000 men in the Peninsula, the British government gave for five years employment to at least 200,000 French troops of the best Napoleon had; for it is *ridiculous* to suppose that either the Spaniards or the Portuguese could have resisted one moment if the British force had been withdrawn" (Disp., Dec. 21, 1813). The "same who fought at Vimiero and Talavera fought also at Sorauren" (Disp., Aug. 23, 1812). Neither was he adequately supported by *all* the "*Or et Marine*" of England, or by the "*patriotismo invencible*" of Spain, since the "service was stinted and starved" on land by Lord Bathurst, while the French, credite posteri! were left by Lord Melville masters by sea of the Basque coast, and the conduct of the Spaniards was terrible" (Disp., Feb. 7, 1814). But it will be long ere the race of ministerial mediocrities is extinct, and the sins of official drivellers not washed out with the blood of the best and bravest. The Duke in himself supplied the deficiencies of others; he husbanded his "*handful* of brave men," which "*struggled* through its *difficulties* for nearly six years" (Disp., April 7, 1814). He was chary of them as of his children; thus, while Frederick the Great calculated the loss in every army during each campaign at one-third of its numbers, the average loss of the Duke did not exceed a sixth—see even Foy (i. 315), a notorious calumniator of our general and soldiers—and this result he obtained when contending against an enemy "every one of whose generals was *prodigal* of men" (Disp., Aug. 23, 1813); for truly and sadly has Foy remarked (i. 58) that the field of battle was the natural death-bed of the French conscript. Buonaparte's murderous strategies consisted either in "En avant, mes colonnes," or in rapidity backed by numerical superiority; he fought at the rate of 10,000 men per day. "Vaincre, et trouver des instrumens de victoire, était," says Foy (i. 157), "le travail de sa *vie*," and the travail and *death* to millions. Yet, so long as wounds were hidden under laurels, and the groans of dying drowned in shouts of victory, martial France grudged not her valorous children to the altar of her Moloch, military *glory;* and how much greater is the glory of him who, thwarted by miserable ministerial mediocrities at home and abroad, opened with his handful of men a campaign on the most western rock of Europe; and then proceeded, in a steady advance of uninterrupted triumph, to crush marshal after marshal, the bravest of the brave, to rout armies after armies the previous conquerors of the world, until he perfected

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the good work by annihilating their mighty master himself, and planting the red banner of St. George on the captured walls of Imperial Paris! then indeed, having cropped all their large honours to make a garland for his brows and given peace to the world, he exchanged for a civil wand a sword untarnished by cold bloodshed or pillage.

Those going to Madrid, who have leisure and wish to see San Sebastian, will secure their places beforehand in the diligence for Burgos, to be taken up at Tolosa, allowing three days for the excursion.

ROUTE 128.—IRUN TO SAN SEBASTIAN AND TOLOSA.

Fuenterrabiá.		
Lezo.		
Renteria.		
Passages.		
San Sebastian	4½	
Orio	2 ..	6½
Zumaya	2 ..	8½
Azpeitia	3 ..	11½
Tolosa	4 ..	15½

A new road from *Irun* passes through Renteria and San Sebastian, and then joins the highway to Madrid at *Andoain;* thus all the severe hills of Urnieta, Ernani, and Oyarzun are avoided, and at least two hours saved, but many a Swiss-like view will be lost. There is a diligence to San Sebastian; or ladies, sick of comforts and a carriage, may try, by way of change, a little Spanish *vice versâ*, and may ride this tour *en cucolet*, on quiet and prudent donkeys; there is a direct road by *Renteria*, but a détour may be made to *Fuenterrabiá*, a name corrupted from the Latin. Fons rapidus, which rises on the *swift* Bidasoa, is 3 short m. from Irun: here Milton placed, somewhat ungeographically, the "dolorous rout" of Charlemagne; yet, such is the gilding power of genius, that this chance expression confers on obscure sites an undying interest, and thus *Fuenterrabiá* rivals Vallombrosa. In itself it is a miserable dilapidated spot, although termed, by a grandiloquent misnomer, a "city," while the four quarterings bear an angel holding a key, a whale, and two syrens, a castle between two stars, which were bestowed by Philip IV. in 1638, when the Prince de Condé was here repulsed by the admiral of Castile: consult '*Sitio y Socorro,*' Palafox y Mendoza, 4to., Madrid, 1639, and 1793.

This then important key was then placed under the especial protection of the Virgin of Guadalupe; but the French, in 1794, completely dismantled the place. The Fuenterrabians, in the Peninsular war, begrudged during winter-time even lodging to our sick; nay, the authorities wished to take away even the hard boards on which our disabled were stretched; and these, said the Duke, "are the people to whom we have given medicines, &c., whose wounded and sick we have taken into our hospitals, and to whom we have rendered every service in our power, after having recovered their country from the enemy!" (Disp., Nov. 27, 1813.)

Riding along the coast about 5 m. over a wild, shaggy, scrubby country, with patches of maize, is *Lezo*, situated under the Jaizquivel, on what nature had scooped out as a port, but which man's neglect has allowed to be choked up. It once was a celebrated dockyard, and still possesses a *Santo Cristo*, an image to which a grand pilgrimage is made every Sept. 16, which all travellers in this part of the world at that time should join, in order to see Basque costume and manners. *Renteria*, distant about ¼ L., with a pop. of 1600, is placed on its stream, which, running down from the valley of *Oyarzun*, disembogues into the bay of *Pasages:* the once excellent port has from carelessness been much injured by deposits: the deep land-locked bay is one of the best harbours on this rock-bound coast; the narrow entrance is defended by the Arando *grande* and *chico:* when once inside, ships ride safely: the bay narrows at *la Punta de las Cruzes*, opposite to which is the castle *de Santa Isabel;* the anchorage between them is good; higher up the water gets shallow. Those pressed for time may leave Lezo and Renteria to

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the l., and cross over from *Pasages*, and so either by the coast or by *Herrera* to San Sebastian. During the Carlist struggle the opposing lines closely approached each other: the Christino, or *Ametzas* barrier, ran from *Pasages* to *Alza*, joining the Ayete lines below Loyola, and ending S. of San Sebastian; those of the Carlists began at Renteria, included the fort of San Marco, came down to the Urumea, and then crested heights to Oriamendi, with Hernani behind. San Sebastian was gallantly saved, Dec. 13, 1836, from the Carlists by Col. Arbuthnot and the Legion, without whom it must have fallen, for "not a piece of artillery there was fit for service," although a year's time had been given to the Spanish authorities to prepare their defences.

The town of *San Sebastian* is built on an isthmus under the conical hill *Urgull* or *Orgollo*, which rises some 400 ft. above the sea, and is crowned by the *mota* or strong castle, which renders this fortress the Gibraltar of the N. of Spain; the place is isolated by the tidal river *Urumea*, up which salmon run: the *marisma*, or marshes, are partly flooded at high water, except the *chofres*, or sand-knolls; the winter wild-fowl shooting is excellent. San Sebastian is the Brighton of Madrid, and much frequented for seabathing; then small huts are run up made of reeds, *cañas*, which do the service of machines, and, as they have a tent-like look, are called *el campamento:* when the tide is in, San Sebastian seems to rise out of the sea: the Urumea is crossed either by its long wooden bridge, which is to be replaced by one of stone, or in boats, which are rowed by women, supposing the feminine gender can be given to such amphibious fish-fags. These she-Charons decorate their heads with beribboned hats, and exercise their tongues with the choicest Basque Billingsgate: so report those who have the happiness to understand the androgynous mermaids. The *posadas* are good: *Parador Real*, kept by Mons. Lafitte, whose son is an excellent guide; *Posada de Santa Isabel*, and the new one built by Don Martin Oleyza, outside the town, near the bathing-tents, *El campamento*. *San Sebastian* used to be the capital of its province; now Tolosa has been substituted, and mutual hatred is the consequence; the town is modern, the older one having been almost destroyed during the war, but has since risen like a phœnix from its ashes, and was built on a regular rectangular plan, which is more convenient than picturesque, but vastly admired here as being so "civilized;" the lofty and uniform houses with balconies look rather un-Spanish: the handsome *plaza*, with its shops and arcades, is used for bullfights and executions. The town is the residence of local authorities, and has a theatre; pop. about 10,000, and mercantile: there is little to be seen: the citadel is an irregular fortress, with five fronts. The tombs of several Englishmen who fell here are at the back of the rock. The *partido* of San Sebastian is a jumble of hill and vale; the *Arrobi*, or *Iqueldo*, rises some 3100 ft. high, and commands a panorama over the ocean and sandy *landes* of France: the hills are somewhat denuded on the sea-side, but inland are clothed with oak, chesnut, walnut, and aromatic underwood; a bad *chacoli* is made in sheltered localities, and a better *cider:* the apple *papanduja* is excellent, the sea-fish delicious, abundant, and cheap; fishing, indeed, is the occupation of the poorer classes.

San Sebastian is memorable for its sieges, lies, and libels. It was obtained in March, 1808, by Thevenot, when the French got in under false pretences as at Pamplona and elsewhere: they held it during the war; and being in the rear of the Duke when advancing in 1813 on the Pyrenees, it retarded his progress, and its possession became absolutely necessary; this was a work of great difficulty; in 1813 it was garrisoned by 3000 French veterans under Gen. Rey; the Duke, from the usual neglect of our "archmediocrity" ministers, was again left to sue the place in formâ pauperis, as at Badajoz and Burgos. In spite of repeated applications to Lord Ba-

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thurst, he waited from July 25th to August 26th for *want of means* even to commence operations, during which time the active enemy strengthened their defences, being supplied from France by sea! ('Disp.' Aug. 11, 1813). In vain the Duke had warned Lord Melville, "under whose fatal rule," says Napier, "the navy of England was first exposed to defeat, and who now did his best to ensure a similar misfortune to the army:" read the heart-burning correspondence from Lesaca, especially of the 19th, 20th, and 21st of August: and to make matters worse, Graham, to whom the siege was intrusted, neglected the advice of Sir C. Felix Smith, the defender of Tarifa, and of Sir Rd. Fletcher: this fine officer, the Vauban of the Torres Vedras, soon was killed here. Graham having failed in a night attack, Aug. 24, the Duke was forced to come in person to set matters right, although thereby he was obliged to leave Pamplona exposed to be relieved by Soult, which was all but effected: the Duke's arrival was, as usual, the omen of victory: now the town was assaulted as it ought to have been at first, from the *chofres*, and was taken Aug. 31; the French, after a most gallant defence retired to the upper citadel, on which, by the almost superhuman efforts of the engineers, backed by the blue-jackets, guns were brought to bear; it surrendered Sept. 9th, two-thirds of the valorous garrison having perished, while nearly 5000 English troops were killed and wounded. The spirited conduct of Rey was stained by his unmanly behaviour to women and cruelty to prisoners (Southey, 44), and he forced the English, "contrary to all the rules of war" (the Duke), to labour at the works *sans blindages*, and at points the most exposed to their own countrymen's fire; "of such conduct," said the Duke, "I have never heard" (Disp., Sept. 3rd, 5th, 1813). *San Sebastian* was sacked by the captors according to all the usages of war, and such ever is the sad fate of all places taken by storm. This event, which gave infinite sorrow and disgust to the Duke, is now made a standing libel against the English, as the *xefe politico* of San Sebastian. One Conde de Villa Fuentes, accused *our officers of purposely burning the town* because it traded with France, as if this paltry beggarly Basque port could excite the jealousy of the masters of the world's commerce. This *gentleman* next called on the Spaniards to *revenge themselves* on the English!—of a truth, however rude sundry of Basque worthies may be in forging their native iron, few excel in "forging lies," either in favour of himself or in disparagement of others. These infamous falsehoods were printed by O'Donoju, the war minister at Cadiz, in his *anti-English* paper *el Duende;* thereupon the Duke called the Regency to account, who formally contradicted the libel in their official gazette of Oct. 20th, 1813. This O'Donoju sprung from a refugee Irish Catholic family, was aide-de-camp to Godoy and then to Cuesta, and, although he rose higher from British protection (Schep. iii. 100), repaid his patrons by bitter anti-English ingratitude, insomuch that the quiet Duke talked of him as the "greatest of all blackguards" (Disp., Nov. 19th, 1813). Such were poor Spain's war ministers; this base scion of the great black chief the O'Donogue Dhuw, died poisoned by his own subalterns in Mexico—*Cosas de España.* The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is recorded in the Duke's letters (Disp., Oct. 9th, 23rd, and Nov. 2nd, 1813). These documents our unfair inveterate calumniators never quote, while they continue to repeat every refuted falsehood *ad nauseam.* Even the Duke's iron-nerved temper gave way, although he had hitherto taken no more notice of angry words than the man in the moon does of the swelling tides, or Shakspere's cliff of the chattering choughs. Being accustomed in regard to himself to repose on the pedestal of his own glory and good conscience, he intertwined these paper inventions of the worsted enemy amid his victorious laurels, and trusted to time, which reveals everything; yet now, stung by the vermin who attacked his officers, his indignation

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was such "that, if he were to direct, he would not have kept the army in Spain for an hour." So when Bernardin Mendoza (called *Mendacia* from his "pack of lies"), the Spanish ambassador at France, converted defeats into victories, and published libels against the officers of Elizabeth, our Drake, who never noticed personal abuse against himself, at once overwhelmed his calumniator, and showed that he could deal with such an enemy as readily with his pen as with his sword.

How stand real facts?—stern things —San Sebastian beyond a shadow of a doubt was set on fire by the *French* July 22nd, as is admitted by *Rey* in his own dispatch, and it was done for the express purpose of annoying the English by preventing their progress; this it so effectually did, that many of our soldiers were actually shot by the Basque townsfolk while extinguishing those very flames which they are now accused of having lighted! The text furnished by Buonaparte, a man who *abhorred* terrorism and falsehood, ran thus: "Les Anglais commettent des horreurs dont les annales de la guerre offrent peu d'exemples, et dont cette nation *barbare* était seule capable dans un siècle de civilisation" ('Œuv. de Buon.,' i. 116). These be hard words, Master Pistol, and scarcely civil without being at all true; nevertheless the so-called historians on both sides of the Pyrenees who write, as regards England, so much in hate and so little in honour, took up this imperial *thema* with variations, or, to use one of the truthful Duke's straightforward facts, with "an improvement of the lies *even* of the Moniteur" (Disp., Sept. 16th, 1813); and to this day they are warmed up by those very *candid* persons who befoul their English nests to conciliate the disciples of Voltaire and of revolutionary terrorism: these, forsooth, are *unusual* atrocities when British troops are concerned, but only *des horreurs inévitables* when perpetrated by Buonapartists. But the English generals everywhere repressed these outrages, and so tender was the Duke of Spanish cities, that he never used mortars except when it could not be helped (Disp., July 30, 1813), whereas the invaders, to quote another of their conqueror's quiet truthful expressions, everywhere and invariably "committed horrors *until then* unheard of" (Disp. Nov. 22nd, 1812), and particularly with the bomb, as Spain in ruins still testifies. Southey (ch. 44) has with an eloquent indignation refuted these libels, and demonstrated the terrific atrocities habitually perpetrated by our calumniators, by those plundering, butchering, bulletin-forging *Victors* à la Medellin. Our general, brave as merciful, wept like Scipio at burning cities; and, from his not rejoicing like a Nero in the "beauty of the fire," our libeller Foy accuses him and his troops of a dull insensibility to the "sublimity of destruction" (see Lérida and Manresa, Ucles, Cuenca, Coria, Rioseco, Tarragona, et passim); but the horrors habitually practised at these and other places by these *héros de cent razzias* were a disgrace to even revolutionary nature, and they remain undetailed in these pages from the ineffable disgust they give writer and reader. *Tel maître tel valet*, and we have only to consult the early and untampered volumes of the *Mémoires* of Joseph, to see that the positive orders of Napoleon were, to fire, pillage, execute and terrorize, without mercy.

Quitting these sad scenes, lies, and libels, and taking the coast-road to *Zumaya*, we ascend the clear picturesque *Urola*, the "water of smithies," which flows through the delicious green valley of *Loyola*, about 1 short L. from *Azpeitia*. At the head of the valley are the ferruginous baths of *Cestona*, which are much frequented from June to September; the accommodations are tolerable, and the building will take in 140 persons; the warm water is conveyed into stone basins, which are sunk in bathing chambers or alcoves.

There is sometimes a steamer runs from *San Sebastian* to *La Ceste* in France, which communicates with Bordeaux by rail.

Azpeitia, with a decent *Parador*, is pleasantly situated amid its gardens,

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under the hill *Izarraiz;* pop. 4200. It is a walled place and has four gates. The Doric façade of the church San Sebastian was planned in 1767 by Ventura Rodriguez, and the heavy statue of the tutelar was carved by one Pedro Michel, who was no Michael Angelo. You may also look at the tomb of a Bishop of Tuy. Inside is the *Pila*, the font at which Loyola was baptized: the French, in 1794, carried off the silver cover: yet mothers flock here with their babies to have them christened *Ignacio*. Sterile women used to offer their shifts at this shrine in the hopes of becoming happy mothers: to what shifts must they now be put since the burly Jesuits are gone!

Make an excursion to the *Fundicion de Iraeta* and visit the iron-works; also to the ferruginous baths at *Cestona;* but the marvel of the locality is the large Jesuit college, which was built out of the residence formerly belonging to the family of Ignacio Loyola; being pleasantly placed under the heights, with a fertile plain in front, the site exactly suited an order which never was known to found a convent in a barren ground. The *santuario* was founded in 1671 by Mariana of Austria, from designs of Carlo Fontana, a Roman architect. The edifice is now untenanted, excepting by a chaplain who shows it to visitors. The church is handsome, and enriched with jaspers from the hill *Izarraiz*, "the rock;" the *cimborio* or cupola supported by pillars is elegant: observe the marbles and mosaics. The entrance-hall to the monastery is noble, and the double corridor beyond is handsome; in a long low room up stairs San Ignacio was born in 1491, and now the sacred site is encased and venerated, like the house of the Virgin, which angels moved from Palestine to Loretto. This *Santa Casa*, in fact, is here compared to Bethlehem! and was made a temple, as used to be done in Pagan times (Mart. ix. 2); the *religio loci* was turned to profit. The chapel in which Loyola recovered from his wounds received at the siege of Pamplona—this "holiest of holies," to which St. Peter came down from heaven to attend this patient!—is divided by a *reja*, and is ornamented with bold carvings, some gilt and painted, which illustrate the authentic marvels and subjects in his life. Consult his '*Vida*,' &c., Pedro Ribadeneira, Duo., Mad., 1586; and see p. 424.

From *Azpeitia* to Tolosa is a charming pastoral, Swiss-like ride, especially the last four or five miles among the hills, wild woods, and long-leaved chesnuts.

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SECTION XIII.

THE KINGDOM OF ARRAGON.

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ROUTE 137.—TUDELA TO LOGROÑO. Calahorra; Logroño.	944

The warm months are the best periods for visiting Arragon, and especially the Pyrenean districts. Zaragoza, Huesca, and Route 134 are the objects of chief interest.

El Reino de Aragon.—The kingdom of Arragon, once a separate and independent state, was, Castile alone excepted, the most warlike and powerful one in the Peninsula. It extends in length about 140 miles E. to W., and about 200 miles N. and S., and is encompassed by mountains on all sides —viz. the Pyrenees, the Sierras of Morella, Albarracin, Molina, and Soria. The Ebro, which might be made navigable, flows through the central basin, N.W. to S.E., and divides the kingdom almost equally. The climate varies according to locality and elevation: generally speaking, the province, from being so exposed to mountains, is much wind-blown; thus the plains over which the cutting blasts descend from the Moncayo, the home of Æolus, are most miserable. The chief winds are *El Cierzo*, the N.W., *El Bochorno*, the S.E., both of which are keen and cold, while *El Fuqueno*, the W. (Favonius), brings showers, warmth, and fertility. The vegetable productions are varied, as the soil ranges from the snow-capt mountain to the sunny plain under the latitude 41. The botany and Flora of the Spanish Pyrenees, as well as the natural history, geology, and mineralogy, have yet to be properly investigated. The *Montes* abound with game, the hill lochs, *Ibones*, and hill streams with trout. The population is under a million, which is scanty for an area of 15,000 English miles. Accordingly, large tracts of fertile land are left in a state of nature, depopulated and uncultivated. Much, however, is of that hungry

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description which, according to the old traveller in Purchas, produces little except "craggez and stonez, that maketh pilgrymez weary bonez." The Arragonese themselves consider *liberty* to have been the great compensation by which their ancestors were indemnified for such a hard soil and climate. This district, too ungenial for the Moors of the plain, was chiefly peopled by the Berber mountaineers, but they were soon expelled by the children of the Goth, who, so early as 819, united together in the fastnesses of *Sobrarbe*, where their primitive laws were drawn up, which became the model of the *Fueros* of many other cities. The government was conducted by patres et *Seniores*, heads of families, and elders, and from the latter word the Spanish term *Señor* or lord is derived. These *Fueros* were digested into a code by Vital, bishop of Huesca, and confirmed in that town in 1246, by Jaime I. The prerogatives of the kings, who were scarcely more than presidents, were much curtailed by these Arragonese Ephori, whose allegiance was but limited and conditional; thus the crown was but the coronet of the noble, with a somewhat richer jewellery, for each vassal singly held himself to be as good as his king, and all united held themselves to be better. About the year 1137 Petronilla, daughter of Ramon el Monge, and heiress of the crown, married Ramon Berenguer, sovereign count of Barcelona; thus military Arragon was incorporated with commercial Catalonia, and the united people extended their conquests and trade alike by sea and land, becoming masters of the Mediterranean, Naples, Sicily, and Valencia. All these acquisitions were carried to the crown of Castile by the marriage, in 1479, of Ferdinand, heir apparent of Arragon, with Isabella; thus the first link of their golden wedding-ring joined Arragon to Castile, and the last link connected the New World to Spain: all these consolidations descended from them to their grandson Charles V. As Ferdinand had jealously maintained his separate rights of a sovereign perfectly independent of Castile, the Arragonese, after his death, insisted on the continuance of their own peculiar laws and *Fueros*, which almost guaranteed republican institutions under an ostensible monarchy; but such was the peculiarity of most of the early Peninsular popular liberties, which were enjoyed to a greater extent than any other European nation, England not excepted.

The Arragonese *Fueros*, which almost guaranteed republican institutions under an ostensible monarchy, are now curiosities for legal antiquarians. The Parliament met in four *Brazos*, branches—the clergy, the nobility, the gentry, and the people—and each voted separately, the consent of all four being necessary to pass a law. The greatest jealousy against the monarch was exhibited in all matters of finance and personal liberty, while a high officer, called *el Justicia*, the impersonation of masculine Justice, Mr. Justice, was the guardian of the laws, and stood a *Juez medio* or go-between the king and the people. In all appeals when the *Fueros* were infringed, the appellant was said to be *manifestado*, &c.; his person was thus brought under the custody of the court, as by our Habeas Corpus, and his cause removed from ordinary tribunals, as by our writ of quo warranto and certiorari. The society at large was secured by the "*Union*," or a confederacy, whose members, in case the king violated the law, were absolved from allegiance. This element of disunion was abolished in 1348, when Pedro IV. cut the parchment to pieces with his dagger, and having wounded himself in his haste, exclaimed, *Tal fuero sangre de Rey habia costar*, "Such a charter must cost a king's blood:" hence he was called *El del Puñal*. The French destroyed, in 1808, his curious portrait in this attitude. In 1591 the notorious Antonio Perez fled to Zaragoza, and appealed to Juan Lanuza, the *Justicia*, whereupon Philip II. marched an army into Arragon, and hanged the judge, with whom perished this privilege; and whatever liberties were then respected were abolished in 1707 by Philip V. Zaragoza has now an *Audiencia* or *tribunal supremo de Justicia*, with a jurisdiction over more than 750,000 souls: the number of persons tried is usually about 1 in every 340.

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For the ancient constitutional curiosities of Arragon consult its Coke, Geronimo Zurita; the early edition of his '*Anales*' is rare, 6 vols. fol. Zaragoza, 1562-80-85. It was republished in 7 vols. fol. in 1610-21, and continued by Vincencio Blasco de Lanuza, 2 vols. 1622, and by Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola, 1 vol. fol. 1630; '*Coronaciones*,' &c. Geronimo de Blancas, 4to. Zar. 1641; by Miguel Ramon Zapater, 1 vol. fol. 1663; by Diego de Sayas Rabanera y Ortuña, 1 vol. fol. 1666; by Diego Joseph Dormer, 1 vol. fol. 1697; and by José de Panyano, 1 vol. fol. 1705. All this series was printed at Zaragoza. '*Corona real del Pireneo*,' Domingo de la Ripa, 2 vols. fol. Zar. 1685; and his '*Defensa Historica de Sobrabe*,' fol. Zar. 1675. Consult also '*Anales de Aragon*,' B. L. Argensola, 1st part, fol. Zar. 1630; and 2nd part by Uztaroz, fol. Zar. 1663; '*Teatro Historico de las Iglesias de Aragon*,' Lamberto Zaragoza. Pamp. 1782-5, 4to. 4 vols. This excellent work was continued by Ramon de Huesca, 1785-1807, 5 vols. 4to.; the complete set is in 9 vols.: '*Los Reyes de Aragon*,' Pedro Abarca, 2 vols. fol. Mad. 1682-4, and '*Historia de la Economia Politica*,' D. J. de Asso, 4to. Zar. 1705. The best catalogue of works of Spanish constitutions and jurisprudence, and especially as regards Arragon and Catalonia, is '*Sacra Themidis Hispanæ Arcana*,' 8vo. Mad. 1780. This work was compiled by the learned Juan Lucas Cortes, but was purloined, and first published as his own, by a Dane, one Gerard de Frankenau. For Arragonese authors, consult '*La Tassu*,' 8 vols. 4to.

Arragon, a disagreeable province, is inhabited by a disagreeable people. *Obstinacy*, indeed, is the characteristic of the *testarudo* natives, who are said to drive nails into walls with their heads, into which when anything is driven, nothing can get it out. They have, however, a certain serious Spartan simplicity, and are fine, vigorous, active men, warlike, courageous, and enduring to the last. Like the Catalonians, they have the antipathies of position and the hankerings after former independence; they detest the Castilians and abhor the French, using them both for their own objects and then abusing them. Their costume differs from the Catalonian, as knee breeches take the place of pantaloons, and broad-brimmed slouching hats do of the red Phrygian cap or a handkerchief. The lower classes are fond of red and blue colours, and wear very broad silken sashes. The favourite national air and dance is *La Jota Aragonesa*, which is brisk and jerky, but highly spirit-stirring to the native, on whom, when afar from Arragon, it acts like the Ranz des Vaches on the Swiss, creating an irresistible Nostalgia or home-sickness. The arms of Arragon are "Or four bars gules," said to have been assumed by *Wifred el Velloso*, who, when wounded in battle, drew his bleeding fingers across his golden shield, a truly soldierlike blazon, cruor horrida tinxerat arma.

The finest portions of the Pyrenees lie in Arragon, and have yet to be investigated by geologists, botanists, artists, and sportsmen; while the French slope is full of summer watering-places, social, sensual, and civilized, the Spanish side is rude, savage, and Iberian, the lair of the smuggler, and of wild bird and beast. All who venture into the recesses must attend to the provend, and take a local guide.

This lofty range stretches far beyond the transversal spine, for the mountains of the Basque provinces, Asturias and Gallicia, are but its continuation. The width of the range is narrowest to the E., being only about 20 miles across near *Figueras*, while the heights are the lowest at the W. extremity, seldom exceeding 9000 feet. The width opposite *Pamplona* ranges at about 40 miles. The average height of perpetual snow ranges between 8000 feet and 9000 feet, a datum which is useful in calculating elevations. In the Alps this line is at 6600 feet, in the Andes 14,000 feet.

The two best carriageable lines of intercommunication are placed at each extremity: that to the W. passes through *Irun*, that to the E. through *Figueras*. On these lines are the best towns and accommodations. The chief secondary

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passes are the *Puerto de Maya* and *de Roncesvalles* in Navarre; those of *Canfranc*, *Panticosa*, *Gavarnir*, *Vielsa*, *Brecha de Roldan*, and *Marcaudau* in Arragon: and of *Plan de Ause*, *Puicerda*, and the *Col de Pertus* in Catalonia. For more details on the Pyrenees, see p. 926.

ZARAGOZA is the time-honoured, immortal capital of Arragon: Inns, *Las Cuatro Naciones; Fonda de las Diligencias; el Leon de Oro*, Calle del Coso; *el Turco*, Calle Areocineja. There are good baths at *la Casa de Baños* and *del Huerva*.

Zaragoza was the Celtiberian Salduba; but when Augustus, A.C. 25, became its benefactor, it was called *Cæsarea Augusta*, Καισαραυγουστα (Strabo, iii. 225), of which the present name is a corruption; always a free city or *Colonia immunis*, having its own charters; it was a *Conventus Juridicus*, or seat of judicial assizes. It had a mint, of which Florez ('Med.' i. 186) enumerates sixty-six coins, ranging from Augustus to Caligula. There are no remains of the Roman city, which Moors and Spaniards have used as a quarry, and whatever antiquities turn up in digging new foundations are reinterred as "useless old stones;" Cean Berm. Sum^a. 131.

Zaragoza set an early example of renouncing Paganism, and here Aulus Prudentius, the first Christian poet, was born, A.D. 348 (some, however, say at Calahorra). Then the city could boast of primitive martyrs and *real* Christianity, Christus in totis habitat platæis, Christus ubique est (Peris, iv. 71). Now, however, the Virgin reigns paramount. It is, and always has been, a city of relics; thus in 542, when besieged by the French, under Childebert, the burgesses carried the stole or *Estola* of San Vicente round the walls, which at once scared away the invaders ('*Esp. Sag.*,' viii. 187; xxx. 127). But the French grew wiser in 1200 years; thus when the Duke of Orleans, in 1707, overran Arragon with troops, the Conde de Puebla assured the Zaragozans that there were no real French at all, but that their appearance was a "magical illusion;" so the old stole was brought out against them in the old style, but the invaders took the town forthwith (Mahon, '*War of Suc.*' vi.).

Zaragoza was captured by the Moors in the eighth century, but the victors being chiefly of Berber extraction, soon waged war against the Kalif of Cordova. Thus their Sheikh, Suleyman Al-Arabi (the Ibn Alarabi of old Spanish Chronicles), went in 777 to Paderborn, to implore the aid of Charlemagne; but when this especial champion of Christian Europe against the Saracens, thus invited, entered Arragon in 778, the perverse people refused to admit their allies into their garrison, and rose upon them when returning to France by Roncesvalles. Zaragoza was recovered from the Moors in 1118 by Alonso *el batallador*, after a siege of five years, when the stubborn population had almost all perished from hunger. Nevertheless, as most things in Spain are accidental, in 1591, when Philip II. advanced on Zaragoza, the citizens "*committed themselves to such safety as their heels might procure them*, abandoning their guest, Antonio Perez, and presently after the city of Zaragoza" (Cornewayle in Somers Tracts, iii. 311). So in 1823 the Patriots swaggered stupendously, and forthwith surrendered to Molitor, Ballesteros being the first to seek safety in his heels. For the resistances of nobler renown, see post, p. 917.

Zaragoza is a dull, gloomy, and old-fashioned town: Pop. about 65,000. Being the capital of the province, it is the residence of a Captain-General, and chief military and civil authorities, and the seat of an *audiencia*. It has a theatre, museo, *circulo* or club, *Plaza de Toros*, and university, with the usual civil and military establishments; it is the see of an archbishop since 1318, whose suffragans are Huesca, Barbastro, Jaca, Tarazona, Al-

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barracin, and Teruel. It is placed in a fertile plain which is irrigated by the Ebro; this river separates the city from its suburb, and is crossed by a good stone bridge; seen from outside, the town, with its slim towers and spires, has an imposing character from without, but inside it is full of beggars and poverty; the streets are mostly tortuous lanes, ill-paved and worse lighted, with the exception of the *Coso* or *Pozo* moat, which is the aorta of the town, and the great passage of circulation, or *el curso*, like the Corso at Rome. The houses are indeed castles, being built in solid masonry; but time-honoured Zaragoza has been battered by French bombs, and sacrificed to upstart Madrid; too many of the mansions of an absentee nobility are either left in a chancery-like dilapidation, or let to agriculturists, who talk about bullocks in stately saloons, and convert noble *Patios* into farmyards and dung-heaps. These rude rustics also block up the city lanes with their cumbersome primitive carts; these they moreover fill with dismal noises, of their own and their creaking wheels making, to which are added certain iron clanking cymbals, that give notice of their approach, as in very few streets can two vehicles pass; hence the din, dirt, stench, and insolent obstructions are intolerable. At Zaragoza the architect will fully comprehend the substantial style of Arragonese building; and observe the superbly carved soffits, rafters, and external cornices, the rich internal cinque-cento decorations, and the slim church belfry towers, which are usually constructed in brick, angular in form, and ornamented outside with an embroidered tracery. The artist may here study a school of painting which is little known in Spain, and quite unknown out of it. As the entire observations of Cean Bermudez were fortunately still in MS., the French not having a printed guide, did not know where to go for art-plunder, nor but what their fatal bombs destroyed much of what they otherwise would have *collected*: consult Miñano's '*Diccionario*,' x. 80. The chief artists are *Ramon Torrente*, obt. 1323, and his pupil *Guillen Fort*; *Bonant de Ortiga*, who flourished in 1437; *Pedro de Aponte*, painter in 1479 to Ferdinand, and a pupil in Italy of Signorelli and Ghirlandajo; *Tomas Pelegret*, a co-pupil of Polidoro Caravaggio, who introduced the cinque-cento style, which *Damian Forment*, the Berruguete of Arragon, carried to such perfection in sculpture. *Antonio Galceran*, who painted so much at Barbastro, in 1588; *Geronimo de Mora*, who studied, in 1587, under F. Zuccaro, in the Escorial: *Francisco Ximenez*, obt. 1666, who painted in the *Seu* the life of San Pedro Arbues. Arragonese art ceased with Goya and Bayeu, being then strangled by the commonplace R. Academical. Zaragoza bears for arms "Gules, a lion rampant, or," granted, say the natives, by Augustus Cæsar. The lay of the old and smaller town is clearly marked out by those streets, which have since been built on the former boulevards or circumvallation: it began at the river, passed up the *Mercado Nuevo*, in the *Coso*, thence to the *Puerta del Sol*, where a few Roman ruins have been traced; here the rivulet Huerba flows into the Ebro; the south side is laid out in public walks, and long lines of poplar trees. The favourite *Alamedas* are *Santa Engracia*, the *Torrero*, and *Casa blanca;* the latter is especially frequented on June 24, *El dia de San Juan*, and June 29, of *San Pedro*.

Zaragoza will not detain the traveller long, for here the invaders, as at Burgos, Salamanca, and Toledo, have ruined palaces, libraries, hospitals, churches, etc. For what the city was before that visitation, consult '*Tropheos y Antigüedades*,' Luis Lopez de Lino, 4to., Barcelona, 1639; '*Obelisco de Zaragoza*,' Juan Frº. Andres, 4to., Zar., 1646; Ponz, '*Viaje*,' xv.: for Zaragozan worthies, '*Inscripciones en la Real Sala de la Diputacion*,' Geronimo de Blancas, 4to., Zaragoza, 1680: for the ecclesiastical and hagiographical, Florez, '*Esp. Sag.*' xxx. xxxi., and '*Historia de Iglesia*,' Diego Murillo, 4to., Barcelona, 1616.

Commence sight-seeing at the noble

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stone bridge which was thrown across the muddy Ebro in 1437. The two cathedrals now rise in front; for in Spain, that land of contrasts, this provincial city has two metropolitans, while the capital, Madrid, has none. The chapter reside alternately for six months in each of these cathedrals, which in exterior, interior, and creed, are also complete contrasts: one is an ancient severe church raised to the Saviour; the other a modern theatrical temple dedicated to the Great Diana, for now we are in the very Ephesus of Spanish Mariolatry. The former edifice rises to the S. or to the l., looking from the bridge, and is called the *Seu* (*Sedes*, See; *Cathedra*, Cathedral). The style is Gothic, but the exterior of the entrance unfortunately was modernised by Julian Yarza, in the pseudo style of 1683. The whitewashed frippery, pillars, and lumbering statues of apostles, by one Giral, contrast with portions of the original arabesque brick-work. One octangular belfry-tower, struck by lightning, April 7, 1850, is drawn out into four divisions like a telescope, and was finished by Juan Baptista Contini, with heavy ornaments; the other is unfinished. The gate of *La Pavorderia* is of the better period of Charles V. The *Pavorde* is peculiar to Arragon, Catalonia, and Valencia. The word has been derived by some from pascor *pavi*, because certain rations were furnished by this dignitary.

On entering, the noble spacious cathedral, in spite of the choir, shows very well from the W. end. Observe the red marble pavement, with rays in black, diverging from the bases of the piers, and the roof studded with gilt rosettes and wheels. The very rich *retablo* of the high altar was erected in 1456 by B. P. Dalmau de Mur; the three divisions are canopied by Gothic shrines. The singular mosaic work, Angels bearing Shields, the Adoration, Transfiguration, and Ascension, were wrought by Martinez de Donatelo. The under divisions are smaller and somewhat heavy. Observe the *sedilia* to the r. used by *El Sacerdote*, who consecrates the host, *El Diacono*, who reads the gospel, and *El Subdiacono*, who reads the epistle. Near is the fine tomb and recumbent figure of Archbishop Juan, obt. 1531, and of Archbishop Alfonso, obt. 1520: to the l. is deposited the heart of Don Baltazar, son to Philip IV.; he was the Infante so often painted by Velazquez, who died here of small-pox, Oct. 9, 1616, aged 17. The octangular *Cimborio* was commenced by Benedict III., and finished, as a Gothic inscription records, in 1520. Here Ferdinand *el Catolico*, born at Sos in 1456, was baptised. The *Coro* is Gothic; observe the archbishop's throne; good *facistol*, 1413. The fine cinque-cento *trascoro* was executed in 1538 by Tudelilla of Tarazona, who had studied in Italy; and in it Catholicity struggles with Paganism, fauns with saints, satyrs with inquisidors, and cupids with martyrs; the materials are clay, stucco, and marble. The workmanship is coarse, but the general effect is strikingly rich. Observe the San Lorenzo with his gridiron, and the magnificent *Reja*, with figures, masks, and bold scroll-work. A tabernacle of black and white Salominic pillars marks the spot where the Virgin spoke to the Canon Funes who kneels beside it; but the images of antiquity were even more loquacious. (Ovid, Fast. vi. 615: Val. Max. i. 8.)

Many of the portals inside this cathedral have quite a Moorish character. The chapels are generally enclosed in their own *purclose;* among these *rejas* observe that of San Gabriel, which, although dark, is of excellent plateresque. The founder, Gabriel de Zaporta—obt. 1579—lies in the *Ca. de San Miguel;* his effigy, clad in his merchant robes, is of Italian sculpture, and savouring rather of the Pantheon than of a Christian cathedral; the *reja* is excellent. In *San Bernardo* observe the *retablo* and carving, especially the Circumcision, and the tutelar to whom the Virgin dictates a book, as Egeria did to Numa. This saint was an ultra-advocate of Mariolatry, in reward of which the Virgin suckled him, as Juno did Hercules, a subject which Murillo was fond of painting. Yet Bernardo was a very

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severe saint, for, when her graven image spoke to him in the Cathedral of Spires, he replied, not over politely, Mulier taceat in Ecclesiâ. The superb sepulchre and recumbent figure of the founder, Archbishop Fernando, grandson of Ferdinand the Catholic, is by Diego Morlanes, son of Juan, an excellent Biscayan sculptor, who introduced the tedesque style into Zaragoza in the fifteenth century. Diego, who inherited his talent, adopted the cinque-cento, which was next the prevailing taste. The small alabaster "Resurrection" is by Becerra, who gave it to Diego, with whom he lived on his return from Italy; by Diego also is the enriched tomb opposite, of Anna Gurrea, mother of the prelate. It is placed rather too high to be well seen. The *Capilla Santiago* is churrigueresque, and in strange contrast with the preceding, especially the tomb of the founder, Archbishop Herrera; the stucco ornaments are ridiculous, the bad paintings by one Raviela. In that of *Maria la Blanca* are collected the grave-stones of early prelates, which were removed when the cathedral was repaved; observe also the arch and pilasters. The tutelar is San Pedro Arbues de Epila, who, like Thomas à Becket, was murdered by Vidal Duranso, Sept. 15, 1495; this deed, which has at least done fine art a good service, took place close to the column on the *Epistola* side; his body is buried under the *baldaquino* of black Salominic pillars. This ferocious inquisidor while alive had goaded the citizens to madness. His kneeling effigy is by José Ramirez, and the paintings by Francisco Ximenez of Tarazona. This martyrdom was chosen by Murillo for one of his finest pictures, just as Titian selected for his masterpiece another Dominican Peter, who was also a persecutor, and also a victim to popular revenge. Ferdinand caused the murderers of Arbues to be burnt alive, adding sundry combustible Jews to improve the bonfire. (Pulgar, Chro. chr. 95.) The opposition of the Zaragozans to the holy tribunal arose from there being very few *rich* Jews or Moors living among them, therefore they suspected that this engine was armed against their own persons and properties. For an account of this inquisidor, and his beatification by Alexander VII., April 17, 1664, see Llorente '*Histoire*,' i. 192. Paris edit., 1817. Now the Zaragozans hope to save their souls by appealing to a man who burnt their fathers' bodies, just as the simple Pagans did, "Cæci et imprudentes in contrarium cadunt, adorant itaque hostes suos; interfectores suos, animas suas cum thure ipso cremandas aris detestabilibus imponunt." Lactantius de Just., v. 20.

Visit next the *Sacristia*, and observe the plateresque door. Here are some fine *ternos;* one, a *pontifical*, cost 14,000 dollars; also a *delante de una casulla*, embroidered with Adam and Eve, which was bought at our Reformation from the old Cathedral of St. Paul's, London. The church plate before the invasion was splendid, but very little escaped from Marshal Lannes and the French. Observe, however, an enamelled chalice of 1655, a plateresque and rather overcharged silver *custodia* of 1537; some silver busts, with enamel and Gothic inscriptions, given by Benedict XIII. The once splendid jewel-studded Gothic cross, presented by Archbishop Lope de Luna, and carried before the king at his coronation, was melted by the Liberals in 1820, who "took away that bauble." In the *Capilla del Nacimiento* is a classical *retablo*, and some pictures by Juan Galvan, who painted the cupola in fresco, and German looking. The Seu is also full of rich marbles, but unfortunately many alterations were made at a period when money was more plentiful than good taste. These old portals and *retablos* were removed for *desatinos, mamarrachadas y churrigueresmo;* specimens of choice gilt gingerbread for grown-up children may be seen in the chapels of *San Vicente*, *San Valero*, and *Santa Elena*. In the *Sala Capitular* are some paintings by *Ribera*, and two fine Zurbarans: notice the drapery in the dead Christ. There is an account of the cathedral, '*Catedra Episcopal*,' Juan de Arruego, fol. Zar., 1653.

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Leaving the Seu to the rt. is the vast archiepiscopal palace, which the invaders gutted and plundered. Near was the beautiful *Casa de Diputacion*, or Parliament-house, which was built in 1437-40 by Alonso V. The saloons were magnificent, and contained the rich national archives which came down from the earliest period, and the excellent library, while the walls were ornamented with portraits of Arragonese worthies; but almost everything was destroyed by the invaders, and a seminario was erected on the site in 1848. The inscriptions, now removed, are preserved in '*Inscripciones Latinas*,' Ger°. Blancas, 4to. Zar., 1680. Opposite is the *Lonja*, the Exchange, built in 1551; remark the projecting and enriched soffit of this square brick edifice, and the heads of kings and warriors let into circular frames in a fine Holbein taste; the towers are tiled with white and green *Azulejo*. The interior is noble and solid: observe the Doric columns, the staircase, and ceilings. Turned to base purposes, it is fast decaying, and was used in 1846 as a shop for carpenters. Aldermen on their travels may inquire for the "Gigantes," the Gog and Magog of church and civil processions.

Next visit the second cathedral, *el Pilar*, so called from the identical pillar on which the Virgin descended from heaven; the clustering domes outside, roofed with green, yellow, and white glazed tiling, which glitter in the sun, have an Oriental harlequinade look; the edifice has been much modernised, and is still unfinished both inside and outside. These "improvements," begun in 1677, at a period of vilest taste, were planned by the presumptuous Herrera *el mozo*, and were not amended by the academical Ventura Rodriguez, who, in 1753, rebuilt portions, and left drawings for the façade. The building, spacious, lofty, and imposing from size, is in details tawdry and incongruous. It is quadrangular, in length about 500 feet, with three naves; the pillar and its image are placed at the end, and is thus enclosed, like the house of the Virgin which the angels moved from Palestine to Loretto. The interior is unpleasing, as one half is left plain with whitewashed walls and heavy pilasters picked out in an unsightly blue and buff, and worthy of the poor Mariolatrous frescoes in some of the cupolas by Bayeu and Moya; the tomb of the *Duque de Montemar*, a general of Philip V., is the perfection of abominable rococo of 1763. The *retablo* in San Lorenzo is a poor performance of Ventura Rodriguez. The ancient *coro* is fine, and of better times; the *silleria* of 115 seats was admirably carved in oak by Juan Moreto of Florence, in 1542, with subjects principally connected with Mariolatrous legends. The superb *reja* is the masterpiece of Juan Celma, 1574. The Gothic *altar mayor* is composed of alabaster from the quarries of *Escatron*. It is composed of three grand canopied niches of the richest Gothic, with seven smaller compartments below. To the left, Santiago as a pilgrim, and San Braulio, who is buried here, keep watch and ward over the whole. The subjects are different events connected with the local miracle. The all-engrossing subject is the "Assumption of the Virgin;" the infinite forms and figures baffle pen or pencil. This, the masterpiece of Damian Forment (observe the medallion profile portrait of the sculptor), is certainly the finest thing of the kind in Arragon; but the detestable new colouring of parts of the cathedral makes this noble old work look somewhat dark and dingy. In the crypt beneath, the canons used to be buried, an arrangement common in the cathedrals of Arragon and Catalonia.

Zaragoza is the great pilgrim city of Arragon, as all flock in there from far and wide to see the *Pillar* and the image of the Virgin which came down from heaven and alighted on it, like the *Palladium* of Troy (Paus. i. 26, 6). While this prudent Pagan did not like to give an opinion on this fact, the modern miracle has been declared authentic by so many Popes, that Diego de Astorga, primate of Spain, excommunicated, Aug. 17, 1720, all who even *questioned* it; while Risco, writing in

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1775, holds "its truth to be established on such firm grounds that nothing now can shake it." And now in 1850! Madoz (xvi. 569), the enlightened liberal, asserts, that as more than 90 foreign, and 400 Spanish, authors, *todos classicos*, maintain the legend, it cannot be apocryphal. We cite some church authorized books on this classical legend, as future ages will not believe the audacity which invented such pious frauds, or the extent of human gullability that could believe them: but so it always has been; and "the priests have rule by their means and my people love to have it so." (Jer. v. 31.) Lovers of modern Hagiology should consult '*Fundacion*,' &c., Luiz Diaz de Aux., Zar. 1605; '*Fundacion Milagrosa*,' Diego Murillo, Barcelona, 1616; '*Columna Immobilis*,' Juan Lecana, 4to. Lug. Bat. 1661; '*Basa de la Tradicion*,' Pab. de Osera, Mad. 1720. For official details, '*Compendio*,' and Villafane, Mad. 1740, pp. 406 to 437; '*Historia Cronologica*,' Juan Andres, 4to. Zaragoza, 1766; '*Compendio de Milagros*,' José Amada, 4to. Zar. 1780. Qui decipi vult, decipiatur.

The legend may soon be explained. When the Moors of Cordova cast off their allegiance from the kalif of the East, the reciprocal enmity which ensued rendered a pilgrimage to Mecca impossible; a substitute was therefore established at Cordova, in the *Ceca* of its mosque. Whereupon the imitating Castilians, unable to go to Jerusalem, set up their opposition sepulchre and holy place of pilgrimage at Santiago; but the Arragonese, who were then independent of Castile, did not choose to offer up prayers or gold at a *foreign* shrine, and accordingly they established one of their own, and selected their capital for obvious financial views. Nothing of all this had been attempted at Zaragoza during the Roman and Gothic periods, simply because, as there were then no Moors in Spain, no antagonistic Mecca was wanted; accordingly Prudentius, who wrote so largely on Zaragozan Christianity (Peris. iv. 71), omits the *Pilar* altogether, as does San Isidoro (Orig. xv. 1) when describing the geographical and religious advantages of Zaragoza, "Loci amenitate et deliciis præstantius civitatibus Hispaniæ cunctis atque illustrius, *florens sanctorum martyrum sepulturis*." The authorised history of the legend is printed at length in the '*Esp. Sag.*,' xxx. 426; it states that Santiago, soon after the crucifixion, applied to the Virgin for *her permission* to preach the Gospel in Spain; having "kissed her hand," came to Zaragoza, converted eight Pagans, and fell asleep; then, Jan. 2, A.D. 40, the angels of heaven brought her alive to him from Palestine on a jasper pillar, and carried her back again, after she had desired him to raise a chapel on the spot. This he did, and to it the Virgin often came afterwards to mass as Minerva used to do (Od. iii. 435). These Pillars or *Baitulia* (*Bethel*, the house of God) are decidedly Oriental: compare that of the "mother of the gods" at Acrocorinth (Paus. ii. 46); that given by Minerva at Kysicos (Antho. Anath. vi. 342); or the golden one of Juno at Croto (Livy, xxiv. 3).

The *Sanctum Sanctorum*, or chapel of the *Pilar* or *Pillar*, is raised in the centre of the cathedral, a chapel as it were in a chapel, and covered over much as we do cucumbers. It is placed near the altar in the centre of a circular chapel; this oval adytum was designed by Rodriguez, and with its gilt *reja*, lamps always burning (compare the eternal fires of Vesta), shines like the plateau on a banquet table; it is open on three sides, while the roof being perforated admits the cupola above, on which the Virgin's descent is painted in poor fresco by one Antonio Velazquez, 1793, who was not even distantly connected with his immortal namesake. The pavement is of the richest marbles; the *retablo* is much overcharged with statuary and detail; observe among the medallions the Descent of the Virgin and Vision of Santiago, by José Ramirez; and some others by the poor academician Manuel Alvarez. Among the ancients, men were not allowed to see the Perantiquum Signum Veneris (Cicero in Ver. iv. 45); which was also

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waited on by women priests. So here the *Pilar* is too sacred to be wholly seen; but at the back there is a hole in the casing where the devout may peep, kneel, worship, and kiss the consecrated marble; and a large dent is worn by multitudinous labial devotion. The material, which from being covered with dust, looks like wood, is of the purest alabaster, as the hand of Santiago proves, cleansed by pious kisses, like the beard of Esculapius (Cic. in Ver. iv. 43), or the modern head of St. Peter on the bronze Jupiter at Rome. This kissing *ad os* is the essence of adoration. The marble steps are also osculated, as in the days of Apuleius, "exosculatis *Deæ* vestigiis" (Met. xi. 251), and worn "*pedibus volgi*," as in the times of Lucretius (R. N. i. 309). To prevent impertinent curiosity, a railing keeps off the profane vulgar, inside which none may enter save kings, cardinals, and the appointed priests. Women are expressly prohibited, as they were in the temple of Hercules at Gades (Sil. Ital. iii. 22). The holy image itself is small, and graven—certainly not by Phidias—out of a resinous, almost black wood; but the most sacred representations of the Virgin, and especially those carved by St. Luke, are very dark-coloured, "black but comely" (Sol. Song, i. 3), and are said to have been designed when she was tanned during the flight into Egypt. Among the Pagans, the making a deity atri coloris was thought to be a puerile want of sense (Pliny, ii. 7). The figure holds the infant in one hand and collects its drapery with the other. As a work of art it is rude and second rate, but it inspires the natives with a conventional awe. Here, indeed, the worship of the Virgin is openly avowed and practised; but Oct. 12, the Anniversary of her Descent, is *the* great festival of Zaragoza, since Innocent III. announced that "God alone can count the miracles which are then performed here;" 50,000 pilgrims have been known to flock into the town. Then her shrine is crowded with all ages and sexes of peasants, chiefly from the villages—Pagani—who, like the Contadini at Rome, sit, kneel, and pray, falling by pilgrim instinct into most picturesque groups.

This *Pillar*, the support of the populace during peace and war, is indeed "La gloriosa Colonna in cui s'appogia nostra speranza." The battle hymn against the invaders ran thus—

> "*La Virgen del Pilar dice*
> *Que no quiere ser Francesa,*
> *Que quiere ser capitana*
> *De la gente Aragonesa!*"

This doggrel, so little compatible with the reverence due to the Queen of Heaven, recalls the degradation which Plutarch (de Pyth. vii. 604, Reiske) lamented as resulting from scurrilous poetry of the βωμολοχον γενος towards the Pagan mother of the gods.

As at Valencia (p. 371), this Virgin was applied to for protection and victory (compare Val. Max. i. 2). "But they that have no knowledge set up the wood of their graven image, and pray unto a god that cannot save." (Isa. xlv. 20.) In Spain, however, this religious excitement and confidence in supernatural assistance is equal to brandy and double rations with colder Protestants. No wonder, therefore, that the great Jaime I., the conqueror, raised, as Saavedra says, 1000 churches, and all dedicated to the Virgin, and her universal worship here to this day disputes with that of tobacco and money: countless are the mendicants, the halt, blind, and lame, who cluster around her shrine as that of Minerva (Mart. iv. 53), and beg charity for her sake. She, in fact, is the Spanish Ηγιεια, who, according to Pausanias (ii. 27, 5), made patients better. The cures worked by this Minerva Medica are almost incredible, and the oil of her lamps is more efficacious than that of Macassar, since Cardinal Retz relates in his Mémoires (iii. 409) that he saw here in 1649 a man who had lost his leg, which grew again on being rubbed with it; and this portent was long celebrated, as well it deserved, by an especial holiday. The lamps are hung outside in order to preserve the "*simulacro*" (Ponz, xv. 8) from smoke, the "nigra fado *simulacra* fumo" to which Horace alludes (iii. Od. vi. 4): see also

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Baruch vi. 21. Silver angels also holding candelabra decorate the dainty show. The 22nd of February is also a grand lamp-lighting-up day here. This candlemas is but a copy of the η των λαμπαδων ημερα in honour of Ceres, and of the Egyptian festival at Sain (Herod. ii. 62). Again, Pausanias (i. 26, 6) tells us that the "image of Minerva, which also came down from heaven," also had lamps—what are those of Aladdin to them?—whose oil burnt miraculously for a whole year without being replenished. These *Lychnuchi Pensiles* (Pliny, 'N. H.' xxiv. 3) and illuminations were, it is true, among the first Pagan superstitions which the primitive Christians put down, believing that idols when so lighted up, were animated by devils. The pious French accordingly removed most of the silver chandeliers; some, however, have been replaced by Zaragozan *Devotos á la Santísima*, and the scene is now very much that against which Jeremiah (xliv. 15) so much inveighed when "incense was offered to the Queen of Heaven," "to Diana the mooned Astaroth."

All around the shrine are suspended votive tablets, Αναθηματα, which consist, as in the East (1 Sam, vi), of offerings of models of the members afflicted and healed by the Virgin's intercession, *e. g.* eyes, noses, and *legs*, naturally enough here, but so it always was, "pendent tibi crura" (Ovid, 'Am.' iii. 2, 63, 'Fast.' iii. 268). Sometimes the cured parts are presented in silver, whereat the priests rejoice; but wax is the usual material, as being cheaper. In the neighbouring *plateria*, or silversmiths' quarter, *Pillars*, Virgins, Penates, &c., are made for the *Pagani*, or male and female villagers, just as they were at Ephesus and are at Santiago: see p. 611. Rudely engraved prints also are sold of the Virgin's Descent, which, when hung up in bed-rooms, among other Dii cubiculares, allure Morpheus, and expel Satan and the nightmare. All this indeed is the consecration and apotheosis of error, for such devotion is a sin, and such observance a wickedness.

To understand the literature of Spanish female worship, consult Antonio (Bib. Nova, ii. 553), who enumerates 84 works on particular Virgins, and 430 works on her generally, for like his she is μυριονομος. This intolerable quantity of sack, with the halfpenny worth of publications of real religion or of useful knowledge, bears in literature much the same ratio as reading and education did in our time, in Spanish cities, where one public library was allotted in proportion to 30 churches or convents.

The Spanish authorised biography of the Virgin is '*La Mystica Ciudad*,' fol. Mad. 1670, which Maria Coronel (*Santa Maria de Agreda*) was "inspired to write by a divine revelation." This work was so ultra absurd that the shrewd Sorbonne and Vatican condemned it, in spite of the efforts and protests of the Spanish ambassador.

The worship of Isis, Astarte, Salambo, and Diana, the invention of the sexual Oriental, was engrafted on the Iberian stock by its Phœnician colonisers, and is better suited to warm and southern latitudes than to chilly northern ones; so Marianism is practically the religion of the great bulk of the Spaniards; and notwithstanding that many of the higher classes venture to disbelieve "what Popes for gospel do receive," here, indeed, the honour and worship due to the Creator alone is transferred to the creature; here she rules triumphantly as Empress of heaven and earth, of angels and mortals; the stern doctrine of retribution for sin is melted down into a soft, easy dependence on this Esther with whom the celestial kingdom is partitioned; nay, the Deity has all but abdicated in her favour, having given to her all that he could; everything, in short, save his own essence. She is *La Señora de la Merced*, the Lady of *Mercy; La Señora* here being used in the sense of *El Señor*, the Lord God. She administers grace, equity, and remission of sins. Thus the Almighty is robbed of his prerogative, and his sceptre rendered barren, to the exclusion and derogation of the "only one name and none other." The Virgin, as *Regina et Conjux*, "calms the rage of

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her heavenly husband," and tempers "an angry judge," whose only office is to punish; while as a mother she "commands and compels her son," to whom "she is superior by reason of his humanity, and because she as his mother has done more for him than he could have done for her." He saves chiefly by her intercession, for it is *she*, who in the Roman vulgate bruises the serpent's head; she has her rituals, litanies, creeds, offices, festivals, &c.; to her are dedicated almost all the cathedrals of Spain; her graven image, elevated above the high altars in the place of honour, is bowed down to and worshipped; it holds the Son either as a helpless babe or as a dying victim, for thus He is made subordinate in both respects, and dependent on her.

The Scriptures are utterly, and as it were prophetically, silent of everything which by possibility could raise the "handmaid" into the mistress. Thus even the scantiness of the holy word is instructive; the mystery of the Incarnation is indeed plainly revealed, but not one word of the Immaculate Conception, Death, Assumption, Coronation, &c. of the "woman," an expression used purposely, so thought Bishop Epiphanius, as if in anticipation of this anti-christian Mariolatry. To this foresight also has been referred the apparent neglect and marked distinction between the "Father" and the "woman;" the mother, not the parent; the vessel, the bringer forth of the Son of Man, of him who was God, which is observable in all the Son's language. She is Θεοτοκος, Deipara, and not Δημητηρ, or Dei *Mater:* compare Luke ii. 49; John ii. 4; Mathew xii. 48; Mark iii. 33; Luke xi. 28. Neither does St. John, after the crucifixion, ever mention the Virgin, nor was she ever present at any of the Saviour's appearances after the resurrection, although so many other females were; nor is any situation assigned her in the Apocalypse. For any deference or worship of her by the Apostles there is no shadow of foundation. "And I doubt not," says our old orthodox Barrow, "but if ει τις αισθησις—if she from her seat of bliss doth behold these perverse services or absurd flatteries—she with holy regret and disdain doth distaste, loathe, and regret them, with a non nobis Domine—not unto us, Oh, Lord!—and, with the angel in the Apocalypse, ορα μη—see thou do it not."

Mariolatry, utterly unknown in the primitive Christian church, began in Arabia, in the 4th century, where some women, like their mothers of old (Jeremiah xliv. 17), "made offerings" to her of cakes. This collyridian heresy was soon put down, but was revived in the 7th century. But how clearly the Romish worship of the Virgin is contrary to Scripture and the practice of the early church, has been proved to demonstration in the reverential, learned, and unanswerable work by Dr. Tyler, Lond. 1844.

The *Sagrario* of the Pillar contains the splendid wardrobe of the image, none of which of a verity came from her real wardrobe on earth; this, is more fitted for a Venus than for her who was so meek, modest, and lowly; the treasures in jewels and gold were once enormous, and rivalled those of Loretto, Montserrat, and Guadalupe: but they were plundered by the invaders, for no "Virgin interfered," as occurred when the old Gaul Brennus attempted to pillage the *Donarium* of Delphi (Cic. 'Div.' i. 37). Mellado (p. 366, ed. 1843) estimates at 129,411 dollars the "*obsequio*," or "complimentary *gift*," made by the chapter to Marshal Lannes: see also Toreno, vii. App. 6, and for the items and their value Madoz, xvi. 671. Look, however, in the *Sacristia* for a cinquecento frame and some relics in an oaken chest. A diamond necklace and cross, carefully concealed during the French visit, are among the finest things of this kind in Spain.

Leaving the *Pilar*, proceed to the *Platería*, and purchase and pay for honestly a silver Virgin. Observe among the trinkets made for the peasantry the earrings, which are perfectly antique, especially those with three dropping petals made after the identical pattern on the Siracusan

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medals; occasionally a good old rapier may be purchased, as Andreas Ferrara lived at Zaragoza; the best local blades are those marked with the bear and little dog, *el oso y el perrillo*. For swords, see Toledo, p. 797.

The chief street in Zaragoza is *el Coso;* the houses are still pitted and riddled with shot-marks, the honourable scars of the memorable sieges. Here are many good specimens of Zaragozan architecture: observe No. 168, and *la Casa de los Gigantes*. Among other houses are *la del Comercio*, *Calle Santa Maria mayor*, with fine *azulejos*, ceilings, and spiral pillars, windows, and delicate open work, in the *patio;* also those of *Castel Florit* and the Duque del Hijar, and No 26, *Calle Zaporta*, with fine mouldings. *The* house, however, which no amateur or architect should fail to visit, is that of the *Infanta*, No. 77, Calle de San Pedro, which was built, in 1550, by the wealthy merchant Gabriel Zaporta, in the richest Arragonese cinque-cento style. Enter the beautifully-decorated *patio*, and observe the fluted pillars and torsos, the projecting medallions with most Italian-like heads. The magnificent staircase has a rich roof with groups of musicians, but all is hastening to decay.

Among the churches, visit *San Pablo*, A.D. 1259, with its brick octangular tower, fine façade, and columns: the high altar, a grand specimen of the platteresque, is the work of the illustrious Damian Forment. In the *Capilla de San Miquel* is the tomb of Diego de Monreal, bishop of Huesca, ob. 1607. The cupola is painted by Geronimo Secano. Inquire for the silver *Gancho*. Visit also the church of *Santiago;* a chapel marks the site where the Apostle lodged when on his tour to Zaragoza. This church glories in the possession of his pilgrim's staff, and also boasts of a *Campana Goda*, or bell, cast by the Goths. The *Museo Nacional*, in the old convent of *Santa Fé*, contains some 300 indifferent pictures.

Visit the *Torre Newa*, *plaza San Felipe*. The view from it, especially of different points of the siege, is extensive. This octangular clock-tower for the city, built in 1504, leans some 9 feet out of the perpendicular, like those of Pisa and Bologna, which is unpleasing, as conveying a feeling of insecurity opposed to the essence of architectural principle. It seems to totter to its fall—Ruituraque semper, stat mirum! Here this want of the perpendicular is not the silly triumph of an architect, but has arisen from the sinking of a faulty foundation; and there has been some talk of taking it down; it is richly ornamented with brickwork, which at a distance looks Moorish, but it is much coarser both in design and execution. The noble university, with its precious library, was destroyed by the invaders, but a new one has been partly constructed with a fine quadrangle. The grand Hospital, *el general*, is dedicated to the Virgin, and is one of the largest in Spain. The former one was burnt by the enemy with its patients in it alive. In vain a white flag was hoisted, imploring mercy for the wretched inmates, for that very flag was made the especial mark for their bombs; but the enemy spared nothing, and when the town was entered, the sick, and even lunatics, were massacred in their beds (Toreno v.). The *Casa de Misericordia*—there was no mercy then — is a sort of large hospital and poor-house, in which some 600 to 700 young and old are taken in and employed at most trades; the funds, however, are inadequate. Near it is the *Plaza de Toros*, and the grand fights are in honour of the Virgin, when the profits go to aid the hospitals. The N. W. gate, *el Portillo*, is the spot where *Agustina*, the maid of Zaragoza, snatched the match from a dying artilleryman's hand, and fired at the invaders; hence she was called *la Artillera*. This Amazon, although a mere itinerant seller of cool drinks, vied in heroism with the noble Condesa de Burita, who amid the crash of war tended the sick and wounded, resembling in looks and deeds a ministering angel.

Outside the *Portillo* is the *Aljaferia*, the old irregular citadel, built, for the

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city's *Alcazar*, by the Moor Abu *Giafar* Ahmed, king of Zaragoza, and hence called *Giafariya*; this palatial fortress was assigned to the Inquisition by Ferdinand the Catholic, partly to invest the hated tribunal with the prestige of royalty, and partly as the strong walls offered a security to the judges after the murder of Arbues (see p. 909). Here also Antonio Perez was confined in 1591, and liberated by the populace. Suchet having first damaged the palace with his bombs, used it as a barrack; afterwards it became a military hospital, and was degraded into a prison during the civil wars, hence its present deplorable condition. It is a true type of dilapidated Spain, fallen from its pride of place; some *talk* of restoration has taken place, but "*no funds*"—the old story—has allowed decay to be let alone; nothing has been done, barring some white-washing, and a burial of his baby by a Captain-General. For this official Mæcenas see Madoz, xvi. 568—*Cosas de España*. Observe the once splendid staircase, adorned with the badges of Ferdinand and Isabella. One room is called *el Salon de Santa Isabel*, because the sainted queen of Hungary was born in it in 1271: above hangs, luckily out of reach, and in contrast with present decay, the glorious blue and gold *artesonado* roof with stalactical ornaments; notice an elegant gallery, and a rich cornice with festoons of grape leaves; a Gothic inscription bears the memorable date 1492, which was that of the conquest of Granada, and of the discovery of the new world: and the first gold brought from it was employed by Ferdinand in gilding this ceiling. There is a poor account of this edifice by Dr. M. Nougues y Secall.

The other gates of Zaragoza best worth notice, are that of *Toledo*, used as a prison, as a Newgate, and that of *La Ceneja*, so called from the ashes of martyrs found there in 1492, when it was rebuilt by Ferdinand. The public walks, with long lines of poplars, extend on this side of the city, close under the walls, and up to *La Casablanca*, a house placed on the canal, where there is a decent *Fonda*, much frequented by the Zaragozans, who dance and junket here on the festivals of *San Juan*, June 24, and *San Pedro*, June 29. *El Canal de Aragon* was one of the first to be *begun* in Europe, as it probably will be the last to be finished. This grand conception was projected in 1528 by Charles V., in order to connect the Mediterranean with the Atlantic: vast in promise, slow in execution, and impotent in conclusion; only 8 leagues were cut by 1546; then the affair was dropped and languished until 1770, when one Ramon Pignatelli advanced it a few more leagues. It now connects Zaragoza with Tudela, and a boat plies backwards and forwards with passengers. The engineer may walk out and examine the manner in which the canal is carried over the *Jalon*, and consult for details '*La Descripcion*,' &c., fol. Zaragoza, 1796, and Ponz. xv. 102. This canal suggested that of the *Canal du Midi* to Louis XIV., which was begun in 1681, and finished with Roman magnificence: thus is Spain ever outstript by those to whom she sets an example. A foreign company, they say, is to finish it, and make the Ebro navigable. Veremos.

Now return to the hill called *El Torrero:* below this, Aug. 20, 1710, Stanhope came up with Philip V., who was flying from his defeat at Lérida; but the German allies hesitated to advance, when the English general charged alone, crying "This is a day to retrieve Almansa," and it did so most effectually: although our troops were foot-sore and starving, they drove the foe everywhere before them, who abandoned cannon, 63 colours, and everything. The modern French version is, "Here Stanhope *obtint quelques avantages!*" (Biog. Un., xliii. 430.) Stanhope's first care then was for the disabled French, for "among the wounded," said he, "there are no enemies" (Mahon, viii.). The heavy Austrian Charles now entered Zaragoza in triumph, and the crown might have been his, for Stanhope urged an immediate advance on cowed Madrid,

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but, like our Duke, he was thwarted by the pottering generals of his ally, and mediocre ministers at home.

The *Torero* being an elevated and commanding point, was strongly held by the Spaniards in 1808, when the invaders advanced; instead, however, of checking the enemy, Col. Falco, the officer in command, fled at their first approach, and thus not only abandoned the key of this front, but left behind him all the tools of the canal company, as if on purpose to furnish the besiegers with instruments in which they were deficient (compare p. 596). Accordingly it was from this side that the enemy attacked Zaragoza, and entered at what was the beautiful convent of *Santa Engracia*, which they destroyed: this, commenced in the richest Gothic of Ferdinand and Isabella, was completed in 1517 by Charles V., who could finish convents, but not canals: the portal, in the form of a *retablo*, was filled with marble sculpture by Juan Morlanes, 1505. The elegant semi-Saracenic cloisters, with round-headed arches, were the exquisite design and work of Tudelilla, and there reposed the ashes of the learned Zurita and Blancas, which, with their splendid libraries, were all burnt by the invaders, and this in spite of the tutelar, Santa Engracia. She was a Portuguese virgin, who, accompanied by 18 gentlemen (tu *decem* sanctos revehes et *octo*, Prud. Peri. iv. 53), was on her way to France to be married, but went out of it, to insult Dacian, who put her and her suite to death, April 16, 304; part of her liver was seen and immortalised by Prudentius (Peri. iv. 137), Vidimus partem jecoris revulsam, &c., and this relic was long resorted to in Spain, in cases where in England blue pill would have been preferred: the remains of the martyrs were mixed up with the bones of criminals, with which they would not amalgamate, but separated into white *masses;* hence the curious subterranean chapel is called *de las masas santas*, not from the *misas*, or masses sung there: remark also the well out of which in 1389 the bones were fished up, pink, say all the church authorities, as roses: there is a Roman sarcophagus, which is here called the tomb of a Christian martyr. The oil of these lamps cured *lamparones*, or tumours in the neck. The oil which burnt before the statue of Minerva, which fell from heaven, lasted for a year without any fresh supply (Pausan. i. 26-7); it, however, did smoke, and the smoke was conveyed away by a brazen palm. Consult '*Historia del Subterraneo Santuario*,' by Leon Benito Marton, fol. Zar. 1737.

The modern martyrs are those brave peasants who fought and died like men; si monumentum quæris, circumspice: look around at the terrific ravages of the invader, which testify his relentless warfare, and the stubborn defence during the two sieges which have rendered Zaragoza a ruin indeed, but immortal in glory. One word of record. This city, like others in Spain, rose after the executions of Murat on the *dos de Mayo*, 1808; on the 25th Guillelmi the governor was deposed, and the lower classes were organised by *Tio Jorge Ibort*, Gaffer George, one of themselves; a nominal leader of rank being wanted, one José Palafox, an Arragonese noble, who had just escaped from Bayonne in a peasant's dress, was selected, partly from accident, and because he was an *hijo de Zaragoza* and *handsome*, for in Spain, as in the East, personal appearance is always influential. "There is none *like* him, long live the king" (1 Sam. x. 24). Palafox had served in the Spanish royal bodyguards, and therefore, as Mr. Vaughan justly says, *necessarily* "knew nothing whatever of the military profession;" according to Toreno (vi.) and Schep. (i. 205), he was totally unfitted for the crisis, nay, even his courage was doubted; but he was in the hands of better men: thus his tutor Basilio Boggiero wrote his proclamations, the priest Santiago Sas managed the miraculous, while Tio Jorge commanded, and with two peasants, Mariano Cerezo and Tio Marin, for his right and left hands, did the fighting: all the means of defence under Guil-

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lelmi (says Southey, ch. ix.) were 220 men, 100 dollars, 16 cannon, and a few old muskets. Lefebvre arrived June 15, 1808, and had he pushed on at once must have taken the place, but he paused, and thus enabled Tio Jorge to prevent a coup-de-main: to the French summons of surrender, the bold Tio replied, "War to the knife." The invaders in their strategics did not evince either common humanity or military skill; but the defeat of Dupont at Bailen relieved Zaragoza, which, when it occurred, was on the point of surrendering; then Lefebvre retired Aug. 15, boasting, and with truth, that he had left the city "un amas de décombres," see Belmas (ii. 115). Compare the siege of Illiturgis, when Scipio and his disciplined veterans were desperately resisted by brave Iberian peasants (Livy, xxviii. 19). Palafox, *mi cabeza llena de viento*, now went madder with vanity than any Gascon or Andaluz; puffed out with smoke, he claimed all the glory to himself in stilty bombast, and reposing under his laurels, neglected every preparation for future defence; meanwhile Buonaparte silently made ready for his great revenge, and in three short months, while *Juntas* were talking about invading France, appeared at Vitoria, and crushed all the ill-equipped armies of Spain at one blow, the heroes of Bailen and Zaragoza being the first to fly; for Castaños at Tudela, Nov. 23rd, scarce gave the French time to charge, and had they then pushed on at once Zaragoza again would have fallen: the city was soon invested, and attacked by Buonaparte's sagacious suggestion on both sides, and especially from the Jesuit convent on the other bank of the Ebro, which the Spaniards had neglected to secure. Now four marshals conducted the siege, Lannes, Mortier, Moncey, and Junot; and after 62 days of dreadful attack and resistance, plague and famine subdued Zaragoza. The city capitulated Feb. 20, 1809, the rest of Spain having looked on with apathy, while Infantado, with an idle army, did not even move one step to afford relief—*socorros de España tarde ó nunca.* Lannes had pledged his *honour* that Palafox should depart free, and that no one should be molested; and the capitulation was printed in the Madrid Gazette: but, in the words of Southey, "this man was one after Buonaparte's own heart, and with so little human feeling, that he would have carried out the system of terror to any extremity:" accordingly he pillaged the temples, shed innocent blood in torrents, put Boggiero and others to death under prolonged torture, insulted Palafox, robbed him "even of his shirt," although sick, and then sent him to the dungeons of Vincennes; "thus every law of war and humanity was violated," says Toreno, vii. But the Virgin avenged her insulted shrine and massacred people, and ere one short year was fled, she winged a bullet at Essling which sent this man to his dread account, after a life, says Mons. Savary, of kidnapping veracity, "too short for his friends, although a career of glory and *honour* without parallel." Lannes the Ajax of his camp, valiant, but coarse and unscrupulous, had risen from being a journeyman dyer of cloth to be a wholesale dyer scarlet in blood. (See Michaud, Biog. Univ. xxix. 474.) He first tried his talents for plundering the Peninsula at Lisbon, where according to Bourrienne, he was sent to make money by Buonaparte, who wanted to get rid of him.

These two sieges cost the lives of nearly 60,000 brave men, which were lost for nothing, as the defence of the town was altogether a military mistake, and entirely the result of popular impulse and accident, the moving powers of things in Spain. The Spaniards now liken Zaragoza to Numantia; but the old Iberians died and did not surrender; then and there 4000 of them resisted 40,000 Romans for fourteen years (Florus, ii. 18), and this they did in a really weak town, whereas Zaragoza was a city of castles, and how strong it was may be estimated by what has escaped the bomb and mine. The junta of Seville passed a paper decree to re-build the place at the public expense, but it need not be said

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that not one *real* of cash has been forthcoming. Ferdinand VII. visited Zaragoza after leaving France, and created a *Maestranza*, which, with fine epithets, were all the rewards bestowed. Palafox was not made a *Duque* until 1832, and even then not from any national gratitude, but simply because Christina wished to make herself a party; and now Tio Jorge is scarcely mentioned by name, for it would offend the pride of Spain's misleaders to admit the merit of a peasant, whose valour and intelligence shamed the cowardice and incapacity of the Alachas and Imazes. The *Tio* was a true son of the *people* of Spain, and his treatment from his so-called betters is purely Oriental and national. Thus "there came a great king against a small city and besieged it; now there was found in it a *poor wise* man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city, yet no man remembered that same *poor* wise man," Eccles. ix. 15. For details of the sieges consult '*Memorias*,' &c., Fernando Garcia y Marin, duo. Mad. 1817; '*Historia de los dos Sitios*,' Agustin Alcaide Ibieca, 2 vols. 8vo. Mad. 1830; read also the interesting Narrative of Mr. Vaughan; the French account of Rogniart; consult the romantic description of Southey; and the scornful truth of Napier, in their respective histories.

Zaragoza is a central point of many indifferent roads: beginning S. is the diligence road to Madrid, R. 114. This branches off at Calatayud for Daroca, R. 112, and so on to Molina de Aragon, Teruel, and Cuenca, 111, and thence to Murcia and Valencia. R. 113 leads to Murviedro, and thence to Valencia or Barcelona. For communications with Navarre, see Sect. xiv. There is talk of a railway which is to connect Madrid and Barcelona viâ Zaragoza, and also a project of forming a canal from the latter to Lérida.

ROUTE 129.—ZARAGOZA TO BARCELONA.

La Púebla	3	
Osera	3 ..	6
V^a. de Santa Lucia	3 ..	9
Bujaroloz	3 ..	12
Candasnos	3 ..	15
V^a. de Fraga	2 ..	17
Fraga	2 ..	19
Alcarraz	3 ..	22
Lérida	2 ..	24
Belloch	2½ ..	26½
Golmes	2½ ..	29
Villagrasa	2½ ..	31½
Cervera	2½ ..	34
La Panadella	2½ ..	36½
Al Gancho	2½ ..	39
Igualada	2 ..	41
Castelloli	2½ ..	43½
Codul	2½ ..	46
Martorell	3 ..	49
Molins del Rey	2 ..	51
Barcelona	3 ..	54

This route, which takes about 36 hours per diligence, is extremely uninteresting. Crossing the Ebro is an *arrabal* or suburb, which was almost demolished by the invaders: here on every Thursday is held a sort of horse-market, which is frequented by picturesque blackguards. Soon the clear Gallego is passed over by a new suspension bridge, while the old brick one remains high and dry on the land. The road now enters the *desert* of Arragon, and dreary is the waste, without trees, life, or cultivation; the soil is poor and chalky, the climate ungenial. The Ebro flows to the r., and on it stands *Velilla*, a village so named from the alarum bell of its church San Nicolas, which tolled of its own accord whenever coming calamities cast their shadows over Arragon. There are in fact three bells in this belfry, but the real one, *La Campana del Milagro*, was cast by the Goths, who threw into the fused metal one of the thirty pieces of silver received by Judas Iscariot. When this bell was inclined to toll, "ninguno puede detener la lengua:" its clapper, like the tongue female, was not to be stopped. Canon de Castro, who tried in 1601, got a pain in his arm for his pains, which he never got rid of. It rang furiously in 1516, when announcing the death of Ferdinand the Catholic, and again in 1679 for the twentieth and last time, giving notice in fact of its own dissolution and funeral. The soldier-like Romans, in whose days bells were not invented, were warned of approaching danger by the clashing of

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arms in heroic sepulchres (Cic°. Div. i. 34); but armed men, and not cowled priests, were then the managers of miracles. For details, see '*Discursos Varios*,' by Diego Josef Dormer, 4to., p. 198, Zaragoza, 1683, and '*Discursos*,' by Juan de Quinones, 4to. Mad. 1625. Velilla bears this bell gules on its shield. The tale and toll are now pretty well worn out, or the clapper would indeed have worked hard during the Peninsular war, so multitudinous were Spanish reverses in this very valley of the Ebro from Tudela downwards.

When Bailen had delivered Madrid, and forced the defeated French to fall back on the Ebro, "for the sake only of better water," according to Buonaparte's *truthful* bulletin, the third Spanish army was advanced on this important line, and destined to co-operate on the r. with Belveder at Burgos in the centre, and with Blake at Epinosa. Castaños was the chief in command, but nothing could exceed the inefficiency of the troops, who were left by the central government "in want of everything at the critical moment." The natural consequence was that the powerful French everywhere scattered them like sheep at the first attack. At *Maria*, Suchet, with 6000 men, had, June 15, 1809, put Blake and his 17,000 men to flight, one cavalry charge under D'Aigremont and Burthé being enough. Blake, however, on whom experience of defeat was thrown away, halted, for he was a brave man, at *Belchite*, where the French came up, June 18, and again, by one charge of Burthé, routed the remnant, killing nearly 4000 men, and only losing 40 themselves. Lower down is *Alcaniz*, where, January 26, 1809, Vattier, with 500 men, had with equal ease defeated 4000 Spaniards under Areizaga (of Ocaña misconduct); the wretched town was almost demolished in 1813 by Severoli, in pure spite, as his parting legacy when evacuating it after the French rout by the Duke at Vitoria. 6 L. from Alcaniz, on the road to Morella, is *Monroyo*, a red hill, near which is the hermitage of our Lady of the *Fountain*, whose waters are medicinal. The chapel once belonged to the Templars, and curious paintings still exist under the coro alto.

Continuing our route is *Bujaroloz*, population 1900, and placed in a fertile valley; hence to ruined *Fraga* (Fragosa, Stony), with a dismantled castle, and built on a slope above the Cinca, over which there is a suspension-bridge; a modern convenience, which has superseded the ancient *Maza*. This poor, rough, ill-paved place is worthy of its name—population 3500. The environs, however, abound in pomegranate and figs: the small green ones are delicious, and when dried are the staple; but they are very inferior to those of Smyrna, although our mediæval pilgrim in Purchas (ii. 1233) describes them in terms of rapture:—

> "And figez full gret so God me save,
> Thei be like to a great warden,
> Blew and faat as any bacon."

There is a bridle-communication with *Mequinenza*, 3 L., and thence by *Flix* to *Tortosa* (see R. 43).

The Cinca divides Arragon from Catalonia. The wearisome country now resembles that near Guadix, and is cut up with ravines and studded with small conical hills. *Lérida* (pop. 40,000) is a well-supplied, cheap place, and healthy, although exposed to cold winds, especially the N. or *Turp*, and the S.E. or *Morella*. The district is well irrigated by *Acequias*; an engineer may visit that of the *Segre* at *Riba Gorzana*. The best inns are *La Posada del Hospital* and *La de San Luis*. There is a local diligence to Barcelona, in case the traveller may wish to halt in this city of classical and military recollections.

Lérida, Ilerda, a name which Bochart derives from the Syriac *Illi*, lofty, is built on the river *Segre* (Sicoris), under its acropolis; this rises an imposing mass of lines of fortifications, with its old cathedral and lofty tower, some 3000 feet above the Segre. The principal street below consists of one long line of white houses with red and green balconies. *Lérida*, being one of the keys of Catalonia, has from time immemorial been the theatre of sieges and war.

Ilerda, when a Celtiberian city, is

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well described by Lucan (B. C., iv. 13), "Colle tumet modico," &c., and the foundations of the present fine stone-bridge are built on those of the Romans. It was held for Pompey by Afranius and Petreus, who were encamped on Fort Gardeñ, until outgeneralled and beaten by Cæsar: here, therefore, read his terse dispatches (B. C., i., 37, &c.), and compare them with those of our Duke before Badajoz, for the iron energy of their swords passed into their pens. Everything was against them both, the elements as well as man, but both, left wanting in means, supplied all deficiency in themselves and triumphed. *Ilerda* soon recovered its prosperity, and had a mint: for the coinage see Florez (Med., ii. 450). It became a *Municipium* and a university, one, however, of such disagreeable "residence" that the recusant youth of Rome were threatened to be rusticated there (Hor. E. I. xx. 13). In after times Lérida was made the chief university, the Salamanca of Arragon, and its annalists boast with pride of its pupils, San Vicente Ferrer and Calixtus III. (Borgia), *i. e.*, a bloody inquisidor and a jobbing profligate pope.

The Goths, after the downfall of the empire, patronised Lérida, and held here a celebrated council, having raised it to a bishopric in 546. Moorish Lérida was sacked by the French in 799, but recovered and rebuilt in 1149 by Ramon Berenguer, who restored the see. It was the site of the death of Herodias and her capering daughter, who were drowned while performing pirouettes on the frozen Segre, while the ice broke and the young lady fell in; but her head got cut off and continued dancing of itself (see, for authentic details, p. 183, '*Lithologia*,' José V. del Olmo, 4to., Valencia, 1653).

Lérida, in the Catalonian revolt of 1640, chose Louis XIII. for its king, and Leganez, the general of Philip IV., by failing in his attempt to retake it, entailed the downfall of his kinsman, the great Conde Duque Olivares. Thereupon Philip IV. came in person to the siege, and defeated *La Mothe*, who commanded the invaders. The French, in 1644, failed to regain it, whereupon the Grand Condé opened another siege to the tune of violins, but Gregorio Brito, the Portuguese governor, sallied out and drove fiddlers and Frenchmen headlong before him; so 'tis said Lord Percy at Lexington, advanced playing Yankee Doodle, and retired to the tune of Chevy Chase. Next day Brito sent to the Grand Condé some iced fruits, begging him to excuse his non-return of the serenade compliment from a want of catgut, but promising, if his previous accompaniment was agreeable, to repeat it as often as his Highness did him the honour to perform before Lérida; this did not last long, for the Great Condé soon departed re infectâ, and did *not* print his intended parallel between himself and Cæsar: venit, vidit, et evasit; but who has not read the piquant description of this siege in Grammont's Mémoires, ch. viii.? Consult '*Gratulacion de la Feliz Restauracion de L.*', Francisco Ortiz Valdez, 4to., Mad. 1644.

Lérida, in the War of Succession, was again long besieged in 1707 by the French under Berwick and Orleans. It capitulated in November, but, nevertheless, was most cruelly and faithlessly sacked. However, it was avenged July 27, 1710, by Stanhope, who near it, at *Almenara* (4 L.) completely routed Philip V. The allies were inferior in number, and the pottering Archduke Staremberg and heavy Germans refused to advance, like Lapeña at Barrosa. Cries of shame resounded in the British ranks, and Stanhope threatened to withdraw from Spain, as the Duke did after Talavera; but the English bayonet-charge was irresistible, and the French fled in every direction. Philip escaped by mere accident: his baggage was taken, like Joseph's was in our times at Vitoria. "Had there been two hours more daylight," wrote Stanhope, "not a Frenchman would have got away." But there is nothing new in this—so wrote Wellington after Salamanca, Marlborough after Ramillies—nor that M. Madoz (i. 92) should ascribe the victory to the *Germans!* or that neither

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the English nor Stanhope should be named by him— *Cosas de España!* Philip V., afterwards writhing under recollections of this disgrace, transferred the university to Cervera, and the two places have detested each other ever since.

Lérida, in the Peninsular war, was taken by Suchet, May 14, 1810. Gen. Harispe having seized upon *Fort Gardeñ* and the town; the unarmed inhabitants, women and children, were driven out on to the glacis, and there exposed to the fire both of the citadel and the invader; thus they were harassed all night and next day by shells, until the Spanish governor, Garcia Conde, overpowered by the frightful scene, hoisted the white flag. Suchet, in his 'Mémoires,' ch. 4, dwells with honest pride on this well-imagined destruction, which he repeated at Tarragona and elsewhere—a proceeding which Col. Napier thought "*politic*, indeed, but scarcely admissible within the pale of civilisation." Confound their politics! but the eloquent Mons. Foy (i. 258) sneers at our dull soldiers as being insensible to "Les révélations sublimes du Génie de la Destruction, qui éveille une puissance de pensée supérieure à celle qui préside aux créations de la poésie et de la philosophie." Suchet, after this splendid feat, which thus outclipsed the sublime of Milton and Burke, removed from Zaragoza to Lérida, where "*Madame*" held her "court," and ruled him as her hairdresser ruled her, for she was consistent at least in love for a profession of which her husband had once been a bright ornament (Schep. iii. 352). Suchet was a simple scourge of God: he had no feeling for art, and, compared to the Verres Soult, was a mere Mummius.

Lérida is the second city of Catalonia, and is strongly fortified: the engineer may examine the W. side, the fort *Gardeñ*, *el Pilar*, and *San Fernando*; the artist and ecclesiologist should ascend the hill and the belfry of the old cathedral, which commands a glorious hill and plain panorama. This cathedral presents a jumble of styles, having been converted from a mosque about A.D. 1202. All is going to ruin: the entrance is dilapidated, and the statues dethroned. In the *Capilla de Jesus* lies a natural son of *Fernando el Católico*. Look at the transept and semi-moresque cloister. The ruin of this sacred pile dates from 1707, when the French made it a fortress; nor has it ever been restored to pious uses, for in the piping times of peace the steep walk proved too much for the pursy canons, who abandoning their lofty church, employed General Sabatini! to build them a new cathedral below in the convenient and Corinthian style. The old churches of *San Juan* and *San Lorenzo* were originally mosques.

Pilgrims on their road to Zaragoza and Compostella may visit at the *Plazuela de la Pescaderia* the *Pou del Ramon*, where the Apostle ran a thorn in his foot by night, when angels brought lanterns, a pious custom still adhered to by the good little boys and girls of Lérida.

Proceeding onwards between *Golmes* and *Villafranca*, and near *Bellpuig*, in the Franciscan convent, is (or was) the magnificent tomb of Ramon de Cardona, viceroy of Sicily, which was raised by Isabel his widow. The armed noble lies on a splendid cinquecento *Urna*, which is enriched with mythological and marine deities, while the basement is divided into three portions: in the centre is a sea-battle; the others are inscribed with Latin verses on tablets supported by children; in the l. corner is the name of the Neapolitan sculptor, "Joannes Nolanus, faciebat 1522." Observe above the Caryatides, and the Virgin and Child in a vesica piscis of clouds upheld by angels.

The dreary country which now ensues, and the interminable leagues, have long been the horror of riding-travellers. *Tarega á Cervera, legua entera, y si fuere mojada cuentela por jornada.*

Cervera is built on an eminence which descends to Barcelona: pop. 4000. To this place Philip V. transferred the university of Lérida, which recently has been removed to Barce-

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lona; there he raised the huge unsightly edifice with pointed roofs and French towers, which Suchet and others afterwards gutted, having first burnt the library in order to fit it up for a barrack. *Cervera* is seen from afar on all sides, and its heights command extensive views. The Gothic church has a good chapel of *La Vera Cruz*, and there is a fine cloister in the Dominican convent. At *Cervera*, Oct. 11, 1811, Eroles defeated the invaders and took their *Corregidor*, one Isidoro Perez Canino, prisoner; this renegade Spaniard had before placed all his countrymen who did not pay French contributions into a cage, leaving outside their heads besmeared with honey to attract a plague of flies. This *Afrancesado* was torn to pieces by the populace (Toreno, xvi.); but in the words of the Duke ('Disp.,' Nov. 22, 1812), such a wretch had been "guilty of the greatest crime of which any individual in modern times can be guilty, viz., he has aided the French in invading his native country, in which they committed horrors until then unheard of."

From *Cervera* the road is more interesting, running through wooded ravines and Swiss-like scenery to *Igualada*, which is also built on an eminence. The older portions are narrow and tortuous, but the *Rambla* is a good street, and the new suburb handsome. Here also is a fine arch constructed to introduce water; here, in the summer of 1840, Christina met Espartero, and by persisting in the French scheme of abolishing local *fueros*, prepared the way to her loss of the regency and expatriation. Soon commence rich corn-plains and vineyards, which continue along a busy road (see p. 407) to Barcelona.

THE SPANISH PYRENEES.—This mountain range was called by the Romans *Montes* and *Saltus Pyrenei*, and by the Greeks Πυρηνη, probably from a local Iberian word, but which they, as usual, catching at sound, not sense, connected with their Πυρ; they then bolstered up their erroneous derivation by a legend framed to fit the name, asserting that it either alluded to a fire through which certain precious metals were discovered, or because the lofty summits were often struck with lightning and dislocated by volcanos. According to the Iberians, Hercules, when on his way to "lift" Geryon's cattle, was so hospitably received by one Bebryx, a petty ruler in these mountains, that the demigod got drunk and ravished his host's daughter *Pyrene*, who died of grief; whereupon Hercules, sad and sober, made the whole range re-echo with her name (Sil. Ital., iii. 420): but Pliny (N. H., iii. 1) held this Spanish legend to be an idle fiction. Bochart (Can. i. 35) supposes that the Phœnicians called these ranges *Pwani*, from the forests, *Pura* signifying wood in Hebrew. The Basques have, of course, their etymology, some saying that the real root is *Biri*, an elevation, while others prefer *Bierri enac*, the "two countries," which, separated by the range, were ruled by Tubal ('*Origen*,' Perochegui, p. 19); but when Spaniards once begin with Tubal, the best plan is to shut the book.

This gigantic barrier, which divides Spain and France, is connected with the dorsal chain which comes down from Tartary and Asia. It stretches far beyond the transversal spine, for the mountains of the Basque Provinces, Asturias and Gallicia, are its continuation. The Pyrenees, properly speaking, are placed between 42° 10′ and 43° 20′ N. latitude, and extend E. to W., in length about 270 miles, and being both broadest and highest in the central portions, where the width is about 60 miles, and the elevations exceed 11,000 feet. The spurs and offsets penetrate on both sides like ribs from a back-bone into the lateral valleys. The central nucleus slopes gradually E. to the Mediterranean, and W. to the Atlantic, in a long uneven swell: thus from *Monte Perdido*, which is 11,264 ft. high (some say more), it descends, rising again at the *Maladeta* to 11,424 ft.; then it descends into the valley of *Andorra*, rising again in the

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Moncal to 10,663 ft.; dips once more, rising again in the *Canigú* to 9141 ft., and then shelves into the Mediterranean.

The *Maladeta* is the loftiest peak, although the *Pico del Mediodia* and the *Canigú*, because rising at once out of plains and therefore having the greatest apparent altitudes, were long considered to be the highest; but now these French usurpers are dethroned. This central nucleus is a net-work of gigantic masses and heights, which rise almost from the same bases: thus *Neouvielle* (ancient snows) soars 9762 ft., *Marboré* 10,950 ft., *Monte Perdido* 11,264 ft., and *Vignemale* 10,330 ft.: all these are placed between Huesca and Tarbes.

The width of the range is narrowest to the E., being only about 20 miles across near *Figueras*, while the heights are the lowest at the W. extremity, seldom exceeding 9000 ft. The width opposite *Pamplona* ranges at about 40 miles. Seen from a distance the general outline appears to be one mountain-ridge, with broken pinnacles; but, in fact, it consists of two distinct lines, which are parallel, but not continuous. The one which commences at the ocean is at least 30 miles more in advance towards the south than the corresponding line, which commences from the Mediterranean. The centre is the point of dislocation, where the ramifications and reticulations are the most intricate; it is the key-stone of the system, which is buttressed up by *Las Tres Sorellas*, the tria juncta in uno of those sisters three, the *Monte Perdido*, *Cylindro*, and *Marboré*. Here is the source of the Garonne, *La Garona*; here the scenery is the grandest, and the lateral valleys the longest and widest. The Spanish or S. front is most in advance, is the steepest, and descends abruptly; while on the French or N. side the acclivities shelve down in tiers with a succession of terraces, dips, and basins; and the natives of each side differ no less than nature: the French all smooth, social, and civilized—the Spaniards hard, sullen, and uncouth. Oh dura tellus Iberiæ! The average height of perpetual snow ranges between 8000 ft. and 9000 ft., a datum which is useful in calculating elevations. In the Alps this line is at 6600 ft., in the Andes 14,000 ft.

In the highest elevations on the French side are glaciers, *Sernelhes*, and frozen lochs; and in general there are more lakes on that side than on the Spanish, which being steeper, affords fewer positions in which waters can lodge. The lake on *Monte Perdido* is 8393 ft. above the sea. The smaller buttresses or spurs of the great range enclose valleys, down each of which pours a stream: thus the Ebro, Garona, and Bidasoa are fed from the mountain alembic. These tributaries are generally called in France *Gaves*,* and in some parts on the Spanish side *Gabas*; but *Gav* signifies a "river," and may be traced in our *Avon*; and Humboldt derives it from the Basque *Gav*, a "hollow or ravine;" cavus, κοιλος. The parting of these waters or their flowing down either N. or S. should naturally mark the line of division geographically between France and Spain: such, however, is not the case politically, as part of *Cerdeña* belongs to the former, while *Aran* belongs to the latter; thus each country possesses a key in its neighbour's territory. It is singular that this obvious inconvenience should not have been remedied by some exchange when the long-disputed boundary-question was settled between Charles IV. and the French republic (see also '*Esp. Sag.*' xlii. 236).

The lateral valleys vary in length from 10 to 40 miles; sometimes they narrow into gorges, *gargantas*, or expand into basins, *ollas*, which are encircled by mountains as by an amphitheatre; hence they are called by the French *oules Cirques*. These circular recesses were once lakes, from which the waters have

* The word *Gavacho*, which is the most offensive vituperative of the Spaniard against the Frenchman, has by some been thought to mean "those who dwell on Gaves." Marina, however (Mem. Acad. His. iv. 59), derives it, and correctly, from the Arabic *Cabach*, detestable, filthy, or "qui prava indole est, moribusque." Some, however, say that the word is derived from *gavache*, a cloak worn in the Pyrenees.

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burst: the smaller lochs, *Ibones*, abound in trout. The valleys in Arragon are among the most beautiful in the whole range, especially those of *Anso*, *Canfranc*, *Biescas*, *Broto*, *Gistain*, and *Benasque*.

The highest points or pinnacles are called *Puigs* in Catalonia, *Pueyos* and puertos in Arragon, *Poyos* in Navarre, *Puys* in French, words which are said to be a corruption of *Podium*, an elevation. *Poyo*, however, in Castilian signifies a stone doorpost. The depressions at the heads of valleys or *necks* of the ridges are called *Colls*, and in Castilian *Collados*, and over them the *passes* of intercommunication are carried; hence they are called *Puertos*, *gates*, *doorways*, *Portæ;* and the smaller ones *Portillos*. The equivalent terms on the French side are *Col*, *Hourque*, *Hourquette*, *Fourque*, *Core*, *Brèche*, and *Porte*. Of these in the whole range, there are some 70 or 80, but scarcely a dozen of them are practicable for the rudest wheel-carriages. They remain much in the same state as in the time of the Moors, who from them called the Pyrenean range *Albort*, the ridge of "gates" or Portæ. Many of the wild passes, only known to the natives and smugglers, are often impracticable from the snow, while even in summer they are dangerous, being exposed to mists and hurricanes of mighty rushing winds. Generally speaking, the ascents are the easiest from the French side, and to those who cross the barrier the following local names may be useful:—*Cacou*, *Couilla*, a shepherd's cabin; *Chaos*, a heap of rocks—"chaos come again;" *Couret*, the course of a river when it leaves a lake; *Estive*, fine meadows; *Pene*, the extreme point of a mountain; *Pouey*, *Puch*, *Pech*, *Puy*, *Sarre*, *Serre*, *Sarrat* (*Sierra*, *Cerro*, Arabicè), a back; *Tuc*, *Tuque*, a mountain; *Turon*, a hillock; *Ramade*, a large flock of sheep.

The two carriageable lines of intercommunication are placed at each extremity; that to the W. passes through *Irun*, that to the E. through *Figueras*. On these lines are the best towns and accommodations. The chief secondary passes are the *Puerto de Maya* and *De Roncesvalles* in Navarre; those of *Canfranc*, *Panticosa*, *Gavarnie*, *Vielsa*, *Brecha de Roldan* and *Marcadau* in Aragon; and of *Plan de Anse*, *Puigcerdá*, and the *Col de Pertus* in Catalonia.

The Spanish Pyrenees offer a few attractions to the lovers of the fleshly comforts of cities, for the objects of interest relate solely to Nature, who here wantons in her loneliest, wildest forms. The scenery, sporting, geology, and botany, are Alpine, and will repay those who can "rough it" considerably. The contrast which the southern or Spanish side offers to the northern or French side is great, alike in man and nature: the mountains themselves are less abrupt, less covered with snow, while the numerous and much frequented baths on the latter, frequented as watering-places "in the season," have given rise to roads, diligences, hotels, table-d'hôtes, cooks, cicerones, donkeys, and other things suitable for the Badaux de Paris: they indeed (the badaux) babble about green fields and *des belles horreurs*, but seldom go beyond the immediate vicinity and hackneyed "lions;" a want of good taste and real perception of the sublime and beautiful is nowhere more striking, says Mr. Erskine Murray, than on the French side, where mankind remains profoundly ignorant of the real beauties of the Pyrenees; these have been chiefly explored by English tourists, who love Nature with their heart, strength, and soul, who worship her alike in her shyest retreats, in her wildest forms. Nevertheless, on the French side infinite comforts and appliances are to be had; nay, invalids and ladies in search of the picturesque can ascend even to the *Brèche de Roldan*. Once, however, cross the frontier, and a sudden change comes over all facilities of locomotion and the comforts of existence. Stern and inhospitable is the welcome of Spain, and scarce is the food for body or mind, and deficient the accommodation for man or beast, for which there is small demand. No Spaniard ever comes here for pleasure; hence the localities are given up to the smuggler and izzard. The Oriental inæsthetic incuriousness for *things*, old stones, wild scenery, &c., is increased by political reasons and fears. France, from the time of the Celt

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down to to-day, has been the ravager and terror of Spain. While she therefore has improved her means of approach and invasion, Spain, to whom the past is prophetic of the future, has raised obstacles, and has left her protecting barrier as broken and hungry as when planned by her tutelar divinity. The frontier castles and defences with which the country, especially on the Catalan side, was once studded, since the war of the Succession have been dismantled by the French, and an inroad thrown open. Here, however, dwell highlanders, less practicable than their broken fastnesses, the smuggler, the rifle sportsman, the *faccioso*, and all who defy the law; here is bred the hardy peasant, who, accustomed to scale mountains and fight wolves, becomes a ready raw material for the *guerrilleros;* and none were ever more formidable to Rome or France than those marshalled in these glens by Sertorius and Mina; when the tocsin bell rings out, a hornet swarm of armed men, the weed of the hills, starts up from every rock and brake. As Burke said in 1791, so now "this old national hatred of France is the only safety of Spain;" the best of barriers is one based not on treaties and parchments, but on eternal national antipathies. There are crimes, say the semi-Oriental Spaniards, who are better Catholics than Christians, too evident to be blinked, and which never can be written away or lied down; they are too deadly to be forgiven, and to revenge them becomes a sacred duty. The hatred of the Frenchman, which the Duke said formed "part of a Spaniard's nature," seems to increase in intensity in proportion to vicinity and better acquaintance, and, as they touch, they rub and fret each other: to hate "your neighbour" is indeed so natural, that a *command* to love him was necessary for Spaniards. Here it is the antipathy of an antithesis, the incompatibility of the saturnine and slow, with the mercurial and rapid; of the proud, enduring and ascetic, against the vain, the fickle, and sensual; of the enemy of innovation and change to the lover of variety and novelty; this party-wall of ice and the hurricane, these mountains

> That like giants stand
> To sentinel enchanted land,

we may trust, will never be removed by a phrase; and however despots or tricksters may assert in the gilded galleries of Versailles, *Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées*, the barriers do and will exist for ever; placed there by Providence, quasi de industriâ, said even the Goths (Sº. Isid. Or. xv. 8), they ever have forbidden and ever will forbid the banns of an unnatural alliance; so it was said in the days of Silius Italicus (iii. 417):

> Pyrene celsâ nimbosi verticis arce
> Divisos Celtis latè prospectat Hiberos
> Atque æterna tenet magnis divortia terris.

If the eagle of Buonaparte could not build in the Arragonese Sierra, the lily of the Bourbon assuredly will not take root in the Castilian plain; so says Ariosto (xxxiii. 10):

> ——— Che non lice
> Che 'l giglio in quel terreno habbia radice!

This inveterate condition either of pronounced hostility, or at best of armed neutrality, often renders these localities dangerous and disagreeable to the man of the note-book. Again, these localities consist of a series of secluded districts, which constitute the entire world to the natives, who seldom go beyond the natural walls by which they are bounded, except to smuggle. This vocation is the curse of the country, fosters a wild reliance on self defence, a habit of border foray and insurrection, which almost seems necessary as a moral excitement and combustible element, as carbon and hydrogen are in the constitution of their physical bodies. No preventive service, no cordon of custom-house officers, can put down contraband in these broken ranges, nor guard the

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infinite tracks which thread the wild rocks, forests, and glaciers. Again, the recent civil wars were injurious, by whetting the *suspicion* against prying foreigners; this Oriental and Iberian instinct soon converts a curious traveller into a spy or partisan. Spanish authorities can no more understand than a Turk the gratuitous braving of hardship and danger for its own sake—the botanizing and geologizing, &c., of the nature and adventure-loving English. The *impertinente curioso* may escape observation in a Spanish city and crowd, but not in these lonely hills: he at once becomes the observed of all observers, who, from long smuggling and sporting habits, are always on the look-out, and keen-sighted as hawks, gipseys, and beasts of prey. Meanwhile the gaping, gazing stranger is as unconscious of the portentous emotions and fears which he is exciting as were the birds of old of the meaning attached to their movements by the Roman augurs, and few augurs ever rivalled a Spanish *Alcalde* in quick suspicion and perception of evil, especially where none is intended. As it is always well, even in pleasant and peaceful times, to be on the right side, be careful to have the passport en règle, and always to call on the Alcalde and frankly state the object of the visit. When, however the suspicions of these semi-barbarian officials are once allayed, they become civil and hospitable according to their humble means. Latterly some of those who, by being placed immediately under the French boundary, have seen the glitter of the tourist's coin, have consequently become more humanized, and anxious to obtain a share in the profits of the season. Generally speaking, a local guide is necessary: those tourists who can speak Spanish will of course get on the best, and will easily find some bold smuggler or local sportsman to attend them; those who only speak French must put up with one of those amphibious guides who are always to be found on the French side, and who, occasionally, besides being bilingual, are also both rogues and ignorant. They conduct strangers to the same places, to the conventional lions, omitting the secret and yet to be explored charms of the terra incognita. For guide-books in the French Pyrenees, consult the excellent '*Observations de M. Ramond*,' Paris, 1789; the Saussure of these Alps: also a '*Summer in the Pyrenees*,' by Mr. Erskine Murray, and '*Handbook for France*,' by Mr. John Murray.

The geology and botany have yet to be properly investigated. In the metal-pregnant Pyrenees rude forges of iron abound, conducted on a small, unscientific scale, and probably after the unchanged, primitive Iberian system. Fuel is scarce, and transport of ores on muleback expensive. The iron is at once inferior to the English and dearer; the tools and implements used on both sides of the Pyrenees are at least a century behind ours; while absurd tariffs, which prohibit the importation of a cheaper and better article, prevent improvements in agriculture and manufactures, and perpetuate poverty and ignorance among backward, half-civilised populations. The natural woods of these *Saltus Pyrenæi* have long been celebrated, and Strabo (iii. 245) observed how much more the southern slopes were covered than the northern ones. The timber, however, has suffered much from the usual neglect, waste, and improvidence of the natives, who destroy more than they consume, and rarely replant. The sporting in these lonely, wild districts is attractive, for where man seldom penetrates the ferænaturæ multiply: the bear is, however, getting scarce, as a premium is paid for the head of every one destroyed. The grand object of the *Cazador* is the *Cabra Montés*, or *Rupicabra*, the Bouquetin of the French, and the Izzard (*Ibex*, becco, boue, bock, buck). The fascination of this pursuit, like that of the Chamois in Switzerland, leads to constant and even fatal accidents, as this shy animal lurks in almost inaccessible localities, and must be stalked with the nicest skill. The sporting on the French side is far inferior, as the cooks of the table-d'hôtes have waged a *querra á cuchillo*, a war to the knife, and fork too, against even *les petits oiseaux*; but a true cook, a *cordon*

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bleu persecutes even minnows, as all *sport* and fair play is scouted, and everything gives way for the pot. The Spaniards, less mechanical and gastronomic, leave the feathered and finny tribes in comparative peace. Accordingly the streams abound with trout, and those which flow into the Atlantic with salmon. The lofty Pyrenees are not only alembics of cool crystal streams, but contain, like the heart of Sappho, sources of warm springs under a bosom of snow. The most celebrated, issue on the French side, or at least those the most known and frequented, for the Spaniard is a small bather, and no great drinker of medicinal waters. Accommodations at the baths on his side scarcely exist, while even those in France are second-rate when compared to the spas of Germany, and are dirty and indecent when contrasted with those of England. The artist may spend the dog days most pleasantly in the Pyrenees. The scenery is magnificent, and he can soon fly from the common-place coats and cooks. The native highlanders in summer lead their flocks up to mountain huts and dwell with their cattle, struggling against poverty and endeavouring really to keep the wolf from the door: their watch-dogs are magnificent: the sheep are under admirable control, being, as it were, in the presence of the enemy, they know the voice of their shepherds, or rather the peculiar whistle and cry: their wool is smuggled into France, to be re-smuggled back again when manufactured in the shape of coarse cloth. But, however poor, they are pastoral, poetical, and picturesque, as most people are who live in mountains; the plains may be richer in "bread stuffs," but what can a painter or traveller make of them? According to Spanish divines the Pyrenees concealed Spain from our Saviour, and fortunately, they say, when the devil tempted him by the offer of all the glories of the earth; but, lofty as these mountains are, they have never hidden her from the keen eye of the Cock or Eagle of France.

ROUTE 130.—ZARAGOZA TO URDAX.

Villanueva.	2	
Zuera	2 ..	4
Gurrea del Gallego . . .	3 ..	7
Venta de Tulifiana . . .	2 ..	9
Ayerbe.	3 ..	12
Auzánigo	3 ..	15
Bernues	2 ..	17
Jaca	2½ ..	19½
Canfranc	2 ..	21½
Urdax	3 ..	24½

There is a sort of diligence communication part of the way in summer; generally, however, travellers ride. The mountain roads are bad, but the scenery is picturesque. The route commences over bald dreary plains, with aromatic wastes extending to the rt., while the *Gallego* eats its way to the l. Those who leave Zaragoza late may sleep at a solitary venta about 2 L. short of *Gurrea*. Approaching *Ayerbe* the Pyrenees grow larger as the road grows worse. Crossing a ridge which separates the water-courses of the Aragon and Gallego, and winding through pretty well-watered glens, *Jaca*, Jacca—*Posada del Canfranc*—is reached; this place has immemorially been of some importance, as lying on the frontier. This ancient walled town is tolerably built: Pop. about 3000. Near it the river Gas joins the Aragon and fertilizes the valleys. Jaca is the see of a bishop, suffragan to Zaragoza. The simple solid cathedral was founded by Ramiro in 814. The tutelar is a Santa Orosia, whose body is venerated in a silver case in her chapel. The *Capilla de S. Miguel* has a superb plateresque portal, with foliaged columns and medallions in high relief: in the *C. de su Majestad* opposite is a grand tomb of a bishop, mitred and canopied: in *La Trinidad* notice the noble marble retablo, with the Father holding the crucified Saviour, executed in a Berruguete and Florentine style.

Jaca was taken from the Spaniards by M. P. Cato, A.C. 195, became the capital of its district, was fortified, and portions of the Roman wall are yet preserved. It was wrested from the Moors so early as 795, when Don Asnar, its Pelayus, sallied forth from the

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mountains and dispossessed the infidels; they, 90,000 in number, made a desperate attempt to recover it, but were repulsed, the women fighting like men: see '*España Restaurada*,' Martin de la Cruz, 4to. Zar. 1627. The Moors fled, leaving behind them the heads of four of their kings, *i. e.* shiekhs, which Jaca quarters on her shield to this day. The site of the battle, called *Las Tiendas*, is still visited on the first Friday in May, when the daughters of these Amazons go gloriously to a sham fight. A church also was raised on the site dedicated to *la Virgen de la Victoria*, ½ a L. on the Navarre road.

The old castle of Jaca, during the Peninsular war, was repaired and strongly garrisoned by the French under Lomet, a wholesale executioner of prisoners (Schep. ii. 252). After Soult's defeats in the Pyrenees, the garrison capitulated, under promise not to serve against the allies; but no sooner had the troops reached France than this pledge was violated, and the Duke in consequence refused to ratify the capitulations of their countrymen at Santoña (Disp. April 1, 1814). So at Aboukir, when Nelson landed the prisoners on a pledge that they were not to serve again, before the fleet was out of sight they were all drafted by Buonaparte into regiments.

Jaca—el muy noble, muy leal y *vencedôra*—had surrendered at once to the French in 1809, as it did to Mina in 1814: so much for heroic nomenclature antecedents.

Jaca is interesting to the constitutional antiquarian, as its *fuero*, or municipal charter, is reckoned among the earliest in Spain; it dates from the Moorish expulsion, and was confirmed in 1063 by Sanchez Ramirez. In Jaca also was held the first parliament on record. All those who have leisure should visit the mines and pine-forests of *Oroel*, and the picturesque ruined Benedictine convent of *San Juan de la Peña*; after 2 L. you reach *Santa Cruz*; near the village is a most ancient semi-norman church, with a lofty square tower, and 3 tiers of double-arched windows: observe the portal and wheel and lettered devices; and inside, the grotesque capitals, billet mouldings, and the 2 plain tombs: also the roof of the *Sala Capitular*: hence about ¾ of a L., by a vile road, with glorious pines and scenery, to the convent. Near this site the Arragonese in 760 built their first city, called *Panno*; this was soon destroyed by the Moors, when the natives fled to the cavern, where the convent was afterwards built, and thus became the rocky cradle of the monarchy, as Covadunga did in the Asturias. Here the early patriots were joined by the mountaineers from *Sobrarbe*, and drew up the so-called *Fueros*. The foundation of the convent was after this wise: a hunter named Voto, while riding after a stag, came so suddenly on the chasm under which the building now nestles, that the fore-legs of the galloping steed hung over the gulph, much as that of Don Quixote was suspended on the brink, at the bottom of which was Sancho Panza (ii. 35). In this dilemma our Voto invoked St. John, and the horse became fixed, hanging in mid-air. In evidence of this portent, the prints of the steed's hoofs were long shown on the rock; but these things were common enough in the Peninsula; and a similar horse-feat and miracle occurred also in Portugal in 1182, when Don Juan discovered the Virgin of Nazareth, whose shrine was pillaged by the invaders under Thomières (Southey, '*Don Rod.*' note 28).

Voto then dismounted, and descending into the cave found the stag dead from the fall, and by its side a deceased hermit, on whose stone pillow was inscribed his name, "Juan," and a statement that he had here founded a chapel to the Baptist. This relic was unfortunately lost in 1094, to the grief of the historian Abarca (i. 22), whose account we abridge. While all this was going on Voto's horse remained statuesquely suspended over the abyss. Voto, on his return to Jaca, persuaded his brother to turn hermit, and both lived and died in the cave, since which "miracles have been continually worked, and salvation secured by their intercession." Hence the site became, says Suchet, the "object of popular superstition,"

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and produced a new asserter of liberty, one Sarasa, a local guerrillero; whereupon the invaders under Musnier, Aug. 25, 1809, burnt the monastery to the ground, and with it the precious MSS. and archives of early Arragonese liberties—and melancholy are the picturesque ruins, and more sad the vile modern repairs and restorations. The position somewhat recalls the rock-built temples of Petræa. In this primitive sanctuary, an early Escorial, a long line of the early kings of Arragon down to Alonso II. were interred, but their ashes were scattered to the winds by Suchet's troops. The *Pantheon* lies down the hill amid pine groves. The church is placed under an overhanging rock, which serves as a roof to the Mausoleum: you enter by a vestibule, with arms and names of the royal deceased; the altar has plain Norman arches: then to the cloisters, one side of old wood work has escaped: observe the chapel of *San Victorian*, the curious capitals with life of the Saviour. Here, on Wednesday, March 30, 1071, was celebrated the first Roman mass performed in the Peninsula, a novelty effected by Cardinal Hugo Candido, legate of Alexander II., who influenced the king, Sancho Ramirez. This event, which was cited as the proudest boast by Abarca (i. 119), in reality opened the door to the yoke of Rome. Then the primitive vernacular ritual was exchanged for one in Latin, which the people did not understand, until misgoverned, deluded Spain, having been alternately the inquisitor, executioner, champion, and banker of the Vatican, sunk into bigotry and intolerance, and became a bye-word to the world, enslaved, weak, ignorant, and impoverished. For all details of this monastery consult '*Historia, &c., de San Juan de la Peña*,' by its abbot, Juan Briz Martinez, fol. Zaragoza, 1620.

Leaving Jaca, by its poplar-planted alameda, the Pyrenean defiles are soon entered, and the road becomes wild and alpine. It is a 3½ hours ride, mule-pace, to *Canfranc*, a miserable hamlet placed in the jaws of the pass. The road follows the course of the river Arragon, which boils down from its mountain source, forcing its way through the rocks; passing *Castello* in a declivity, then a picturesque bridge at Villanova, we reach *Canfranc*, a dog-hole in the alpine height. The *Puerto* is said to be 6713 feet above the level of the sea. The overhanging castle commands splendid views. Behind lies the province Arragon, and above towers the snowy cloud-capped *Can Gran*, one of the most remarkable heights of the range. The inhabitants of *Canfranc* are canes franci, and worthy of their name, being much addicted to smuggling; this they carry on in face of the *Douana* and custom-house officers of the two countries, des véritables chiens, who worry the honest traveller. Canfranc is the last town in Arragon. Adieu, hungry, racy, rough Spain, with thy mountain passes, ilex woods, and fragrant wildernesses, and welcome the talented flesh-pots and superb cuisine of La Belle France, of which *Urdax*, however, offers but poor samples. Hence in summer a diligence runs to *Oleron* (see Handbook for France, R. 82). From the *Puerto de Canfranc* the pedestrian may strike off to the rt., under the *Pico del Mediodia*, to *Gabas*, where the French douane is placed, and so on to *Eaux Chaudes*. The Pic du Midi may be ascended from Gabas in from 2 to 3 hours: it is said to be 9500 feet high. The ascent from *Grip* requires from 5 to 6 hours. The views over the lofty *Maladeta Perdido* contrast with the plains of France.

ROUTE 131.—JACA TO THE PUERTO DE SALLENT.

Larres	2		
Biescas	2	..	4
Pueyo	2	..	6
Puerto de Sallent	2	..	8

Attend to the provend, and take a local guide, who can generally procure lodgings and some sort of accommodation in private houses in the villages, which are cleaner and quieter than the *posadas*, *i. e.* receptacles for smugglers and their beasts. The beautiful valley of *Tena*, with the mineral baths of *Panticosa*, lies between the valley of

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Canfranc W., and that of *Broto* E., and each are divided from the other by ridges or spurs, which shoot down laterally from the Pyrenees; they intercommunicate by wild paths, known however to the natives. The valley of *Tena* is about 4 L. long N. and S., and 3 L. wide, being some 11 L. in circumference; it is watered by the *Gallego; Sallent* is the chief hamlet. Turning W. from *Jaca*, soon after *Larres*, the *Gallego* is neared, which flows on the l. with its tributaries, until crossed and recrossed near the truly Swiss-like village: pop. 800. *Biescas*, with a decent posada near the bridge, is a good sporting quarter; as in addition to its rivers it communicates both with the valley of *Tena* and *Broto*, which the izzard hunters consider most favourite ground, as lying under the gnarled roots of the *Monte Perdido* group. The gushing torrent at Sa. Elena, 1½ L., is a Vaucluse on a smaller scale.

Proceeding to *Panticosa* the defiles narrow in, and the scenery increases in Alpine character; about a mile up is the *Barranco de Estaquer*, a wild *rambla* like the bed of a torrent, and thence by another longer mile the sweet glens of *Taquen* and *Laciesa*. Visit the *Fuente Gloriosa*, which gushes gloriously from the cave of the *Santuario de Santa Elena*, in which the daughter of Constantine the Great *is said* to have taken refuge; on the hill above is an intermittent fountain.

Panticosa is a poor village in a hill-locked valley, that owes its celebrity to the mineral baths, which lie distant a mountain league, or a 2 hours' walk; after ascending a steep ridge, through the rocky gorge *el Escalar*, a truly romantic site and severed from the world, all around the dell rise granite ranges, soaring into eternal snow, as this is one of the highest inhabited spots in the Pyrenees, being some 8500 feet above the sea. The place is deserted in winter, but in summer a decent French inn is opened by one Michel. The bathing accommodations are far from first rate: there are different springs and establishments, and according to ailment, you can resort to the *Higado*, *Estomago*, &c.: the *Casa de la Pradera* is the least bad; the season is from June to September; for an analysis of the waters consult '*Memoria*,' Francisco Xavier Cabanes, Mad., 1832. You can get from *Eaux Bonnes* to *Panticosa* on horseback.

There are several routes to France: one leads to *Eaux Bonnes*, is tolerable, and may be performed on foot in about 12 hours, but it will try a stout pedestrian: that to *Cauterez* by the desolate *Col de Marcadau*, which is usually preferred, is a wild and difficult ride of about 8 hours; you pass a series of lakes, near the first of which is a large rocking stone; in 2½ hours cross the crest of the Col, and descend in 1 hour to *Cauterez*, Lion d'Or, Hôtel de France; the scenery on the French side is magnificent, especially the *Lac de Goube* and the *Pont d'Espagne;* the lake is one of the most elevated in the Pyrenees, and abounds in trout: here the *Vipnemale* is seen in all its Alpine grandeur and solitude; the *Petit Pic* is said to be 11,000 feet above the sea, and has been ascended.

The best plan for seeing the *Pic du Midi*, and the group of mountains to the E. of *Canfranc*, is to avoid the *Spanish* side and to put up at Eaux Bonnes or Canterez in *France*, where fleshly comforts, cooks, guides, and donkeys abound. *Luz* will do well for *La Brecha de Rolan*, and *Gavarnie* for the *Cirque de Marboré*. In France these excursions are just as much the fashion as they are *not* among the incurious uncomfortable Spaniards (see 'Handbook for France,' R. 85).

Leaving *Panticosa*, a 2 hours' and steep ride leads to *Sallent*, the capital of the valley of *Tena*, and the seat of the Spanish *Aduana*. The *posada* is indifferent; consult '*Sallent Cabeza de el Valle*,' Leon Marton, 4to, Pamplona, 1750. There are several wild passes into France. The W., *Puerto de Formigal*, is the easiest of passage, as those by the *Cuello de Sova* and *La Forqueta* are fitter for smugglers and izzard-hunters. The route to Eaux Chaudes in France, by the valley of Ossau, is much frequented, and highly picturesque; ascend the course of the *Gallego* to the *Port d'Anéou;* the first

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house in France is called *la Case de Brousette*, and is a sort of governmental *Hospice*, built for the refuge of storm-lost travellers; afterwards turn amid rocks and firs off to the l. to the *Plateau de Bioux Artiques*, to enjoy the splendid view. The *Pico del Mediodia* soars magnificently; those who wish to ascend it will do well to take a French guide from *Gabàs*, which is the first hamlet in France, and the seat of *la douane*. It has a small *Cabaret* (see 'Handbook for France,' R. 83).

ROUTE 132.—JACA TO LA BRECHA DE ROLDAN.

Biescas	4	
Linas	3	.. 7
Broto	3	.. 10
Torla	2	.. 12
Venta de Bujaruelo	1½	.. 13½

Attend to the provend, and take a local guide; to *Biescas* see preceding route. *Broto*, a small hamlet of 300 souls, stands under the *Monte Perdido*, on the *Ara*, which flows down the wild valley; it has two difficult *puertos* into France, those of *Cerbillonar* and *Petrañeda*; continuing up the streamlet Cerbillonar to its junction with the Ara, about a L. N., is *Torla*, with 400 souls, and chief of the four *Vicos* or departments into which this district is divided; the forests are magnificent; the timber *sucs y ruilles* is floated down from these "Pyrenæi frondosa cacumina Montis" to Tortosa; this being a central point in these elevations, is much frequented in summer by shepherds, who drive their flocks to pastures averaging from 7000 to 9000 feet above the sea. The *Vignemale*, 10,330 feet, and *Monte Perdido*, 11,264 feet, each the highest mountain in their respective kingdoms, rise from this nucleus base. The precipices are the haunts of the izzard, and the lochs—*Ibones*—and streams abound in trout. The passage into France, by the *Port de Gavarnie*, is truly magnificent. In the *Escala* or ladder-pass into France, a band of 60 mountaineers surprised in 1510 the Comte de Foix, who was invading Arragon, in order to support Juan Albret of Navarre against Ferdinand the Catholic: they destroyed more than 2000 men, capturing men and baggage: it was a Roncesvalles on a smaller scale.

The *Venta de Bujaruelo* is miserable, while all around is sublimely alpine and picturesque, as we are now in the very heart of the grandest scenery of the Pyrenees; the Spanish side is by far the wildest and most abrupt. The *venta* is distant from *Torla* about 1½ L., being at the foot of the Three Sisters, *las Tres Sorellas*, or *Sorores*. The Three Sisters, that is the *Monte Perdido Cylindro*, and *Marboré*, 10,950 feet, form the central buttress of the Pyrenean range, and the point of dislocation: these mountains do not consist of one continuous line, but of two parallel ranges; the southern, which begins at the ocean, being some 30 m. in advance of the northern. Visit particularly *la Brecha de Roldan*: this mighty fissure in the mountain-wall, and a much-frequented smugglers' pass, can be seen from Huesca, and some say even from Zaragoza; it then appears only a small notch in the stony ridge, but when approached becomes a gigantic gate in the natural barrier, which rises more than 9500 feet above the sea; the formation is somewhat convex on the French side, and really, when beheld from afar, the barrier appears to be an artificial wall, to which that of China is the work of pigmies. It varies in height from 300 to 600 ft., and in thickness from 50 to 80; the breach is shaped like the square opening in the battlement of a frontier defence. This gap, in moments of storms, so frequent in these tempest-haunted heights, becomes truly terrific. Then, indeed, it is the portal of Æolus, or the narrow funnel through which the hurricanes that are checked by the mountains tear, sweeping everything away, and rendering impossible any attempt to pass through against them. Some have compared the gap to that in a jaw from whence a tooth has been extracted; this *Brecha*, according to authentic legends, was struck out by Orlando, the redoubtable paladin Roland; he with one blow of his trusty blade Durandal, thus opened a passage for his pursuit of the infidel, and his potent sword is still

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shown at Madrid; but the weapons made in those days far surpassed the fabrics of Toledo or Sheffield, and of such class was the sword of Paredes, with which, like the mace of the Persian Roostem, whole armies were kept at bay.

The descent into France by the *Cirque* (Hispanicè *Olla*) *de Gavarnie* is difficult. Those who wish to ascend the *Monte Perdido*, 11,168 ft. above the sea, are advised to do so from the French side, taking French guides. An active tourist may start from *Gedre*, gain the top, and return the same day. The best route is as follows: leaving Gedre, and its oasis in a rocky desert, make for *Chaos*, an appropriate name for a scene where chaos is come again. The *Cirque de Gavarnie*, at the head of the valley of *Lavedan*, is most romantic, and there is a small inn in the village. Visit the cataract of the *Gave de Pau*, and then proceed to the *Serrades*, or sheep pastures, under the glorious barrier of the *Marboré*, and thence to the *Brecha de Roldan;* the *Monte Perdido*, which is a secondary formation on primitive rock, and is now to be ascended by a series of terrace-like ridges. The summit was first reached in 1802 by Ramond, who was attended by one Rondo, a guide from *Gedre*, some of whose descendants yet live there, and are well acquainted with every step. Occasionally tourists sleep the first night at *Millaris*, a plain enclosed by the *Tres Sorellas;* and after the summit has been gained descend to the *Brecha de Roldan*, and thence by *Araguoet* and the beautiful valley of *Trumesaigues*, and so on to Viel.

You can walk from *Bujaruelo* to the baths of *Panticosa*, by the following route:—to *Torla* 2½ hours, *Fragin* 1, *Linas* ¾, *Jesera* 2½, *Viescas* 2, *Pueyo* 3, *Panticosa* ½, *Baths* 2½. Those who start from *Panticosa*, taking a local guide, may, by climbing the *Puerto de Bendenera*, reach in one long day either *Gavarnie*, or *Broto* and *Torla;* whereas the preceding route by *Viescas* requires 2 long days, and is far less interesting. Leaving *Panticosa*, in ascending, you pass on the rt. a precipitous mountain like the Balahalish end of Glencoe: the top of the *Puerto* is reached in 3½ h.; a descent of about the same time brings you to the poor venta of *Bujaruelo*. The scenery is grand, and improves on the road to *Torla*.

From *Bujaruelo* to *Gavarnie*, by the easy *puerto*, requires 3½ h.; so that a traveller in France might ride from Gavarnie to *Bujaruelo*. Go on for 1 h. towards *Torla*, see all the finest country, and return to *Gavarnie* the same day; or proceed from *Bujaruelo* to *Torla*, a very picturesque walk, in 2 h., passing after 2 m. a superb gorge; then ½ an hour on to *Broto*, and 4 more to *Fanlo*, a village at the back of the *Brecha de Roldan*, from the summit of which it is a descent of 5 h.; to the rt. one looks down into a vast tortuous ravine, hollowed out by the melted snow torrents which pour down from *Las Tres Sorellas*. Near the bottom is a dense mass of forest, the stronghold of the Bouquetin; the precipitous sides are covered with fir. Antonio Sanchez has a decent *fonda* at Fanlo, and is most anxious to please his guests; his charges for two good meals and bed are 1 dollar per day; the mutton is capital. Close to Fanlo is a narrow cleft in a rock, as if formed by an earthquake, through which a stream eats its way; ascend above and look down into this *Tujo*, and on the tops of the trees, for the river flows beneath, heard but not seen; however it may be descended to by means of a rope-ladder. To the E. of *Fanlo* the wild angular mountain *San Victorian* stands forth, and about 5 m. beyond rise tiers above tiers of dark wooded precipices; between these is one of the grandest ravines of the Pyrenees, which is best to be explored from *Nerin*, a village distant from *Fanlo* 1½ h. The Cura Don Joaquin Sanchon will entertain an Englishman for a dollar per day very well: he is a disciple of Isaac Walton, and a good guide, for which service he expects from 3 to 4 francs more a day. Here you may perhaps find the Bouquetin, the *Cabra montes*, and the *Izzard*, a small reddish variety of the chamois. From *Nerin* to the hamlet of *Cercuet* 1 h.; the little church is picturesque; ½ an h. more to the mountain shoulder,

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whence you gaze down on the splendid *Tujo*, or chasm hollowed out like a mighty vessel, while the curved strata resemble ribs; deep below boils the emerald-coloured *Billos*, a stream of melted snow, hemmed in by forests, and precipices piled on precipices up to the very sky. Descend to the river by a rude staircase path, into the primeval forest safe from the woodman's axe. The firs, ewes, oaks, beeches, birches, ashes, &c., are drawn up tall and thin in their search of air and light, while their elegant stems contrast with the rugged Salvator-Rosa-like rocks. The caves of the highest precipices are the haunts of eagles, who are always slowly wheeling about. An hour's scramble leads to the picturesque *Puente de Camac*, beyond which it is needless to proceed.

Every artist will make another day's excursion from *Nerin* to another Alpine bridge, which spans the precipices; crossing this to a chapel in a cave, descend to the bed of the river in the direction of the bridge: return to the bridge and ascend the opposite side to a natural arch of rock, amid a dislocated jumble of rocks called *la Tierra Mala*.

From *Fanlo* to *Vio* is 3 hours: 1 hour short of *Vio* the mountains to the E. are very grand. Breakfast at the house of Manuel Cereznela, who has eggs, wine, and bread; bring your mutton therefore from *Fanlo*. From *Vio* to *Escalona*, 3 hours; 1 hour short, you descend to the village *Pujarruebo*, whose cultivated slopes contrast with the barren *San Victorian;* at *Escalona* there is a quaint *Venta* and chapel under the same roof; however dirty and dear, it is much frequented by muleteers; the *Ventero*, however, is careless, and without a conscience—the nearer the church the farther from God. The sunset view of the mountains from the neighbouring fountain is glorious; hence into France by *Vielsa*, 6 hours. To the summit of the *Puerto de Vielsa*, 4 hours; to the l. as you ascend is a very fine cascade; 2 hours' descent lead to the French village *Le Plan;* thence through *Val d'Aure* to *Arreau*, 6 hours.

Another route from *Escalona* runs to the convent of *San Victorian*, on the *Peña Montañesa*, 3 hours of gentle ascent through the village *Espuñas*. This monastery is a nobly placed building, and contains some very ancient portions, although rudely constructed and crnelly modernised; here some of the early kings of Arragon are interred. When the property was appropriated by the Government, they allowed the abbot Don José Gonzalez y Marin to remain here to take care of the building: although he has never received a farthing of promised aid, or of his miserable stipend, the fine old monk entertains or entertained travellers, who pay their expenses. The cave of the tutelar, up in the precipices behind the convent, deserves a visit. From hence a dreary five hours leads to *Campo*, through a miserable, bare, slaty, crumbling, and arid district, which in winter is torn by torrents, and in summer burnt up. The clear stream flowing through *Campo*, and the vines trained to the houses, give an artistical character to this poverty-stricken village, in which, however, a bed and dinner are to be got. From Campo to *Venasque* is 6 hours. The first portion is inferior to the pass between *Bujaruelo* and *Forla*, and afterwards the country becomes tame.

From *Jaca* to *Huesca*, 14 L., the so-called road is sometimes a dry river bed, sometimes a mere track, winding up amid rocks shaggy with brushwood. It passes under the bold precipice *Peña de Ruel* to *Bermues*, 2 L., 2 hours' ride —then to *Azaniyo*, 2 L., to *Venta de Garroneta*, a lone house, prettily situated on the river Gallego—thence by *Loare* 2 L., *Bolea* 2 L., and the valley of the *Isuela* to Huesca 4 L.

ROUTE 133.—ZARAGOZA TO HUESCA.

Villanueva del Gallego	2	
Zuera	2	4
Venta de Violada	2	6
Almudevar	2	8
Huesca	3	11

There is a diligence, which is the *best*, because the most expeditious, means of getting over the treeless, uninteresting, and almost abandoned

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plains in some 8 hours; yet the soil is fertile and the climate favourable, and wherever irrigation is adopted the fruits of the earth abound. *La Hoya* or *La Huerta*, near Zuera, was doubtless, under the Moors, a garden, as the name implies. The Gallego is crossed soon after *Zuera*, and the road continues over the bald *Llano de Violada* to *Huesca*, Osca, which is pleasantly situated on the *Isuela*, and looks at a distance somewhat like a ship, with the cathedral tower for a mast. Inns: *El Parador de las Diligencias*, small but the best; *Posada de Narciso Brualla*, *de San Miguel*, and *San Francisco*. This ancient Arragonese city is seldom visited by foreigners, but may be taken by those going to the baths of *Panticosa*, as they will find a regular intercommunication in summer. *Broto* is distant 14 L. through *Solanilla* and *Vegua*. Those going to Barcelona may rejoin the high road (R. 129) by taking the diligence to *Barbastro*, 8 L. from *Huesca*, and thence 9½ more to *Lérida*.

Huesca, Pop. about 9000, situated in its rich plain or *Hoya*, on a sort of amphitheatre open to the N. It has a most ancient aspect, although only two of its 99 towers remain on the walls. Being out of the way it has escaped modern repairs and beautifyings, and contains vestiges of past pride and state. It is the chief town of its province, and the see of a bishop, suffragan to Zaragoza; it has a university, theatre, an *instituto*, and the usual establishments, being the residence of the local authorities. This decayed and decaying city is one of great antiquity: originally called Ileosca (Strabo, iii. 224), and the capital of the Vascitani, it was chosen by the *guerrillero* Sertorius as the seat of the university which he founded U.C. 677, ostensibly for the education of noble youths, but in reality to hold them as hostages of their fathers' allegiance. The unscrupulous Romans, unable to subdue him by fair fight, set a price on his head, as the French did on that of Mina and others, of whom he was a type. At last (U.C. 680) Metellus bribed Perpenna, one of the officers of Sertorius, to invite his chief to a banquet (compare Maroto, p. 956), where, when full of wine, he was murdered. On opening the will of his victim, the assassin was found to be largely remembered therein. Perpenna himself was soon after put to death by Pompeius (App. *B. C.* i. 700); all these *cosas de España* are according to genuine Iberian maxims, where the abstract treachery is approved of, but the base agent, when used, is not. *La traicion aplace, pero no él que la hace.*

Huesca, under Sertorius, grew to be an important place, insomuch that Plutarch (in Vit. Sert.) calls it "a great city." It became a municipium under the Romans, by name "Osca Urbs Victrix," and had a mint, with a numerous coinage. See Florez, 'Med.' ii. 513. The *Nummi Oscenses* of which such quantities are mentioned by Livy as sent to Rome by the plundering and contribution-levying marshals, have often been referred, but erroneously, to this town, the word *oscenses* simply meaning *Spanish*. Huesca not only produced coins, but coin-collectors, as here lived the famous *Vincencio Juan de Lastanosa*. He published a curious catalogue of his cabinet, '*Musco de las Medallas desconocidas*,' 4to., Huesca, 1645, which is enriched with etchings: for an account of the author see p. 295 of the charming '*Voyage d'Espagne*,' Elzevir, à Cologne, 1667; or p. 201 of the English translation printed for Herringman, London, 1673 (see post, p. 936).

Huesca glories in having given birth to San Lorenzo, of gridiron and Escorial celebrity, but this honour is hotly disputed by *Huescar*. The rival pretensions are set forth in '*Defensa de la Patria de San Lorenzo*,' J. F. Andres de Ustaroz, Zar., 4to. 1638; and '*Monumento de Santos Martyres*,' &c., Huesca, 8vo. 1644; and in '*Defensa de la Tradicion*,' Juan Aguas, Zar. 4to. 1677. The better opinion, in which we coincide, assigns the honour to this Huesca.

Roman *Osca* was destroyed by the Moors, and, whenever excavations are made, buried fragments of antiquity

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turn up, which are either used up as old stones for building materials, or reinterred as rubbish. The Moors rebuilt the place after their fashion, and it became the capital of a sort of independent half-Berber tribe, who, placed between two fires, sided alternately with the French and Cordovese, hating both equally, and only using them for their own local and selfish purposes, and then abusing and ill-treating them. Thus Amoroz, its celebrated Emir, called in the aid of Charlemagne against the Kalif of Cordova, and then refused to admit his allies into the place. For the other treacheries, assassinations, &c., of this Hispano-Oriental chief, see Reinaud, '*Invas. des Sarrasins*,' 119.

Huesca was recovered by the Christians November 25, 1096, after a siege of two years and a defence of Numantian and Arragonese obstinacy, and, like Jaca, it bears for its arms the heads of four Moorish kings—shiekhs, who were then killed, with the addition of a cross which appeared miraculously in the air. Consult, however, chapter 13, '*Fundacion y Excellencias de Huesca*,' Francisco Diego de Aynsa y Iriarte, fol., Huesca, 1619, and 8vo., 1644, a curious local book.

Huesca, a very fine specimen of an old Arragonese city, looks nobly from the outside with its cathedral spire and pinnacles, and fringed with poplar alamedas, solidly built, and picturesque. The chief street, the fashionable lounge as at Zaragoza, is called *El Coso*. The town is cheap, and well supplied with the products of hill and plains, or the *Campos*, which are irrigated by the rivers *Flumen* and *Isuela*. The hydraulist should visit the grand reservoir of *Pantano*, near *Arquis*, 4 L. N. of Huesca, where the *Isuela* is dammed up in a gorge by a stupendous wall, built by Francisco Artigas.

The see of Huesca, which dates from the 6th century, was restored in 1096 by Pedro I. The beautiful Gothic cathedral was built in excellent masonry, by Juan de Olotzaga, a Biscayan, in 1400. It is well placed on its plaza, *el Aseo*, where so many fine buildings are grouped; the Bishop's palace, the Prison, and the Casa del Ayuntamiento with its miradores and open gallery. The grand entrance is studded with rows of statues of apostles, &c.; below are many larger than life, and above, many more smaller ones, in niches. Above the portal the Virgin occupies the position of chief honour, and on the sides are the Adoration of Kings, and the Saviour appearing to the Magdalen. Higher up, under a sort of canopy, is a model of the cathedral as it was originally designed by Olotzaga: the interior is simple, with three naves. Visit the chapel of the *Lastanozas*, erected by the coin collector of that family: observe the full-length portraits of himself and brother, a canon; as the light is bad, get tapers; Don Vincencio lies clad in armour, as engraved in his book: the epitaphs on the two marble sarcophagi below, were written by himself; observe the *retablo* of black marble, with twisted columns and *pietre dure*. The alabaster grand *retablo*, one of the finest things in Arragon, is the masterpiece of Damian Forment: begun in 1520, it was not finished until 1533, tantæ molis erat! This Cellini-like, most cinque-cento work is divided into three partitions. Observe the Passion of the Saviour, carved in full relief, and the medallion portraits of the artist and his wife. Going into the ruined cloister to the l., is a damaged *retablo* of his school, brought from the Convent of Monte de Aragon, and also some pictures of St. Jerome, by Zaran Martinez: also there is the monument of one of Damian's pupils, Pedro Muñoz, put up by his master in 1522. The rich vessels of silver and gold were mostly carried off by the invaders; a silver Custodia has escaped, it is about 4 feet high in the Græco Romano style, and was made by Josef de Velazquez of Pamplona, 1601. Ascend the belfry tower, for the panoramic view is glorious.

Huesca was the Salamanca of Arragon. The modern university, which in reference to the ancient one, bears the name of *Sertorio*, was founded in 1354, by Pedro IV. The edifice, has a florid door way, and a pretty octagon

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patio with doric pillars; there are some poor portraits: observe, however, on staircase that of a full-length canon, Dolz de Castellar, 1640, now left to rot. The library, an unmolested unfrequented room, is at the end of a hall: you clamber up to the doors some 2 or 3 feet above the flooring. The *Colegio de Santiago*, founded by Charles V., a picturesque building, groups well with the cathedral and manor house: it contains some bad pictures, brought from the suppressed convents: the college of *San Vicente*, by Jayme Callen, was founded in 1587, and the *Seminario* or *Santa Cruz* in 1580. The schools, libraries, &c., ravaged by the invaders during the war, have never recovered.

Next visit the ancient *Palacio de los Reyes de Aragon*, built into Santiago, and now a college; descend into the vault called *la Campana*, the "bell," from the following classical and Spanish event. In the year 1136 King Ramiro II., being thwarted by his turbulent aristocracy, consulted Frotardo, abbot of San Pedro de Tomeras; the learned priest, who either had read Ovid's 'Fasti' (ii. 704), or possessed naturally a Tarquinian instinct, was walking in his garden when the royal messenger arrived, and simply by way of answer, cut off with his stick the tallest cabbages. Ramiro thereupon summoned his grandees to consult on the casting a bell, which should be heard all over Arragon; and as each man arrived singly, he cut off his head, casting the bodies into the vault; they were afterwards taken out, and buried in *San Juan de Jerusalem*, a very curious old church, which once belonged to the Templars, some of whose sepulchres exist, or existed, for the pile has been pulled down for a *Plaza de Toros!* Abarca (i. 190) questions this bell massacre: see, however, Mariana (x. 16) and '*Mem. Acad. Hist.*' iii. 508.

The architect may also look into the parish church of *San Pedro*, and at the houses of the Conde de Guara and the Abarcas: the *patios* are here called *Lunas*. The church of *San Pedro*, said to have been Musarabic, and of the time of the Goths, with its truncated sexagon tower, ancient cloister and tombs, may be examined.

Near *Huesca* are two remarkable monasteries: one, the *Ermita de San Miguel de Foces*, contains some most ancient tombs, with singular arched work, and early paintings of a Byzantine style, which, long doomed to neglect, will soon be reckoned among the things that were; the other, the *Monasterio real*, is placed at *Monte Aragon*, 1 L. from Huesca. Here, in a crypt, is the simple but very singular tomb of Alonso el Batallador: the engrailed arches deserve notice.

ROUTE 134.— ZARAGOZA TO GISTAIN.

Villamayor	1½	
Perdiguera	2 ..	3½
Lerimeña	1 ..	4½
Alcubierre	2 ..	6½
Poliñino	2½ ..	9
Venta de Vallerias	2½ ..	11½
Berbegal	2½ ..	14
Barbastro	2½ ..	16½
Naval	4 ..	20½
Aiusa	6 ..	26½
Puertolas	3 ..	29½
Gistain	3 ..	32½

The first portion of this route runs over the dreary plains of the desert of Arragon. Passing *Perdiguera*, to the E. rises the *Monte Oscuro*. At *Lerimeña* the *Guerrillero* Mina overtook General Paris, who had evacuated Zaragoza July 8th, 1813, on the first news of the battle of Vitoria; but his progress was impeded by the accumulated plunder; and here again, like the Aurum Tolosanum of old, the crime entailed its punishment, and brought a just judgment on this Paris. Compare p. 233. (Toreno xxii.)

Poliñino is placed near the *Flumen*, which comes down from the hills; next the *Alcanadre* is crossed, which, just above *Huerta*, has been joined by the *Guatizalesma*, Arabicè "the river of the tribe of Zelem;" and both are excellent fishing rivers. *Barbastro*, Posada *Bazas*, kept by a Frenchman, pop. about 7000, is placed on the *Vero*, which intersects it. This ancient city is the see of a cathedral, with a fine *retablo*, in the style of Damian Forment,

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which contains some paintings by Antonio Galceran, 1588. This starving mediæval town, contains vestiges of past prosperity; it continues to hate its neighbour *Huesca*, and to struggle for the honour of being the capital of the province. Consult '*Ordinaciones de Barbastro, Cabezo*,' 4to. Zar. 1657.

The road now turns N., with the *Cinca* flowing to the E., which is joined by the *Ara* at *Aisa*, an ancient town, and once the court of the kings of *Sobrarbe*, some remains of whose *Alcazar* yet exist. The church is collegiate. About 1¼ mile distant is the cross of Sobrarbe, placed on a stone shaft, which imitates the trunk of a tree, and is canopied by a Doric cupola. This marks the site where Garcia Ximenez Ennequez, or Iniguez, fastened a cross on an oak as his battle standard, when he defeated the Moors about the year 750, and founded the kingdom of Sobrarbe, taking for its arms, "or, a cross gules, on an oak vert." 7 L. from Barbastro, is one of the oldest monasteries in Spain, San Victorian, now suppressed, but the Byzantine chapel and cloisters deserve a visit (see p. 934).

Now we quit the plains, and enter into the Pyrenean spurs. *Puertolas* stands in a narrow valley, watered by the *Bellos*, while on each side ridges divide it from the valleys of *Vio* and *Vielsa*; a communication with the latter is carried by the wild pass *el Portillo de Tella*, and thence to the French frontier, by the *Puerto de Folqueta*, and on to Arreau.

Gistain, on the *Cinqueta*, is the chief village of the valley *Gistan*, which is intersected by the spurs of the *Barbachina*. Here are some celebrated cobalt-mines: a fragment of one was originally discovered by a peasant, and taken to Zaragoza, whence, as none could tell what it was, it was sent to Germany to be analysed. The assayer, however, kept his secret, came in person and persuaded the peasant to sue for a licence to work the mine, as if being a lead one, and then purchased it all, sending some 600 quintals a-year to Strasbourg until the fraud was discovered.

Gistain has several communications with France by the *Puerto de la Madera*, the *Aura de Plan*, and by *La Pez*, which is 9930 feet high, and practicable only for foot passengers. *La Clarabida* is still wilder and is often blocked up with snow. Up in heights on the French side is a singular tunnel, which was cut in order to convey the Spanish pine-timber of *Gistan* into the *Val de Louron*. The mountains in this locality are superb, as the *Monte Perdido* rises to the l. of *Vielsa*, while the *Maladeta* soars to the r., over *Benasque*.

You had better put up at Bagneres de Luchon; 8 hours to Benasque; 3 to Port Castanese; hence to Vitalles 6½, 4 to the Hospice, 1½ to the Port of Viella, 2½ to Viella.

The beautiful valley of *Benasque* is 7 L. in length, and 18 L. in circumference, and is bounded to the W. by that of *Gistan*, and to the E. by that of *Aran*, with which it communicates by the *Puerta de la Picada*, and is separated by the river *Rivagorzana*. It contains several mineral springs, of which little use is made; one near the *Pueblo del Barranco*, and called *de los Padellasos*, is cold and ferruginous. There is also a silver-mine in the hill, or the *col de Toro*, and others of copper and coal, but all are much neglected. **Benasque*, Vercelia, the capital, contains 1000 inhab., and is situated on the Esera, about 3829 feet above the sea-level. It has two parish churches, one of a Romanesque style, a small picturesque castle, and some Prout-like old houses: the place was cruelly sacked by the French in 1809. There are many wild Alpine communications with France, of which the *Puerto de Benasque* is the easiest, and ladies may be carried across in *literas*, or portable chairs. The route ascends the Esera, and passing through a woody slope reaches a valley with a waterfall to the l. The *camino real*, as this royal mule-track is called, winds on through a rocky scene to the *Baños de San Roque*, which are only used by peasants, ascending continually until it reaches the *Hospitalet*, 5542 ft. above the sea, which affords an imperfect

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shelter from the winds and cold. Now the *Maladeta* rises in all its "glorious horrors," and denuded masses, to the height of 11,424 ft.; but its apparent elevation is diminished, like that of the Sierras of Central Spain, from its being a mountain rising out of a mountain base: the highest peak ever ascended is the *Puig de Nethou*. Maladeta is called the *accursed*, because, devoid itself of pasturage, it severs the valleys of *Benasque* and *Aran*, thus cutting off their natural inter-communication. This skeleton of a mountain, which is a fine *subject* for the naturalist who wishes to investigate Alpine conformation and development, is an offset from the great dorsal chain. The *Puerto* is cut through the *Peña Blanca*, 7917 ft. high, and in storms the mighty winds rush fearfully through the funnel fissures, while in the depths below the Esera springs and tumbles into the lake *del Toro*, from whence, after a short underground course, it re-emerges near the *Hospitalet*.

The *Maladeta* rises in Spain, as the boundary between France here makes an angle inwards N., and including the *Valle de Aran*, which, if the flow of waters had been taken as a geographical demarkation, ought to have belonged to France. Here, again, is the point of dislocation in the two great ranges of the Pyrenees. From the *Puerto* we descend to Bagneres de Luchon. A zigzag staircase track leads to a stone hut, the *Hospice de France*, but the hospitality is nothing particular. For the frozen Lochs and Glaciers, *sern-helles*, see 'Handbook for France,' Route 87.

To the l. of Benasque rises the *Puerto d'Oo*, which leads to the village of Oo in France. The pass is 9850 ft. above the sea, and is extremely wild and difficult, being chiefly used by smugglers. It however is full of interest, especially on the French side, where are the lakes or tarns of *Seculejo* set deeply in their mountain-frames; observe the frozen loch *La Sehl de la Vaque*. The valley of Lys is a miniature Arcadia, while the gorge of *Esquierry* is celebrated for its flowers and botany; nor can anything be more pastoral than the valley of *Lasto*. All these localities, however, will be best visited from Bagneres de Luchon.

The communications with Aran are carried under the *Pena Blanca*, and behind the *Maladeta;* they break off to the E. by the *Puerto de la Picada* which is 7872 ft. high, and is so called from a rock-like obelisk. This route communicates also with the Hospice de France; and thus in a few hours the traveller may pass from France into Arragon, and return through part of Catalonia. Another longer, but easier track, leads to Aran, which winds under the apple-headed *Pomeron*, and is very wild, and varied with lakes, torrents, and cascades. It descends through the woods of *Balicun* to *Vielsa*, which is the chief place of the *Valle de Aran*. Consult '*Relacion del Nombre, &c., del Valle de Aran*,' Juan Fr. Garcia Tolva, 4to. Huesca, 1613, 8vo., Barc. 1640, or the Madr. ed., 8vo., 1793; also '*Privilegios Franques, &c., de la Valle de Aran*,' 8vo., Barcelona, 1640.

This beautiful valley lies as it were a shell encompassed by the spurs of the *Maladeta*. It is some 7 L. long, by 6 L. wide, and belongs to the bishopric of Urgel. Damp and cold in winter, it is hot in summer, being exposed to the S. Here again, if the fall of waters were to be taken as an indication of boundary, this corner should belong to France, as indeed it once did before it passed by marriage in 1192 to Arragon. It abounds in fine woods that fringe the Garona, which rises in this valley. The rivers which run into Spain are the *Noguera*, *Ribagorzana*, which separates Aran from Benasque, and the *Pallaresa*, a tributary of the *Segre*, which rises near the *Puerto de Pallas* and runs into the *Valle de Esterri*. A ridge of hills divides the two valleys, and is passed by the *Puerto de Caldas* or *Bonagnia*. These *Cordilleras* are continuations of the Spurs of the Maladeta, and wall out the Aran from Spain. The communications in winter are much blocked up by snow, and many lives are lost, from the necessity of crossing them for supplies. A good central road over

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the Pyrenees is much wanted; it has been suggested to tunnel the *Roca de Toro*.

Vielsa, where there is a tolerable *posada*, is the chief place; pop. about 800. The *Garona* rises from many sources, especially under the *Montgarri*; many other springs, which are fed by the glaciers of the *Maladeta*, ooze out of their rocky pores: some again disappear for a time among the broken rocks, and then burst up anew; hence they are called the *Quell*, the *Eyes*, *los Ojos de la Garona* (compare those of *la Guadiana*, p. 243). The chief communications with France are to the E. by the *Puerto de las Aulas*, which leads to *Castillon* and St. Girons. Another, which passes to *San Beat*, follows the *Garona* by *Castel Leon*, which the French ruined, and by *Les*, an ancient barony, with a dismantled castle of Roman foundation, where are some mineral baths: advancing, the rocks narrow in, and a wooden bridge over a tributary of the *Garona*, and called *El puente del Rey*, separates the two kingdoms.

The communication with the *Valle de Luchon* passes over the *Portillon*, and commands glorious views. The usual excursion made from *Bagneres de Luchon* into Spain may be just described. Leaving Luchon, a 2 hours' ride up the Pique river leads to the *Hospital*, a stone shealing for the custom-house preventive guard. The views of the two gorges or chief passes, the *Port de Picade* and *Port de Venasque*, are superb; the latter almost appears like an artificial slit in a wall of mountain rock. The *Maladeta* rises in a huge sugar-loaf form, with all its dark crest emerging from a mantle of snow and glaciers: its real height is however greater than the apparent, for it is seen from elevated ground. The *Pic de Nethou* is some 10,050 ft. high; but the highest summit has never yet been reached, yet it might be accomplished in August. Now descend to the basin, and cross the *Port de Pomeron*; near it the *Port de Picade* leads back again to Luchon. Continue, however, to the valley of *Artigue Telline*, which is in Spain: observe the *Trou de Toro*, or gulf of dissolved glacier-water. Next thread the pastoral valley after passing the waters which reappear from the *Trou* after their subterraneous course; a noble forest leads to the *Trou de Geneou*, from whence the waters gush out as over a river. The scenery on to *Bosorte* is truly Ruisdael-like; down this stream timber and logs, *sucs y ruilles*, are floated into France, to be sawed into planks at the mills of Foz and St. Beat, which latter place is remarkable for its marbles. The waste of these noble forests is scandalous: hence to miserable *Bosorte*, and crossing the Pont du Roi, back again into France. Thus by this valley of *Aran* Spain has a ready approach into her neighbour's territory.

The following rather longer Spanish excursion may be made from *Bagneres de Luchon* to *Benasque* and back again. Passing through the beech woods, reach the French *Hospice* at the foot of the *puerto* in 2½ hours; and gain in 2½ hours the heights, enjoying splendid views of the *Maladeta*, with its rampant lines of precipices. Thence in 1 hour into Spain, to the vile *posada* at the *hospitalet*. Observe three singular cone-like pinnacles. There are some sulphur-baths in an isolated house. Hence in 3 hours to *Benasque*, with its castle on a mound at the head of the river. Now strike to *Vitalles*, passing the village of *Sarli* and mountain of *Castaneze*, where the botany is remarkable. In 3 hours you reach the dreary *Puerto*; and thence descend over green hills and into the romantic defile of *Castaneze*, 4 hours; and then in 2½ to *Vitalles*, having now entered Catalonia. Hence to *Viella*, striking N. up a *rambla* or valley, hedged by bold barren mountains, to the village of *Anatou*. The scenery is a superb jumble of rock and forest, and the haunt of bears and bouquetins. In 4 hours you reach the *hospice* in its park-like *Vega*, and thence ascend the *Port de Viella*, an austere tremendous pass of 8300 ft. high, where the glaciers of *Maladeta* contrast with the plains of Catalonia; thence descending into the village-studded valley of Aran to *Viella*, in a funnel of the hills. The

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beech woods of *Baracoude* and valley of *Joncou* are charming. Visit the *Ojos de la Garona;* and quitting the road to Luchon, ascend the valley to the *Hospice de Artique Telline*, where you can sleep: the valley is delicious. Having examined the gushing streams and beech woods, ascend to *Artique de Pomairo* in its green mountain basin. On leaving the valley, pass through *Las Bordas*, *Castel Leon*, and over the wooded heights of the Port de Portillon to Bagneres de Luchon.

The Pyrenean districts are the cream of Arragon. The traveller is earnestly advised to avoid all the tract of country between Zaragoza, Burgo de Osma, Logroño, and Tudela, as the towns are poor, and devoid alike of social or artificial interest, while the wearisome plains are inhabited by a backward, uninteresting peasantry.

ROUTE 135.—ZARAGOZA TO TUDELA.

Las Casetas	2	
Alagon	2	4
Cabañas	1	5
Pedrola	1	6
Mallen	3	9
Cortes	1	10
Tudela	4	14

There is also a passage-boat by the canal: the vessels are long and narrow, and are drawn by mules at about four miles an hour. You embark at *Casablanca*. A halt is sometimes made at *Gallur*, half-way, where there is a *posada*. Thence to *El Bocal*, which is four miles from Tudela, to which omnibuses are always ready to convey passengers. The voyage is usually performed in about eleven hours, and in fine weather is not disagreeable. There is a *table d'hôte* on board. The *Palacio imperial*, however grand the name, is not worth visiting. *La obra*, or "the work" for letting out the waters, may interest the hydraulist. The length of the canal is about 40 miles, and it comes within a few miles of Tudela. The water-hatches generally are named after saints, like the wine-vaults at Xerez, or salt-pans in the *Isla*. The irrigation about *Gallur* is well conducted. The castle of the Duke, at which Don Quixote was so well received, is said to be near *Predrola*, and the scene of the enchanted bark is laid near *Boquiñen*, 7 L. from Zaragoza.

The Navarese company runs diligences to Tudela, and thence to Bayonne by Pamplona. The road follows between the lines of the canal and the Ebro, but the country is uninteresting. At *Alagon*, June 14, 1808, Lefebvre Desnouettes routed Palafox, as completely and as easily as he had the day before defeated his brother at *Mallen*, the worthy pair in both instances being the first to set an example of flight to their unfortunate troops. Consult '*Antigüedades de Mallen*,' Juan Andres de Uztaroz, 4to., Zar. 1641.

Soon the frontier of Navarre is crossed, in which kingdom *Cortes* is situated. Near *Tudela*, Castaños, La Peña, and Cartoajal had united their armies, and were *talking* of invading France; but when Lefebvre and Maurice Mathieu advanced, Nov. 23, 1808, they ran before the enemy could get near them; nor did the hero of Bailen halt until he reached Calatayud; and had Ney used the commonest expedition in his pursuit, instead of delaying to plunder, not a man would have escaped.

Tudela, Tutela, although lying low, is situated on an angle formed by the *Ebro* and the *Queyles*. The diligence *Parador* is good; the *Cuatro Naciones* large and tolerable. Here the Ebro is crossed by a long, level, most venerable, fortified stone bridge; the arches differ in style and size. The bridge was once defended by three towers, which the city still bears on its shield, enclosed with the chains of Navarre. Tudela, pop. 8000, is a dull town, the streets narrow, the houses solidly built and lofty: there is a good plaza, and some pleasant walks near the river, and vestiges of former fortifications and of departed greatness.

Tudela was taken from the Moors in 1114 by Alonso I. The ancient interesting Gothic collegiate church was raised to be a see in 1783: observe a very fine portal with curious bas-reliefs of biblical subjects, in eight rows of small figures—the beatitudes

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of the blessed, the sufferings of the damned. The interior is fine and lofty: observe two tombs of black marble under an elaborate canopy, and also an ancient painted retablo: observe the tomb of *Sancho el Fuerte*, and the chain broken at *Las Navas de Tolosa*; the curious old cloister contains Byzantine work; notice the curious single and double shafts, the clustered groups of figures, and the cruel white-wash. The river is celebrated for its sturgeons, and eels, and its island *Mejana* for fruit. Tudela is the birth-place of the learned Jew Benjamin, who travelled from 1159 to 1173, and wrote down what he saw and heard: his works have been translated into Latin by Arias Montano. His Itinerary has been translated into English (2 vols., 1840), with excellent notes and essays, by A. Asher, a learned Hebrew of Berlin. Tudela was a great mediæval authority.

For details of the city consult '*Propugnaculo historico; Tudela Ilustrada*,' Conchillos, 4to., Zar. 1666. This town is the central point of many branch roads.

ROUTE 136.—TUDELA TO SORIA AND ARANDA DE DUERO.

Cascante	2	
Tarazona	2 ..	4
Agreda	4 ..	8
Aldea del Pozo	4 ..	12
Fuen Sanco	2 ..	14
Soria	2 ..	16
Villa Cuervos	3 ..	19
Val de Albillo	4 ..	23
Burgo de Osma	3 ..	26
Osma	½ ..	26½
San Esteban de Gormaz	1½ ..	28
Langa	3 ..	31
Padecondes	2½ ..	33½
Aranda	2 ..	35½

Cascante, Cascantum, hangs over the Queyles, which has two bridges; Pop. 3500. The church, dedicated to the Assumption of the Virgin, was built in 1476 by Luiz de Gramondi and Anton Albizturiz; the *retablo*, which is one of the few fine things in these parts, was carved in 1596 by Pedro Gonzalez de San Pedro and Ambrosio de Vengochea; the three divisions contain subjects from the Virgin's life; her assumption is by Ancheta. Observe the Holy Rood, and the statues of St. Peter, St. Paul, and the Magdalen. The *Sagrario* is enriched with the mysteries of the Passion. A pleasant walk under a covered way leads up to an old church, also sacred to *La Santisima Maria*, in which is an image called *La Virgen del Romero*, to which "High Place" pilgrimages are made. In Cascante is a mineral spring, which is beneficial in visceral complaints, notwithstanding its ill-omened name, La Fuente del *Matador*.

Tarazona, Turiaso, is a fine old town, rising over a wind-blown plain, and exposed to the blasts of the bleak *Moncayo* in front, and to the Pyrenees behind: the trough of the Ebro is often misty and foggy: the general views, however, of the river, backed by the pile of buildings, is fine. Here, in olden times, a handful of disciplined Romans routed a Celtiberian army, led by incompetent chiefs (Livy, xv. 51), as easily as the French did in our own times. Turiaso became a municipium under the conquerors: protected by the Goths, it was celebrated for its steel. It is now the see of a bishop suffragan to Zaragoza, and has a Gothic cathedral. The cathedral has a slim spire of brick, worked in patterns; a sadly-modernised portal, and a good cloister. The façade of the town-house on the Plaza is enriched with elaborate basso-relievos of martial processions. The bishop's palace, *Alcazar de Hercules*, has a grand sala, a patio, and gallery with episcopal portraits. *Tarazona* has a Moorish *alcazar*, two old bridges over the Queyles, and a picturesque wear or *Azuda*. Pop. about 6000, and chiefly pastoral and agricultural. Consult '*Gloria de Tarazona*,' 4to. Mad. 1708, a book much attacked by Moret and others; also the Life of its Tutelar, '*Vida de San Prudencio*,' Bernardo Ibanez de Echevarri, 4to. Victoria, 1753.

A broken country, through which the new road is to pass, leads to *Agreda*, Græcubis, a town also placed on the Queyles, crossed by a fine bridge of

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one arch. It is not very *agradable*, being much exposed to the Moncayo: pop. about 3500. The river here is carried under ground as at Granada, with the *plaza*, a fountain, and the *casas consistoriales* over it. The view up the river is fine, with the group formed by the Episcopal palace, church, perpendicular rocks, &c. Notice the front of the *Casa del Ayuntamiento*, on the Plaza, with elaborate bassi-relievi, martial processions, &c. The cathedral rises with a slim spire, and is remarkable for a battlemented balustrade of enriched brick-work: observe the fine front of the high altar and the cloisters. Observe the mansions of the Ayamonte and Velamazan families. Agreda vies with Avila in its sainted *Maria de Jesus:* she was abbess of the convent here of "The Immaculate Conception," where the MS. of her '*Mystica Ciudad de Dios*' is held in veneration in spite of the censure of the Sorbonne. Her biography, by Jos. Xim. Samaniego, 4to. Mad. 1720, is rich and rare. See also Geddes, '*Tracts*' (ed. London, 1730), vol. iii. p. 141.

Now the traveller has re-entered the bald regions of Old Castile, and the best thing is to get out of them again as quickly as possible. *Soria*, which calls itself Numantia, thus filching the honours of others, is the chief town of its denuded province, and was ceded to Castile by Arragon in 1136. The city is very ancient, and is still surrounded with its walls, which were raised in 1290, and are well preserved. *Soria* was given by Pedro the Cruel to the famous Talbot in reward for services, but our stout warrior never could obtain possession: compare the treatment of Du Quesclin, p. 824. To the E. rises the *Alcazar*, once a strong castle, but now a ruin. *Soria* lies low, and is placed on the Duero, with a fine bridge, pop. about 5000; it is a dull place, inhabited by agriculturists. The Doric balustraded house of the *Conde de Gomara* may be looked at. The climate is cold, and the environs are rugged. Among the rocks is placed a celebrated sanctuary dedicated to *San Saturio*, the local tutelar. The wide *valdios y dehesas*, especially the common of *Valdonsadero*, are grazed by hungry flocks, which produce much and excellent wool. The corn plains are very fertile, and the pastures maintain a dairy, the butter of which, celebrated in Spain, is to our tastes rank and ill-flavoured. Coal-beds exist near *Oblega* and *Prejano*. Soria is 34 L. from Madrid, and a new road is contemplated which is to run by Pamplona to France. For local details consult vols. xx. and xxi. of the '*Memorias Politicas*,' by Eugenio Larruga, and '*Compendio Historial*,' Pedro Tutor y Melo, 4to., Soria, 1690. Soria was dreadfully sacked in 1808 by Ney, who, allured by plunder, forgot his military duties, and thus allowed Castaños and a remnant of the Spanish forces to escape (Pen. Camp., i. 387).

Numantia, of classical fame, is said to lie near the *Puente de Garray*, 1¼ L. N. of Soria; but all this is mere conjecture, as the terrorist Romans passed a ploughshare over the site of a city which defied their arms. Fragments of antiquity are occasionally found and destroyed: thus, in 1825, a most curious silver chain was melted by the Curate into a bit of church-plate. The character of the present natives remains unchanged; they, like the Arragonese and Zaragozans, are distinguished for obstinacy, endurance of privations, and a dogged resistance to the yoke of a foreign invader. Here, at all events read the tragedy by Cervantes, which comes nearer to Æschylus than most modern ones do. A full account of the siege by *Scipio*, and of the general antiquities of these localities will be found in the 3rd Book of the '*Compendio Historial:*' where those curious to see the miracles worked by Spanish saints on Spanish stews, she foxes, and fowls, may turn to p. 408.

From Soria there is a bridle road to *Logroño*. The localities to the N.W. abound in immemorial pine forests, *Los pinares de Soria*, which rival those at Cuenca, and produced the fine material which the chisels of Juni and Hernandez converted into such splendid forms of art and religion.

Passing a dreary country, we reach

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Osma, Oxoma, another of these decayed agricultural towns: population under 1000. Once of great importance, being a frontier city, it was taken from the Moors in 746 by Alonso II. of Leon and destroyed: rebuilt in 938, by Gonzalo Tellez, and fortified in 1019 by Sancho Garcia, Count of Castile, it stands on a slope above the Ucero and Albion, tributaries of the Duero; but the Roman city was placed on the hill, and some traces of their buildings yet remain. The cathedral was erected in 1232 by Juan, chancellor of St. Ferdinand. The ancient part is curious; observe the entrances, with saints and figures, delicate work and overhanging frieze, also the battlements and balustrades; inside there is a good pulpit, and in a chapel to the N. 16 interesting paintings representing subjects connected with the Virgin. The *Capilla mayor* is very grand, and the *retablo* and *trascoro* were excellently carved in 1556 by Juan de Juni, with incidents connected with the passion of Christ. The superb *reja* was wrought in 1505 by Juan Frances, and at the cost of the princely primate of Toledo, Alonso de Fonseca. The façade, tower, and *sacristia* of this interesting cathedral were unfortunately "beautified" in the last century by Juan de Sagarvinaga; then too was raised the *Capilla de Palafox*, designed by the commonplace Sabatini; the ecclesiologist should examine the exterior to the S. and W. and the fine spacious cloister. Consult for *Osma*, Florez, '*Esp. Sag.*' vii. 265; the account in the 2nd vol. of Canon Loperraez, and '*El Teatro Ecclesiastico de Osma*,' by Gil Gonzalez; '*Descripcion Historica del Obispado de Osma*,' with portrait, J. L. Corvalan, 3 vols., 4to., Madr. 1788. The ancient city of Clunia lay about 5 L. west of *Osma*, at the hamlet of *Coruna el Conde*, so called because refounded by the *Conde* Gonzalo Fernandez, A.D., 942. And here, as at *Peñalva*, are some few ill-treated remains of antiquity. The old theatre, however, being cut in the rock, has resisted the farmer and builder. *Osma* lies 13 L. from *Sigüenza*, and 9½ from *Aranda de Duero*, and nothing can be more uninteresting than the intervening country.

The ferocious Inquisidor St. Domenick, here called El *Santo* Domingo, was born at Calavega, near Osma, Aug. 4, 1060; his mother previously dreamt that she was pregnant of a dog with a torch in his mouth, a symbol that the order of Dominicans, which, he was destined to found, should, as *Domini canes*, hunt heretics to hell; the blazing implement of the Furies alluded, it is interpreted, not to the furnaces of the *holy* tribunal, but to the eloquence of these preachers, whose sermons were to enlighten the world. The godmother of the babe next saw a star on his forehead at his baptism, and his nurse was scared by bees which clustered round his mouth. Dominick rose to be a canon of *Osma*, and at thirty became an itinerant preacher. One of his first miracles was performed with his rosary on Sancha, queen of France, who, previously barren, now became the mother of St. Louis. He was afterwards commissioned by the Pope and French king to deliver them from the Albigenses, Protestants; and thus, by the aid of the bloody Simon de Montfort, "100,000 lost souls were converted," 20,000 persons being killed at Moruel alone. See, however, for his feats and miracles, Ribadeneyra (ii. 424), and for his family descent, '*Disertacion —del Santisimo Patriarcha*,' Lorenzo Roberto de la Linde, 4to. Sevilla, 1740; '*De Gusmana stirpe*,' A. Bremond, 4to. Rome, 1740. See also '*Vida de San Domingo de Guzman*,' F. de Posadas, 4to. Mad., 1721. The best work on the Dominican order and its founder is the '*Historia general*,' F°. de Cartillo, 2 vols. folio. Vol. 1, Mad. 1584. Vol. 2, Valladolid, 1592, where the work was reprinted in 2 vols, 1612.

ROUTE 137.—TUDELA TO LOGROÑO.

Alfaro	3	
Aldea Nueva	2	5
Calahorra	2	7
Venta de Ansejo	4	11
Venta de Tamarices	2	13
Logroño	2	15

You must either ride or hire a *tartana* for this two days' journey.

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The road ascends the basin of the Ebro; the country on each side of the banks is sufficiently fertile. *Alfaro*, a largish town, is placed on the borders of Navarre, under a wind blown hill, which is washed by the *Alhama*, a tributary of the Ebro, pop. 4000. The church is collegiate. *Calahorra*, the Calagurris Nasica of the Vasconi and Celtiberi, is a convenient halting-place, and comfortable quarters may be had at an humble-looking *posada* below and outside the walls. This most ancient town, pop. 6000, rises on a gentle hill at the extremity of Navarre and Arragon, and is watered by the *Cidacos*, which empties itself close by into the Ebro. These sources of irrigation fill the fields with corn and the gardens with fruits: the cherries and cauliflowers are renowned. Being placed on an acclivity the aspect is picturesque, otherwise it is a dull, decaying, old Castilian town; the main ascent leads to the plaza. The architect will observe the round-headed arches of the numerous porticoes, the *casa del ayuntamiento*, and the weather-worn brick façade of the cathedral, which is built on a confined platform above.

Ancient Calagurris rivalled Numantia, and both were types of desperate Arragonese defence. Pompey besieged it U.C. 678, but was compelled by Sertorius to retire, after a loss of 3000 men; four years afterwards it was taken and burnt by Afranius, after a famine so dreadful that it passed into a proverb: then husbands fed on their wives, while mothers killed and salted their children: but they died rather than surrender. (See Juv. xv. 93; Livy. xxxix. 21. Val. Max. vii. 6; Florus, iii. 22.) So when Ben Hadad went up against Samaria, women boiled and ate their offspring (2 Kings vi. 29). And Alonso X., in the '*Partidas*' (iv. 17. 8), enjoined a father, who had a royal castle to defend, *to eat his son* rather than surrender.

Modern Calahorra blazons on her shield "two naked arms fighting with swords, from which sparks issue," in reference to a vision which Hannibal beheld when he captured the city. The crest is a woman wielding a sabre in one hand and a naked arm in the other, with the motto, "*Prevaleci contra Cartago y Roma.*" A modest untruth, seeing that the town was beaten both by Carthaginian and Roman. On the *Plaza* was rudely painted this woman eating a human arm. The constancy, however, of the Calagurritans was proverbial; thus Bebricus, one of the *Devoti* or liegemen of Sertorius, would not survive his master's murder, but offered himself to his manes, true in death as in life. Augustus Cæsar (Suet. 49) chose his body-guard from the City of Fidelity. In 1789, Juan Antonio Llorente published an 8vo. on a '*Monumento Romano*,' a relic of antiquity found here the year before.

Of ancient Calagurris some portions of towers, a circus maximus, an aqueduct, and of a *Naumachia*, have been traced; but the remains have long been worked up as a quarry by Moor and Spaniard. Florez (M. i. 255) describes thirty coins of the mint. It was the birthplace of Quintilian, and, according to some, of Aulus Prudentius, the first Christian poet, who has left a hymn in honour of the city tutelars, Emeterio and Celedonio. These martyrs were decapitated about A.D. 300. The *Casa Santa* where they were imprisoned is a local lion; their heads, on being thrown into the Ebro, floated away together on an iron bar into the Mediterranean, and having coasted Spain, passed the Straits, and worked up to Santander, where they were hailed from throwing out lights—? blue—by a sailor named Andrew, *St. Andero:* whereupon they became the pride and defence of the city (see for details '*Esp. Sag.*' xxxiii. 272). A cathedral was erected at Calagurris, over their remains, which were the object of holy pilgrimage every Aug. 31. When the Moors captured the city the headless corpses rose from the graves and marched away into the hills, from whence they were marched back again in grand pomp in 1395—"Ce n'est que le premier pas, qui coûte:" the bodies were found perfectly well preserved after 1000 years,

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without being salted à la Celtibérienne.

Calahorra was retaken in 1045 by Garcia VI., who raised it to be a see, conjointly with *Santo Domingo de Calzada;* the ancient cathedral was almost destroyed in one of those inundations to which the city is subject, from the confluence of the Cidacos, Ega, and Ebro. It was restored in 1485 by El Maestre Juan; it is now a thing of patch-work: the additions beyond the transept are of the 17th and 18th century: the principal portal and façade, as well as the chapel of *La Epifania*, were altered in the bad period of Philip V., when the *coro* also was disfigured. The celebrated warm baths of *Arnedillo* lie distant about 4 L. S.S.E., following up the course of the river Cid; they are much frequented from June 14 to Sept. 20, and are considered the Bareges of *La Rioja*. The average heat is 42° Réaum.: the principal ingredient is muriate of soda; consult, however, the chemical '*Ensayo*' of them by Proust. At *Prejano*, 4 L. off, are some coal-mines.

A flat, uninteresting, but fertile cereal country, subject, however, to inundations, continues up the Ebro; for *la Rioja Alta y Baja* see Rte. 117.

The battle of *Clavijo*, at which Santiago killed 60,000 Moors (more or less), took place on the Lera, near *Murillo*, 2 L. from *Logroño*. See for details p. 604; '*Esp. Sag.*,' xix. 331, and '*Compendio de Rioja*,' Anguiano, p. 646.

Logroño, Julia Briga, Pop. 6500, has a good and pleasantly situated posada of the Diligence: the town is placed on the Ebro, in a hill-enclosed rich plain, on the confines of Navarre, Alava, and Old Castile. This chief town of its province, and once of importance, is surrounded by walls and a moat, which can be flooded. The Old Castle is a ruin: the city, freshened by the rivulet *Iregua*, has a *Plaza "del Coso,"* and pretty walks, especially *la Alameda de los Muros*, a theatre and *Liceo*. The central street has porticos ranged at the sides; the others are but dirty and tortuous lanes. The fertile plains abounding in corn and fruit render this place cheap and well provided, while its central position makes it a mart of considerable traffic; it accordingly is a fair specimen of a prosperous Castilian country-town. Navarrete *el Mudo* was born here in 1526: the Gothic *Colegiata*, built by order of Constantine the Great! is dedicated to *Santa Maria la Redonda;* the two spires to the W. are somewhat overloaded; the *coro* has some good carving and some poor frescoes in the new *trascoro*, by Joseph Vexes, ob. 1782, by whom also are the Passion of Christ, painted for the cloister of the parish church, *del Palacio Imperial*. The convent of *Carmelitas Descalzas* is memorable in monastic annals, as it was discovered that the friars of an opposite convent had burrowed a tunnel, by which they visited the sisterhood somewhat unspiritually. This commerce continued from the years 1712 to 1737 before it was found out; it resulted, from an ecclesiastical inquiry, that out of 21 nuns, 17 at one period had repented of their vows of vestal chastity.

The strong bridge over the Ebro deserves great notice, having been built in 1138 by the hermit San Juan de Ortega, who is now looked up to by the peasantry as Saint John Nepomucene is in Bohemia. This staunch Dominican was quite a pontifex maximus; he built other bridges at Najera, Logroño, and Santo Domingo de Calzada. Observe its huge triangular buttresses and corresponding recesses, each recess being spanned by an arch; the city bears for arms this *puente* in a border of fleurs de lys, granted by Charles V. in 1523, in honour of the citizens, who, led by the Duque de Najera, signally repulsed the French under André de Foix. The Duque was aided by the "glorious martyr" and local tutelar *San Formedio*, who made cheeses from she lions, tigers, bears, and other good beasts, who, in gratitude for his sermons, came to be milked by him, and made into cheeses, which the saint was told by an angel to give to the poor. See *Anquiano*, p. 191. In the time of Charles V. the French had

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penetrated thus far, taking advantage of Spain's infirmity during the civil wars of the *Comuneros*. *Logroño* was ferociously sacked by Verdier, June 5, 1808, and again by Ney, Oct. 27, 1808, although no resistance was offered, the Spanish armies having in both cases run away (Foy, iii. 267).

Here, April 27, 1835, the Eliot Treaty of Mercy was signed, which, in the internecine Iberian struggle, gave such infinite disgust to the nation that the Ministry was kicked out. *Cosas de España.*

Here Espartero married Jacinta de Santa Cruz, a wealthy heiress; and, here again, in 1838, he fixed his head-quarters, when proposing to take *Estella*, then held by the Carlists under Maroto. As, however, both these notabilities only waged war with paper pellets, cigars, and frothy bombast bulletins, it has been suspected that some mutual understanding existed, which ripened into the convention of Vergara. At the same time both armies were equally hors de combat, and were "wanting in everything at the critical moment," while their condition was rendered more pitiable by the "marchings and counter-marchings," and other much-ados-about-nothing of their incompetent generals. More men probably perished on both sides from hunger, than from bullet or bayonet. To Logroño *Espartero* retired after his first exile, and lived truly happy and contented, his real ambition being simply to become the Alcalde de su lugar.

Here Villalonga executed, Jan. 20, 1845, the redoubtable Christino general Zurbano, and this without any form of trial beyond simple identification. He was shot in the back, when almost out of his mind from privations and grief at the death of his brother-in-law, Cayetano Muro, and his two sons, Benito and Feliciano, accomplices in his ill-advised revolt. Villalonga, in order to add to the bitterness of a father's death, selected for the site of the execution the spot where his children had been killed. Zurbano was the son of a small farmer of *Barea*, and from being a smuggler rose in the civil wars to high command. He was a brave, active *guerrillero*, but false and sanguinary. For these districts consult '*Memorial de Logroño*,' Ferdinand Alvia de Castro, fol. Lisbon, 1633.

From central Logroño many branch roads diverge; they are none of the best, nor possess the least interest except Rte. 118, over which a diligence runs. A bridle and cart track leads to *Soria*, 17 L.; to *Miranda de Ebro*, by *Haro*, 10 L.; to *Vitoria*, by *Peñacerrada*, 10 L.: this is carriageable; the shorter bridle-road by *Bernedo* is only 9 L. The road to *Pamplona* by *Estella* is carriageable, 14½ L. If one were made from Madrid to France, viâ *Soria*, *Logroño*, and *Pamplona*, this main communication would be considerably shortened.

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SECTION XIV.

THE KINGDOM OF NAVARRE.

The Province, and Works to consult.

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The best periods for visiting Navarre are the summer months, as the Springs are rainy, and the Winters cold in the hilly regions: the cities are devoid of attraction, but the wild country possesses charms for the sportsman, artist, and naturalist; while to the British soldier the frontier-line offers the sites of some of the hardest-fought battles and most glorious triumphs by which the Duke concluded the Peninsular campaign.

El Reino de Navarra, the ancient *Vasconia*, is another of the small early independent kingdoms of which the bundle of the present Spanish monarchy is composed. *Nav*, a common Iberian prefix, signifies a "plain under hills," and is the best description of the province, which, shaped in an irregular square, 80 miles in length by 60 in width, is bounded to the N. by the Pyrenees: the whole population is under 300,000, and is chiefly pastoral, agricultural, and given to iron mining. The Ebro, which flows to the S.E., and the Bidasoa, which runs to the W., are the main trunks that receive the smaller mountain tributaries. Thus the province is both sheltered and irrigated :—

Los montes le dan abrigo,
Los rios frescura y riego.

The kingdom is divided into five *Merindades*, or departments, each of which has its petty capital; they lie thus—*Pamplona*, N., *Tafalla*, S., *Olite*, in the centre, *Estella*, E., and *Sanguesa*, W. The northern barrier is very mountainous, being composed of the western slopes of the Pyrenees, which dip down to the ocean from *Monte Perdido*, and these wild and broken glens became the natural fastnesses of the unconquered natives, when retiring before the Romans and Moors. They found their Pelayus against the latter in Garci Ximenez, and made common cause with the highlanders of Arragon, until about 842, when Inigo Arista was chosen king of Navarre at Pamplona, while the national liberties were guaranteed by the celebrated *Fueros de Sobrarbe*. The kingdom bears for arms "gules and chains or," in memorial of the achievement of Sancho III., *el Fuerte*, who broke down the chains of the Moorish general's tent

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at *las Navas de Tolosa*. Navarre was annexed to Castile in 1512, by Ferdinand *el Catolico*, partly by force and partly by fraud (see Prescott, Ferdinand and Isabella, ch. 24): Jean d'Albret, the rightful heir, being abandoned by his French allies, who profited by his ruin, as the territory was partitioned, Ferdinand seizing all S. of the Pyrenees, while the N. portion ultimately passed with Henri IV. into the crown of France. The French side is interesting to Englishmen, as having been long possessed by the Black Prince, and being the scene of many of Froissart's delightful narrations.

The intercommunications between Navarre and Arragon, N. of the Ebro, are carried over a desolate country, while those S. of the Pyrenees are extremely mountainous and difficult, being seldom traversed except by smugglers. The Navarrese live very much to themselves, each in their valley, which is to them the whole world; here in the green meadow or wooded hill-side they tend their flocks, while in the warmer plains they till the earth, and labour in the vine-yard, and the wines of *Peralta*, *Azagra*, and *Cascante* are deservedly popular. These simple peasants, far from cities, have few wants and few vices; and their bane is the all-corrupting habit of smuggling, which their intricate frontier favours. The scenery is alpine and picturesque; the trout fishing and wild shooting excellent. The mountains are not so high as those in Arragon; the *Altobiscar* reaches, however, 5380 feet, and the *Adi* 5218; the valleys are beautiful, especially those of *Boztan* (Arabicè, the *Garden*) *Santisteban*, and *Cincovillas*.

The highlanders of Navarre are remarkable for their light, active, physical forms, their temperate habits, endurance of hardships and privation, individual bravery, and love of perilous adventure; the pursuits of the chase, smuggling, with a dash of robbery, form their moral education: thus their sinewy limbs are braced, and their hawk-eyed self-reliance sharpened. Naturally, therefore, they have always been first-rate *guerrilleros*. Placed by position on the borders of France, Arragon, and Castile, and alternately the dupe and victim of each, necessity has forced them to be always on their guard against neighbours whom they fear and abhor. Thus a spirit of nationality burns in every heart, which broods with retentive memory over wrongs that are never forgotten or forgiven. A watch and ward system of an armed armistice dates from their earliest laws; as by the *Fueros de Sobrarbe* a provision was made that by a given signal of danger the whole male population should hurry to the first place of meeting (Abarca, i. 115). This preparation still exists along the Pyrenean frontier; and the Catalan borderer is called *Somaten*, from the summoning tocsin-bell. As Sertorius made Huesca his stronghold, so Mina sallied forth from "his country," from the glens of Navarre, with his bold followers, a race that never will be extinct in these hills, whose vigorous weed man waxes in all his native unsophisticated energy.

Imitating the example of the terrorist Romans, the French endeavoured to exterminate these irregular opponents by every means fair or foul: they burnt their houses, set prices on the leaders' heads, and executed them when taken. It suited the invaders to consider the patriot insurgents as "bandits"—not soldiers, because they wore no uniform; but the grand crosses and gold lace of a robbing and murderous marshal are not necessary to make an honest defender of invaded hearths and altars; nor is *uniform* a thing of Spain or the East, where these *regulation* niceties are scouted. The cruelties of the invaders led, as in the time of the Romans (Livy, xv. 39), to just retaliations; they swelled the bands with infuriated recruits—spoliatis arma supersunt. Those whose homes are reduced to ashes must take to arms for existence and revenge; and whatever the Iberian has to learn of the Gaul in revenge and personal ferocity, he will better the instruction. "The hornet swarms," as the Duke said (Desp. June 18, 1812), "caused the utmost annoyance to the French, exactly as they had done to the Romans" (Livy, xxviii. 22). They were a

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thorn in their path, by intercepting communications, cutting off convoys and stragglers. But these partisans were utterly unable, from want of organization and of every sinew of war, to wage any *great war*, or carry out any sustained operation against an enemy in position; nor have any great contests ever been successfully conducted by undisciplined numbers. The Maldonados, &c., being well aware of the unvaried failures of the Cuestas, Blakes, and so-called regular Spanish generals—children in the art of war—are reduced to ascribe the salvation of Spain to these desultory bush-fightings of half-armed peasants. This assumption is no less ridiculous than it is humiliating to a warlike nation, at whose name Europe once trembled. The French, in order to undervalue the merits of the English, by whom they were so beaten, re-echo this nonsense.

The Duke, sagacious as just, did full justice to the merits of the *guerillero*. He knew that he was "the only useful arm, and better acquainted with his trade than *what is called* the officer of the regular Spanish army; and, *above all*, he has no pretensions to the military character" (Desp. May 3, 1812). The physical dislocation of the Peninsula seems to suggest this broken and desultory style of warfare, one so congenial to the Bedouin and the Highlander. These armed freebooters multiply like wild beasts in their safe retreats; these rugged homes are the cradles of the wolf, the vulture, and of the *guerillero*. Active, quick-sighted, bold, cruel, and predacious (compare Livy xxii. 18), they sweep down into the plains; nor has the raid or foray ever been deemed a *disgrace*—that consisted rather, as among the Greek pirates, in returning *empty*-handed (Strabo, iii. 223, 231). But, as our author observes, this *robbing propensity* incapacitated the old Iberians from producing a *great* general; it rendered them only fit for a *little* war, for a guerilla; they were indeed only τα μικρα τολ μωντις. Such was the school and career of Viriatus (Florus, ii. 17, 15); and he was a true type of the Minas and other Rob Roys and *Robbing* Hoods of the Peninsula—Viva Fernando y vamos *robando!*

In vain the Duke urged on the Spanish government the adoption of a defensive partisan warfare; but the *orgullo Español* took offence, and the pride of donkey juntas and drivelling *Cuestas* would choose nothing but fighting pitched battles and forthwith losing them. Mina, with his Navarese, acted better. They—warlike but not military—preferred the rude native *poetic* form of war, which suited their roving habits and love of personal independence; they rejected the *prosaic*, yet effective, system of drill and discipline, by which the individual is merged in order to form an *exercitus*—an exercised and really formidable machine. Again, their point of honour was that of the Iberian, not of the modern soldier; they counted it no disgrace to turn and run when a disorderly attempt failed (Cæs. 'B. C.' i. 44), nor deemed the taking any unfair advantage to be at all dishonourable (see also Ronda, p. 252.)

The best works to consult on Navarre are the '*España Sagrada*," xxxiii.; '*Historia apologetica y Descripcion del Reyno de Navarra*,' Garcia de Gongora, fol. Pamplona, 1628; '*Investigaciones Historicas*,' Josef de Moret, fol. Pamplona, 1665, or the later edition of 5 vols. fol. Pamplona, 1766; '*Anales de Navarra*,' &c., fol. 5 vols. Pamplona, 1684; '*Congressiones Apologeticas*,' Josef de Moret, 4to. Pamplona. 1678; '*Diccionario de las Antiquedades del Reyno de Navarra*:' Janguas y Miranda. There is a paper on the royal genealogy, by Joaquin Traggia, in the 3rd vol. of the '*Memorias de la Academia de Historia*.'

The district to the N.W. of Zaragoza is called *De las Cincovillas*, and these "*five*" towns are *Tauste*, *Ejea*, *Sadava*, *Castillo*, and *Sos*. They were raised by Philip V. to the rank of *Villa*, which is higher than *Pueblo* and lower than *Ciudad*, to reward them for assistance rendered during the war of

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Succession; but they are very uninteresting.

Ejea de los Caballeros, about 12 L. N.W. of Zaragoza, rises on a slope above two rivers: pop. 2300. Notice the tower on its walls in which Queen Urraca was confined by Alonso I. of Arragon. Here a tauromachian *suerte*, or trick, was played off against the French. In July, 1808, a detachment arrived on a plundering expedition, when the inhabitants shut all the gates except one, through which about 150 of the pillagers entered, meeting with no resistance; but when they reached the *plaza*, a herd of bulls were let loose on them. The invaders not being *matadores* or *picadores*, retreated before these unusual opponents, when the inhabitants fired at them from the windows, and all not killed were taken prisoners (see Ibieca, '*Sitios de Zaragoza*,' sup. 153; and Schep. i. 194.) This bull-fighting strategy is arch-Iberian; thus the Spaniards defeated Amilcar by driving bullocks against his troops (App., 'B. H,' 428). Thus Hannibal baffled Fabius by making his Spanish rear-guard drive against the Romans 2000 oxen, to whose horns lighted torches had been tied, as was done by Samson to the foxes' tails (Polyb. iii. 93; Livy, xxii. 16). For history, consult '*Idea de Exea*,' José Ferrer y Bacax, 4to. Pamplona, 1790.

ROUTE 138.—ZARAGOZA TO PAMPLONA.

Tudela	14	
Valtierra	3	.. 17
Caparroso	4	.. 21
Tafalla	4	.. 25
Venta del Piojo	3	.. 28
Pamplona	3	.. 31

For *Tudela* see p. 941; leaving it and crossing the Ebro, the dreary common *La Bardena* expands to the rt. *Valtierra*, with 3000 inhab., has a ruined Moorish castle. It *boasts*—(Madoz, xv. 496)—to be the birth-place of Gen. Lapeña of Barrosa misconduct. Hence a bald country stretches to the *Caparroso*, with its church and Alcazar on an eminence. Crossing the Arragon by a fine bridge, and quitting a few vineyards and olive-grounds, we leave to the l. *Peralta*, famous for its wines made from Berbez grape. *Olite*, pop. 1700, is built on the Cidacos. The Alcazar, once the residence of the kings of Navarre, was destroyed by the French republicans in 1792. The Gothic tower of San Pedro, and the old *pila* in Santa Maria, may be looked at. *Olite* and *Tafalla* were the flowers of the Navarrese crown,—*Olite y Tafalla—Flor de Navarra*; now they are both in the sear and fall. The best inn at *Tafalla* is the *Parador de las Diligencias*, at which the coach usually stops.

Tafalla, Tubalia, because founded by Tubal, is placed almost in the centre of Navarre, and was once the court of the kings. Here Semen Lezano in 1419 built for Charles III. a fine palace, now a sad ruin. The old city walls have escaped better. The *Plaza de armas* is on an eminence. The climate is delicious and the place salubrious, and there is good shooting in the *Montes*, near *Artajona*, at *El Plano* and *El bosque del Condestable*; near this flows the Arga, coming down from the Baztan, and is a good trout stream. *Tafalla* is now much impoverished: pop. under 4500. Visit the hermitage Santa Catalina, where the Bishop of Pamplona, Nicolas Echevarri, the head of the Agramont party, was murdered Nov. 23, 1469, during the sitting of the Cortes, by the constable Pierres de Peralta, the chief of the Beaumont faction. Parties ran so high that this deed was done even in the presence of the Infanta, whom he was visiting. The *Parroquia de Santa Maria* has a fine cinquecento *retablo*, by Miguel de Ancheta, representing the lives of the Saviour and the Virgin. Observe the Doric and Ionic tabernacle, and the bassi-rilievi, especially the Saviour exhibiting his wounded side.

Crossing the Cidacos, whose banks are pretty, half way to *Barassoain* is *La venta de las Campanas*, famous for Navarre wine and *huevos cocidos*. *Belascoain* lies to the E. on the Ega, and was celebrated for its baths: its bridge and fort were carried, in May, 1839, when Diego Leon defeated the Carlists, the English legionary battalion really

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doing the brunt of the work. Diego was made a *Conde* for this affair, but he met with a melancholy end, being shot afterwards for treason. Emerging from the defiles of *Olarzy*, near *Noain*, to the l. of Arlequy, is the fine aqueduct of Pamplona, which we now enter, crossing the Monreal. Inns, *El Parador general de las Diligencias* (good), *Posada de la Viuda de Florentino Echevarria*, and *Posada de Antonio Cortes*.

Pamplona, founded by Tubal too, is the capital and frontier-key of Navarre, being the chief city of the plains. The *Relate* chain of the Pyrenees is distant 4 L. It is situated on the l. of the Arga, which here forms a horse-shoe bend N.; this river is one of the chief tributaries which "make a man" of the Ebro:—

Arga Ega y Aragon,
Hacen al Ebro, Baron.

The Arga flows through the beautiful *Cuenca*, 7 L. in circumference, the *Concha*, the shell of which Pamplona is the pearl. The climate is somewhat damp and cold, but the gardens are fruitful and the meadows verdant. The position is well adapted for a fortress as overawing the plains, while from a sloping eminence it is not commanded itself. The Pyrenees and spurs rise charmingly in the distance, especially when seen from the citadel and from *El Mirador* on the walk. The sons of Pompey were induced by local considerations to rebuild this place in the year 68 B.C., whence it was called Pompeiopolis (Strabo, iii. 245). This the Moors corrupted into *Bambilonah*. The city remained faithful to the cause of its founders, and was therefore slighted by Augustus. According to some, in the middle ages it was called *Irunia*, "the good town." It was conquered from the Romans by Euric in 466, and again by the French in 542, under Childibert, who sacked it and laid waste the whole country. The French again destroyed it in 778 under Charlemagne. That great emperor had been invited by the Berber chiefs of Navarre to assist them against the Moors of Cordova, but when the Franc troops arrived they were refused admittance into the garrisons by their called for allies, just as occurred in regard to ourselves during the Peninsular war. Pamplona, which beat off the Moors in 907, and the Castilians in 1138, has always yielded to the arts and arms of France. Buonaparte, whose policy was *ruse doublée de force*, obtained the Spanish frontier almost before the natives suspected his perfidy, or were aware of their own strength (compare Florus, ii. 17. 3; App. B. H. 479); accordingly in Feb. 1808, he sent Gen. D'Armagnac under the guise of an alliance with Charles IV., when the Spanish authorities were weak enough to serve out rations to their *friends* in the citadel itself: thereupon some French grenadiers, under the pretence of playing at snowball, secured the drawbridge and captured the place. This feat, pronounced un moyen *très adroit* by M. Thiers (lib. 29), was too much for even D'Armagnac: *Ces sont là de vilaines missions*, wrote he. The French held the place until it was blockaded by the Duke after his victory at Vitoria. Soult made a desperate attempt to relieve it, but was signally repulsed: then Gen. Cassan threatened to blow up the defences; but the decided Duke was near, and wrote at midnight to the Conde de España (Disp., Oct. 20, 1813) in case of such an act, "contrary to the laws of war," to "order him, without further orders," to shoot the governor and all the officers, and decimate the garrison. Cassan, who perceived that there was *no mistake*, surrendered the next day, and thus the citadel of Pamplona escaped the usual parting legacy of the invader, whose policy was to dismantle the defences of a neighbour. Pamplona accordingly, thanks to the Duke, is the chief *Plaza de Armas* of this frontier, and the Cortes voted a statue to be erected there in honour of the preserver, which has not yet been erected.

Pamplona is denominated *Muy noble, muy leal, y muy heroica*, and bears for arms a lion rampant with a sword in dexter paw, and the chains of Navarre as an orle. The town, clean and well built, pop. about 15,000, is the resi-

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dence of a Captain-General, who was formerly called the Viceroy. It is the see of a bishop, founded in 1130, and suffragan to Burgos: it possesses an *Audiencia* and a *plaza de Toros*. It has a fine theatre, a *Liceo*, a *Casa de Espositos*, two good fives courts: visit the *trinquete*. There are charming *alamedas* or public walks on the roads leading to Madrid, France, and La Rioja; that called *La Taconera* in the town is the most frequented: the streets are well paved but dull, and the uniformity is increased by the similarity of the projecting eaves, balconies, and *rejas*, which are all generally painted at the same time. There are many family houses, *casas solares*, which the heraldic shields denote; notice that of the Espeleta family. The fountains are well supplied from the noble aqueduct, which was built in a Roman style and solidity by Ventura Rodriguez; the water is brought from the hills of *Francoa*, 2¼ L. distant. One portion of about 2300 ft. in length, contains 97 arches of 35 ft. in span and 65 in height. The town is cheap and well provisioned; the principal square, *la plaza del Castillo*, one of the finest in Spain, and converted into a *plaza de Toros* on great festivals, is adorned with a fountain with statuary, a conspicuous new theatre, and a rather obscure *Casa de la Diputacion*. Visit *la plaza de abajo*, or the market-place, which is well supplied; observe the town-house, the buxom peasant girls, *las Payesas*, with their long *trenzas*, and the *Boyna*, or *Beretu* cap of the males. The river is crossed by several bridges; the suburb *de Rochapea* was almost destroyed by the French, and suffered much during the O'Donnell Christina outbreak in 1841, when it was fired at for 3 days from the citadel, by which San Lorenzo and the *Casa del Ayuntamiento*—now rebuilt—were almost ruined.

Pamplona is soon seen: the Gothic cathedral was built in 1397 by Charles III. of Navarre, who then took down the older edifice of 1100; he left, however, a portion of the beautiful cloisters, whose double galleries, quaint capitals to pillars, and iron palisado, in the *Capilla de la Santa Cruz*, a relic from the battle of *las Navas de Tolosa*, deserve notice; the grand entrance is in a heavy incongruous Corinthian, and was put up in 1783 by Ventura Rodriguez during the pseudo-classical and Royal Academical mania; the portal is the Assumption of the Virgin, and the tutelar of the city, San Fermin, whose grand holiday is on the 7th of July; then *Los Gigantes*, or Gog and Magog images, representing Moors, Normans, &c. (see p. 164), visit the town-hall, dance before the cathedral, and then pay their respects to their patron's image at *San Lorenzo*. The period to visit Pamplona is during this *Feria* or fair, which is held every year in his honour, from June 29 to July 18, as the place is then thronged with villagers and mountaineers, who come to combine a little business with devotion and pleasure. *San Fermin*, a great local saint was also born in Pamplona, went to preach in France, and was put to death at Amiens, Sept. 25, 303. According to Ribadeneyra (iii. 92), the body while underground worked so many miracles, that Salvio, bishop of Amiens, prayed that the site might be revealed to him; accordingly, after one of his sermons supernatural lights illuminated the spot, and, on digging, the aromas of Araby the blessed issued forth, and such, says one annalist, as no perfumer, not even a French one, ever devised. The congregation thought that they were in Elysium, and sung extemporaneous hymns; when the body was raised, although it was deep winter, the weather became so warm that the townsfolk imagined the rest of the world to be on fire; trees burst forth into leaf, plants into flower, and all the sick who gathered them were immediately healed.

The cathedral is small, but the interior is of a good light Gothic. The *silleria del coro* has some excellent carvings of saints, patriarchs, &c., by Miguel Ancheta, wrought, it is said, out of English oak. This excellent sculptor lies buried in the cloister; the epitaph deserves record:

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Aquí jace Ancheta:'
El que sus obras no alabó,
Ni las agenas despreció.

Observe the interesting tombs of Carlos el noble and his Queen Leonor of Castile, at full-length, and over-berailed; the king died in 1426. The *rejas* both of the quire and high chapel are excellent. Visit the *basilica* or chapel of Ignacio Loyola. The burial crypt of the canons is in the cruciform *sacristía*. In the *sala preciosa* is a very remarkable tomb of the Conde de Gajes on his war-horse, which was removed in 1813 from the Capuchinos. A part of the ancient refectory and kitchen of the canons, who formerly lived in a conventual community, is preserved in the light and pleasant cloisters. The cathedral library is tolerable; the books are arranged with their edges, not backs, turned to the spectator; the *Archivo de Contos* contains some curious papers relating to Navarre. Look out of the window at the fine view. The traveller will often see in this cathedral the offerings made of loaves, corn, &c., to the manes of the deceased, whose souls are thus supposed to be extracted from purgatory. Consult '*Catalogo de los Obispos*,' Fr. Sandoval, fol. Pamp. 1613, and '*Historia de la Yglesia de Pamplona*,' Gregorio Fernando Perez, 3 vols. 4to. Madrid.

In the *Diputacion*, where the Cortes of Navarre sat, are some second-rate royal portraits. The bridges over the river are picturesque, but it is as well to refrain from sketching the citadel without leave from the authorities. This important fortress is separated from the town by a glacis or esplanade. The works were much strengthened in 1521, for Charles V., by Pedro Machuca, and enlarged by Philip II. in 1551. The citadel is pentagonal; two bastions, *la Rochapea* and *la Magdalena*, front the river. Foreigners are not readily admitted, but may console themselves with the assurance that "everything is wanting," as Alaix officially reported to Espartero, entering into appalling details, which Ribera, the painter of horrors and starvation, alone could have portrayed in a picture ('*Campo de Don Carlos*,' 3rd ed., p. 18); but so it always was.

It was in defending the ancient citadel on the *Plaza del Castillo*, 1521, that Ignacio Loyola was wounded; and just before you reach the Puerta de San Nicolas is a chapel, founded in 1691, on the very site, which some paintings illustrate. He conceived, during the tedious progress of his cure, the idea of founding his semi-soldier order for the defence of the Papacy, and to rule politics through polemics, having crushed the rights of mind (see p. 424). Pamplona was at that time besieged by the French, under André de Foix, sent by François I., under the pretence of assisting Henri D'Albret of Navarre, in the recovery of his hereditary dominions; but the real motive was to profit in a moment of Spain's infirmity, during the absence of Charles V. and his armies, and when the country was torn by the civil discontent, which ended in the *Comunero* outbreak. The citadel being, as usual, unprepared and unfinished, soon surrendered; then the French threw off the mask and invaded Castile, but they were defeated at Logroño, and forced to evacuate the Peninsula; when François I. basely deserted his friend Henry, whose country was partitioned between Spain and France. In the fosse of this citadel Santos Ladron de Guevara, one of the first victims of the recent civil wars, was shot, Oct. 15, 1839; he had proclaimed Don Carlos at *Estella*.

The vicinity of Pamplona is of the highest interest to the British soldier. The Duke, after defeating Joseph and Jourdan at Vitoria, was obliged to blockade Pamplona, instead of besieging it, the consequence of Sir John Murray's wretched failure before Tarragona. Suchet was thereby left at liberty to co-operate with Soult, and fall on the English flank, which he did not do, from the usual jealousies between rival marshals. On the 23rd July, 1813, Soult crossed the frontier, having had every possible advantage in choice of time, easy communications, and an overwhelming numerical

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superiority; he judiciously poured his greatest force on our weakest points, and attacked Byng and Cole at Roncesvalles, who fell back on *Zubiri*, while Drouet, with 20,000 men, was arrested a whole day at the *Maya* pass, by Stewart, with only 1500: the Duke, who was absent at San Sebastian, setting the blunders of others to right, only heard of the French advance on the night of the 25th. Picton and Cole had retired on Pamplona, and were posted between *Sorauren* and *Zabaldica;* had the French pushed on at once Pamplona must have been relieved, and the Duke's advance into France arrested; the enemy's hesitation induced "Fighting old Picton" to stand firm, and thus precious time was gained, and the Duke arrived on the 27th; he had ridden from the *Baztan*, almost alone, when he reached *Sorauren*, and saw at once the real state of things: he pencilled a few wizard orders on the parapet of the bridge, and then galloped up the hill, the French entering the village, "luckily," as he said, "about two minutes" after he had left it. On what trifles do the destinies of nations turn! Had this one man been taken all would have been lost. And now, as this one man rode up alone, his soldiers saw and knew him: every man felt what Foy (i. 81) describes as the *magic* of the mere presence of Buonaparte. "A l'approche du danger, ce qu'on sentait pour lui, était plus que l'admiration; on lui rendait un *culte*, comme au Dieu tutélaire de l'armée," and the great Emperor knew his power. "A la Guerre," said he, "les hommes ne sont rien, c'est *un* homme qui est tout." Εσ τμοι μυριοι, wrote Cicero to Atticus (Ep. xvi. 11). Thus the spirit of a single master-mind makes that of multitudes take one direction. The Portuguese brigade, on beholding the Duke ride up, felt fully the inspiring influence, and shouted, *Allá van treinta mil hombres;* such was their estimate of the value of a real "Head," the thing wanting in Peninsular camps and councils. The British army responded in that true English cheer, the certain omen of victory, whereupon the Duke, who could see Soult, remarked, "He will hear that cheer, and, from caution, will hesitate attacking; this will give time for the 6th division to arrive, and I shall beat him." Having made his dispositions he amused himself with reading the newspapers. Accordingly, Soult, although commanding 25,000 French, hesitated to attack 16,000 English, and thus lost a day, which, as usual, lost him.

The next morning, while the Duke was writing to Graham, Soult attacked in force; then the pen was thrown down for the bayonet, and the assailants were repulsed at every point—the 40th, 7th, 20th, and 23rd, charging the superb French masses no less than four times each; Soult gave way, and fled with Mons. Foy, abandoning their almost impregnable positions. The Duke, when he had "settled" Soult, quietly resumed his letter, without even adding the postscript of Cæsar, *Veni, Vidi, Vici.*

Soult's plan of relief was daring, and well conceived, but feebly carried out; repeated defeats had cowed him and his troops, and the presence of the Duke, which raised the English from despondency to confidence, had the contrary effect on their assailants. Soult indeed, even in the words of his staunch friend Napier (xxi. 5), failed from "slowness and indecision, which *seemed* injudicious." Monsieur Savary, however, attributes the failure to the old story of the "elements," to "a deluge of rain in the mountains, which compelled Soult to recall his columns;" but the weather did *not* compel the Duke to order his lines to advance and follow. The news of this important repulse reached the Allied Sovereigns while deliberating on making terms with Buonaparte, and much influenced their final rejection: thus, the non-relief of Pamplona led to the first capture of Paris. Soult soon disappeared from the Peninsular theatre. He ranks high in France as a general, although he never met the Duke but to be beaten: if constant failure infers some failing in the art of war, at least infinite defeats taught him the value of a peace with England. He excelled

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as an administrator; as a plunder-master-general, he was the modern Verres. Born the son of an attorney, he was well versed in the arts of conveyancing. "*Steal*, foh! a fico for the phrase; *convey* the wise *it* call."

Pamplona, when besieged by the Spaniards in 1379, had before been successfully relieved by the English under Sir Thomas Trivet, the Castilians retreating at the mere rumour of his advance.

ROUTE 139.—PAMPLONA TO LOGROÑO.

Astrain	2	
Puente de la Reina	2 ..	4
Estella	3½ ..	7½
Los Arcos	3 ..	10½
Viana	3 ..	13½
Logroño	1 ..	14½

This, the best route to Burgos, was one of the grand lines taken by the pilgrims on their road to Santiago, and owes, in common with many others, its bridges, hospitals, and accommodations to pious benefactors who wished to facilitate the progress of the devout. Near *Astrain* is a "high place" on which is a temple of *La Virgen de la Reniega*, or *el Perdon*, much visited by the peasantry. A good wine is made near *Puente de la Reina*, a tidy place, pop. 3300, where several streams meet in the plain. Visit the convent *San Juan de Crucifijo*, which originally belonged to the Templars: in the chapel is the marble tomb of the grand prior Juan de Beaumont.

The ancient city of *Estella*, the capital of its *Merindad*, is built on the Ega, which is joined here by the Amescoa, and both are good trout-streams: pop. under 6000, and chiefly agricultural. A tolerable wine is made on the rocky slopes. The walnut *Alameda* is pretty, so is the *Paseo de los Llanos:* there are two old churches, one is enriched with the shoulder-blade of the Apostle Andrew. There is a nice arcaded *plaza*, and a ruined *Alcazar* on an eminence. Estella was long the head-quarters of Don Carlos, who was proclaimed king here in Nov. 1833, by Santos Ladron de Guevara. Here, on Feb. 17, 1839, Maroto, the Judas Iscariot of Vergara, arrested six of his chief brother Carlist officers and executed them without even the form and farce of a Spanish trial; one of them, General Garcia, was put to death in the dress of a clergyman, in which he had disguised himself when attempting to escape. Another, General Carmona, was lured into the trap, by a friendly invitation from Maroto, with whom *he breakfasted*, after which his host begged him to "speak with his adjutant on business," who took him to *El Puig* and had him shot instanter. (See '*Campo de Don Carlos*,' p. 192.) But in Spain, as in the East, the man in power is as suspicious of rivals as if he were standing on mined ground: competitors have long been soon despatched. Thus Joab greeted Amasa with a kiss and "my brother," and then smote him such a *one* blow that he died (2 Sam. xx. 9); so had he before dealt with Abner (1 Sam. iii. 27); so the Carthaginian Agathodes invited Aphellas to supper "blando alloquio et humili adulatione" (Justin, xxii. 7), and then killed him; so Perpenna feasted Sertorius at neighbouring Huesca and then murdered him; so Trueba II. had there bidden all his chief nobility to a banquet, and then had them slaughtered, just as Mehemet Ali treated the Mamelukes; so Don Pedro feasted the king of Granada and then murdered him; so Alva, Spain's great Duke, invited Egmont and Horn to dinner, and then had them arrested and executed, saying, according to Brantôme, that he liked to catch the large salmon and leave the sprats alive: things of Spain and of the East, where the ethics of treachery and bloodshed are identical, immemorial, and unchangeable.

About ½ a L. S. of Estella is the famous Benedictine monastery of *Irache*, where many early books were printed, and the curious history of that order in Spain by Yepes. This extensive edifice was long used as a college for clerical students.

The uneven plains, or upper *Amescoas* between Estella and Salvatierra, and the country in the *Valle de Araquil* near the pass of *Borunda*, were

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the scenes of the victories gained by Zumalacarregui, in 1835, over Valdes and other Christino generals. *Los Arcos* is another of these hill-fort cities with its ancient castle and *torre de homenaje*. *Viana*, an ancient city in a rich corn country, with the Ebro flowing S., was founded in 1219 by Don Sancho el Fuerte, as a frontier place against the Castilians: pop. about 3000. It is a cheerful town, has a good plaza and fine church on it, *La Santa Maria*, with extensive views over the rich plains. For *Logroño* see p. 946, and for *Pamplona* to *Vitoria* see R. 121.

The company of diligences of Navarra run coaches between Bayonne, Tolosa, Tudela, Pamplona, and Zaragoza. There are four routes from Pamplona to Bayonne and France; that by *Tolosa* long was the only one carriageable, but recently a new and shorter route has been opened by *Vera*; the other passes are merely bridle and mountain roads.

ROUTE 140.—PAMPLONA TO TOLOSA.

Irurzun	3
Lecumberri	2½ .. 5½
Aribe	2½ .. 8
Tolosa	3 .. 11

You quit Pamplona by a bad road, over arid and bald plains; but after passing *Berrio plano* the ascent commences and the scenery improves. The valley of *Araquil* is Swiss-like, and you enter the mountains at the pass of the two sister rocks *Las dos Hermanas*. *Irurzun* is one of the fourteen villages of Araquil. *Lecumberri*, where mine host of the *posada*, Don Sebastian, is a fine hearty fellow, stands in its pretty valley, the *Larraun*, as *Aribe* does in that of Ariaz, under the noble hill Elosua, and by the rapid torrent *Aspiroz*. The royal road soon enters Guipuzcoa, and *Tolosa* is reached by a mountain defile, through which a crystal stream flows pleasantly: from thence to Irun see R. 120.

ROUTE 141.—PAMPLONA TO IRUN.

Ostiz	2½
Latasa	1½ .. 4
San Esteban	4 .. 8
Sumbilla	1 .. 9
Vera	4 .. 13
Irun	4 .. 17

We now turn into the Pyrenees of Navarre, into its passes and defiles, those natural fortresses out of which the Duke drove Soult headlong in 1813. These localities have been officially surveyed by English engineers, and the maps published on a grand scale by Wild, in 1840. The volume is, however, far too cumbrous for the traveller, and almost too big for the library. The apple-bearing valley of which *San Esteban de Lerin* is the chief hamlet, is truly Swiss-like. Here two streams, one coming down from *Elisondo*, unite into the *Bidasoa*, which some hence interpret *Vida*, two, *Osoa*, united in one. The delicious valley of *Baztan* is (as the word implies in Arabic) a "garden." Consult '*Executoria de la Nobleza del Valle del Baztan*,' Juan de Goneche, 4to. Mad. 1685. The plains abound in fruit and pasture, the rivers in trout; the hills are wooded, and the mountain cottages, which are here called *Bordas*, resemble the *Châlets* of Switzerland and the *Brenas* of the Asturias. The peasantry are simple mountaineers and pastoral. They seldom marry out of their clans, adhere to old usages and costumes, are hospitable at their holidays, love dancing and fives, and wear in winter the curious monk-like cowl, called the *Capuzay*.

In these recesses formerly lived the *Agotes*, who, resembling the *Cagots* of Luchon, have long been a stumbling-block to antiquarians; persecuted on both sides of the Pyrenees as "an accursed thing," in Spain the proscribed caste was held to be wanting in *Limpieza de Sangre*, none therefore would intermarry or associate with beings of "unclean blood;" thus the outcasts were in some instances denied even the sacraments, and were not allowed to enter churches except at a side door. Mons^r. Ramon erroneously derives the word *cagot*, quasi *Caas Goth*, "sons of the Goth," which, so far from being a disgrace, is the most honoured source of descent in Spain. They are termed in the old *For de Navarra* of

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1704, *Caffos;* Gafo means a leper, from the Hebrew *Cafah*, distorted, a cripple, from whence the Arabic term of opprobrium *Kafir*, a rebeller against God. *Gafo* took precedence in the five actionable words of slander in old Spanish law, because combining the horrors of a physically infectious leprosy with the moral taint of heresy, which affected body and soul. Thus the curse of *Gehazi* was the common penalty in mediæval Spanish deeds to all who broke the covenants. Time, which has cured this leprosy (substituting the *goitre*) has softened the hearts of persecutors, and as the odium theologicum decreased, pity reappeared, until the *Agotes* became merged among the peasantry, and now are more talked about than really existing, and furnish materials for essays, not persecution; indeed there is so little difference in their appearance and treatment, that they are all but absorbed: some of them are millers in the *Baztan*, while others occupy the quarter *Bozate* in the valley of *Aizcun*. Some think them the remnant of the Arians who fled here in the sixth and seventh centuries: others, and with greater probability, think them the descendants of the Protestant *Albigenses*, who hid themselves in these mountains six centuries later, when flying from the sword of Simon de Montfort and the faggot of St. Dominick. Being treated as heretics, they obtained the additional name of *Gafo*, because it is the worst in the Spanish language, just as they were sometimes called by the Moors *Christaos*, or Christian dogs; others held them to be remnants of persecuted Jews and Moors; a taint, however, of some *heresy* is evident. Consult '*Histoire des Races maudites de la France et de l'Espagne*,' Francisque Michel.

Now we enter the *Merindad de Cinco villas:* these five hamlets are *Echalar*, *Lesaca*, *Vera*, *Yanci*, and *Aranaz*. Iron is found in the hills, which is smelted and wrought in *Fraguas y Ferrerias*, forges and smithies, as rude and picturesque as those of the old Cantabrians. The *Bidasoa* flows through the village of *Sumbilla*, pursuing its sweet course to *Janci*, at the bridge of which, had the Spaniards Longa and Barcenas done the shadow of their duty, Aug. 31, 1813, not a Frenchman could have escaped, when Soult, after the splendid repulse of what the Duke termed a "mauvaise operation," was forced to retreat with six divisions along the narrow defile. The retreating invaders were so beaten, morally and physically, and their cries for quarter were so piteous, that our Rifles, merciful as brave, and victorious, scorned to destroy a foe half-dead from panic alone. Napier (xxi. 5).

Lesaca was for many months the head-quarters of the Duke; from hence are dated those memorable despatches which reveal in true colours the miserable ministerial mediocrities of England and Spain, who were dragged out of their mire by his triumphal car. In vain did he din into Lord Bathurst that "the brave little army was stinted in everything;" in vain did he reiterate to Lord Melville that the French were masters of the sea! The dull ear of official red-tapeism was deaf to his prayers, as it had before been to those of Nelson. Our wretched cabinet was at this moment lavishing millions on jobbing Spanish juntas, and paltry German princes, Homburgs and humbugs, who neither had the means nor even the intention of repayment or doing their duty. Stores and gold were cast into the lap of foreigners, while the brain, blood, and bone of glorious old England was pining for dry bread, whilst our starving countrymen were being hung on trees for robbing beehives, when they had no rations and no money to procure food!

Soon we approach the charming valley of *Vera*. Hic ver purpureum. Here again were the sites of new triumphs of the invincible Light division. Here Soult, July 31, 1813, made a second and desperate attempt to force the English lines, but was splendidly repulsed in every direction; and now, had Skerrett—who seldom succeeded—see Tarifa, Tarragona—supported the Rifles, not a Frenchman could have escaped. Here again, Oct. 7, the enemy was utterly and magnificently routed, the English army passing triumphantly

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into France, Soult and Foy flying before them. The whole ride on to Irun, by the beautiful Bidasoa, is all that the artist or angler can desire.—For La Rhune (La Runa), San Marcial, and military events, see pp. 893, 895.

ROUTE 142.—PAMPLONA BY MAYA TO BAYONNE.

Ostiz	2½	
Lanz	2 ..	4½
Berrueta	3 ..	7½
Elizondo	1 ..	8½
Maya	2 ..	10½
Urdax	2 ..	12½
Anoa	1 ..	13½
Bayonne	4½ ..	18

This is the central of the three mountain routes, and all are alike wild, alpine, and full of military interest. Now we tread the ground where the Duke foiled Soult in his attempt to relieve Pamplona. *Sorauren* is the hamlet which witnessed his narrow escape (see p. 955). Look at that bridge, reader, on which he pencilled the death-warrant of his enemy. In this now quiet village many most desperate encounters took place; the first occurred on the 4th anniversary of the glorious victory of Talavera; then our 27th and 48th regiments fell three times on the whole brigade of Reille, "rolling back his crowded masses in disorder, and throwing them violently down the mountain's side" (Nap. xxi. 5). Meanwhile, on the hill above, the Spanish regiment of Pravia disbanded and gave way, leaving the 40th alone to bear the brunt. That regiment "in stern silence" received four separate attacks of a whole French brigade, repulsing them every time, until three companies alone drove the depressed enemy headlong down with the bayonet, and their sons at Inkermann proved themselves worthy of such sires.

The second combat began two days afterwards at daylight, when "fighting old Picton" advanced against Foy, while Inglis, with 500 men of the 7th division, broke at "one shock" the two French regiments which covered Clausel's right, and drove them pell-mell down the valley of Lanz. Then the 28th, under Byng, charged up the village, taking 1400 prisoners. The enemy now retreated in piteous disorder, flying for refuge with Foy, who had remained safe on the top of a hill, from whence he ran away into the woods (Napier, xxi. 5) nor could anything induce him to face the British bayonet, which he survived to attack with his pen. How, if the Duke could then have foreseen the calumnies of this *historian*—cui opimus fallere et effugere triumphus—would he not have smiled contemptuously? It is pleasant, said Lord Bacon, "to stand in the window of a castle, and to *see* a battle; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing on the vantage ground of *truth*, a hill not to be commanded."

At *Ostiz* the road branches off to the l., to *Ayoca;* keep on, however, by the r. to *Olague*, from whence another track strikes off by the r. to *Roncesvalles*. Bearing to the l. is *Lanz*, where the 7th division beat the French at the same moment as the 6th division did the same at *Sorauren*. The Spaniard Morillo *cooperating* by keeping *out of the way* to the N.E., on the hill of *Santa Barbara*, the patroness of Spanish artillery, and who this day preserved him safely.

From *Olague* to *Almandoz* the *puerto* of Velate, cut through the rock, is passed, after a considerable ascent. The road is well provided with ventas, bridges, viaducts, of recent construction; observe the one which joins the dip near *Almandoz;* hence passing *Berrueta* to hill-girt *Elizondo*, pop. 1200, and the central and chief place of the valley of *Baztan*, with a decent *posada*, la de Archea, in which the lover of fives and fishing may linger: from this central point in its valley many rude mountain paths diverge. Keeping to the r., you cross and recross the Bidasoa, and emerging from the sweet valley, wind up the rocky path to the *Puerto de Maya;* from this lofty eminence the country towards Bayonne is displayed as an opened map. Here the English army, catching sight of France, cheered, as the victorious troops of Hannibal, when they beheld from the Alps that Italy which they were about to invade. But their courage was

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cooled by the necessity of guarding these bleak and exposed heights, during the long delay occasioned by the siege of Pamplona. The cold was piercing, the night duties severe, and winter clothes and supplies were *not* forwarded by Lord Bathurst. This important pass was held July 25, 1813, by General Stewart, when Soult attempted to relieve Pamplona. According to Napier (xxi. 5), our general mistook the real point of the French attack, and marched up his regiments singly, against the enormous masses of the enemy; but the magnificent defence of Barnes's brigade and the 82nd checked Drouet, who was so stunned by their soldier welcome, that he remained 24 hours doing nothing, with 20,000 men, instead of seizing the nick of time, and joining Soult before Pamplona: thus the whole well-devised plan of the enemy was frustrated.

Quitting *Elizondo* about 3 L. distant is the *Puerto de Osondo*, from whence you descend to *Urdax*, where a small trout-stream, about two miles on, divides Spain from France. The *aduana* is in the *barrio de Landivar*. The fine oak-woods form the wealth of the peasantry; of these, in 1793, the French republicans wantonly cut down 23,000 trees. Here, Sept. 14, 1839, Don Carlos, after the *transacion* of Vergara, passed a second time into the prisons of France; first confined at Valençay by the usurper Buonaparte, and secondly at Bourges by his Bourbon cousin Louis-Philippe.

The magnificent new road to France, finished in 1847, proceeds to *Urdax*, and then passes the frontier over the bridge of *Dancharieña*, under the *Velate: Urdax, Posada de la Toreta*, rises over the trout-stream Gave, with high-pointed slate roofs: pop. 600. Here is the Spanish customhouse, and tedious formalities. A fortress is being raised for the defence of this pass.

At *Urdax*, Vincente Moreno, of Torrijos infamy, was murdered Sept. 6, 1839. His death, according to the letter of his aide-de-camp, Antonio Acena (see p. 215, '*Campo de Don Carlos*'), was a premeditated crime. Moreno, after the crowning treachery of Maroto, retreated to the French frontier with his wife and family. During a delay, occasioned by a failure of a promised escort, he was shot and bayoneted by some soldiers of the 11th batallion of Navarre, in the presence of one Mendoza, their officer, and the miserable women. It is said that he prayed for a confessor and a short grace: "Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-day; but half-an-hour!" "Die!" exclaimed his executioners; "such mercy as you showed to Torrijos shall be shown to you" (see p. 286).

ROUTE 143.—PAMPLONA TO FRANCE BY RONCESVALLES.

Zavaldica	2½ ..	
Zubiri	2½ ..	4½
Burguete	3 ..	7½
Roncesvalles	1 ..	8½
Valcarlos	4 ..	12½
St. Jean Pied du Port	2½ ..	14½

This journey must be ridden, the carriage road terminating ¾ of a L. from Pamplona. The scenery throughout is Swiss-like and alpine, the defiles magnificent, the hills and dales diversified with wood and water. A horse and guide to *St. Jean Pied de Port* generally may be hired for 30 francs, the guide paying his keep, and not entitled to any return-money.

Crossing the Arga, and then the Esteribar 3 times, we reach *Huarte* in its narrow valley, by which the 3rd division advanced, July 30, 1813, driving the French to *Roncesvalles*, the scene of a former "dolorous rout." Keeping to the r. after *Zubiri*, cross a stream before *Zizoain* and another beyond *Viscarret*, and descend into the pastoral valleys of *Burguete* and *Roncesvalles*. At *Burguete* a track branches off to the l., to the Alduides, and another from Roncesvalles to the r., to *Orbaiceta*, 3 L., where the royal foundries were almost destroyed by the French.

Roncesvalles, Roscida vallis, a small hamlet with a great name, stands in the beautiful park-like valley de Valcarlos; itself a charming pastoral platform: the road passes under the now untenanted Augustine convent, which was dedicated to our Lady of the Val-

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ley, by whom the army of Charlemagne was cut off. The church, once an important sanctuary, enriched with royal ashes and relics, is still used as a parochial one, and there is a tidy inn opposite. The winter-cold in these exposed localities is severe, and the hardships which were endured by the army of the Black Prince, when entering Spain, were intense.

It was at *Roncesvalles*, in 778, that the army of Charlemagne, with all "his peerage, fell." The invasion of the Peninsula by this great Emperor of the West is involved in some obscurity. It would seem that this arbiter of nations was invited to Zaragoza, to settle the dissensions of the rival houses of Abbas and Omar, just as Buonaparte interfered between Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII. Charlemagne gladly raised the banner of the cross against the crescent, for the advancing Infidel was then the dread of Europe; hence the religious character given by Dante to the crusade—

> Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando
> Carlo magno perde la *santa* gente.

But the Spaniards and Moors, Christians as well as Mahomedans, were little influenced by the *sanctity* of the Franc invaders; nay, their hatred of foreign dictation reconciled all previous differences, which were merged in one common greater loathing of the *Gavacho*, a name said to have then been first applied to the French. In vain did Alonso *el Casto* of Leon make over Spain to Charlemagne, as Charles IV. did to Buonaparte. The noble people rose to a man, and found a leader in Bernardo del Carpio, the reputed nephew of Alonso; probably both he and Orlando, who was slain by him, are, like Achilles, the pure creatures of romance, but they truly depict the spirit of the age, and so far are historical. One of the Basque ballads, *Altabizaren Cantua*, is supposed to be of the period itself. Some of the more modern in Spanish are among the finest in any language. The march of Bernardo (Duran, iv. 157) tells the gathering, the uprising of the nation; the cry was, "Arm for your independence! Has the Frenchman peradventure already conquered the land? Does he expect a bloodless victory? Never! It may be said of the Leonese that 'they die, but never that they surrender:'" and this was a truth, not the idle boast of a Cambronne, the first to be taken prisoner and alive (Duke's Disp., June 19, 1815). The invaders retiring from Spain, were caught in the mountain gorges, and all but exterminated.

The Spaniards now arrogate *all* the glory of Roncesvalles for themselves, while the Moors called it *their* victory (Conde, i. 201). Nay, now even the defeated French ingeniously claim the disputed deed for themselves. Les Arabes, *et même* les Espagnols, *prétendent* à l'honneur de cette victoire; il n'appartient ni aux uns, ni aux autres: les Français de la Seine ne furent vaincus que par les Français de l'Adour et de la Garonne! Marles (Conde i. 234). So Mons. Foy (i. 205) *discovered* that the victories "de Créci, de Poitiers, et d'Azincourt," were *not* won by Englishmen, but by French troops, composed of "Normans, Poitevins, and Gascons." Be these things and *Gascons* as they may, the English, under General Byng, were cheered on these identical spots by the Spaniards, who sang the old ballads of Bernardo, nor will the *religio loci*, or even the "romance," ever be lied or explained away. This time-honoured locality was marked with a pillar, which commemorated the defeat of Charlemagne, but it was pulled down in 1794, to the tune of a "musique touchante," by two commissioners of the French republic, who entered the valley with a column of men, called by themselves *la Infernale*, who carried fire and sword, rapine and butchery, everywhere; see even their countryman's account, '*Vict. et Con.*,' iii. 180. The parish church was then pillaged, where long had hung the identical chains which guarded the Moorish chief's tent at *las Navas de Tolosa*, and through which Sancho el Fuerte broke; through this memorable valley, by which the Black Prince led his legions in February, 1367, to the victory of Na-

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varrete, did poor Joseph Buonaparte fly after the "dolorous rout," and the Duke's victory at Vitoria. Here also was Don Carlos proclaimed king, by Eraso, Oct. 12, 1833.

Three mountain routes branch hence; the best is the central, which goes up the delicious valley, *Valcarlos*, with its park-like scenery. A small rivulet, a tributary of the *Nive*, divides antipathetic Spain and France. The boundary-line is indicated by landmarks, placed in 1792 by mutual referees. The exact *raya*, or frontier line, is, however, still an open question, and will not probably be settled by the Neighbour to the advantage of Spain. One L. leads to *St. Jean Pied du Port*. The frontier on both sides is marked by customhouse-officers, those pests of travellers.

HIC FINIS CHARTÆQUE VIÆQUE.

"Da veniam scriptis, quorum non gloria nobis
Causa, sed *utilitas* officiumque fuit."
OVID. iii. *Ex Pont.* ix. 55.

NOTE.—M. de Verneuil has recently published in the '*Comptes rendus des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences*,' tom. xl., some accurate observations on the geology and altitudes in Spain. The scientific world looks forward to a geological map, and to the results of new investigations by this distinguished savant. N.B. The French mètre used by him is about 3¼ feet English measure.]

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And to their faults a little blind.

THE END.

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TO H. M. F. W. III., KING OF PRUSSIA; THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA;
THE KING OF HANOVER, ETC. ETC.,

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But they have in this rivalry in trade not been satisfied with the mere usurpation of my name; the concluding phrase, "*opposite the Julich's Place*," which had so long existed my special property, was not allowed to remain in its integrity. To deceive and lead astray again those of the public who are not fully conversant with the locality and circumstances, the competition seized hold of the word "*opposite*," and more than once settled in my immediate neighbourhood, that they might avail themselves to the full extent of the phrase "*opposite the Julich's Place*." When tried before the courts, the use only of the word "*opposite*" was forbidden, which, however, has been supplied by the word "*at*" or "*near*," with the addition of the number of their houses. It is true, another less flagrant, but not less deceitful invention was, that several of my imitators established the sites of their manufactories in other public places of the town, to enable them to make use of the phrase "*opposite —— Place*, or *Market*," on their address cards or labels, speculating, with respect to the proper name "*Julich*," on the carelessness or forgetfulness of the consumer. I therefore beg to inform all strangers visiting Cologne that my establishment, which has existed since 1709, is exactly opposite the Julich's Place, forming the corner of the two streets, Unter Goldschmidt and Oben Marspforten, No. 23; and that it may be the more easily recognised, I have put up the arms of England, Russia, &c. &c., in the front of my house. By calling the attention of the public to this notice, I hope to check that system of imposition which has been so long practised towards foreigners by coachmen, valets-de-place, and others, who receive bribes from the vendors of the many spurious compounds sold under my name.

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COLOGNE, *October*, 1851.

J. M. FARINA,
Gegenüber dem Jülichs Platz.

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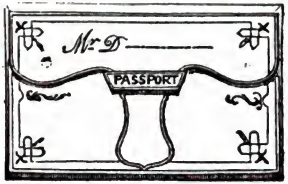

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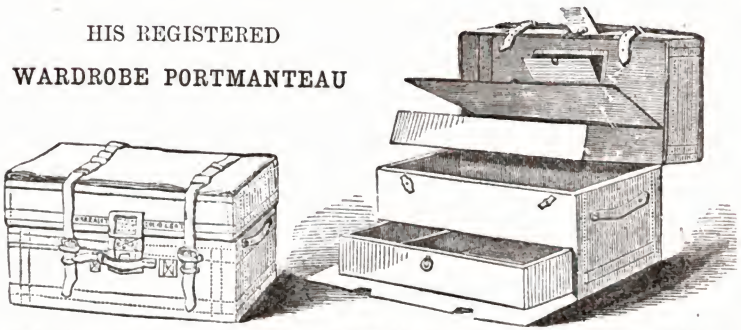

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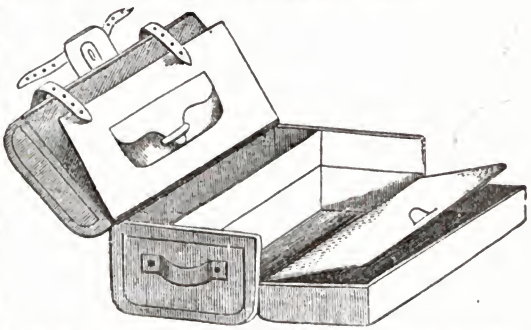

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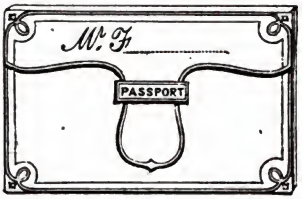

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—	Nov. .	H. R. H. Prince ALBERT of SAXE COBURG GOTHA, accompanied by Prince ERNEST of SAXE COBURG GOTHA, and their Suite.
1840.	. . . .	H. R. H. the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE, accompanied by the Princess AUGUSTA of CAMBRIDGE, and their Suite.
1841.	. . . .	H. R. H. the Duchess of KENT and Suite, accompanied by H. S. H. the Prince of LEININGEN.
1841.	. . . .	H. R. H. the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE and Suite.
—	. . . .	H. R. H. Princess CAROLINA of CAMBRIDGE.
1844.	. . . .	H. R. H. the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE and Suite.
—	. . . .	H. R. H. Princess MARY of CAMBRIDGE.
1845.	June .	H. R. H. the Duchess of KENT and Suite, accompanied by H. S. H. the Prince of LEININGEN.
1847.	July .	T. R. H. the Duke and Duchess of CAMBRIDGE, with their Family and Suite.

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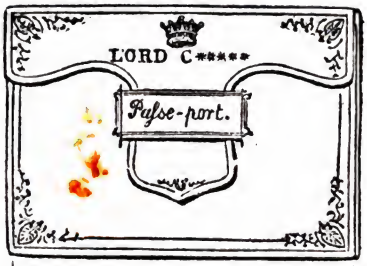

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